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SPECIAL JUNE NUMBER.

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# THE NAUTILUS.

JUNE, 1906.

*Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.*

## Leading Articles:

- |  |   |                       |                         |
|--|---|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| The Conquest of Self,                        | - | -                     | Elizabeth Towne         |
| Prepare to Live,                             | - | -                     | Henry Wood              |
| Astronomy Thoughts,                          | - | Prof. Edgar L. Larkin |                         |
| A Creed for the Abolition of Poverty,        |   |                       | Florence Morse Kingsley |
| More About the All-Pervading Tattva: Akasha, |   |                       | Ella Adelia Fletcher    |
| The Human Will,                              | - | -                     | Eleanor Kirk            |
| In the Mummy Room, (A Story)                 |   | Pearl C. Wilson       |                         |
| Give, (New Poem)                             | - | Ella Wheeler Wilcox   |                         |
| Why Things Are Hard for Us,                  |   | William E. Towne      |                         |
| Briefs,                                      | - | -                     | William E. Towne        |
| Such Blossomings, (New Poem)                 |   | John Milton Scott     |                         |
| Giving and Getting,                          | - | -                     | Katherine Quinn         |
| Food and Evolution and other Editorials      |   |                       | Elizabeth Towne         |

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**ELIZABETH TOWNE,**  
Holyoke, Mass.  
Associate Editor, WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

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## THE NAUTILUS.

## 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.

**ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**—F. D. Martini, Palmist, Delaware ave. and Board Walk.

**BOSTON, MASS.**—The Metaphysical Club, 211 Huntington Chambers, 80 Huntington ave.

**BUFFALO, N. Y.**—James Russell, 129 College street.

**CHICAGO, ILL.**—Liberal Book Concern, 89 Washington street.

**CHICAGO, ILL.**—The Progressive Thinker, 40 Loomis street.

**CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand**—Ida M. Bruges, Fendalton.

**DENVER, Col.**—J. Howard Cashmere, 1700 Welton street.

**IOLA, Kan.**—H. Spencer, 5 N. Jefferson street.

**KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.**—Miss S. Hale, care S. Tavares, 7 St. Andrew Lane.

**KANSAS CITY, Mo.**—Mrs. Emily Solomon, 411-412 Hall Bldg.

**LONDON, England**—Higher Thought Center, 10 Cheniston Gardens, W.

**LONDON, England**—L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C.

**LONDON, England**—George Osbond, 14 Kenilworth ave., Wimbledon, S. W.

**LONDON, England**—New Thought Pub. Co., Ltd. T. W. Henry, Mgr., Temple Chambers, Temple ave., E. C.

**LOS ANGELES, Cal.**—Metaphysical Library, 611 Grant Bldg., 355 So. Broadway.

**MELBOURNE, Australia**—Miss E. R. Hinge, 115 Collins street, Austral Bldg.

**PORTLAND, Ore.**—W. E. Jones, 291 Alder street.

**SPOKANE, Wash.**—Lew N. Benson, 114 South Post street.

**ST. LOUIS, Mo.**—H. H. Schroder, 3527 Crittenden street. German publications a specialty.

**ST. PAUL, Minn.**—The Progressive Book Co., Drawer 653.

**SAN DIEGO, Cal.**—Loring & Co., 702-66 Fifth street.

**SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.**—W. D. McCurdy, Natural, 1333 Market street.

**SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.**—M. L. Wheeler, 1519 Polk street.

**SEATTLE, Wash.**—Thomas A. Barnes & Co., 1298 Third ave.

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## Nautilus News.

**"UP AGAINST IT."** This is the expressive title of Eleanor Kirk's article for July. It was written before the quake, but it will come in pat for our California friends and I suspect for a few others. If you've been loaning somebody some money, and can't get it; or if you've been buying stocks that are still too watery to precipitate dividends, you will be interested in Eleanor's article for July. And I wouldn't wonder if you will be helped by it.

**EXPANSION OF MIND.** Prof. Edgar Larkin's article for July will be "The Marvellous Expansion of the Scientific Mind." If it doesn't expand our own minds I shall be surprised! It is electrical. Professor Larkin is doing much to present science from a new thought standpoint.

**A SAN FRANCISCO POET.** In *Nautilus* for July we will publish an exceptionally beautiful and original poem of six nine-line verses, called "Rejuvenescence"—a poem of real merit by the well-known San Francisco writer and artist, Olivia Kingsland. This poem cannot fail to charm our readers and attract wide attention on its own merits. And it will be doubly interesting from the fact that it was written just before the earthquake and my letter of acceptance was the very first thing that reached Miss Kingsland when the post office began to distribute mail again! She says: "Your letter was the first to greet me since the great calamity, and made me *very happy*. \* \* I feel that 'Rejuvenescence' will be helpful, and that is the only desire I have had for some time!" I shall try to get a picture of Olivia, to publish with her poem, as a *Nautilus* earthquake memento.

**PROFESSOR LARKIN AND THE EARTHQUAKE.** Professor Larkin has some wonderful things to tell us about the San Francisco earthquake! He has just returned to his observatory after an exploration in and about San Francisco. In a letter of May 5 he says: "I want to write quite an extended account of the wonders I saw, for *The Nautilus*." Already we have accepted his offer, and our readers may expect to hear about it in July *Nautilus*. We may be able to have a picture or two with Professor Larkin's article! Won't that be great?

**NEW PICTURES.** Speaking of pictures: Some of Professor Larkin's articles for *The Nautilus* will appear with illustrations. And we are making arrangements to publish some other good things in the line of original pictures and photos—not very many as yet, but always very good ones. "Not how much but how good," is our motto on all lines! Wasn't our first picture good—the *Nautilus* Madonna?"

By the way, our photographer friends can help us. If you have taken an exceptionally fine photo of some original subject send us an unmounted print of it. Or a mounted one if you prefer. But *be sure* to send one that need

not be returned. For any pictures which prove acceptable for our uses we will pay a suitable price. Write your name and full address on the back of each print, to make sure of the pay in case of acceptance.

**A PICTURE.** Speaking of pictures—in July or August *Nautilus* we shall have a little picture of Florence Morse Kingsley, taken from a new photograph. You all want to see the gifted author of our *Meditations*," I know.

Isn't her poverty-abolition meditation good? Use it in the silence every day this month, and let me know how much it helps you. Next month will appear "A Meditation for a Discontented Soul"—which will help us all I think.

**MORE FROM CALIFORNIA.** For some months we have been waiting for an opportunity to present a little preachment with an interesting *true* story, attached, written by another California girl, Ethel L. Preble. She lived in North Berkley before Frisco tossed in its sleep, and I hope she is safe. Perhaps somebody can tell us about her. Her little preachment and story will serve to spice and brighten our July number of *The Nautilus*.

**MORE GOOD THINGS FOR JULY.** Mrs. Wilcox's poem for July is "Climbing."

Riley M. Fletcher Berry will tell us about good non-meat cooking for hot weather, giving some good recipes.

Ella Adelia Fletcher's next article, in the "Rhythmic Breath" series, will tell us something about the specific influence of the Tattvas.

And there will be some bright, short items, humorous as well as helpful.

And the editors have some special things to say to you.

**MORE PHOTOGRAPHS.** Besides all this we hope to publish two or three interesting photographs! And to tell you more about our new home and the new addressograph system and cards, etc.

**FICTION?** How do you like Pearl Wilson's "In the Mummy Room?" Would our readers like a short story—a good one—nearly every month through the summer at least? We have the offer of some likely stories by well known writers. Shall we accept?

**OUR NEW ADDRESSOGRAPH. LOOK!** Look at the wrapper that came around your *Nautilus* this month.

It was addressed on the new addressograph machine. Looks like the nicest typewriting, doesn't it? Or if yours happens not to, it is because the girls haven't yet acquired the proper swing as a *habit*. It requires no more foot power than a sewing machine to run the machine, but it takes a swing movement that must be acquired. Until it is acquired there may be a few pale-looking addresses.

Now notice that the date of expiration of your subscription no longer appears beside your name, as it used to on the little printed yellow label. The omission of this date is the

one regret I have about the new mode of addressing. But there are advantages enough to more than offset this.

And we will send you a notification when your subscription expires, and the record will be kept by hand on the address plates and on our new index card system. And also on the letter you send with your order for subscription or renewal, and your letter will be preserved forever 'n ever in our Macey Vertical files. So we shall have three records besides your letter by which to know your date of expiration of subscription, and each of these records made carefully by one girl and checked up carefully by another. As all this is done by bright, intelligent and experienced girls who are willing and interested in their work you can depend pretty faithfully upon our records. Our aim is always for perfection in this office, and it is that aim which causes us to put in the best business appliances and employ only the most efficient help to be had.

In addition to all these careful records we send postal card receipts for each subscription of \$1.00 or more, unless a premium is included. In that case we let the premium act as a receipt. As soon as the price of *Nautilus* goes to \$1.00 we may send receipt for every subscription. Then if you keep your receipt you will be sure of your subscription even if all our records were burned up!

By the way, once in a long while somebody gets a notice that his subscription has expired, when the fact is he has just renewed. This happens when we receive the renewal after the envelopes have been addressed for the expiring subscriptions. With the old system of addressing there were about twelve days per month in which these mixups might occur. With our new system there will be only one or two days per month, maybe less.

We have had a great time installing the new system! It took us six or seven weeks, and such a time as Leila had keeping everything and everybody straight. We will tell you more about it in the next number of *Nautilus*.

**MAY NUMBER NOT RECEIVED?** *Nautilus* for May was mailed four days late, on account of very great press of work at the printers', besides a slight illness and a nice wedding in the manager's family.

We felt highly flattered by the flood of letters we got from anxious subscribers who wanted their May *Nautilus*. It makes us happy and tends to give us that nice swelled-head feeling, to find a four-days' delay stirs so many people to protest! We smiled in our sleeves and resolved to make *Nautilus* so good that everybody would protest next time! And we likewise resolved we'd not have any next time for delay.

We couldn't write personally and explain this to all our friends, and we felt sure they would, almost without exception, receive the delayed magazine before they could get a letter. So we decided to explain it here. And if anybody is still short a May number we'll be glad to send it upon receipt of postal card notification, with due apologies for making him the trouble of writing twice for it.

When replying to advertisements please mention THE NAUTILUS.

### LATEST.

Yes, we can give our readers an earthquake picture or two in the July number! And some other special things I haven't time to tell you about now. They will be all the better for being a surprise! Send in your renewals, dearies, and get your friends to subscribe for the growing *Nautilus*. That will help us grow! How do you like our special 48-page June number? Help us grow a still better July one!

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AMERICAN NEW LIFE has a Circle of Silent Healing with over 400 members. Full particulars in every number. Another special feature is the *Astrology Department*, conducted by one of the ablest scientific astrologers in America. He gives daily predictions, telling what days are fortunate for love, travel, business, etc.

Still another feature is the interesting biographical sketches of prominent New Thought people. All the interesting, inspiring details about their lives that you will like to know. The June number contains a sketch of ELIZABETH TOWNE, illustrated with a fine picture. Every number of the magazine contains illustrations of prominent New Thought writers with valuable information about their books. You get more crisp, original matter for the price than in any similar magazine.

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## THE MYSTIC

A Monthly Magazine of Occultism, Esoteric Teachings, Ancient Wisdom, Oriental Philosophy, Secret Doctrines, Psychic Research, the Inner Life. A whole year (12 numbers) 10 cents. William Walker Atkinson, editor, 1715 Kane Street, Los Angeles, Cal.



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"The **LESSONS** give instruction that is concise, definite and easily applied.

"My present occupation is entirely new to me, but I am making a success of it because I believed I could. "You will not wonder that I give daily thanks for strength and Mrs. Towne."

Mrs. C. \_\_\_\_\_

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They give instruction that is concise, definite and easily applied.

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**IF YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE 10c** Enclose it for a few numbers of the breezy little "Bulletin" issued weekly from the printery of the Straight Edge Industrial Settlement, 1 Abingdon Square, New York.  
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ERNEST NEAL LYON, in *Life*.

You don't need Revelations—you need Acts in accordance with what is already revealed to your heart.—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

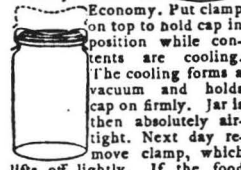
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**Stop Forgetting** You can stop forgetting by a little practice and a few simple rules. You can study my course anywhere, any time, in spare moments. **You are no greater intellectually than your memory.** Simple, inexpensive. Increases business capacity, social standing, by giving an alert, ready memory for names, faces, business details, study. Develops will, concentration, conversation, public speaking, writing, etc. Write today for free copy of my interesting booklet, "How to Remember." Address: **DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, 888 Kimball Hall, Chicago.**

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## THE NAUTILUS.

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Contributors  
for 1905-6  
Others  
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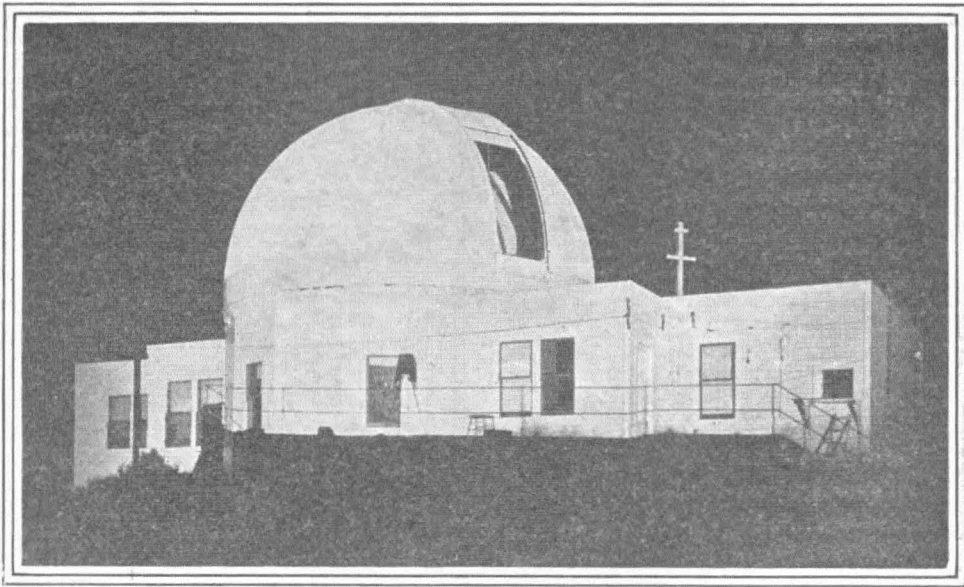


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On the summit of Echo Mountain, California. Altitude 3,420 feet.

This is a very remarkable photograph. It was taken on a very dark night by means of an immense electric searchlight, distant 1,500 feet. This is the same searchlight that was in the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Length of observatory, 70 feet; diameter of dome, 30 feet. The climate is so perfect that the dome, although covered with canvas, is in good condition. The first canvas was put on in 1894 and the second just ten years later.



"Built 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.

JUNE, 1906.

VOL. VIII.  
No. 8.

## The Conquest of Self.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Every human being *attracts* the thoughts that mate with his thoughts, whether such thoughts are *definitely* directed toward him or not.

The fault or the success is altogether in the quality of thought which *you* generate, not in any lack of right thought to draw upon. Your depressed, unhealthy, doubting thoughts attract their kind, and together they increase and multiply and replenish your aura and body. To displace them you must generate enough of the right sort of thought to make your mind and body *attractive* to pleasant ones.

I should say that one trouble in your case, if you are not satisfied with your progress, is this: For *years* you have invited a certain kind of mental settlers to make themselves at home within you. Now you don't want these settlers, and you begin to generate a new kind. You devote a very small fraction of every day to generating desirable thoughts; the rest of the time is given over to the old thoughts. And because the new thoughts you generate in a few weeks or months are not yet able to make conquest of mind and aura which have for years been possessed by the old savages, you are discouraged!

The sturdy puritans kept pegging away until they increased and multiplied and subdued the savages; but you would give it up and sail back home—if you could find a ship to take you.

Within you history is repeating itself. What is happening among the peoples

of the earth in all ages is happening among the thought people of the individual. You are discouraged because it takes time and effort to make history or to repeat it.

And this brings me to the chief cause of all slow progress, the only cause of any discouragement—*lack of faith*. Because you look always at your feelings and the outward appearances you are faint hearted and your efforts lack power.

Where do you suppose America would be now if the Puritans had seen nothing but woods and savages? Why, they were so entranced with the farms and cities they saw by faith that the woods and savages were as nothing. So, when *you* are entranced with the things you observe by faith, you *see through* physical conditions; and you glory in working out your ideal. And the first thing you know the savages that once possessed you are mere indolents confined to small reservations to be civilized or die out altogether. Then you will find your feelings matching in goodly measure your desires.

All progress is self-conquest, and the measure of progress is the measure of faith and perseverance.

And the only way to grow faith and perseverance is to keep adoring your ideals. We grow like that which we mentally picture. And the more we love and adore our mental pictures the faster do we grow.

# Prepare to Live.

By HENRY WOOD.

We only need to go back one or two generations to find that the most common warning of the past was: "Prepare to die." Theology, hymnology, sermon and precept combined to press home that solemn injunction. Not very much was said about more love, greater faith, and a more spiritual life and consciousness, but the emphasis was upon correct doctrine, and upon that no latitude was permitted. But the clarion call which thundered down the ages to prepare for death is now not only softened and modified, but it is beginning to be turned in the opposite direction. Prepare to live, is the coming inspiration. What a wonderful change this soon will bring to the world! The change cannot be due to the old principle, that, "One extreme follows the other," for life is not an extreme, but the most broad and universal of all basic truths.

Our predecessors in general were very conscientious, and it was only a mistaken loyalty to infallible authority and dogma that made them unwitting literalists. They meant well. But superficial literalism determined their interpretation of the Bible and of Nature. As to life, theoretically, there were two quite separate lives, one here, and the other, "hereafter." The one which lasted during material existence was defined as a probation. So far as that word implies a testing or proving, it is quite true of all experience, but the present existence was taken to be a kind of ante-room to another life altogether different. That which was to come was expected to be so strange that it had little logical or intimate relation to the essence of mundane experience. There was provided an opportunity for the intellectual acceptance of a certain religious belief which

would arbitrarily secure future reward, and avoid the reverse. But even this was hardly reconcilable with the "election" to a fixed destiny. This world was "a vale of tears," and there was little hope or expectation that it could be rendered otherwise.

Not long since, in one of the streets of Boston, stood a tall, angular faced woman who, with anxious mien, was distributing circulars the heading of which read: "Prepare to meet thy God!" One who knew something of the higher thought came along and upon receiving one of the well-meant admonitions replied: "Oh yes, I met him sometime ago and we are upon quite intimate terms." The woman, who seemed to have dropped down from a former generation, and who at a great sacrifice was performing a solemn duty, looked shocked and counted the reply as frivolous, if not indeed blasphemous. From her point of view, God was not lovable to meet naturally and spontaneously, but a formal and legal preparation might render him tolerant. Something might come in between, so that it would not be a matter of face to face. But judge her not. She should be honored for doing her best.

There is but one life and it is the same whether we are wearing the body or have laid it off. Time, which is a matter of earth revolutions, seems very real to us, but a broader view merges it into the eternal *now*. It is the prevailing supposition that life is made up of physical sensation, and a large part of the scientific research of the past, and even the present, counts sentiency as the basis of all knowledge. Under such a philosophy, life is merely the property of a form of clay which is in an organized state of animation. When the clay crumbles what



becomes of its dependent properties? This is still the enigma of physical science so-called.

Prepare to live! The fact that human nature in due season finds what it expects and prepares for has abundant demonstration. This is largely true of mistaken expectation as well as that which is spontaneous and natural. The realism which we meet with is largely within ourselves. But more especially when there is free development there is a kind of prevision which works itself out in its own order, and verifies its own prophecies. There are certain sequences in store which are felt to be true, and feeling is deeper than logic. It is the eyes of the soul which are to be kept open, and this makes things discernable which are hidden from the intellection of the head and the perception of the senses. It follows that to live richly and with full-orbed ideals, we must *prepare* and *expect* to live. Positive optimism provides for its own fulfillment.

If, upon some fine morning, the world of humanity could awake with the universal expectation of living indefinitely, a spiritual revolution would have been accomplished. But there are no short cuts, for evolutionary growth is the law. People get what they create. "According to thy faith be it unto thee." The almost unanimous present expectation is, increasing decrepitude with moderate age, and "death" at the end of the "allotted time." Therefore it comes. This man-made law has become so strong that it mows down human kind and does not indefinitely spare the few who know better. Because of a binding racial solidarity, the individual football cannot yet be quite independent of the thundering rhythm of the march of the multitude.

All are expected to keep step or at least to "mark time." Therefore to outward sight, and in external manifestation, all must keep within hailing distance. The fashion of "dying" has become so thoroughly conventional that no one can quite bid it defiance. If one does not get appendicitis and "die" after an "operation," he is expected to have heart-failure in due season. Nature evidently made a blunder when she added an appendix to her general table of contents, and must be corrected. And as for heart failure, it was not counted as a specific disease till within the last two or three decades. But while the possible doors for exit are growing more numerous, a strong counter current is forming. The "last enemy" will not be vanquished suddenly but his final dethronement is certain. There will come, in the ripeness of time, a gradual spiritualization of the "human form divine," and when the true ideal is reached, there will be no gross residuum to give back to earth. Cultivate the ideal *now*, whatever may be the result.

The mission of the New Thought is to urge the conviction of the general consciousness to the fact that life should have expansive expectation, and limitations be put out of mind. Its uplift and transformation are also included. Only by an effort to lift others can we get higher ourselves. Life and love are from the center, and they involve a constant giving and receiving. The lines of relationship stretch out in every direction. Mere existence is shallow, but life is normally rich and deep, and it takes hold upon unseen verities. Prepare for and expect its full fruition. Rather that is ours already and it is only waiting for inner recognition.

*"Prayer, in the right sense, is self-preparation for the reception of ever-present influences from the Unseen; and, in that sense, nothing pays better than prayer."—Light.*

## Astronomy Thoughts.

BY PROFESSOR EDGAR L. LARKIN.

For what requires as much intense, exact and long continued thought as modern astronomy? Electricity does, and the new late science—Mentalism. The wondrous revelations of that majestic science, spectroscopy, are so astounding, that close thought, earnest study and caretaking research only, bring reward in its intricate dominions. Modern refined spectrum analysis, really beginning activity so late as 1875, about thirty years ago, has opened long corridors in esoteric nature; has led and lured many of the most intellectual men of the world into obscure labyrinths, dim passageways leading down to the very base of the universe, and lifted up Colossal gates, closed since the foundation of the Sidereal structure, the vast temple of the stars and Milky Way.

Modern intellect! How transcendent wonderful, sublime. Up here on this beautiful and simply wondrous mountain peak, rising up out of paradise—that Southern California dream of enchantment, the very earth, this world, to me seems very good. I do not read the dreadful things in the newspapers, only good things. And when all alone, opening and reading the marvelous mail received here from all parts of the world, I simply feel the human mind in its surgings and struggles of expansion. Human mentality, just now, is as a turbulent, stormy and choppy sea. Everything held venerable for centuries is being undetermined by the dashing waves. A search for exact facts is now on. And the race has not witnessed anything to compare with it before. The thousands of letters asking questions on every known subject received here, reveal a remarkable mental state of restless activity.

And then the magazines, pamphlets, papers, monographs, essays and books on every science, are enough to fill one's mind with amazement. And the new things in astronomy, in astrophysics, in every one of the mathematical and physical sciences; in celestial photo-spectroscopy and stellar analysis, are so intensely marvelous, that the brain pauses a minute or two, lost in wonder over what the next will be. Cutting pages of magazines is exciting, for while the knife is slipping between them, the mind has time to ask itself, what new discovery will appear on the next.

Astronomy is advancing by leaps and bounds. Space is giving up its secrets. The earth as it turns, takes the stars away from the eyes of one astronomer, but at once brings them into view of another. And man keeps his imperturbable stare and gaze on the Celestial vault during every minute of the flying years. Nature cannot make a move or lift a hand without being instantly photographed. Not one new object, new sun, new comet can appear without being forced to write its own record in ink made of light or highly sensitive plates. And no new thing in the sky or the earth can hope to escape being analyzed. Every star bright enough to send light into a telespectroscope, a spectroscope attached to a great telescope, has been subjected to the chemical analysis of its light. This science is so new, so wonderful, so astonishing that astronomical spectroscopists often stop two or three seconds to wonder at the work of their own hands. The universe—thanks to stellar spectroscopic analysis is now known to be a vast unit. All stars whatever are white hot or red hot suns; but they are

made of materials with which we are familiar here on our infinitesimally small earth. Could Kepler and Newton, Wollaston and Helmholtz rise up from their couches in the earth and visit a modern astrophysical observatory, their mighty brains would throb and surge with all powerful and magnificent thoughts.

The only way to tell what a sun-star is made of is to analyze its light. How this is done, would require all the pages of the *Nautilus* for a year to even outline. Suffice to say here that analysis by means of light is one of the chief works of human hands. Millions of points appear on the 25,878 photographic plates of the entire sky. Each minute point fiercer often than the point of the sharpest needle, is a blazing sun. They exist by literal hundreds of millions. By means of clockwork, the rotation of the earth is neutralized. This enables a tele-camera—a powerful telescope and camera combined—to be centered on one point in the starry vault from evening's dark to morning's dawn. Tiny waves of light come streaming in from the stars all night. They beat against the chemicals on the plate and are quenched. But they surrender their energy to the silver molecules. These store the radiant energy, building up stellar images during the hours of night. When the plate is developed thousands upon thousands of minute dots appear in a microscopic examination. Thus the human eye is far surpassed because the retina cannot store up the energy radiance. Thus little plates exposed all night on small portions of the Galaxy often show from 10,000 to 40,000 suns.

But there is an eye far more wonderful than that of the most powerful tele-camera. This eye, so marvelous that those who possess it are amazed at its power,—is that stupendous thing—modern mathematics. It sees where the sensitive plant is powerless. With

pencil and paper in some little den, these men, mathematicians, the centers of the world's admiration, weigh the sidereal structure. They have found out that dead dark bodies in space are far more massive than those that are alive, emit light and are therefore visible. The invisible universe contains a greater quantity of matter than the visible. Many of these bodies, felt not seen, are no doubt dead suns; but more are planets like the earth, Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, etc., that do not give out light. And myriads of solar systems like ours are dead. Millions of lifeless planets wheel round extinct and frigid suns and count off useless years.

Our star, the sun, will grow cold. The earth and all thereon will die. But it will still make melancholy circuits adding gloomy years to duration. The conceptions of late astronomy are so overpowering to the ablest and trained minds that all hope of realizing their magnitude and grandeur has been abandoned. The very thought of space is overwhelming. Our sun is moving about fourteen miles per second, dragging all the planets, moons, asteroids and comets along with it, towards the bright star Vega. But our sun and its family of worlds are more lonely than would be a passenger steamer in Mid-Pacific Ocean. The people might talk with their friends on distant shores by means of the wireless telegraph. But the nearest neighbor our sun has is twenty-five million million, twenty-five trillion miles away. A flying car moving one mile per minute without stopping would require 48,600,000 years to get there. It is a sun like ours. This distance is the astronomer's unit of measure, to use in telling the distance of other suns in every direction, thousands of times farther away. Thus our neighboring sun, Alpha Centauri, is a "near-by star." Go to our sister sun, take a powerful telescope, turn and look this

way. Then the distance from the earth to our sun—93,000,000 miles—would appear to be in length equal to the diameter of a dot over an i on the printed page of the *Nautilus*, if distant 384 feet from the eye! Some of the bright stars are known to have dark worlds revolving around them. Suppose each sun has eight worlds in its system, like our sun with its eight planets; then the number of worlds as large and far larger than the earth, rapidly mounts up into billions. Shake a leaf of the *Nautilus* slightly; you disturb at least two million particles of dust. One piece is exceedingly small. It is larger, however, in proportion to the dimensions of the room the reader may be in than the earth is to the quantity of matter now known to be in existence. Boundless Power of Mind.

Modern mathematicians have minds of such tremendous power that it is of no use for the reader to try to think about them, unless he is one of their number. The writer entered a room in the World's Fair in St. Louis. There were eighty-two men present from most of the great universities of the world. Each man was able to weigh the universe, and compute the distances of stars. The meeting was the World's Congress of Mathematicians. Oh! you could almost feel the fires of their giant intellects burn and blaze in the very air. One might ask, "Do I belong to the same race of beings?" Each million of human beings can produce two such mighty minds. These minds think colossal numbers; they look upon the universe in a manner far different from that of their humble brethren. None can think of a billion or trillion miles but these. For mind is more wonderful than gross matter or space. But mind may be made of matter.

---

*There is but one incurable malady of the soul—  
that cancer of insincerity.—Purinton.*

**THE SCIENCE OF TONE.** The science of tone points out something to be discriminated. It demonstrates what the human voice is, and how it is produced. It shows what to think and how to think it.

By Carl Young.

Man cannot develop voice, voice must develop man. Voice is invisible, an inevitably infinite quantity. Voice develops the being, the being cannot develop the voice. Infinite develops finite, finite cannot develop infinite. Thought is infinite. Thought cannot be molded or builded; thought is unfoldment. Thought inspires and compels the development of the physical, and, in turn, the physical reproduces the thought through the psychic. Thought then, is the molder and builder of the physical being.

The thought tone is the real tone; the audible one is a reproduction. Learning to sing, then, is learning to think real tones, and the tone correctly thought becomes the psychic motor of the physical dynamo.

By learning to recognize the vibrating of the vocal cords, together with the re-vibration of sound in the vocal chambers above them, and in the trachea and chest below them, one becomes conscious of how he produces tone. He recognizes the vibration which sings, together with how to make it sing. He discriminates the velvety, musical quality which such a singing vibration brings, and through such discrimination, he learns to think a tone that is pleasing.

The recognition of the vibration which sings, together with how to make it sing, absolutely compels the development of every particle of vocal structure. Correct breathing is compelled. The muscles of the head and the face, like the muscles of the chest and the abdomen obey the law, and the entire being becomes the resonator. The physical-habitual is set aside and the psychic-natural is installed in its place. This simply means ease of vocalization and consequent poise—abandon—self-reliance.



# The Law of the Rythmic Breath.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

[This series of articles is so novel, so original in their style of presentation, of such absorbing interest and effecting human health and happiness so profoundly, that I urge every reader of NAUTILUS to follow them carefully to completion. These articles explain, for the first time in Western literature, in a convincingly clear and simple form, and with proofs that will silence every doubting Thomas, the basic truths of the Rhythmic Breath, as taught in ancient Hindu philosophy and developed by the author. These truths involve a knowledge of the Law of Vibration or the basic law of the universe. Miss Fletcher's next article will be entitled, "The Specific Influence of the Tattvas." Then will come other articles on "Special Influence of the Tattvas," "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 VII.

### MORE ABOUT THE ALL-PERVADING TATTVA: AKASHA.

Recent scientific discoveries, which have tumbled century-honored theories from their pedestals to an abyss where we are hastening to bury them in that oblivion of disuse that the world heaps upon its discovered errors, make it important to the student that a little more space be given to pointing out interesting corroboration of the *Tattvic* Law which we can find in all of these wonders.

The greatest bar to scientific progress is stated in this trenchant form by Mme. Blavatsky: "Pure force is *nothing* in the world of physics; it is *all* in the domain of Spirit." Now, notice this fact particularly: It is the world of *force* which the modern scientist is beginning to penetrate; a world of such stupendous forces as astounds him, upsets all his calculations, and at every step he is coming nearer to the *Tattvic* Law.

The "forty-nine fires" of the Vedas (pronounced Vayduz) are the seven permutations of the *Tattvas* and the positive and negative currents of Prana ( $7 \times 7 = 49$ ). Every one of these has well-determined chemical and physical potencies in contact with terrestrial matter, and a distinct function in the physical and spiritual worlds, with a corresponding relation to a human psychic faculty. To the ancient Hindu adept all these hidden forces were as an open

book, and years ago India's *initiates* accurately predicted all the amazing discoveries and inventions of recent years, which have furnished new foundations for science and kept the world marveling.

Out of the invisible, Sir William Crookes, with his "radiant matter," and Roentgen, with his X-ray, lured two of these "forty-nine fires." With the X-ray, the principle of radio-activity which revolutionized science was established; and it paved the way for the discovery of the twentieth century marvel, radium, which disclosed radio-activity as an actual property of matter. No one conversant with the *Tattvic* Law can doubt that radium and all the radio-active substances can be properly classified among the "forty-nine fires" of the Vedas.

In all these progressions and permutations, the higher, more subtle plane, or state, of matter is positive to the next lower, and every lower one is the result of the interaction of the positive and negative phases of the next higher state.

Radium furnishes us with invaluable data corroborating the *Tattvic* Law. But in order to comprehend the velocity of these vibrations (which are ceaselessly bombarding us) and the intricacy of the *Tattvic* permutations, a few words concerning the nature of atoms will be helpful. The word atom is still defined in standard dictionaries, and in text-books upon physics published within the present decade, as that ultimate particle of a molecule which is *indivisible*. In a

very slipshod fashion, atom has also been defined as interchangeable with molecule, and, therefore, it has crept into very general usage in the same sense. Although a molecule is described as "The smallest portion of any substance in which its properties reside," it is possible, by means of heat or some other chemical agent, to separate a molecule into two or more particles, called atoms, "and these cannot be further divided" was the ultimatum of Natural Philosophy. Until quite recently, the hydrogen atom was the smallest mass of matter known to science, and, therefore, the accepted unit of atomic weight.

But what says Prof. George Darwin as to this? "It has been proved that the simplest of all atoms—namely, that of hydrogen—consists of eight hundred separate parts, while the number of atoms in the denser metals must be counted by tens of thousands. These separate parts have been called corpuscles, or electrons, and may be described as particles of negative electricity. It is paradoxical, yet true, that the physicist knows more about these ultra-atomic corpuscles and can more easily count them than is the case with the atom of which they form the parts."

Some of these corpuscles move at a speed of 200,000 miles a second, and the unscientific reader will get a clearer idea of their minuteness if told that the molecule, of which they are parts, is so small as to be invisible even under the most powerful microscope. Sir William Thompson made this graphic comparison: "If a drop of water as large as a pea were magnified to the size of the earth, the molecule would appear scarcely larger than the original drop."

Radium gives off three kinds of rays which have been named respectively *alpha*, *beta*, and *gamma*. The *alpha* rays are compared to the "ions," or tiny particles, which fly from red-hot metals.

They are *positively* electrified, and the particles are about twice the mass of the hydrogen atom. These rays have a velocity of 20,000 miles a second, and are constantly emitted from radium in its natural state without perceptible loss to its substance any more than the exhalation of its odor changes a flower. The *beta* rays are *negatively* charged corpuscles, about *one two-thousandth* the size of those making up the *alpha* rays; and, save for their greater velocity—*circa* 100,000 miles a second—are said to exactly resemble the cathode rays produced by an electric discharge inside a Crooke's tube.

The *gamma* rays are not so well understood as the two others, but are believed to be identical with X-rays. Are they not the union of the *alpha* and *beta* rays after passing through the *Akashic* state forming a *Tattvic* permutation? A spectrum analysis of the rays should determine this. The spectrum of every substance and element reveals its *Tattvic* nature by means of the prevalent color, or colors; and the greater the heat to which the matter is subjected the nearer it approaches its solar, instead of terrestrial, state.

*Akasha* is well-named the "all-pervading *Tattva*." In chemical changes of one state of matter into another you have been shown in these illustrations not only that *Akasha* intervenes, but how it acts; that it is the substratum, or base (in all phenomena or paradoxes) which baffles the scientist. As in things external, so it is within; and your observation of natural phenomena will aid vastly in the understanding of your own microcosm, wherein the *Tattvic* Law comes under the influence of your thoughts and will-power, and the currents of *Prana* may thereby be thrown entirely out of rhythmic balance.

In consequence of its universal prevalence normally, it is not surprising to

learn that the excess of *Akasha* is disastrous, and according to the phase of its activity causes discomfort or misfortune. Among the traits and emotions which give evidence of this predominance or excess are forgetfulness, covetousness, and obstinacy (headiness), and blindness and unreason in matters concerning the affections. Emotions of repulsion, shame, and fear are due to the same source; and the tremor which shakes fear-stricken people comes from hollows in the veins caused by *Akashic* vibrations in excess. To this effect is due the physical and mental tension which so unnerve the victim.

"The remedy," do you ask? What is free will for, if not to give us power to choose our thoughts and the deeds resulting therefrom? The "bliss" of ignorance is that we are not to blame if we do not know the error of certain thoughts and actions. Invariably we must suffer both mentally and physically for such error; but only knowledge, bringing power, brings also responsibility. Never forget that it is the *form* of motion that causes the state, and that form can therefore change it.

Face every mental or physical crisis first, by taking a few deep, full inspirations to change the air—and thus the vibrations, that is, the *form* of action—in the lungs; and follow this with eight or ten repetitions of the nerve-purifying and nerve-strengthening alternate breathing, counting seven for the inhalations and nine for the exhalations. While thus breathing, look within, and seek that heart-silence which carries you to the radiant center of your being, and laps you in poise and confidence.

You will thus raise your vibrations to a higher plane, and in doing this you not only lift yourself into a state in sympathy with higher influences and draw them to you, but above conditions where unwholesome vibrations and thoughts (similar to those you may desire to expel) reach you. You are making for yourself a protecting sheath against demoralizing mundane influences of that earth, earthy character which feeds materialism. Sympathetic vibrations are the wires upon which epidemics spread from victim to victim, and commonly that sympathy is fear.

### Where Four-Leaf Clover Grows.

*I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,  
And down underneath is the loveliest nook  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.*

*One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
And one is for love, you know;  
And God put another one in for luck—  
If you search you will find where they grow.*

*But you must have hope, and you must have faith,  
You must love and be strong; and so,  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.—Ella Higginson.*

# The Human Will.

By ELEANOR KIRK.

"Where does the human will leave off and the divine will begin?" a friend inquires.

This seems at first a somewhat puzzling question but a little rightly directed thought cannot fail to lift it out of the realm of abstruse metaphysics where so many interesting matters are hopelessly floundering or seem to be.

The trouble is that we have no words that adequately fit our thoughts or even our inspirations. In the glow of desire to give out what we feel to be a great and glorious truth we often reach a certain pitch of satisfaction when suddenly the fire dims, the fore-sticks cave in and there is nothing left but the faithful back log which hasn't a blaze to offer. We have no reason to doubt the truth of our crackling convictions, but there is no more active glow for that occasion and sometimes a great discouragement follows the bunching of the cinders. Instead of being grateful for the warmth and good cheer we have been able to enjoy and impart, we complain because the fire did not hold out until we had logically and comfortably presented our statements.

This mental condition is caused by a misunderstanding of the two wills—the divine will and the so-called human will. Theologians in their quotations from and their sermons founded upon the Epistle of St. Paul, have done much to confuse the student by their explanations of carnal mind and many other phrases which Paul used in the way of metaphor or in the endeavor to make a most inadequate language express what he wished to impart. He encountered the same snags that have met every seeker after truth, every writer, every poet since the A B

C's found their way into words. "Carnal mind which is enmity against God" typified a condition of wickedness and rebellion which could be made plain in no other way. But our beloved Paul had no belief in two minds, two wills or two truths. He realized and taught that God was one and God was all, and that there could be no division of the supreme force. But he was obliged to have some words to express what seemed to be things and so used the best he could find. These terms have misled in many instances notwithstanding the apostle's great care to make his thought clear.

Standing firmly upon this platform of absolute oneness we are constrained to hammer away at the proposition with courage and steadfastness.

If there is but one mind why confuse things by postulating two? What is this something that is forever talking to us, forever suggesting and leading us hither and goes sometimes apparently for our best good and at other times into inconceivable and seemingly irretrievable mistakes? "Can this be God's will?" you ask. Is the suicide, the murderer, the thief inspired by God to commit these awful crimes?

That cannot be, and yet the truth of unity stands firm and undodgable in spite of the awful things constantly going on about us.

I am aware that "there are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamt of in our philosophy," and that every day of our lives we confront situations which in the present state of our knowledge are certainly inexplicable. But making allowance for the billion problems we cannot figure out, there are a few things that we do know with ab-



solute certainty and these are enough to keep us safe and well until such time as we come in to a larger understanding. In other words to give us comfortable passage through the various departments of learning situated in the divine mind.

Sin's superlatives may seem blindingly near and we are often well nigh appalled by the discoveries of personal meannesses and the duplicity of friends, but all the same there is but one mind, and this is the very same mind that was in Christ Jesus, because there is no other. To many this will seem sacrilegious, but it is divine logic and cannot be upset by superstitious beliefs. What is called the human or the carnal mind must be the working out of the individual consciousness in the one and only mind. Jesus Christ grew intelligently because he realized his high estate.

The Divine Mind is our only home, and here is everything for our use, our free and untrammelled use. If we misuse our patrimony we are very soon aware that something has gone wrong though we may have no consciousness of the cause. Something hurts. We do not know why it should. We have tried to keep the commandments and to love our neighbor as ourselves. We do not deserve this sickness, this sorrow, this disgrace. Other people do not suffer as we do and we talk about unfairness and injustice and every moment wind tighter and tighter about us the cloak of ignorance which is the only habiliment that the so-called human mind possesses. And yet we have not left our home in the mind of God, nor has God sent any of these horrible things upon us. He did not say, "Mary told a lie yesterday and I will make her suffer today," nor, "These men who have enriched themselves by fraud shall be made to suffer."

Oh, no! Mary gets her punishment and the appropriators of other people's money have their reward. There is no way of dodging it, and yet all is Love and

all is God, and it is just because all is Love and all is God that it is impossible to run away from the consequences of our acts. We cannot shirk one of them. The divine register never makes a false entry and never omits one. And strange to say, we make all these entries ourselves.

Does it seem contradictory and inexplicable? Look into it and you will immediately find a lot of corroborative testimony.

We are our own accusers, our own witnesses, our own seeming destroyer and our own saviours. The exactness of Divine Mind makes all these things not only necessary but absolutely unavoidable. Without this perfection of divine detail there would be no education. In fact, there would be nothing. Now all is good because every created being goes to God's school from which he cannot play truant, although he may think he is doing so and that nobody is looking.

"Why are we hurt?" people at last begin to inquire and then comes the tussle with understanding.

"There is no cause for worry about what you have regarded as your own little mind wrapped about with flesh and bones. There is no separate mind there. How can there be since there is but one mind?"

In its earthly parent's house the baby kicks and screams and breaks things. The mother comparing it with another baby who was placid and bidable wishes there was a closer resemblance. But the little kicker as well as the amiable baby is as safe as love can make it in its mother's arms.

The Prodigal Son did not really leave his father's house, though he suffered like a poverty-stricken alien and stranger.

There is real comfort in this knowledge. When trouble and sickness and sin seem unbearable, just a glimpse of it will assuredly point the way to dominion.

## In The Mummy Room.

By PEARL C. WILSON.

We were walking towards the mummies in the British Museum. My two companions, an old lady, who wore a wig, and her daughter, a rather pretty girl of twenty, examined carefully everything we passed. But I stood behind, all impatience to go to the mummies. I had never seen any but when I first heard the word I was interested, and I accepted with delight my aunt's proposal to accompany her to a "big place" where I could see all I wanted, (though I did not yet know what they were). I did not like the "things" they seemed to admire; what could be found that was interesting in that "old broken stuff?" Finally I spoke:

"Where are the mummies, Sibyl?"

My cousin turned. "Why are you so impatient, Phyllis? We will not get to them for a long time. Look around you, you will soon be interested by these ancient vases."

I relapsed into silence; evidently I had spoken to the wrong one. Be attracted, indeed! What did I care for old broken ornaments! We had much prettier ones at home, and, besides, ours were new and were painted in pretty colors. I walked twice around the room, then returned to my former position behind my cousin.

"Sibyl, what are mummies?"

"O, don't you know child! They are dead people."

I shivered, I was afraid of anything dead.

"The people who lived in Egypt, long ago, when they died were embalmed, so that their bodies would stay the same for hundreds and thousands of years," explained Sibyl. "These were wrapped in a long strip of cloth and put in decorated coffins."

This was a little better, but why did they do such a silly thing? It must have taken lots of time that they might have enjoyed otherwise, and it was certainly useless.

"Why did they want them to keep so long?"

"You ought to study history! They thought that after many years the soul would return to its body, and if the body was not perfect, they would live without a foot or hand, as the case may be."

My cousin was beginning to be cross, as I knew by the tone in which she spoke; I have always been sensitive as regards tones.

"Don't be disturbed, Sibyl, she is a child, and, naturally, is tired of these;— why she wanted to come anyway, I can't understand, but now she is here we will be nice to her. Phyllis, my dear, would you like to go to your adored mummies and wait with them for us?"

"O, Aunt, do let me! How can I get there?"

She told me and I ran off with my "heart full of joy" as it says in the fairy tales. When I first saw them, I must confess I was startled; I wanted to run back to my aunt, and return protected. Then I thought that if I did, they would make fun of me and I determined to be "brave." I was aware that I never deserved that epithet, for even at the age of ten, I would not go into a dark room alone.

I covered my face with my hands and scarcely dared breathe, but after a few minutes I took them down and looked around. Those things lying so still, some in, some out of their boxes, could they be the mummies I had longed to see? And they were dead; had died long before! Would I look so sometime, would I ever

be wrapped up and put in a case to be stared at? Horrible! What did I hear then? It seemed like a voice—but I was alone; I was mistaken. No, there it was again, and this time I heard the words, "You are there now."

Where did it come from? What did it mean? No one was near—except the mummies. Could they talk? Impossible! I was afraid, and the voice was in my imagination only. But, even so, why did I imagine such a sentence? Of course I was there, no need to tell me that. I was too well aware that I was—What? There it was again.

"Look, you will see what you used to call yourself."

I was frightened and I cried out, "What do you mean?"

The same voice, "Be quiet."

Then I felt the air stir around me and when it stopped again I was no longer afraid. Peace seemed about me and I was unable to realize my former excitement.

"Who spoke to me?" I asked.

"Your guardian."

This satisfied me. I knew I was protected by one in whom I could put all confidence. It was strange though, that I who had never believed in fairies or ghosts should at once trust something, I knew not what. I tried to say again that it was a story I was "making up;" but in vain. I could not say it, much less believe it. I had the courage to inspect one of the "dead people" for several minutes; it wasn't amusing. I would have preferred to see it alive. What had my cousin said? O yes, that the people who had lived with these thought they would come back to their bodies sometime. I wondered if they were right; how I would like to see them come!

"They were partly right," said the same voice.

I turned to another, a slender, tall

one; what had it looked like when alive, what had it played with, what kind of a home had it lived in?—What did I see then? Before me stood a graceful girl, about the height of the mummy; she wore a long, white robe, and her bare arms were covered with bracelets. On her head was a star made of pale green stones that sparkled in the sunlight—where did that come from? The sun, of course, and there it was far above her; she was standing on sand and just behind I could see a large building with massive pillars in front, which were ornamented with curious figures, poorly drawn, but the colors, the colors were the most beautiful I had ever seen! They were so deep, so rich, it seemed as if they would never fade, even under the rays of that sun, so much hotter than ours. In the distance was another building of different shape; I had seen the pictures like it in some books at home. Sibyl called them pyramids, I thought. Not far off was a river, a slow, quiet river on which was a barge decorated with figures like those on the pillars; a curtain of a deep yellow was attached to four long poles held by four girls dressed much like the first, except that they had no stars and wore only two bracelets on each arm. This curtain was evidently meant to shade those underneath, but its color prevented that, only giving a golden hue to the sun's rays. There were many girls on the barge and they were all looking towards the one I first saw. She walked slowly to them, stepped on the boat, seated herself in the center, and—but then it faded away, and I saw only the mummy.

"Thus was I when I lived." The words came apparently from its lips. Had that stiff thing lying there before me once been the beautiful being that sailed away? Had she, wrapped in that old, dirty cloth ever worn those robes and bracelets, had she ever worn that

beautiful star? Could it be that she who had lived in that palace, who had sailed in that magnificent boat, attended by so many, could it be true that she was then lying in a showcase to be stared at by many, respected by none? Poor mummy! But poor no longer, for one, at least, knows what you were and pities you accordingly.

Again I heard the first voice, "Look, you are there, what you were is there."

I turned, what was there? Only another scarcely different from the rest; then why did I seem to recognize it, why did I wish to touch it? Certainly, I should be afraid; but no, I wished, instead, to put my arms around it. Next to it was another, but it seemed to be myself. Could I be turning into a mummy? Not quite that. Still I felt that that body belonged to me as much as the one now standing near it.

Then another scene rose before me. This time I saw many dwellings, some small, some large, most of them painted; I saw the same river and on the other side was an immense edifice. Many steps lead up to the entrance, and at the end of the central corridor was a large idol. People were coming from all the houses around me and hastening to the river, which they crossed in what looked like rafts, but were worked by some kind of machinery; some went in the building, but more remained outside waiting. My eyes followed theirs, and I saw a number of men walking slowly, in pairs, toward the entrance; they were dressed in white with blue caps on their heads, and the leader differed by having a white star on his. They came slowly down the banks of the river and entered what I now supposed to be the Temple, the leader stand-

ing with his back to the idol and his followers lining the central corridor. After them came an old man, wearing a kind of crown, who was followed by many. He knelt before the leader of the priests; then a younger man came, and with him a girl; I looked at her, and knew it was myself.

"They are to be married,—the warrior who saved us, and the princess," I heard someone say.

As they, or rather we, ascended the steps a man rushed from the crowd, I saw a flash of sunlight upon steel, heard one cry, and the handsome warrior fell.

His murderer looked at me triumphantly. "I have slain him, the princess is mine!" He tried to take my hand, but I pushed him off, and kneeling by the dead man's side, I cried, "Ilmes! Ilmes! return to me!"

Again the other one took my hand; I seized his knife, a sharp pain went through me, I fell—but I was only looking at a mummy again. Tears were in my eyes and once more I called, "Ilmes! Ilmes! return to me!"

A low, sweet voice near me answered, "I am with you always."

Then I was happy, O so happy! I was about to speak again when I heard my cousin say, "Have you been here all the time, Phyllis?"

"Yes, Sibyl," I replied, "and I only looked at four mummies."

"Only four! Well, you are a queer girl! See, there is a name on the cloth of this one." She looked at the one lying beside my other body. "It is Ilmes," she continued.

"Ilmes!" I exclaimed, "I know"—but it seemed better to stop.

*The most successful men, instead of being men of unusual ability are just ordinary ones with unusually intense sincerity and tenacity of purpose.—Frank Belmont Odell.*





### GIVE.

*Give, and thou shalt receive. Give thoughts of cheer,  
Of courage and success, to friend and stranger.  
And from a thousand sources, far and near,  
Strength will be sent thee in thy hour of danger.*

*Give words of comfort, of defense, and hope,  
To mortals crushed by sorrow and by error.  
And though thy feet through shadowy paths may grope,  
Thou shalt not walk in loneliness or terror.*

*Give of thy gold, though small thy portion be.  
Gold rusts and shrivels in the hand that keeps it.  
It grows in one that opens wide and free.  
Who sows his harvest is the one who reaps it.*

*Give of thy love, nor wait to know the worth  
Of what thou lovest; and ask no returning.  
And wheresoe'er thy pathway leads on earth,  
There thou shalt find the lamp of love-light burning.*

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

# Why Things Are Made Hard For Us.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

"I don't see *why* life should be made so very hard for us. *Why* should it be so difficult to obtain wisdom? And what is the use or object of life anyhow?"

The speaker was an interesting character—an English woman forty-six years of age. During the lifetime of her husband, a civil engineer of more than ordinary ability, she had never known responsibility or want of any material thing. At his death she was left with three children, slender means and no relatives near her. After reviewing the situation carefully she decided that America offered better inducements in a business way than England, and with her three children she migrated to the wilds of Canada, and later came to the United States. She has succeeded in supporting herself and children in comfort, and the latter are now grown and able to care for themselves. But she feels that her life has been unduly "hard," and that it now holds out no inducements to her.

Now what has the New Thought philosophy to offer in solution of such a problem as the one suggested by this case, and thousands of similar cases which exist wherever the human family dwells?

In the first place it seems to me that each one of us is living as a result of his *own innate desire for life*. The Life Urge possesses us and has always possessed us, since that remote period, ages ago, when we first became individuals as distinguished from the universal.

And the One Life of the universe is not a thing apart from and altogether outside of us. We live in it as the drops of water live in the sea, but our souls are one with the Universal. Hence, there is no arbitrary power outside of our real selves which "makes" life "hard" for

us. We each attract to ourselves exactly such experience as we need for our further growth and development and the further attainment of wisdom.

Exact justice reigns throughout the universe, and we must and do reap exactly what we sow. We get exactly what we earn.

*And the use of obstacles is to make us strong, to develop character in the process of overcoming them. The object of life is to gain wisdom by experience and the joy of life consists in conquering obstacles—in other words, in doing useful work. The Life Urge finds expression through us in our work.*

I said to the lady mentioned above: "You know there is Paul C——, a rich man's son. You know very well that he is in great danger of becoming a back-boneless jelly fish, a mush of concession, so far as the development of knowledge, and practical business ability is concerned, simply because his father is so wealthy and makes the son's path so easy that he does not feel any need for effort on his own behalf.

"Now, suppose there were a God sufficiently powerful to suspend his own eternal laws, and he were to make the way to wisdom perfectly easy for us, so that we could attain wisdom without effort, so that no 'trouble' would ever come to us, so that no friends would ever leave us, but we should dwell eternally with them, free from the necessity for any effort of work on our own part. What kind of a race of back-boneless jelly fishes do you think that would develop? Would there be satisfaction and joy in such an existence? Would such a dead level, lifeless-as-a-salt-codfish state develop strength and nobility or beauty of character? Of course not.

"The happiness of life consists in meeting with difficulties and inventing ways to overcome them—in expressing creative energy. You go into the kitchen with the necessity for getting a dinner staring you in the face. You take certain raw materials—sugar, flour, eggs, apples—and combine them with the skillfulness acquired by experience, and lo! we have an appetizing dessert, good to look upon and a pleasure to the taste. Other materials are combined into other dishes until the necessity for dinner has been beautifully, successfully, gloriously overcome.

"Now, is there not joy in such overcoming? And the same *principle* involved here is involved in *all* work and constitutes the object and joy of *all* life.

"We live, as I believe, to give expression to the Universal Spirit on the material plane, and to gain wisdom by practical experience. To express this One Spirit, the Universal Creative Energy, in useful work, in overcoming seeming obstacles, is life and joy.

"If you put your individual will into to your work and work in harmony *with* the Law, you are happy. If you rebel and sulk you are unhappy and everything goes wrong. You cut off the creative energy which would otherwise find expression through you, and life seems barren.

"If you do not work *with* the Life Urge, you get into a rut. Then hard experiences are necessary to get you out again. Growth is the law of nature. We cannot stand still.

"The experiences that seem so hard to you are *really* friendly if you would but so regard them. They have forced you out upon your own resources, *taught you to stand alone and to develop strength and self-reliance.*

"Try for a while to accept as good every experience that comes to you. 'Re-

sist not evil.' Set your will to work *with* the Law of Life instead of *against* it, and then watch results."

## Briefs.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\* \* \* It is Wednesday morning. A cold, drizzly rain is falling, although (as almost always happens) there are signs of breaks in the clouds, if you look for them carefully. Here and there one may catch glimpses of the silver lining trying to show through. I sit at my desk in my new office in the southwest corner of the house and look up Oak street, where the green lawns are taking on a still greener hue under the benign influence of the rain, and suddenly it is borne in upon me that today, nay, this very hour, it has become my painful—no, rather joyful—necessity to produce some copy for the *Nautilus*.

\* \* \* For one week and six days we've been busy moving and *getting settled*. Observe the special emphasis which I've placed upon those two words, *getting settled*! You might think that all of moving is comprised and condensed in the two or three feverish days during which you have no home nor place of abode, but are only conscious of seven men carrying your choicest possessions down eight flights of back stairs, dumping them into wagons, withal not always too gently, and carting them to your new abiding place. But no. This is *not* all of moving, gentle reader. As the old song goes.

"It is not all of Life to live  
Nor all of death to die."

\* \* \* So, it is not all of moving to move, as I have discovered. A goodly portion of nearly every afternoon have I spent in the basement, trying to sort out stationery, circulars, books and endless packages of *Nautilus*, in response to the frequent and well nigh insatiable de-

mands of the girls in the office, for "this kind of circulars," "those order blanks," "those copies of January *Nautilus*," etc., etc. Then everything had to be unsnarled, the rubbish left by the plumbers, gas fitters and carpenters cleaned up so we could find places to "put things," dark, musty and unused corners made into nice, clean cemeteries for old files and odd packages. Small wonder, is it, if I begin to look forward to the time—

When the last cobweb is ended,  
The last dark corner done,  
And I to my office ascended  
To dream of battles won—

Battles with dust and debris,  
With washtubs and faucets and coal,  
Battles with boxes—O. gee!  
I'm glad I'm nearing the goal.

\* \* \* Only this morning I was experimenting with the steam heater in order to decide whether I would be able to suitably warm the house next winter, when the wintry winds were howling at every nook and cranny and the mercury hilariously dancing around at twenty below zero. I succeeded in getting a good amount of heat into all the radiators in the house, including three new additional ones, excepting the one in the cloak room, which stumped me. I labored and shoveled coal and fidgeted and sweated and at last about noon Elizabeth said sweetly, "Why, that radiator isn't connected yet!"

\* \* \* But ability cannot forever go unrecognized. Genius may plod on doggedly for years with no recognition either in dollars or fame, and then leap suddenly into the lime light of publicity in a single night. The other day Mr. Merrill, of Boston, was here to demonstrate the new Addressograph just installed in *Nautilus'* office, and which is hereafter to be used in addressing the wrappers for the magazine. He had ranged Maude and Pamela on one side

and Mrs. Towne on the other, spat on his hands and rolled up his sleeves—figuratively speaking—and was all ready to commence when he caught sight of myself just entering the door. "O, by the way," said he, "would you mind coming here? I always like to have at least one man present at these demonstrations to attend to the mechanical side, for the simple reason that men, as a rule, possess more mechanical ability than women." Then the girls said something about exploded ideas, race superstition, inherited error and the like, and Mr. Merrill, being a very tactful young man, backed out as gracefully as possible and sat down—to the Addressograph.

## SUCH BLOSSOMINGS.

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

A beauteous dress  
The little worm  
Wore down among the grass.

I felt distress,  
Such pity 't seemed  
That into dust it pass.

But when I saw  
The butterfly  
Spread out its rainbow wings,

I blessed the law  
Of bitter loss  
That knew such blossomings.

"So others shall  
Take patience, labor, to their heart and  
hand,  
From thy heart, and thy hand and thy  
brave cheer,  
And God's grace fructify through thee  
all." —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



## The Nautilus Moves.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Here we are in our new home! It took two big wagons, six men and twenty-five hours of time to transport us, and the magnolia tree came out in full bloom to welcome us. And we moved April 26, 27 and 28, as planned.

The carpenters and plumbers and painters and paper hangers and electricians are still hanging around, giving a touch here, a button there, a dab of varnish anywhere, a nail in the other place, and new pipe connections in all sorts of places; but they are all nice, obliging folks and the house is big, so we don't mind it a bit.

And we quite enjoyed the whole process of moving. William and the girls packed most of our circulars and things, and William nailed up the boxes. William hasn't had such a nail-driving time since he sat on his mother's kitchen floor in a tiny gingham apron and hammered nails into a pumpkin!

And the Paragon packed the breakables and superintended the other household packing whilst I vibrated between the two places, and showed everybody where to put everything, and said, "Look out for the woodwork," "Look out for the walls," "Look out for the gas fixtures," about fifteen thousand times. And they did look out for everything, and in the melee our new house got only two tiny scars on the wall paper, one dent in the back hall woodwork, and a slight scrape where the piano came in through the window. The painter made good the scrape, and the other marks you couldn't find if you hunted a week. And not a piece of furniture looks the worse for the move, and the only thing broken was the handle of a china cup and that was already cracked. The three strenuous days went off as well as even new thought could make them, and Saturday

night we went to bed, tired and happy, and slept like two babies.

William says I missed my vocation, that I was cut out for foreman of a section gang!

We had our rugs and linoleum all laid Thursday the 26th, moved the household Friday night and slept here that night. All day Friday the office ran at the old place as usual, except that after the orders were all filled every girl packed the contents of her desk in a box and marked it with her name. By Monday morning we had every desk in place, and the first thing every girl did was to inspect our new quarters, unpack her belongings, refill her clean inkwell and arrange her desk. By nine o'clock business was in full blast and all the orders but half a dozen were filled that day.

We are not nearly settled yet—this is Friday, May 4—but every department is in pretty smooth running order, and we are reducing the chaos corners as fast as possible. You ought to see the basement! I didn't know anybody *could* take such loads and loads of packages and boxes out of two flats and a cellar! It's a wonder the Majestic didn't collapse with it all! This big cellar was piled almost to the top, with hardly a passage anywhere. But William and I worked down there all yesterday afternoon and made at least a beginning of order. It will take two or three more afternoons to straighten it out. The new part of the cellar, under the new addition, makes a fine, light, cement floored stock room with wide shelves all around it from floor to rafters. Here we are storing reserve circulars, catalogs, files, back numbers of *Nautilus*, etc., and Pamela will be Lady High Keeper of the Stock Room.

Our offices are all lovely we think, and the girls agree with us. William has the "front parlor" on the southwest

corner, and I have the "back parlor" with the fireplace and a built-in book-case. Anna's desk is in William's room, and Ellen's in mine. These rooms open together with folding doors, and William's opens with another pair of folding doors into the big hall, across which is a third pair of folding doors opening into a large bay-windowed room which was probably meant for a state reception room. It is all windows on two sides! And we call it the stenographer's room. Frances Morgan and Clara have their typewriters there, and Maude's and Pamela's desks are there too. And there is room for two or three more without crowding.

The dining room has windows on north and east, with an oak mantel and fireplace at the other end, and oak woodwork, and walnut and birch striped floor. Too nice for the mailing room we have made of it! But very handy. We have filled all the wall space with book-cases, and our big oak mailing table stands in the center, with the new addressograph machine at one window. Out of this room opens the coat room, which holds two more *large* book-cases besides the girls' coats and other conveniences.

And at the end of the hall on the southeast corner of the house is Leila's 14x20 office, which is a model. Five windows in it. Cherry wainscot and woodwork, light two-tone wood color walls, with stained and varnished hard wood floor. Doors opening into hall, back vestibule and coat room. There are four desks in this room, for Leila, Alice, May and Frances K., our third stenographer. Our four Macey vertical files stand against the west wall, with the card index cabinet and the new addressograph cabinet on the north, all the desks by the windows and room for as many more without crowding.

And our living rooms are all upstairs. The kitchen is on the northeast corner

of the house, three windows, white tile paper on walls, white enamel sink and a wide counter shelf running along the wall, with cupboards, etc., above and beneath. Then there is a nice pantry and refrigerator room, besides a hall closet where the boiler and gas quick-heating apparatus are—and the brooms, etc. Right over the mailing room is our new dining room, all white enamel woodwork with wood color paper below the plate rail, and purple grapes on a trellis above it. And a rug of wood tones and dark red flecks. This room is very nice, with a beautiful view of the hills.

Our reception room is done in dark green grass paper, with cherry woodwork, and has the finest view of all, through the *big* north window.

William's bedroom is right over his office, and mine over my office, with a pass closet between. His is done in a delicate green satin striped paper, with palest green moire ceiling carried down to the picture rail. Green is his favorite color. Mine too. But we have *four* green rooms in the house, so I selected a cream moire ceiling for my room, with cream walls that look as if wild roses and maiden hair fern climbed on each edge of a wide white satin ribbon, and every little way the roses burst into bloom.

William's mother's room is in the new part, over Leila's office, and is papered in cream and pink. She has three big windows and the best view to the south and east.

The first person to break bread with us in our new dining room and sing in our new reception room was the young musical genius, Olive Van Wagner, of whom this country is already hearing. She is a charming little lady who speaks English like a Parisian. She was born in New York and began singing in Springfield and Northampton, Mass., teaching music at Smith College and Mt. Holyoke

College when a very young girl. For nine years she has been studying with the best masters and mistresses in Europe, with her headquarters at Paris. She has unearthed some wonderful old songs of the middle ages or thereabouts, and sings them in magnificent costumes of those periods, to the music of a wonderful instrument called a "clavicein," which was made specially for her, to give the effect of the old harp and harpsichord accompaniments. Her love songs were written by kings, and she sings them so deliciously that you are fairly transported to those golden days of yore. And Miss Van Wagner has ideals and ambitions, and a wonderful "method" of her own. Her voice ripples and vibrates in remarkable nuances of expression, and she sings as naturally as a lark. Her tours will be good for the world of music.

How did it happen? Oh, she found something of mine at Brentano's in Paris, and came to see me. So we had a lovely visit, and she sang for us.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the first thing I have written in our new home—sitting here in the big bay window facing the south, the sun streaming in and the magnolia and tulips smiling at us.

**ON TOP.** This little girl went to church on Sunday and heard a sermon preached from the text, "I keep my body under." Next day when some one asked her what the sermon was about she proudly recited, "I keep my soul on top!"

And do you know, that means altogether a better attitude of mind than Paul's. Paul's consciousness must have been mainly with the body he was keeping under; while the child's consciousness was altogether with the soul on top!

And that is just the difference between the old thought and the new. Behold, we are with our souls on top!

## Giving and Getting.

KATHERINE QUINN.

"When I was first married," said a friend to me one day, "if my husband went out without kissing me, I'd sit down and cry for an hour, but now," she added with a knowing smile, "if I see he's going to forget it, I just give him a kiss instead. I find the plan works better where he's concerned, and I'm a *lot* happier myself. So don't you, my dear, ever be so foolish as to cry for a kiss so long as it's within your reach."

My friend's words, I thought, might be applied to the attitude we assume toward things in general. A great many of us (and it is a regrettable fact that the number includes some of the best and most deserving of us), rely too entirely on our merits. We assume the passively expectant attitude; we tell ourselves that we deserve so and so, and then we fold our hands and calmly wait for it to come to us, and when it doesn't come, we deluge our spirits with the waters of grief and vexation. And all this while, in my friend's words, we are crying for the kiss that is within our reach.

And it generally happens that while we are doing so, others who are not so worthy as ourselves, but more energetic are hustling around and getting all the good things in sight, kisses included. Exaction in itself is not at all a bad thing; it's just the captious, crying kind that nobody likes; for the kind that manifests in smiles and kisses we've all a secret fondness. If we were wise we would change the negative for the positive attitude. We would be actively, not passively, expectant, and instead of sulking and whimpering because we don't get our rights, we'd kiss and coddle and coax till we got our rights and a lot of privileges thrown in.

The world is very much like the hus-

band of my friend, bluff and hearty and full of unsuspected good nature. But he's a very busy world and he isn't going to put himself out a great deal to attend to our whims; at times he may seem a little indifferent, but he's a very good world at heart, for all that, and one that's easily managed if we go about it in the right way. If we wait for him to make much of us, we're liable to be greatly disappointed and to shed many

a bitter tear. But if we take the opposite attitude, if we throw our arms about his neck and tell him what a good old world we know he is, if we refuse to be thrown aside, but cling to him persistently, and most of all, if we let our love and good will into the clinging, we're likely to get most anything we want from him. And the best part of it is, as my friend said, that we feel so good while we're doing it.

## A CREED FOR THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY.

I believe in the ABUNDANT SUPPLY.  
 I believe that God is the SUPPLY OF ALL NEED.  
 I believe that I am a divinely appointed channel through which God longs to pour out a portion of the everlasting good.  
 I hereby resolve to LET God so use me.  
 I resolve that I will open myself, to the end that I do not keep back anything that belongs to another.  
 I promise to owe no man anything save love.  
 I promise to pass on a full, rich, satisfying stream of beneficence to all who need, and who look to me in any way for help.  
 I promise to neither hoard or stint God's abundance.  
 I AM Abundance.  
 I will to manifest NOW what I AM.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NAUTILUS.

# 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. 17.*

Environment, of which we read so much—the word recalls memories that are now amusing to me. For three years, I complained, frowned, fretted, kept my mind in an ugly mood over my environment. Then I found *Nautilus*. I learned that for five years I had been living much in "The New Thought," and had not known it. My home and environment could not be changed excepting through death, how could I concentrate on that? So I began the erection of Mrs. Wilcox's "Four Corner Stones of Heaven." I had a fair sized stone of self-control and faith, so I concentrated on love and work. Mind you, not for people to love me, but for greater power of loving others; not for ambition to work, but for strength and courage to work.

In place of enduring, I know that I have been learning to live. I know that I shall have the "joy of living." The town is different and the people are much improved—or is it I?

My release from environment has been my greatest success, of the past year. A success that all may reap by well directed concentration.

I now know that I am not ready for a change in environment, but when the change comes I shall have done my best and shall so continue to do.—Eleanor.

## *Letter No. 18.*

What constitutes success largely depends upon one's idea of the meaning it conveys. The dictionary's explanation of the word "success," is "the attainment of a proposed object,"

therefore, it is necessary to have a definite object in mind to work for, and an absolute concentration upon the object desired.

The wish to succeed should be strong enough to keep up the interest to make concentration possible, so it is useless to try to succeed in anything with a half hearted interest in it. It would be impossible to put the best effort in it, as only the best can attain perfect success.

The root of success lies in the motive in which it is sought, that is the subjective cause which in time expresses itself in the objective effect.

Should the motive for success be dishonest, it will reap an untrue result. If the thought for success is to bring personal gain, it will work out in the limited channel of personal benefit, which such a motive has made for it, but, when the aim of achievement is for the perfect attainment of the object itself, to the exclusion of all personal benefit, then the law of cause and affect is working in the highest plane which gains the highest reward in the end.

The standard fixed in the motive, is the measure reaped in the result.

Failure is very often caused from lack of concentration. A good and true motive gives force and strength of purpose. A wrong motive is tormented by doubt, and that scatters the force of concentration.

To succeed one must know what he wants, and then he must desire it with all his mind; to be sure he is right, and then ask for it.

It will become an absorbing thought that the mind will be alert to receive anything that attains to it, thus becoming the magnet that attracts success. Nothing can stop the success, for it is attained just as soon as the consciousness is open to receive it.

"And all these things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—Elizabeth L. Stevens, 29 South Mountain avenue, Montclair, N. J.

## *Letter No. 19.*

In regard to your remarks on Letter No. 1, would say I hardly think an "aim to please" a good one for general application. It should

only be prescribed in special instances, after a careful diagnosis of the case, as it has a tendency to destroy independence of thought, originality and self-reliance, which is the basis of all successful work and attainment, and usually results in a greater degree of arrogance in the one pleased.

I suspect Mr. Watts had some more sterling qualities than an "aim to please," or he would have gone the way of the rest.

Emerson says, "Insist on yourself." Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation, but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. Most of us are blindfolded with other men's handkerchiefs.

We are ever casting about us for authority when we have no authority, outside of God and our own souls, for the final word has never yet been written by mortal man, nor ever will be. The man who tries to think with others' brains usually arrives at the destination of nothing and nowhere. He is like one trying to walk and look in several directions at the same time, and is apt to take a tumble before he goes very far. Such kind of thinking is very forcibly illustrated by the fable of the boy and old man, who exchanged places on the donkey to suit the opinion of every passerby, and finally fell in the river in an attempt to carry the donkey, all three proving themselves donkeys. I think a much better motto can be found in your April number.

"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."

When we attempt to think or act outside our constitution, we become out of harmony with ourselves, cutting out our base of supply and interrupting the flow of nature, thus marring all our best endeavors. For God whispers a secret in the ear of each of us, which he imparts to no other human soul, and which we should value above every other consideration, or favor of any one, no matter how great or powerful. The employer who is wise will give reins to his workman's originality and independence of thought, and will find it one of the best assets in his business, for we cannot come in contact with anyone, wise or otherwise, without giving and receiving. We are at the same time scholars and teachers. We learn of and instruct one another, we are arriving at the same destination, but along different routes, and each has a different story to tell. And if we give heed we may learn many things of great value, which we might not have discovered in a dozen lifetimes along our own particular pathway.—WHEELER E. SMITH, Pueblo, Col. (Writer of the prize letter in March *Nautilus*.)

Success Letter No. 14, the first one in May *Nautilus*, received the first unanimous vote cast in our office for the most helpful letter published in any number of the magazine. Congratulations to the writer, Florence A. Jones,

Augusta, Ill. Where shall we send the two subscriptions to which you are entitled?

With the July installment of Success letters, this department closes its first six months of usefulness, and in the August number we will announce the winner of the first \$5.00 prize for the best Success letter printed in six months.

We have enough letters on hand to fill the department for months ahead, and we are still looking for more! Our readers are greatly interested in the ideas printed here, and the department is doing a good work.

Some of our readers want a question box in connection with this Success Department. All right. Send in your questions—on a separate slip of paper—and I will see if I can elucidate.—E. T.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

C. B. AND OTHERS.—In transferring the concentrated thought from sacral to solar-plexus, the act is simply an upward directory, in a flash as it were without consciousness of sides. Yes; the solar-plexus is back of the stomach. For good illustrations of the nervous system by which you can locate the different plexuses, see "The Brain and Spinal Cord," by Victor Horsley. In the alternate breathing, the mind directs the current downwards with the inhalation, and upwards with the exhalation, thus making the circuit down one side of the spine and up the other.

The rhythmic word, instead of numbers, for counting, is carried easily by the accent given to the first of every group.—twos, threes or fours. There is a monitor within who quickly takes cognizance of this and establishes the rhythm, so that you feel every group when it is complete. This holds attention and prevents the exercise from becoming mechanical, in which state the benefit is greatly lessened.

Man's the elm, and wealth the vine.  
Stanch and strong the tendrils twine.  
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,  
None from its stock that vine can reave.  
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,  
There's no god dare wrong a worm.  
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts  
And power to him who power exerts;  
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,  
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;  
And all that Nature made thine own,  
Floating in air or pent in stone,  
Will rive the hills and swim the sea  
And like thy shadow follow thee.

—Emerson.



# THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

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

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

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

W. D. G.—"Is the world all wrong? *Reform yourself.*" Misfortunes are the direct result of mis-thinking. *Change your thought.* Think harmony, success. "Obstacles" are all in your mind. Get them out, and you will find they have disappeared from your environment. Success is the result of intelligent direction of energy. Failure is the result of poorly directed energy. Just wake up and do better. Buy of the best poultry men next time, not "the cheapest." And keep your lamps properly trimmed and cleaned and they won't set your brooders afire. A good many failures are due to the "I-guess-this-will-do" frame of mind. The cure for that is the practice of doing things *exactly right* and then adding an extra loving pat or two for good will.

F. H.—Don't let "75-cents-a-pound strawberries" switch you off the track. That is merely a symbol for any kind of extravagance. It stands for the 2-for-a-quarter things, which may be extravagant for you. The principle of that "Day of Opportunity," article in March *Nautilus* applies to any size income. Years ago I used to have a certain family named Smith thrown at me every time I asked for money. "Smith gets \$50 a month, has a wife and four children, and has not only kept out of debt but has bought and nearly paid for a good house and lot; and his wife and children always look neat too." "Oh, but you won't live as the Smiths do," was my excuse, "and neither will I!" That is the point exactly. If I had it to do over again I would live and think more as the Smiths do. There would be a well tended canal to the savings bank or the building and loan association, and I would look to that *first* and divide the balance between the butcher—no, the grocer, the department store and the book store! It is the only way to get started in the right direction. And the starting point lies right in front of you, no matter how "poor" you are. Dollars are made of nickels, and saved nickels grow fast.

F. M.—Better not set your heart on any individual. Live love, and know that "your own comes to you," perhaps from an unexpected quarter; but *surely* from some quarter. Keep sweet and get ready! Be worthy your ideals.

C. E. S.—The only way to "stop thinking how badly you feel" is to deny your bad feel-

ings and affirm good health *whether you feel it or not.* And the greatest help toward feeling good is to get interested in *doing* good. Get interested in doing what you can do. Do it with joy. By all means continue the course in physical culture. Keep at it *regularly* every day. If it is "too severe" just make half the motions advised, and add a little at a time until you can do the full stunt. And keep at each lesson a longer time, until you can do it easily, before taking up the next. Go in to win and *stick to it.*

ADMIRER—The only way to keep one's atmosphere clear and calm is to keep cool and sweet inside and *let* other people's atmospheres storm as they please! By and by others will calm down to your even vibrations. "Practice makes perfect"—and nothing else does.

A. T.—I have known epilepsy cured by new thought methods, dieting and outdoor living and fasting. "Practical Methods" will show you how to begin.

G. P. B.—I am neither a "psychic" nor a phrenologist—just a woman who uses her gumption and is glad to help when she can.

L. F.—On the unseen side we are all one Great Being, continually interchanging thoughts and feelings—without knowing it. If we receive a *startling* enough idea it comes into our objective mind as a dream. This explains your dreaming of your friend's danger at the moment of the happening. As we grow in stillness we are more open to receive into the conscious mind the streams of messages which are continually pouring through our sub-conscious being. It is our preoccupation with our own little mental chatter which keeps us from hearing a good many spiritual and mental messages we would otherwise receive.

S. S. T.—The only "regular time" I ever have for going into the silence is the last thing at night and first thing in the morning. Other times are governed by circumstances. \* \* You can surely find a place to take hold of the world's work if you want to. But ask your own spirit where to begin, and don't be too particular about what the work is. Take hold anywhere and the world will advance you as fast as you prove your worth.

L. B. C.—Have never read "The Great Psychological Crime"—because I do not approve of its name, nor of its character as described by the reviewers; and because it never happened to come to me for notice. I presume there is some truth in it, and some error, as in all books. You seem not to have been injured by it. Perhaps others are wise enough to accept its truth and let its evil slide.

## Anent Books and Things.

—A bright and helpful little booklet is "Four Rules for a Happy Life" by Alice Callow of the Higher Thought Center, 10 Cheniston Gardens, London, W. Price ten cents postpaid.

—"Is Mental Science Any Good?" by Samuel George; 128 small pages, paper bound; price 1 shill. 6 d. net—about 40 cents, postpaid. Order of G. Osbond, Power Book Co., Wimbledon S. W., England.

—"Derolli's Annual" for 1906, is issued by Dr. Derolli, the astrologer, Hotel Pelham, Boston. Contains predictions for every day in the year, forecast of weather, and a series of easy lessons for students. Paper, 58 pages; price 50 cents.

—The Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago, have issued an interesting "Portfolio of Buddhistic Art, Historical and Modern." Size, 8x11 in., 31 pages, beautifully printed, in artistic cover. No price given. These pictures were collected by Dr. Paul Carus.

—"Mental Depression," by R. J. Ebbard, is a new volume, of 122 pages, cloth bound, from L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C., London. Price \$1.00. Treats of the cause and cure of mental depression, with a view to home treatment. Practical and helpful.

—"On Life After Death" is the name of a beautiful little new olive and gold volume by the Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago. It contains a translation by Dr. Hugo Wernecke of Fechner's "*Das Buchlein vom Leben nach dem Tode*." A book of comfort for the bereaved, or for those who fear death.

—"Fate Mastered—Destiny Fulfilled," is a dainty new volume of fifty-two pages prettily bound in white pebble cloth, from the press of R. F. Fenno, 18 East Seventeenth street, New York. (No price given.) The book is written by that most prolific new thought writer, W. J. Colville, whose friends are always eager for more of his teachings.

—"Practical Psychometry; Its Value and How it is Mastered," is an exceedingly complete and interesting little treatise by O. Hashnu Hara, one of the best English writers on occult subjects. Contains eighty-eight small pages, paper bound, price 50 cents. L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Gardens, Ludgate Circus, E. C. London.

—"The Old and the New Magic," by Henry Ridgley Evans, with introduction by Dr. Paul Carus, is an exhaustive study of magic from every standpoint and all ages, profusely illustrated with photos, charts and drawings. If you want to retain any illusions you may have in regard to magical seances, etc., better not read this book, which is written by scholars and deep students, for those who want *the truth*. Cloth bound, 348 large pages, price not given. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

—"Future Life in the Light of Ancient Wisdom and Modern Science," is a translation of Louis Elbe's new book which has been making

a stir in Europe. It is a scientific treatise of great value to those who are still searching for the true principles of psychic phenomena. Our Spiritualist friends may not like it, but I think an unprejudiced reading will do them good, even if it does not change their minds. The book is scholarly and scientific, and very readable. Contains 382 pages with half tone of the author; bound in blue cloth and cream; price, \$1.30 postpaid; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

—"The Universal Kinship," by J. Howard Moore, is an interesting and brightly stated study of life from amoeba to man, with ethical deductions which will rejoice the heart of the vegetarian and the S. P. C. A., and elicit a frown and at least a few conscience-pricks for the butcher, the horse racer, the chicken fancier *et al.* Bound nicely in green cloth, 329 pages with charts. No price given, probably \$1.25. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

—The flowers, sunshine and balmy breezes of Southern California do not seem to have taken any of the "Chicago Hustle" out of our old friend, William Walker Atkinson, from all accounts. Not only is he on the editorial staff of *The Segnogram*, of Los Angeles, but he has issued a new book, "*Dynamic Thought*," from the same place, and besides is about launching a new magazine to be called "*The Mystic*," the first number of which will appear June 1, and which will be sold at the startlingly low price of "a whole year (12 nos.) for ten cents—nothing 'cheap' about it but the price." to quote his own words. William Walker has been a devoted student of the *Occult* for many years, and has long desired a medium through which he could express his favorite philosophy, and "message." And, now, lo! his own has come to him. The Esoteric Teachings backed by the Atkinson brand of "I Can and I Will," ought to prove interesting reading. His announcement will be found in our advertising columns.

"Why do you not, in your  
**"NEW THOT"** "New Thot" magazine, use  
 the new spelling? So many  
 of the other magazines do and I think yours  
 should be one of the first to take it up."—S. N.

I don't like "thot" for "thought," and I doubt if it ever comes into general use. It does not *spell* "thought" at all—which has the *au* sound.

But I *do* believe in reformed spelling!—in moderation. "Thoro" and "tho," etc., are sensible, and will surely succeed the old forms of these words. But it would make a good deal of trouble for the printers if we tried to change just now, and I don't yet remember to leave out the *gh*'s every time myself. But I remember the tale of the hare and the tortoise and take heart.

## New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

Whatever the season of the year, "or hot or cold," there is one underlying fact we must hold in mind, the general food principle or requirements of the body. The human organism absolutely *must* have material of the right kind for its constant processes of building and repairing, and also food which shall serve as fuel and furnish energy. For this double need we get supplies from several different sources or classes of food: The nitrogenous, the carbonaceous, the fatty and the mineral. We also require much water to keep our bodies in right condition. Nitrogen goes toward tissue, muscle and blood making and is also a source of energy. The carbohydrates (including starch and sugar) produce heat and energy. Fats are a more concentrated form of fuel than even the carbohydrates. The body's mineral elements require repairing with phosphates of lime, soda and potash, etc. These last not only keep teeth and bones in good condition but go toward the assistance of digestion and other needs. Protein comes in different form from Nature's laboratories: In the lean of meat, in milk (the casein), eggs, (albumen), grains (gluten), the legumin of beans, peas, etc. Protein forms tissue, carbohydrates and minerals undergo transformation—the second chiefly into fats—whereas fats are stored *directly as fats*. Too much nitrogen sooner or later affects the kidneys and too much of the carbohydrates the liver, or other evils issue direct or indirect—in painful complication sometimes difficult to trace except to the general fault of diet. But, to be wholesome, food must be adapted to individual needs. One person, for instance, may need a preponderance of fats or carbohydrates temporarily, at least, whereas a second may have for a time to almost entirely avoid one or the other because of some individual idiosyncrasy of make-up or condition. Growing children require foods somewhat different or in different proportion from an adult; the out-of-door workman from the man or woman engaged in sedentary pursuits. There are, however, general facts which we must accept and adapt as individual constitutions need, and it is necessary to *not* follow too far the matter of diet fads for several excellent reasons. The first of these is the fact that it is only the last twenty-five years that food study has been made the serious investigation of scientists. Even in Europe they antedate us but fifty years. (It is an interesting fact that one of the most noted of the early "European" food scientists was an American, Benjamin Thompson, afterward Baron Rumford.) So it is well not to veer too sharply toward fads of food detail. On the other hand, back of these years lies vast experience, even

though without exact data, from which we may safely generalize. For example, the peoples of warm countries have found in centuries of race life that fruits, grain and vegetables furnish the most wholesome food for their needs and even in our comparatively short experience we have discovered that a meat diet is too heating for the summer months to be wholesome. Even the Esquimaux would change from walrus fat to vegetables did they have warm weather and truck gardens.

Matthieu Williams, the English food scientist, who frankly says he is a meat eater at times for the sake of convenience, believes thoroughly in the living toward vegetarianism as far as possible as a more cleanly filling of the needs of the body. He states his belief that the alarming and continuous increase of cancer among the English, the last five decades, is the direct result of the increase in meat diet; the result of prosperous conditions—for it is not among the poorer classes, who still cannot there afford meat to any extent, but among those who can afford to eat it regularly that this terrible disease has become so fearful and growing a threat; increasing in the same ratio that prosperity and meat diet have increased.

On the other hand, vegetarians should look to their own tendency to narrowness, a directly opposite type. There are, it is true, vegetarians and vegetarians, those who include fish as well as eggs, butter, milk and cheese in their diet; those who will have none of these but eat only vegetables, fruits, nuts and grains; those who limit exceedingly their choice of these and others who will eat no cooked earth-grown food of any description. Eating is, of course, greatly a matter of habit and inherited notions. It is easy to give up meat as an every day food even if one makes exceptions "for convenience," but vegetarians should not be narrow. Do not give up the eating of the nourishing, easily digested white bread because a sharp corner of vegetarianism has chipped off the idea of its being wholesome, any more than you would overcrowd your stomach with fish because of the exploded idea that it contains an abnormal amount of brain food. Go to extremes if you like—just to visit; but don't stay there forever. Food scientists of the best type and the greatest number agree that the body requires a mixed diet, (though *not* necessarily a mixed diet which *includes* meat). This is far safer in view of the fact that it is impossible to be exact in some matters, as related to brain food, for instance. W. O. Atwater says, "There is no doubt that intellectual activity also, is somehow dependent upon the consumption of material which the brain has obtained from the food, but just what substances are consumed to produce brain and nerve force, and how much of each is required for a given quantity of intellectual labor, are questions which the physiological chemist has not yet answered." In general eat the fruit and vegetables which Nature provides with each new month or season, avoiding heavy, "greasy" (as most fried foods are bound to be), rich or too starchy or sweet foods as at least touching quantity, but do not on the other hand leave aside *all* fuel and tissue-

building foods remembering that (with limitations) as Emerson says:

"All are needed by each one,  
Nothing is fair or good alone."

#### BREAKFAST.

Strawberries and barley crystals or plain boiled pearl barley, white bread toast, coffee.

#### LUNCHEON NO. I.

Sliced raw tomatoes, graham bread and butter, lemon rice custard.

#### LUNCHEON NO. II.

Scrambled eggs, Boston brown bread and butter, strawberry shortcake.

#### DINNER.

Baked bananas with nuts, asparagus or young beets (buttered). New potatoes creamed, stuffed baked tomatoes, pepper and green pea salad, whole wheat bread, cherry or raspberry tapioca, coffee.

#### SUPPER.

Cheese and cracker soufflé, strawberry gelatin, sponge cake, rye bread and butter.

*Breakfast:* Use the barley with butter and just a trifle of sugar with the berries, letting a thin, simple syrup form with fruit, sugar and barley instead of using milk or cream.

*Luncheon No. I:* Make rice pudding as in March menu, omitting the dates. Add grated rind of two lemons or lemon flavoring as preferred and just before removing the finished pudding from oven beat in lightly two whipped eggs, whites and yolks.

*Luncheon No. II:* Receipt for Boston brown bread is given in May menu. For the short cake make a simple biscuit dough, adding a tablespoonful of sugar. Roll out rather thin and spread with butter then fold over and cut into diamonds, thus making individual cakes instead of having to cut the "cake" when hot. In mashing the berries reserve a few whole ones that in serving, a spoonful may be placed with the mashed ones, at the side, giving a prettier touch.

*Dinner:* Baked bananas with nuts: Skin and halve the fruit, placing in baking dish with a simple syrup of lemon juice and sugar previously prepared. Add bits of butter and bake about twenty minutes in moderate oven, basting often. When ready to serve sprinkle with chopped nuts.

*Pepper and Pea Salad:* Shred the sweet, green peppers, adding a few strips of the red, either sweet or hot, when mixing with the cold stewed peas. The red and green with the yellow of the mayonnaise makes an artistic combination. Or, substitute French dressing and serve with a slice or two of hard-boiled egg.

*Cherry or Raspberry Tapioca:* Soak the tapioca, following directions given as to proportion and time on whatever form of package goods is used. If a pint of water is indicated add to it the juice from a pint of berries or stoned cherries which have stood for ten minutes with sugar sprinkled over them. Cook juice with tapioca until latter is tender and clear, then add the fruit, cook about three minutes longer and pour into the dish (heated) from which the pudding is to be served. Add sugar to taste before removing from fire.

When cool set on ice. Serve with more of the fresh fruit and its juice.

*Supper:* Cheese and Cracker Soufflé: Place alternate layers of soda crackers and grated cheese in a baking dish (two-thirds full). Add salt and pepper. Fill up the dish with sweet milk and bake about twenty minutes in rather a quick oven. The milk will be absorbed and the crackers puffed up. Serve before the mass has flattened.

*Sponge Cake:* An excellent recipe for this is given in the March menu.

## The Way the Wind Blows.

*Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. Every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor has culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.*

When we saw by the papers that Eustace Miles, the English tennis champion, had beaten our young Gould, I said, "I'm rather sorry." "Why?" asked William with a demur in his tone. We know Eustace Miles by correspondence and we are not on speaking terms with young Gould. "Well," I answered, "because Gould is *ours*," I suppose. "But Eustace Miles is *ours*, too—he's a vegetarian, you know, and I like to see the vegetarians win things." "Of course! Hurrah for Eustace—may he win again!" So after all vegetarianism is thicker than patriotism—even when you eat meat once in a while.

*From the Boston Sunday Herald of April 15:* "There was a banquet at the Twentieth Century Club last evening at which all seven courses were of uncooked food. The banquet was given by Eugene Christian and Mollie Griswold Christian, of New York. Among those present were Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, instructor in sanitary chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln, an authority on food preparation and cooking; Miss Anna Narrows, a cooking school teacher, and many doctors of different schools. The banquet demonstrated that a wholesome and varied meal could be prepared absolutely without cooking. The seven courses were:

Oysters.	
Ripe Olives and Celery.	
Cream of Pea.	Unfried Wafers.
Protoid Nuts.	Sorbet.
Orange Baskets.	Sweet Butter.
Fruit Wafers.	Pecan Meats.
Prune Whip.	Cheese.
Ice Cream.	Fruit Cake.
Fruit Punch.	Eggs.

Chicago voted for municipal ownership of railways on April 3, and carried it by four thousand majority. This means an issue of Mueller certificates for \$75,000,000 to purchase and extend Chicago's street railways. The proposition to operate their own street railways brought 3,600 votes majority. But a three-fifths vote was required to carry this point, so it was lost, much to Mayor Dunne's disgust. Rah for Chicago.

Isn't San Fran-  
**VALE, OLD FRISCO!** cisco *splendid!*  
**ALL HAIL THE NEW!**

Just imagine a whole city full of people tumbled into the streets, and their houses tumbled and burned after them. Then think of them flocking in motley array to the parks, where chilled, hungry, thirsty, smoke overhead and cinders falling, they rested to draw new plans for a more magnificent city! Think of the way rich and poor and Chinamen hob-nobbed and helped each other!

Oh, yes, there were some folks killed. But most everybody expects to die some day, and I can't see that one kind of death kills you any deader than another, or leaves your loved ones any less bereft. And there were some fool authority-crazed guardsmen who shot men for the sake of doing it. And there were some folks scared crazy. And most everybody lost all his property.

But what were five hundred dead compared to 300,000 living? What were thirty-seven cases of looting compared to 500,000 times goodness-knows-how-many cases of generous sharing of what was left? What are \$300,000,000 worth of houses tumbled and burned compared to the San Francisco Ideal which everybody is already busy and happy working out into the Real?

And bunch all the *mean* things together and look at them through the microscope, and they are still only a wart on the glorious Humanity which is emptying its pockets to help on the New San Francisco.

And bunch *everything* together—earthquake, fire, shock, death, looting, shooting, hunger, thirst and madness—and what does it amount to in comparison with the splendid Spirit of Brotherhood which is rising from the ashes?

Here is the way Olivia Kingsland, the California poet expresses it. She and

two other girls have a studio at the corner of Haight and Devisadero, which escaped the fire and lost only a little plaster and bric-a-brac by the earthquake. In a letter of April 26, she says:

"This is the season for can openers and uncooked food, starlight, rain effects and other effects, and other comforts we hardly appreciated in the past, and everything is helping to establish The Brotherhood of Humanity."

The loss of property? Humanity is a child learning things by building houses of cardboard and blocks. Mother Earth takes a long breath and the houses tumble, which gives the child opportunity to learn more by building better ones. It is nothing! It is *fun!*—when you know it. You can—after the first shock—see that, when you are 3,000 miles away from the tumbled houses. But if you were on the spot you'd probably be *attached* to some of those card houses, and the tumble would wrench your heart-strings, and hurt a bit. Then you couldn't see the fun and the good of the tumble.

But it is there, all the same. And when you have got over the hurt and gone to work to build greater things than any that fell, *then* you will begin to really *see* and *feel* the truth that even earthquakes and fires are *not* losses, but *gains*; gain to the individual *if he makes it so*; gain to all humanity whether or no.

Goodby, old Frisco! Rest in peace, for your soul is rising to a greater re-incarnation.

**A MEMENTO OF THE EARTHQUAKE.** Henry Harrison Brown and the Now Folk got out the first magazine published in San Francisco after the quake. It is a unique little four page memento, every copy of which will probably be preserved to pass on to children's children.

Send ten cents for a copy to 105 Steiner street, San Francisco.

*And send as much more as you feel like contributing to the Now Folk's New Thought Relief Fund.* They have opened their Mountain Home to those made destitute by the quake and fire, and are depending upon contributions to help along. Their own printing plant was damaged and copy for May number of *Now* was burned. Their loss was about \$1,000. The interesting details you will find in that little earthquake number of *Now*.

**HELEN WILMANS.** Helen Wilmans' little *Men and Gods* appeared just once and all her friends rejoiced. Straightway the postal authorities issued a fraud order against it, and others against the Wilmans' Publishing House and Ada W. Powers. So Mrs. Wilmans is worse handicapped than ever. She cannot receive a single letter by any known address. But she says she can receive postal cards so her friends are not entirely cut off from her. She writes us that she is returning all money she received for subscriptions to the new magazine and probably the postal authorities will return the undelivered letters to the senders. And as soon as she wins her next trial, as nearly everybody thinks she will, she can surely get the fraud orders recalled.

It does seem too bad, doesn't it, that she should be so suppressed? That fraud order law needs regulation itself, and already there is a movement afoot for a new law governing such matters. Here's speedy success to it.

**FOODS AND EVOLUTION.** "Why do you have a 'New Thot' department in the kitchen? If one really believes in 'New Thot' why should they need to diet? Won't your stomach do what you give it to do?"—S. Nixon.

Why have *old* thought in the kitchen? Why have any thought at all about food? Why not eat sawdust or shav-

ings or grass—anything that comes handy when you happen to be hungry?

Will your housemaid "do what you give her to do" if you use no common sense about what you give her? No. Give her too much, or give her too heavy work and she will rebel and leave you. Your stomach is as sensible as your housemaid. Give your stomach shavings and see if it will "do what you give it to do." Give it a steady diet of candy and cake and sec.

The fact is that you have to use *sense* about anything, and new thought is simply sense, gained from experience and observation and intuition.

Intuition and the old, old Mosaic law tells us that hog meat is not good food for aspiring souls. Shall we keep our new thought in the parlor and keep on chewing the old pork thought in the kitchen? Or shall we rig our new thought out in a long gingham apron, take off its mousquetaire gloves and send it down where it can be useful?

When Esdras wanted to prophesy the Lord told him he must live a month on fruits and nuts before he could sense the things he wanted to know. Esdras obeyed, and received the prophecy he was after. Then he wanted to know other things, yet more remote and mysterious. And the Lord told him to go live another month *on the petals of flowers*. And Esdras obeyed and received the desired wisdom.

All the prophets of all ages and climes have been diet cranks. Jesus and all the prophets fasted when they needed special wisdom and power. We have the experience of all saviours and sages to prove that we need new thought in the kitchen.

And we have something else—the divine soul-call from within, which urges us to find our food without killing things to get it.

Shall we simply drop meat without



putting a little new thought into finding a substitute? Shall we go from beef-steak to shavings—while our new thought parades itself to callers? Try it and see if your ornamental new thought will save you from starvation.

The truth of the matter is this: We get *something* out of food, which is built into our bodies. It is the part of common sense and *all* thought to supply these needed constituents in the form easiest of assimilation, and in not too large quantities. We are evolving from baser to finer tone; and *the food qualities we needed in the animal and savage stages of evolution are not the ones we need in the mental and spiritual stages.* As our souls expand our food, too, must change else we waste a lot of energy and *retard progress*, in eliminating the unnecessary elements taken into the body.

The new thoughtist who lives on heavy food is wasting energy which might be directed to better purposes. The new thoughtist who cuts out the heavy food and lives on the sloppy remains of the old diet is trying to live on shavings and chaff.

Because the world is entering the spiritual stage of development everybody is busy hunting up the right kind of food to supply the new elements needed in the building of the new body.

Do you imagine for a moment that this *universal* hue and cry about new foods and pure foods and right foods means nothing at all? It is the voice of the people expressing the still urge of God *in the right direction.*

\* \* \* \* \*

If you think your stomach will do "anything you give it to do" perhaps you are not interested in the Hepburn Pure Food Bill which has just passed the Senate—after seventeen years of opposition by the manufacturers and patent medicine folks—and gone into the House to fight its way through the patent medicine and non-fruit packers' crowd. This is a very modest little bill requiring people to sell things under their true names, and ordering the fin-

ing or imprisoning of folks who sell poisons for food or medicine. The *antis* succeeded in cutting off the Bill's main horn—one which England uses with force and precision—the requirement that all medicines, etc., have the formulae printed on the labels. But shorn as it is, the Bill will do a lot toward purifying the food products of America.

*Collier's* tells the following incident of the pure food crusade, and I wondered as I read it how many new thoughtists would like to give their stomach that kind of dinner:—

The day upon which the Hepburn bill passed the Senate, Professor Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, gave a "synthetic dinner" in New York to prove that chemistry could successfully imitate most of the food producing processes of nature. He served Martini cocktails made of absinthine, alcohol, saccharine and yellow aniline dye; Sauterne of malic acid, tartaric acid, alcohol, ether and glucine; biscuits of potato starch, cream of tartar, saccharine, bicarbonate of soda and artificial milk; butter composed of "oleo" oil, artificial milk, and carrotine; artificial eggs; banana sherbet containing five kinds of ether; and a complete French menu in which nothing was genuine except the meat and the lettuce.

**THE WAY OF THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS.** "What can you say about the treatment the Jews are receiving in Russia? Wherein is the justice?"—M. H. B.

I don't profess to be able to see the justice in all sorts of cruelties and oppressions. *But I know it is there.* I know it by faith in the All-Good which is working in and through all.

In the case of the Jews, I think most of their tribulations, as well as their strength and persistence of type may be due to their spirit of self-righteousness and their clanishness. They are pre-eminently an I-am-holier-than-thou race, as all their songs and literature show. And that Pharisee spirit has aroused resentment and persecution from the beginning of time, and always will.

Then, too, the Jewish ideal includes the glory of martyrdom. They glory in persecution as an evidence of their being set apart by God as a spiritual aristocracy.

With these ideals the Jews take pride in never assimilating with other races

## She Quit

**But It Was a Hard Pull.**

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not quit drinking it, even if it took my life, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around at all. Had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die any time during the night.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one day it came over me and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee, and got some Postum Food Coffee to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I like better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal beside.

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this

summer, had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I got her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

"There's a reason."

among whom they live. They won't mix. So the other peoples are roused to a state of they-*shall*-mix-by-God. And when they can't make the Jews mix they break them. Won't-mixers are always attracting hard knocks.

The Jews, you see, only want to be let alone in their self-righteousness; and humanity can't abide self-righteousness—in others.

The only hope for Jews that I can see is evolution. The Jews *are* catching a little of the leaven in spite of their exclusiveness, the other folks are learning the value of individuality, and everybody is getting into tune for live-and-let-live.

As nations and as individuals we attract just what we must have to correct our faults of heart-believing. And the more set we are in our ways the harder the knocks. And maybe the greater the glory.

Anyway, the Jew wouldn't for anything in the world be anything else than a Jew, persecutions or no persecutions. And what magnificent persistence of type they show! Think of the nations they have outlived. Persecution doesn't kill them, as it would any other race on earth.

And if the Russian persecutions were as terrible and as frequent and as unwarranted as they seem, I suspect the Jews would have left Russia long ago. Perhaps it is like that Mt. Vesuvius affair—an eruption once in a century or so, and between times long decades of green glory, grapes and prosperity enough to pay for it all. We see only the eruptions, but the dwellers are intent on the successes of the years between. Else why do they go right back again when the eruptions are over?

## Bread Dyspepsia.

### The Digesting Element Left Out.

Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry Nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines.

This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that Nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation, and all sorts of trouble exist when we go so contrary to Nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food, knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food, therefore, is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race today.

*When replying to advertisements please mention THE NAUTILUS.*

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread, is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental health.

"There's a reason."

**LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.** Little motherless and fatherless David, in Mrs. Deland's delightful story, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," (*"Harper's Magazine"*) is a quaint mite of humanity who reminds me of some folks who think they are "doing their duty" to man.

David does not like Mr. Pryor, who visits Mrs. Ritchie clandestinely, and whom he has seen just once in the stage. In the midst of some of Mrs. Ritchie's remarks about the absent Mr. Pryor, David inquires, "Is Mr. Pryor my enemy?" "Of course not! He is nobody's enemy." After a little while in which David is watching his new rabbits, she asks, "Why did you think he was your enemy?" David replies, "I only just hoped he wasn't; I don't want to love him." "What!" "If he was my enemy I'd have to love him, you know," David explains patiently. And Mrs. Ritchie tells him that is wrong, of course he must love Mr. Pryor.

That night, the first little seven year old David passes in Helena Ritchie's home, he comes to say his prayers at her knee. First he says "Now I lay me." Then he comes to "Jesus, tender Shepherd." Then he comes to "the blessings." "'God bless everybody—' Dr. Lavender taught me the new blessings," he interrupted himself, his eyes snapping open, "because my old blessings are all gone to heaven. 'God bless everybody; Dr. Lavendar, an' Mary, an'

(Continued on page 41.)

**THE MYSTIC** *A Monthly Magazine of Occultism, Esoteric Teachings, Ancient Wisdom, Oriental Philosophy, Secret Doctrines, Psychic Research, the Inner Life.* A whole year (12 numbers) 10 cents. **William Walker Atkinson**, editor, 1715 Kane Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

# CASH PRIZE OF \$20.

## PRIZES OF BOOKS, TOO.

A PERSONAL TALK BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Under the plan which I am now proposing, it should be as easy to get subscribers for *The Nautilus* as falling off a log.

Get Your Friends to Try the Magazine at My Expense.



Just show this number (and the Easter number, which is also a good one to work with) to your friends and acquaintances, tell them how much you like the magazine and how it has helped you, and ask them to sign the coupons below, or a copy of them. (I will furnish you free of charge with as many coupons as you need to use, and you will find a whole page of coupons on another page of this magazine.)

Tell them that on October 1st the price of the magazine will be advanced to \$1.00 per year, but that they can get it a year now for only 50 cents, by signing this trial coupon—that this is a last chance offer.

Tell them that Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes a beautiful new poem for every number of *The Nautilus*.

That Florence Morse Kingsley, author of "Titus," "Transfiguration of Miss Philura," etc., is a regular contributor.

That Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, author of "Radiant Energy," Director of Lowe Observatory, Cal., who is a famous astronomer and writer, will furnish an interesting and substantial article for each number of *The Nautilus* during the coming year. And mention his Earthquake article to be in July number.

Henry Wood, the foremost metaphysical writer in the country, and Floyd B. Wilson will also contribute articles during the coming year.

Show them the "Nautilus News" items which give a hint of some of the Good Things coming in *Nautilus*.

Of course it is better to get a full yearly subscription paid in advance whenever you can do so.

Send your subscriptions and signed coupons direct to me. You will be credited with each subscription you send and you will also receive credit for all yearly subscriptions that I receive before December 1, 1906, through the coupons you send in. No matter if those who sign the coupons send in the money afterwards for themselves, you will be credited for it just the same, provided you sent in the coupon.

No coupons will be counted that are mailed to me after September 30, 1906.

Coupons will be credited to the one who sends them in—not to the one whose name is signed, unless he is also the one who sends it in.

On December 1st, we shall begin to check up

When replying to advertisements

all subscriptions sent in under this offer and as soon as results are determined I will award a **CASH PRIZE OF \$20** to the person through whom the most subscriptions have been received.

To everyone through whom I receive not less than 10 yearly subscriptions, I will give him or her his choice of \$3.00 worth of my own publications, including the books I publish for other people.

Now understand: This offer is made to gain new subscribers, and no renewals will be counted towards a prize under any circumstances.

I want your personal co-operation in this matter. The more subscribers I get the better magazine I will give you. You have helped me to improve *Nautilus* greatly within the past year, and with more subscribers I will give you a still better magazine.

It's really a sort of business arrangement between you and me. And I believe we can both do a lot of good besides, in spreading *Nautilus* with its gospel of love and good cheer, over the wide world.

If you have asked all your friends to subscribe and they wouldn't, just ask them again, showing them the Easter number, or this one, or both! Or several!

Let me hear from you.

Remember, there's a cash prize of \$20 for the one who sends in the most subscriptions.

Here is the agreement coupon.

For new subscribers.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, HOLYOKE, MASS.:

You may enter my name for one year's subscription to *The Nautilus* for which I agree to pay you 50 cents at the end of 3 months, provided I find the magazine to be what I want. In the event that I do not care for the magazine, I will so notify you at the end of 3 months, in which case I shall owe you nothing.

NAME.....

TOWN.....

STREET.....

STATE.....

**THE MYSTIC** A Monthly Magazine of Occultism, Esoteric Teachings, Ancient Wisdom, Oriental Philosophy, Secret Doctrines, Psychic Research, the Inner Life. A whole year (12 numbers) 10 cents. William Walker Atkinson, editor, 1715 Kane Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

please mention THE NAUTILUS.

## STOP! A REVELATION!

# "STRANDS OF GOLD"

— or —  
"FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT"

By ALBERT O. FRIEDRICHS.

A Poetical Work on a religious order, combined with NEW THOUGHT.

For years the writer has made a systematic study of MENTAL SCIENCE; but he derived little benefit, and in a maze he was in despair of ever attaining success, when, as if by a miracle, the things that were so perplexing were so revealed to him that he could not help but cry out in wonder: "O, God, how mighty and full of wisdom Thou art!" The book is replete in every detail, ending with a vivid description of "SOUL LIFE," giving the reader a clear conception of the inseparable union which exists between the INFINITE and the FINITE being.

The book will teach you how to attain the loftiest success and the highest degree of Mental, Moral and Physical perfection.

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of 25 years, in perfect health and of manly stature, well educated, who has come to his own realization, and having not but the highest aspiration in life, desires to correspond with young lady, of some accomplishments, and having lofty aim for the future, with an object to matrimony, age under 25 years preferred. All communication will be strictly confidential. Address: "ST. AUGUSTINE," Care Nautilus, Holyoke, Mass.

## YOUR CHARACTER

And personality will be read from your handwriting upon receipt of 25 cents and specimen. No other fees will be solicited.

LOUISE RICE, 11 West 21st Street, New York.

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should try our rancid proof Peanut Butter. The new table delicacy. Just the thing for picnics, light luncheons and everyday use. Only 10c a pound. Purest Coconut Oil, 15c in 5-pound, 14c in 25-pound and 13c in 50-pound lots. Agents wanted everywhere. Address:

VEGETARIAN MEAT COMPANY.

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When replying to advertisements

(Continued from page 39.)

Goliath—"Helena laughs, for Goliath is the old horse. "He said I could," David defends himself doggedly—"an' Danny, an' Dr. King, an' Mrs. Ritchie. And make me a good boy. For Jesus' sake, Amen.' Now I'm done!" cries David, scrambling happily to his feet.

"And Mr. Pryor, too? Won't you ask God to bless Mr. Pryor?"

"But I'm done!"—David frowns.

"After this though, it would be nice—"

"Well," David answered coldly, "God can bless him if he wants to. But he needn't do it just to please me."

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(Continued on page 46.)

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**and Breathing.....purifying blood**

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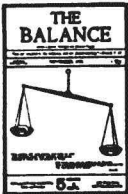
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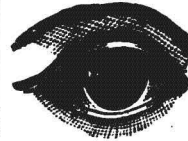
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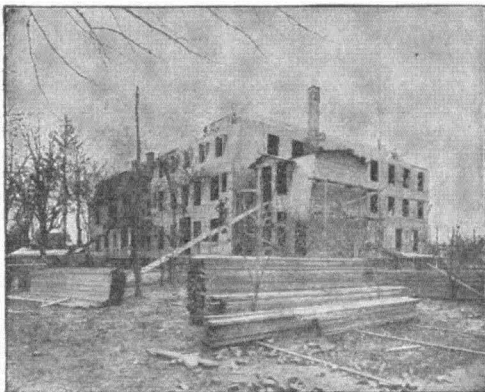
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(Continued from page 41.)

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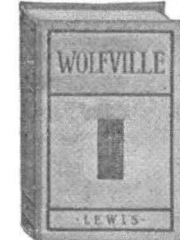
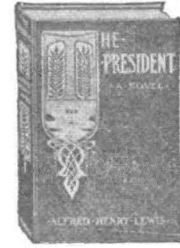
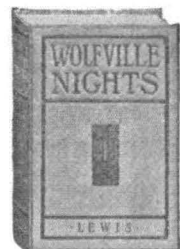
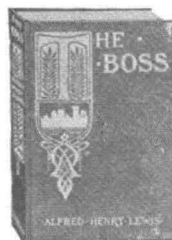
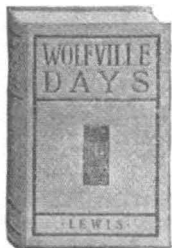
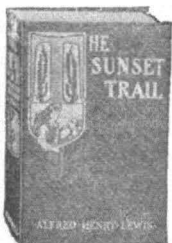
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