

# THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office  
as second class matter.

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

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,  
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

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## THE SOUL'S ALPHABET.

Sate a lover in a garden  
All alone, apostrophizing  
Many a flower and shrub about him,  
And the lights of Heav'n above.  
Nightingaling thus, a Noodle  
Heard him, and, completely puzzled,  
"What," quoth he, "and you a Lover,  
Raving, not about your Mistress,  
But about the stars and roses—  
What have these to do with Love?"  
Answered he; "Oh thou that aimest  
Wide of Love, and Love's language  
Wholly misinterpreting;  
Sun and Moon are but my Lady's  
Self, as any Lover knows;  
Hyacinth I said, and meant her  
Hair—her cheek was in the rose—  
And I myself the wretched weed  
That in her cypress shadow grows."  
—JAMI.

## BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

The population of Holyoke is close to 50,000 persons and fully that many little brown sparrows. Many of the mill buildings are dressed in clinging green vines which climb clear over the eaves and onto the roof, and away up near the top behind the greenery and perched on every jutting brick or stone and under every eave rest the tenements of our feathered population.

The sparrows are almost as tame as the rest of us. They fly about our ears or hop saucily across the walks at our very feet, or actually fly in the face of providence (for we must be a sort of providence to them) in a way that would do credit to brave adventurers of a larger growth. These little brown mill hands are stocky, pert, alert little creatures who look as if the strenuities of life forbade their being too particular about their clothes. Some of them look fairly ragged, and not one looks really well groomed.

But up in beautiful Elmwood Park and vicinity, where there is more room and perhaps better picking, the sparrows look almost too sleek to be related to their brothers and sisters of the mills. The park sparrows are slender and smooth and glossy, instead of stocky and dressed in work-a-day brown. They of the park are not afraid either, but they seem less business-like than the mill sparrows. They fly and flit and hop as if on holiday bent and sure of a kind providence with plenty of bread and bugs. Elmwood Park is nearly a mile from the mills—not too far for the mill birds to visit every day. Do they take a bath in the canal and slick themselves up for a visit to the park, as the larger population does? Or do the mill birds keep to the mills and the park birds to the parks? And if so, why? Is the park a swell residence quarter for birds of high degree? But surely birds have not money as a means of keeping common bird folk at work, whilst the aristocracy flits in idleness and Elmwood Park.

What then is to prevent the mill sparrows swarming up into the vicinity of the park where there are green grass and trees and shrubs, worms and crumbs? Surely if you and I didn't have to pay more money than we can get hold of for doing it, we would flock to the beautiful and easy places of life, instead sticking to the mills and work and asphalt pavements. What keeps the birds to the mills and asphalt pavements and the snatching of their daily bread from under foot of man and hoof of horse?

There must be an individuality of birds as of men—a something *within* each which makes the mill an attractive force to one, and the park to another. I can imagine a couple of little mill birds working up a rebellion against mills and

asphalt and the strenuous life. I can hear them twitter their dissatisfaction and determination that, since it costs nothing, they will hie themselves to that beautiful park and be swells. I can see them take a dip in the canal under the willows and then preen and arrange their rough little brown gowns. Some of their feathers are ragged, all of them persist in ruffling up and parts of their tails are missing. But tails have a way of growing again, and when they get up in that beautiful park where they need not scramble so hard for a living they will have more time to attend to the proper arrangement of feathers. So they shake the dust of Race street from off their feet and skip over to the park. "This is something like it," says Twit to Twee. "Well, I should smile if I could," says Twee. So they hop and skip about and find out the lay of the land and water and dinners. Plenty of everything, so no need to work. Next they sidle up to the oldest families and try to get acquainted. But the oldest families are very much occupied with each other and, perceiving only two rather common looking strangers walking around in their streets, they placidly continue their aforementioned occupation. Twit and Twee have ample time for observation and reflection. They observe that the main occupation of the oldest families appears to be the alternate flirting and smoothing of their feathers for the edification of themselves. "Such lazy, aimless lives are shocking to contemplate," says Twit. "Yes, indeed," says Twee. "Why, these swells do nothing but dress and flirt and eat!" says Twit, "whilst we have always *worked* for our living, and have braved great dangers from man and beast. Such soft, useless creatures as these swells are!—simply contemptible. Don't let's associate with them." "Indeed we will not," says Twee. So they tilt their little noses and skip away by themselves, whilst the first families continue to be very much occupied.

But what are two little birdies to do who live where they can't work for a living and yet who despise flirting and pluming themselves as the main occupation of life? What can they do but grow lonely and homesick and go back to the mills? And such a chirping and chattering and fluttering as welcomes them is enough to gladden much larger hearts than a little brown sparrow's. Twit and Twee are now sure that anybody can have the park that wants it, but for *their* part they know a good thing when they see it and they choose the strenuous life as the only life for a self-respecting sparrow. And for a long time all the little mill sparrows hold meetings where Twit and Twee lecture upon what they have seen and the conclusions they have drawn. And all the audience twitters approval and many small mutinies are nipped in the bud.

It matters little whether we wear brown feathers on our backs or gayer ones on our bonnets, our actions, experiences and conclusions are all ordered by the same all-present law of love. The heart that fits the mill life is held there even if there be no question of money to hold it. If perchance we fly afield we find things not so attractive as they seemed whilst we were afar off, and back we go again to our first love. Or if we cannot return we do our natural best to make over our new environment after the old pattern.

Once on a time I lived in a house on a hill. Down on the level land below, and half a mile away across the fields, there rose a pretty little cottage which shone out daintily white with cream trimmings, in its setting of spring green.

There was a white fence around it, and a neat white and cream colored barn at the back.

A family moved in and on Sunday it came to church. After church there was class meeting. The bearded head of the new family rose in his turn and arraigned the pastor, people and neighborhood in general as a pack of unsanctified sinners among whom he and his had come to live as shining examples of the Lord's work. He struck his broad breast and announced that he was wholly sanctified. For seven years he had not once sinned and he could never sin again. He exhorted his hearers to hold a sanctification meeting and beseech the Lord's grace for similar favors for themselves. His wife, a pretty woman with flowers in her hat, rose after him and in a high, nasal whine, punctuated with a few becoming tears and sniffs, echoed her husband's sentiments. The young girl, who was an *edition de luxe* of her mother, and the young son, who looked like his father minus the beard and plus a discontented frown, sat silent with drooped eyelids.

It was nearly a year before I got around to calling on the new neighbors, though I had almost daily admired the pretty cottage. When I at last neared it I was amazed to see its racked appearance. There were no eave drains and the side walls were mud bespattered. The porch posts and doors were battered and dented and dirty as if a dozen children in copper-toed boots had spent their days in kicking and throwing mud balls. The family living room into which I was ushered was a sight. It did not suggest that a cyclone had struck it;—no. It looked as if a dozen cyclones, booted and spurred, had lived and wrestled there for ages. The windows were specked, the shades nearly torn from the rollers. The chairs and table and walls half way toward the ceiling were battered and broken, and the tall wood heating stove was a howling red waste. At one side of the stove stood a wooden box used for "chunks," and above this box for the space of three feet the poor little cottage's lath ribs lay bare, where descending fire wood had smitten away the plaster. The little white cottage had paid dearly for sheltering our sanctified neighbors, whose desire for beautiful surroundings was not strong enough to impel them to sanctify their manners and walk softly before beauty.

The little mill sparrows, not willing to *live the life* of the park birds, fly back to the mills. The sanctified family, not willing to live the life that creates and regenerates beauty, reduces its surroundings to the level of its living.

Sweetheart, as fast as you and I learn to *live the life* we shall find all beauties being added unto us. As fast as our sweet *heart* expands and reaches the surface we shall find environment being transformed to match.

In order to *let* beauty exist about us we must needs be sweet and gentle, and kind; kind to *things* as well as to people.

The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, *gentleness*. And all beauty is drawn to receive the fruit of the spirit.

—Are you spoiling the Present by dragging in some unpleasant Thing from the Past or from the Future?

—Just as all electricity is free, and yet confined and directed by that through which it passes; so all Will is free, and yet confined and directed by the nature of the individual through whom it passes. If you happen to look at it from one side you will believe in free will; if from the other you will be a fatalist. To see both sides is to know the whole truth, which is always paradoxical.



### "PITY THE SORROWS."

"Is there any sorrow equal to having mental energy all out of proportion to physical strength, and ambition out of harmony with one's environment?"—K.

Of course there is! Every other sorrow is just as big as this one, and all sorrows are—*dreams*. And if it came right down to the pinch you wouldn't exchange *your* dream for any other dream in the bunch. So don't flatter yourself that you are a greater martyr than your neighbors. You are not. You are only a little girl who has gone to sleep on "hot buckwheat cakes for tea" with the windows shut tight. You are interviewed by a nightmare. All "sorrows" are delusions resulting from stuffing the mind or body or both with indigestible *material* (not spiritual) and then refusing to take the Breath of Life.

Wake up!

All energy is mental energy. If you have a "weak body" it is not due to your having "too much mental energy." Don't you believe it. A strong mind never made a weak body. A strong body is the expression of a strong mind. A really strong mind will *make* a strong body.

A weak body is certain evidence of *misdirected* mind energy—that is all. And a weak body has no excuse for being.

In May *Harper's Magazine* is a story which exactly illustrates the mental law of a strong body. Mary Glover, the heroine of "A Daughter of the Puritans," was the eldest daughter of a Puritan minister in early times. She was a girl of "strong mental powers" and No. 7 conscience. She spun and wove and listened to her father's biblical admonitions. As she grew her "good works" increased and her father's pride in her waxed greater. But Mary's health failed steadily. She was to be married to another strict Puritan.

Then the Indians descended and nearly wiped out the little village of Glanby. Mary was taken captive, with many others, and forced to march with the Indians to their northern home. The shock wrought a great change in her. From the meek and pious and obedient Mary, ordering her life according to Puritan law, she became suddenly reckless, defiant, acknowledging no law but her own momentary will. She threw off the burden placed on her shoulders by her Indian owner, and when he raised his tomahawk she laughed in his face. When he gave her a second burden she carried it a few steps and dropped it in a bush. They thought so bold and fearless a girl must be some great lady in her own land, and ceased to molest her. She traveled with them and reached their village in abounding health. From a law-abiding Puritan she became a lawless, free creature of the woods. Earth and air and free physical exercise did their perfect work in her. She enjoyed it all—even to the dirt of the Indian village. She entered into the work and sports of the Indians and never longed for the old living-by-rule that she had grown up in.

Then there came a handsome half-breed who wooed her. She would give him her promise next day. But when she arrived at the village there were strangers there. At last her father and old lover, Nahum, had found her. She thought of all their years of faithfulness and effort, but her heart went out to her new love. She slept on it all and her No. 7 conscience won. She went back and married Nahum. She bore him six children and was a notable housewife. But she refused to attend church and she often wandered on the hills—two strange and unseemly things for a Puritan wife. She lived many years a strong, wise woman, and died with the name of her Indian lover on her lips.

Whilst Mary grew up a Puritan maid her "mental energy" was directed upon housework and placating an angry and insatiable God. When this God seemed powerless to prevent that awful massacre her "mental energy" readjusted itself and she no more troubled to placate anybody or anything. She simply made the best of life as it came, deciding according to her conscience and executing cheerfully what seemed to her best. Her mental energy, freed to natural expression, showed forth in a strong body as well as a strong mind.

Unnatural living, which includes unnatural thinking, is the cause of a weak body. The "mind" may be weak or it may be strong, but an unnatural use of it will produce distorted physical conditions. Mary swallowed all the old Puritan theology and feared an angry God. She swallowed the Puritan law of womanly behavior. Having a "strong mind" she knew herself a "doubter" and determined conscientiously to live up to rule. This *conflict* between her *real* ideas and the Puritan ideas she compelled herself to swallow gave her mental indigestion, which is a "physical" dis-ease. This conflict was killing her. A girl of less will or less conscience would have voiced her doubts and rebelled against the imposition of an unnatural living. As it was, it took the mental shock of discovering the Puritan God defeated by the Indians, to waken her from that hypnotic *fear* of God. The environment of natural living in which she found herself with the Indians did the rest.

When she decided to go back to the old life she *decided* to go; she went cheerfully with a will. A weaker mind would have gone under protest and lived afterward in a sentimental gush of regret—and drudgery; a "house divided against itself;" a divided mind which would fast dissolve the body.

The shock that changed Mary Glover simply *freed* a strong mind to at-one-ment with itself. Instead of being torn asunder by desire denied and "duty" sternly adhered to, she became *one* mind ready to follow *either* desire or duty as she saw fit. She thenceforth troubled about nothing; she took each thing as it came, made her own decisions and then abided by them with *all* her soul and mind and body.

This is the whole "duty" of life: *To do with thy might whatsoever thou decidest to do.*

It takes a *strong mind* to do this. And whose does it will be strong in body, for body and mind are ONE. A weak body *never* holds a strong mind. A weak body is the expression of a *divided* mind, and no mind can stand division and still be strong. *A weakened body means a mind weakened by division*, and it NEVER means anything else. A thimbleful of mind *if undivided* is strong enough to make a healthy giant of a body; and a whole hoghead of mind *divided* will only tear asunder a body the more quickly.

Don't expect to be held up to the world as a dear, abused thing with "mental energy all out of proportion to your body." Stuff and nonsense! What is mental energy *for* but to build strong bodies for the expression of *more* mental energy. Quit sentimentalizing over yourself and others and do with your might what you decide to do, and you will find your body growing in power and wisdom and beauty. As long as you sympathize with yourself and pat yourself on the back for having "mental energy all out of proportion to physical strength" you will *keep* a weak body.

A strong body expresses a mind at one with itself.

A weak body expresses a divided mind.

A divided mind is one which desires one thing and compels itself to do the other thing.

*Fear* is at the root of all compulsion. Mary Glover swallowed her father's theology, feared his God and compelled herself to do penance. When she found that God impotent to save her and hers she no longer feared him and compelled herself to "obey." This same fear is at the root of at least half the world's sickness.

Nearly all the other half is due to fear of Mrs. Grundy. We are *afraid* to do as we *want* to do—afraid of God or Mrs. Grundy.

The only way to get rid of this fear is to deny out of existence both the old God and Mrs. Grundy. Only as you recognize that YOU are the only God and the only Mrs. Grundy that count, will you cease to be afraid of them. Affirm, *AFFIRM* this:

1. I AM God.
2. I AM Mrs. Grundy.
3. I AM free.
4. I set my own fashions, make my own decisions, form my own opinions, and smile at yours.
5. Being God, I do as I choose.

You *are* God, and you *do* do as you choose. But you like to flatter yourself that you are abused and something or somebody else compels you to do the things you don't like. You are only deceiving yourself. *You are compelling yourself and then laying the blame on some other shoulders.*

To prove this you have only to go to bed and refuse to get up. Who can compel you to pull yourself together and get up? Nobody! If you persist in lying there you may be picked up after a bit and carried to the poor farm or the lunatic asylum, but all the king's horses and all the king's men can't compel *you* to get up. *You* are a greater power than all the universe beside. What all creation can't do *you can*. *You* can compel yourself to do things.

Do quit blaming other people for what you do. Every action of yours is SELF-COMPELLED. When you recognize this and quit wasting time and energy trying to find a scapegoat upon which to lay your sins of commission and omission you will find yourself possessed of greater power for compelling yourself to do things you really *want* to do. You will find yourself with a united mind in a strong body.

Then you will be ready to ask yourself about your ambitions. What *are* your ambitions? Most of our ambitions are simply swellings of the bump of *imitation*. We want a fine house and clothes and diamonds like our neighbors. We want to get to the top of the heap and crow. What we call our "ambitions" are simply our competitions, and we gaze on our neighbor's house and dress and diamond and heave great sighs of self-pity because our "ambitions are out of harmony with our environment."

What *is* an ambition? Isn't it a desire to better our environment or ourself? Then if an ambition lives at all must it not live in an environment which is unlike itself? When environment matches ambition then ambition ceases to exist. Ambition is a reaching out after the unattained. The attained is ambition-bereft. Then why pity ourself because "ambition is out of harmony with environment?" Why not weigh our ambitions to be sure that they are worth striving for, and then go in to win? We are God, and there is nothing we cannot do if we set about it.

But if our ambitions are only imitations the chances are we shall not set about them with sufficient steadiness of purpose. It will be easier to sigh and tell each other what we would have done if "our mental energy had not been all out of proportion to our physical" and "our ambitions out of harmony with our environment."

I believe every human being has a real ambition which he might gratify, if only he can let go his imitation ambitions and get down to *himself*. A *real* ambition is a desire for self-expression instead of imitation. And the man who can divest himself of imitations will not only find his real ambition but he will find ample power to gratify it.

The man who finds a real ambition is the man who listens to himself instead of eyeing his neighbors.

The man who makes over his environment after the pattern of his ever-unfolding ambition is the man who depends upon himself and goes in to win.

—Constipation is a filthy habit and the breeder of all manner of diseases. Moreover there is no shadow of excuse for its existence. Every human being knows that some foods will loosen the bowels and that constipation simply cannot exist if those foods are eaten. Constipation is a matter of diet first and suggestion afterwards. Meat, white bread, cake, etc., are constipating. Fruit, vegetables, water, whole wheat preparations, etc., will correct constipation. Don't say, "It will not correct mine—I have tried it." That is simply an excuse for further indulgence in the old diet to which you are habituated. If the amount of fruit and water and whole wheat you have used has not cured you then use *more*, or different fruits, and *see you drop off the heat-producing foods from your dietary*. It does very little good to add a little fruit and water to a poor dietary. But if you will keep on adding fruit and water



and whole wheat, etc., and subtracting meal, while bread, pies, etc., you will find the golden mean which heals that nasty habit of constipation. But you don't like fruit and whole wheat? Of course you don't. You are so stuffed with undigested food that you don't know what natural appetite is. A little judicious starving is what you need. Fast for a day or two and plain foods will be more delicious to you than any meat or pie you ever tasted. Starve yourself down to a diet which will admit of proper digestion and elimination. You will not only correct the constipated condition, but you will get rid of that tired and sleepy and blue feeling and find yourself beginning to really enjoy life. It takes nerve? Of course it does, at first. It takes determination to correct any habit, but it pays 10,000 fold for all the effort required. And nothing pays better than energy directed to the overcoming of that dirty habit of constipation. Here is a fruit preparation which will correct constipation. I found it in the *Naturapath*. Bake apples without sugar and press through a sieve. Stew enough raisins to make one-third the bulk of the apples and press these through the sieve and mix with the apples. No sweetening required. Make your breakfast off this alone, or eat it as a sauce at any meal. If you want to know more about food values send for Dr. Latson's little book advertised in another column.

—When two mental science writers were pointed out to a lady she exclaimed, "Well, I am glad they are not freaks!" At first sight I took this for an unmitigated compliment, but on second consideration there appeared two sides to the matter. A "freak" is one who is not "conformed to this world." He of this world is apt to be rather a "hard shell," whilst the "freak" is decidedly "soft" in spots. Therefore the freak is in trim to be transformed by the renewing of his mind. The freak accepts new ideas and starts new movements. The freaks are the saviours of the world. But there are freaks and freaks. Some are born freaks and some take infinite pains to acquire freakishness. The latter are only imitations of the genuine article. The real freak is an individual and sets the fashion which the world falls into line and follows. Jesus of Nazareth was the greatest of freaks and his own are following him—afar off. The followers of Jesus are now too numerous to be called freaks—they are merely conventional. John Wesley was another freak and his followers were freaks. After a time they were simply the correct thing in Methodies and ceased to wear plain bonnets as a mark of freakishness. A few years ago Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora was a freak. Now he has four handsome big sons and a whole shop full of other folk's sons, and daughters too, who are doing their best to be just like him. He is no longer a freak. He is the fashion. So it is with mental science freaks. They are becoming the fashion and losing the freak marks. But it was the freaks who did the real work. Blessed are the freaks for they see God, set the fashions and rest from their labors whilst their disciples do follow them.

—He who believes and defends is greater than he who doubts and prosecutes.

—"He that doubteth is damned already."

—The beautiful poem from the Persian which heads this issue of *Nautilus* is reprinted from *Realization*, published by Dr. Stewart, 1540 Howard avenue, N. W., Washington.

—"I still believe that your paper is the one most advanced beyond the protoplasmic homogeneous stage of New Thought. In many ways you give us the differentiated and concrete—the resultants from which we detect for ourselves the unity and permanence of the ever active cause. The natural method of teaching mathematics is to give the student a number of examples of one class, show him how to pick them to pieces and put them together until he discovers the underlying 'rule' for himself and expresses (rather states) the rule in his own words. The New Thought is not a purely deductive science. It is deductive only so far as induction has given safe premises from which to deduce. These premises can be found in all fields of physical science. It seems to me that your grand work may be stated as follows: You are proving the second term of

the following equation to be equal to the first, viz., the vague idea 'God'—his manifest attributes and methods of manifesting. I take this liberty because I have, for the past twelve years been compiling records of these methods of manifestation in physical statements of force and matter with a view to their coördination with the mental (?) and spiritual manifestations seen in New Thought experiment under the one heading, of which they must all be logical sub-groups and effects."—J. C. Critchett, Clint, Tex.

—The only sure way to have your own way is to give it up.

—Once on a time I heard a splendid sermon on the stage. I think it was one of the Herbert Kelsey and Effie Shannon plays. All their plays are better and brighter sermons than you ever hear at church. This one was about a young man who was determined that his wife should do thus and so, whilst the young wife was just as determined that she wouldn't, so there. Not that she had any very grave objections to doing the things he exacted of her but she did not propose to be run over and ordered about by any man—she believed a woman had as good a right to her way as a man had to his, and she'd show him she would. And she did. The division of opinion grew so wide that it threatened to engulf not only themselves but all their relations and friends. And down at the bottom of it all these two young and lovable simpletons really loved each other and were breaking their hearts. Then along comes a blessed old maid aunt of the husband to whom he

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unburdens his soul, and this aunt tells him to go right to his wife and say to her that he takes it all back—she may do just as she pleases—her way is the only right way and he has been a domineering wretch and won't do it again. But he has not been wrong!—he exclaims. "Never mind now," answers his aunt, "just you do as I tell you, and make it strong. Remember now, you are a double dyed villain and no punishment is too great for one who has so abused the dearest, sweetest, wisest little wife that ever had her way!" Away goes the aunt and in comes the young wife with her nose in the air, and the young husband begins his little speech. At the very first word of self-censure on his part his little wife is all up in arms to defend him, and it ends by each one trying desperately to take all the blame. He doesn't want her to do anything and she is eager to do everything for the dearest husband in the world. They are better friends than ever—and he at least has learned something.

—Of course after that she did the sensible thing, though I forget now what it was. We would all do the sensible thing if we could be let alone and loved a bit. The law of attraction would move us always in just the right direction if nothing interfered. When somebody interferes we fight for our rights.

—Whilst there is a war on the individual is sacrificed to "the cause," and it matters not whether he is on the right side or the wrong side, he gets hurt just the same. So it is when we fight for our rights. We get hurt whether we are right or wrong.

—And after we succeed in getting our rights by fighting, we wonder why we don't enjoy them. After the first little feeling of triumph we are as downhearted as if we had failed, and our solar

plexus is tied up in a hard knot. We probably conclude that life is a failure even when we succeed.

—If you fight for your rights you may lose them.

—And anyhow, you will feel better to lose your rights than to gain them by fighting.

—If a thing is really yours by right all you need to do is to say, "I desire this thing," and look pleasant. The more quiet you keep and the more sweetly you smile the more quickly will you get your rights.

—Your rights are whatsoever things you desire.

—All the power of God is working in you, and through you to give you your rights.

—The quieter you keep the better God can work.

—When you stir up a great fighting for your rights God can do nothing. When the coarse atmosphere is pumped out of a Crooke's tube then the X-rays can do wonderful things. When the coarse-vibrationed fight-thoughts are expelled from your aura then God gets in his fine work.

—Be still and know God and all your rights shall be added.

—I have said your rights are whatsoever you desire. Sometimes you think you desire things when you don't really. You really desire all good things. You desire to love and be loved; you desire health, wealth, beauty, happiness; you desire to be useful and appreciated. Of course you do. And there is nothing evil that you ever desired really; that is, as a permanent thing.

—There never was and never can be a human being who desires to be un-loving or unloved; to be unhealthy, unhappy, ugly or poverty stricken, or useless or unappreciated. Can you imagine anybody wanting to be any of these things? Of course not. The meanest, lowest, wickedest wretch that ever lived really in his heart of hearts longs, yearns, hungers after these good things, just as you do.

—"The universe is one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

And everybody is a part of this "stupendous whole" and God is his soul. Therefore he yearns after all good. No matter how ignorant or vicious he may be he hungers for the same good things you and I hunger for, and his soul is your soul and my soul too. We are One and God is that One.

—It is in trying to get good things that people are impelled to do bad things. For instance, here is a man who desires the love of a woman who he thinks is being more strongly attracted to another man. He desires to love and be loved, which is good. He broods over it all and hatches an idea. He misrepresents the other man to her—he lies. We call this lie "bad," and we know that even so good an end as he desires does not justify such means. Furthermore we know that if he succeeds in winning her by such means she will sooner or later find him out and give him hate instead of love. But he does not know all this and if he does he is ignorant enough to hope he will never be found out. So he tells the lies. Now this man did not want to lie. No man really desires to lie. He is ignorant, and thinks he must lie in order to gain the good he really desires. He does evil that good may come—and it never comes.

—Here is another man who really desires wealth that he may lavish it upon those he loves. He sees another man's money and is tempted to take it. We say he "desires" the other man's money, but it is not a real desire. His soul desires good wealth for good purposes, but his head prompts him to take this particular sum of money as the only available one. Of course we know that he will be found out and will suffer for it and will repent. But he did not realize this. This man did not desire to steal. He desired wealth and in his ignorance of cause and effect took the wrong way to get it.

—The man who steals money or love steals what is already his. All the money in the world is his, and all the love in the universe is his. But the



man who would steal love or money succeeds only in losing it. He that loseth love or money for the sake of rightness *shall find it*.

—The man who sees only his puny man-power of the present may in his ignorance exert that man-power to snatch good things wherever he can find them. Such a one views the universe as a diverse or a poly-verse, and measures all power by his five senses. His thought is to exert his power *against* the powers of others. He may gain a momentary success; but it will be a success *without a soul* and always he will hate it and fear it. And in the end he will lose it.

—All men are One. You can no more snatch love or money and be successful and happy than your hand can snatch its blood from your other hand and still "feel good."

—*You have no need to snatch things.* You can get them by an easier and happier method. *You can coin them in the unseen.* Out of the unseen has come all the good things you ever saw or heard of. The power of the unseen causes all these good things *to circulate*.

—There is more love and power, wealth and happiness in the unseen than there is out of it. *And the unseen is subject to your command.*

—Dearie, quit trying to snatch the visible and go to *using the invisible*. It is the soul of you, the power of you. Look to it, believe in it, *depend upon it*, and you shall have *what you will*.

—I know a splendid young man of fifty years who is a theosophist and mental scientist and a practicing physician in a large western city. He wants to enlarge his healing work. He writes thus: "But to carry out this I now want \$25,000 and a Divine Woman to join her forces of purity and wisdom with mine." If you are the Divine Woman with \$25,000 I will put you in communication with this man. I also know a fine young man of twenty who is going to be the world's greatest tenor singer. He wants some one to invest a few thousands in his musical education. Both these cases will prove splendid investments *to the right parties*.

—The whole world comes out of its shell for the man who beams upon it.

—Don't use that wet-blanket-y blank word "duty." "Duty" is an old granny word. It describes the work of one too near dead to *choose* and *enjoy* his acts. Away with it! Away with half-deadness!

—Even after we are coming to life and have begun to enjoy our work we still from habit wet-blanket ourselves with that old word "duty." All words are *alive*; though this one is alive with *death*; and it behooves us to choose truth and life words.

—Ho! all ye wives with grievances, come hither. Get this fixed in your mind: Your husband tries just as hard as *you* do. He is no more to blame than *you* are. You bring out the ugliness in him in spite of his resolution, just as he brings it out in you in spite of your resolution. Just you bring the SUN life out in yourself and it will draw its correspondence from him. Know that you have NOTHING to forgive in him—he *has given you only what you attracted*. Let yourself SHINE and let him do as he can. Leave him free. He is doing his best and will do better. Just as you will.

—"Josef Hofmann, the pianist, who is to give a recital Saturday afternoon, gives the following advice to students of music: 'Do not practice longer than two hours in succession; altogether not more than six hours. Beware of overstudying your pieces, and stop when you have been fairly successful a few times with a passage which you have been studying. It is advisable to keep the ear open, rather than the eyes, and always to use the best possible instrument for practicing, so that you may know whether it is the fault of the instrument or that of the fingers if you miss a tone. In this way the ears will be accustomed to euphony. Quick passages should be repeated and played at a slower tempo. Do not waste too much time on finger exercises. You can employ your time much better by selecting technically difficult passages from good compositions and practicing them like etudes. Never practice until fatigued. I advise all students to attend orchestral concerts as frequently as possible.'"—*Holyoke Transcript*.

—Live the Sun Life.

—Be a Sun Man.

—Be a Sun Woman.

—Help the day to grow brighter and brighter.

—INTEREST is the will, or attractive power, of the universe. Cultivate interest, and *direct it*.

—Death of the body comes by the same law of attraction. To lose *interest* in living and doing is to withdraw the *only* power which keeps the body together. As this vital interest, which is really the will, is withdrawn from the body, it, the body, "goes to pieces"—the cells which compose it are left at the mercy of "the elements." "Outside influences" are felt more and more, as they literally tear the body to pieces.

—Sophie Leppel is a famous London dietitian who writes for *Life and Beauty*, 26 Clovelly Mansions. She believes in eating meat with lots of fruit, etc., and she accuses vegetarians of being lean and wrinkled and haggard. Now I never saw Sophie nor the London vegetarians, but I can speak for a few American vegetarians; and I tell you they are the youngest, smoothest skinned people I ever saw. The first vegetarian I ever saw was a woman who lived at Mt. Tabor, Ore., in the days when I thought to be a vegetarian was to be crazy. I used to revel in that woman's complexion and envy her from the bottom of my heart. But I did not suspect then that her *diet* had anything to do with it—oh dear, no! Since then I know better. I'd dearly love to face Sophie with that woman, or with Dr. Frank Newland Doud of Chicago, or Mr. von Haagen of New York who has eaten no meat for twenty-eight years, or dear Lucy Mallory of Portland, Ore., or Guy Stone of Ashland, or scores of other non-meat eaters I know of, every one of whom has a skin like a baby's. Sophie can lay her good complexion to the *two pounds of fruit she eats every day*. That is what eliminates the ill effects of the "lean mutton and pork" of which she eats "at least a pound" every day. Anyway, if it's a question of pork or wrinkles I'll take the wrinkles. But nuts and the legumes are cleaner, better meat than any that ever walked on legs. Eustace Miles of London, champion tennis player of the world, why don't you settle Sophie's pork and mutton hash with a few vegetarian statistics and things? Perhaps it would be time wasted—Sophie convinced against her will, of the same opinion still.

—"Grain is stunted when it receives no direct light of the sun. The human mind is stunted when it feels that heredity and environment make it. Let the individual worry, grow angry and strive to work and conquer in the world way and he feels but the low vibrations—reflected rays from the sun of life. What the individual needs to learn is to constantly think of his relation to the universal mind—life or light within—then anxiety as to relations with things and people disappears as shadows before the dawn of day."—F. N. Doud in "Evolution of the Individual."

—Here is a letter from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, America's beloved "Poetess of Passion" and newspaper exponent of new thought. Upon receipt of a copy of Solar Plexus book she writes:

"A thousand thanks for the little book. It is just what I want right now to help a friend. I have read it and shall add your exercises to those I have practiced for seven years—ever since I studied with Vivekananda the Hindu Yogi. Last year I added the Chicago teacher's (Sun-Worshiper) exercises. A friend wrote them out for me. I shall try and speak of your little booklet where I can. I am glad to have you use my thoughts always when you will—they are for humanity—I am only a *voice*. The thoughts are sent to me to give forth. And what a privilege to be able to give them to the world."

—If the linotype machine makers keep their word the new machine will be set up in the *Transcript* shop by the middle of June and the *Nautilus* subscription list will be all in type before August issue appears. That means that every regular subscriber will receive his paper with his name and address and the *date of expiration of his subscription* all printed in plain type. Please everybody be on the lookout for this, and if you find any mistake in address or date of expiration of subscription just drop me a line to correct it. If your paper does not arrive before August 1, you may guess that your address has

got tangled up and we need a card from you. Mistakes of course are apt to occur in such an undertaking, but after the work is once done and in running order there will be almost no risk of your papers being lost through any fault at this end of the line. I know you will appreciate this and take pains to help us get into good working order.

—When changing your address for the summer always REMEMBER to send me word *in advance*. If this is neglected your paper goes to the old address and IS NOT FORWARDED to you, unless you *leave postage* and directions at your old office; and the chances are that papers, especially small ones, will not be forwarded anyhow. *Only letters can be forwarded without re-paying in full*. In case you do forget to notify *in advance* the publishers of your periodicals, when you change address, never expect the publishers to pay for your carelessness. Always enclose the price of the papers you wish duplicated. This is business, dearie, and strict honesty; and I know you mean to be both business-like and honest. Notifications must reach *Nautilus* office before the middle of the month in order to have your *next month's* paper reach your new address.

—"I am delighted with your little booklet on 'Concentration,' also with *The Nautilus*," writes a D. D. S. And everybody else seems to be saying the same thing. It makes me glad.

—"Nautilus is a bright and helpful little paper, and couldn't be beaten if the *slang* were left out. When you say your greatest desire is to 'think God's thoughts after him' I know you are sincere, but when the *slang* comes in you are a little bit off the track. Please omit."—A Subscriber.

This "subscriber" had not nerve enough to sign his name. I presume he had a sneaking feeling about something or other. I quote his letter here as a specimen of the beam-in-his-own-eye sort. I suspect we are all near relations to him. When my slang "comes in" I am "a little bit off the track!" Evidently I get onto "Subscriber's" track. Well, I don't mind.

—Jesus did not speak in parables because he wanted to hide the truth from people. No! He spoke thus because "the things that are unseen are known by the things that are seen." There is no way to explain the unseen except in terms of the seen. The unseen is "*like unto*" the seen. The same law reigns everywhere. The visible world is the *only possible* expression of the invisible. The reason people cannot "understand parables" is because they are steeped in the idea that the "spiritual" world is away off and vastly different from the "material" world. Only as one loses this dual conception and begins to realize that there is *only one soul stuff*, out of which visible and invisible worlds are made; and but One Law running through all things;—only as he realizes this unity can he understand parables. When I say to you "Portland, Oregon, is like unto the city of Boston," you are quite content and feel that you really know something about Portland though you never have seen it. When Jesus says "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a sower who went forth to sow," you say you are "mystified"—simply because you *don't believe* the unseen *can* be like this very "common" act of sowing grain. Quit running about for more explanations. Be quiet and *know* that all life is One.

—"Breathing is thinking," you say. This is an enigma to me. I understand breathing to be involuntary."

Psychologists tell us that at least 95 per cent of our thinking is involuntary. This means that 95 per cent of our thinking is "instinctive." In other words, in previous states of existence we have learned about 95 per cent of our thinking; so that now it does itself. It is "involuntary." Breathing is not *yet* wholly involuntary. We are still directing our breathing, not yet having attained the highest perfection in this line. Digestion is a wholly involuntary mental process, which takes considerable voluntary thinking to interfere with. But just "a thought" will regulate or irregulate the breathing apparatus. *All body is mind* and all "physical" processes and functions are *mental* processes and functions. ALL IS MIND.



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**THEORIES VS. TRUTH.** "To decide beforehand exactly how one ought to behave in given circumstances is like deciding that one will follow a certain direction in crossing an unexplored country. Afterward we find that we must turn out for the obstacles—cross the rivers where they're shallowest—take the tracks that others have beaten—make all sorts of unexpected concessions. Life is made up of compromises, that is what youth refuses to understand. I've lived long enough to doubt whether any real good ever came of sacrificing beautiful facts to even more beautiful theories."

The above is taken from a story by Edith Wharton in the June issue of *Harper's Monthly*, and is as true as gospel. We never find our special niche in life by eternally kicking. We are where we are to learn needed lessons. We are guided in our decisions by an All Wise Power, and we make no mistakes. We progress fastest when we endeavor most earnestly to cooperate with present circumstances and try to learn the lessons they are designed to teach us.

The Main Thing is to have a perfect and child-like trust in the absolute goodness of nature, a perfect faith in the power which lives throughout the universe. When this faith is once established all other things will follow. There will then be no healing of disease necessary, because there will be no disease to heal. All disease is the result of a lack of this faith; lack of oneness with the All Good.

Disease will pass with the coming of the knowledge of wholeness.

It is more important that we love Truth than that we remain loyal to a theory.

You lose *nothing* when you change your ideals, for nothing that is real can be lost.

**"A NEW THOUGHT MARRIAGE."** The following is taken from the *Chicago Tribune*, and is guaranteed to make you smile:

And there came a maid and a man unto the Panamahatma and said, "Lo! we would vibrate as one."

And the Panamahatma said to the man, "Friend, what key is thine aura pitched in?"

And the man said, "Master, it is pitched in F sharp."

And the Panamahatma said to the maid, "Daughter, in what key is thine aura pitched?"

And the maid said, "Master, it is pitched in F sharp."

And the Panamahatma said to the man, "Friend, how many double vibrations per second dost thou shed?"

And the man said, "Master, even 4-11-44."

And the Panamahatma said to the maid, "And thou, daughter, what are the number of thy vibrations?"

And the maid said, "Master, even 4-11-44 likewise."

And the Panamahatma said to the man, "Dost thou solemnly pledge thyself by all that is vibrant to vibrate for this maid and for her alone? To exchange constantly with her vibrations of Love, Encouragement, Faith, Hope and Charity?"

And the man said, "Lo! I am on."

And the Panamahatma said to the maid, "Dost thou pledge thyself likewise?"

And the maid said, "Lo! I am next."

And the Panamahatma said, "Whom New Thought has cut in on the feed wire of the Universe, let no man seek to short-circuit. I here pronounce you a double aura. Repeat now, after me, the password for April: 'I am Arcturus and Procyon, I am Aldebaran and the Dog Star, I am the Pleiades and the Hyades, and the whole Stella Proposition.'"

And the man and the maid did as they were bid, and the Panamahatma blessed them and gave them each a can of his own vibrations. And they departed from his presence and were exceedingly glad.

**CONCERNING WORRY.** A friend sends me an article, clipped from the editorial pages of the *San Francisco Examiner*, which bears the title, "We All Must Worry or Be Like Turtles."

The gist of the article is that the man who does not worry does not think. Now I believe that the opposite of this is true. Thinking is not worrying by a long shot, and worry always interferes with thinking. In fact worry interferes with all the normal functions of life.

Worry is based upon fear and lack of self-control.

Whatever the man who worries may accomplish

he accomplishes *in spite of* and not because of worry.

The little yelping cur worries every other dog in sight. Is he a representative of strength and poise in dogdom? No. A big, good natured St. Bernard comes along and carries off the little yelping cur by the scruff of the neck.

So in the business and social world the men of greatest success are those who have the most self-control, the ability to *let go*. Our present business customs make it next to impossible for the successful man not to worry at times, but he who avoids worry to the greatest extent is the one who climbs highest every time.

The turtle may be slow, but you all remember the old fable of the hare and the tortoise.

The man who does not worry *arrives* just the same as the worrier.

The more normal and natural lives we lead the less we shall worry. Our present business customs are largely unnatural and abnormal.

Worry is the result of *hanging on* mentally. Carried to excess it will produce nervous prostration—a complete breaking down of the nervous system.

Is this to be our goal? Shall we strive to imitate those who are committing suicide in this manner?

"The good mother worries," says this writer in the *Examiner*. He then goes on to say that this "good mother" is sometimes irritable, and that she is quite apt not to be beautiful, but that her children live while the children of the placid mother die. Well, if this is so, all I can say is I'd rather take my chances with the placid mother than be compelled to live constantly in the atmosphere of worry, fret and stew which envelops this "good mother."

Worry is inharmony. Wherever you see inharmony you see *waste of force*. There is no connection between working energetically and worrying.

Nature does not worry. Imagine the flowers and grass and trees worrying over their growth! Imagine the planets worrying as they move majestically on their appointed ways. Man worries because he has gotten out of the rhythm and swing of the universal life, because he is lacking in faith and trust. The sooner he gets back into the harmony of a more simple and natural life the happier and healthier he will be.

Faith is the fountain of happiness, and worry is death to faith.

**ORGANIZATION AND NEW THOUGHT.**

"And so will it ever be with all the societies organized for the purpose of 'helping' mankind. It will always come to the surface, sooner or later, that some particular person has some particular line of wares to dump on the market, and the unsuspecting and the gullible are invariably made the victims."

"So, when the man (or woman) with a new-fangled society up his sleeve bobs up serenely on the street corner and asks you to put your name down as a charter member for 'humanity's sake,' just tell him to go to—New Jersey and fight mosquitoes. The inhabitants of New Jersey are in much greater need of help than either 'humanity' or the Almighty."—*The Pathfinder*.

Whenever the spirit is about to depart from any movement and the letter of the law is to take its place the members of such movement resort to organization as a remedy, even as the orthodox physician resorts to hypodermic injections after all hope of saving his patient's life has fled. And when the organization is effected the results are quite apt to be such as are so ably pictured by Mr. Conable.

"Sink our minor differences" say those in favor of organization. This is what the followers of Mrs. Eddy and Alex. Dowie have done. They have not only sunk "minor differences" but their very personalities as well.

Dowie knows how to organize.

Mrs. Eddy knows how to organize.

The chief requisite is to be able to hypnotize a sufficient number of people into thinking as you do, and then to keep them from "coming to" so long as they are necessary to the organization. Some people need to be hypnotized in this manner, but more are passing that point in growth where such an experience is necessary.

There can be no successful organization of the New Thought movement (so-called) without a chief ruler or rulers. An organization formed for the sole object of fighting the United States government or the M. D.'s would soon die, as it would deserve to do. Such an organization would be contrary to the foundation principle of the New Thought, viz., that "All is good," and would carry the movement back to the plane of ordinary, every-day living where men fight and strive against each other with the Almighty Dollar as the chief objective point of their lives.

If we cannot see that the government and its officials are *good* in their time and place, if we cannot see that the M. D.'s are *good* and doing a useful work in the world, if we cannot adapt ourselves to circumstances as we find them without eternally fighting someone or something and getting our toes stepped on or our "rights" assailed, then in heaven's name what does the whole of this New Thought business amount to?

It doesn't amount to a row of pins unless you can LIVE IT. If you have got to meet brute force with force, if you have got to exert yourself to "do" the "other fellow" every time you fancy he has attempted to "do" you, then you might as well drop all pretensions to *living* what you teach.

I believe that Shelton is right when he says that what we most need is to *organize ourselves* as individuals. The old methods of fighting *don't* pay. You cannot successfully "put old wine into new bottles."

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

P. S.—After I had written the above I interviewed Elizabeth concerning her idea of organization. She says she is not in favor of it. She thinks a little pruning of healers on the part of the government will have the effect of compelling the healers to conduct their business affairs on a business basis, and be a good thing for them. She believes that the *individual* should "work out his own salvation" in his relations with the state.

W. E. T.

## BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\* \* \* Love.

\* \* \* "The Greatest Thing in the World."

\* \* \* Fear and love cannot abide together.

\* \* \* "Perfect love casts out all fear."

\* \* \* The motive power of the universe is love or desire. See that you keep this power alive within yourself. Forgive all wrongs—they are only fancied. Hold no grudge against anyone if thou wouldst experience the bliss of harmonious vibrations. Hate, Envy, Jealousy, produce jangling discord.

\* \* \* No one is far on the Path who has not learned to bear unmoved the praise of friends and the condemnation of Those Who Do Not Understand.

\* \* \* "When guided by the Spirit we are led to develop along the lines of least resistance and where the conditions are most favorable. We should not be discouraged when we strike the barren places, nor waste our time in trying to quicken the localities that are at present too negative to respond. It is the experience of those who regenerate the body that a certain fiery element is necessary to give action to the watery negative parts. This is referred to in this lesson. Macedonia means *burning adoration*, and is representative of that enthusiasm and energy of Spirit which sets the whole man aflame. It is necessary that this phase of the consciousness be cultivated, because without it a certain passivity sets in that is content with the battle only half won."—*Unity*.

This is gospel truth. But I believe the condition of passivity is necessary for a time, at a certain stage of development, in order that the active, fiery element may be *generated* in the body, which is undergoing chemical changes that will take it onto a different plane of functioning than it has known heretofore. The fiery element is first generated and stored in the body, and then it must be *used* and *expressed*, under the direction of the Spirit, for the accomplishment of regeneration. The body needs time in which to become accustomed to these new experiences, and passes through the stage of passivity as a



seed passes through a period of darkness during its germination.

\*\*\* By the way, I think *Unity* is the very best of the conservative journals devoted to the New Thought. I find much in it that is very much alive and helpful, and the magazine is fair and impartial in its treatment of other publishers. *Unity* is published at 1315 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo.

\*\*\* Our good friend, Mr. Charles C. Haskell, has sent us some interesting leaflets regarding the Coöperative Association of America. This association is endeavoring to organize an industrial system on the same lines as a big department store, all those engaged by the association in any capacity becoming partners in the enterprise. The association has already acquired property to the value of a quarter of a million dollars, and is doing a volume of business equal to \$600,000 annually. This system of coöperation appears to be the most practical, in many respects, that has yet been devised. All who are interested in the subject can secure full particulars by sending 10 cents for a large explanatory pamphlet to Charles E. Lund, secretary, Lewiston, Me.

\*\*\* My friend, Frank Harrison, formerly editor of *The Magazine of Mysteries*, has severed his connection with that publication. He is now engaged in establishing a new magazine, to be known as *The Christian American Magazine*, which will make its appearance July 1. Price, \$1.00 a year, 10c per copy. Address Christian American Publishing Company, Providence, R. I.

\*\*\* Don't be surprised if, when you are soaring in the clouds sometime, you get dropped to earth with a dull thud. This experience is good for you and comes to you by the Law. It will teach you some needed lesson. Look for the lesson instead of feeling regret at your fall.

\*\*\* You may find at times that all of your ideals are being shattered, but that is only a transmutation stage of your growth. Just let go and let 'em all go to smash. The smash is only seeming. What is really yours can't go to smash because it is and always has been a part of the Eternal.

\*\*\* There will come a time to you, as there does to everyone, when the physical brain is unable to solve in a satisfactory manner the problems presented. Then is the time to seek the silence and the guidance of the Spirit. All who depend entirely upon the physical brain for enlightenment must sooner or later come to the end of their rope and turn within for enlightenment.

\*\*\* Many people get the idea that vegetarians live upon vegetables chiefly. This idea is so widespread that most of those who attempt to eliminate meat from their diet fail to adopt really nourishing substitutes for meats. Dr. R. C. Latson says in his book, "The Food Value of Meat," that "the principal use of cooked vegetables in the diet is to add to the bulk of the food." \*\*\* For the reasons explained, however, they are of little value as food, and the would-be vegetarian when he eliminates the animal foods from his dietary should substitute for them vegetable substances containing an equal amount of nitrogenous (proteid and fatty) matters. Ignorance of this principle accounts for the many failures of well-intentioned but uninformed enthusiasts who would live on vegetables and fruits alone. \*\*\* The legumes, from their richness in albuminous matter, form a perfect substitute for flesh meats."

\*\*\* Here's a lady who wants to know how a person is going to become a vegetarian when so many of the vegetable dishes don't "set" well with them. I should advise the use of fruit and nuts and common sense. There is an infinite variety of substitutes for meat, and with a little patience, common sense and study of good books on diet one can find out just what is suited to their needs.

One thing should be taken into consideration, however, and that is that *any* change in diet is apt to cause some disturbance in a naturally delicate or spoiled stomach.

Cooked fruits are good if one does not agree with raw fruit, and nuts can be used to advantage

in a great variety of forms and combinations. The cereals are all valuable aids to the vegetarian. Rice I consider especially valuable and also shredded wheat biscuit, provided one can learn to like them. We have rice at one meal, and often at two meals, nearly every day. The use of unfermented, pure grape juice will help to supply the needed fruit element. I use this altogether in place of tea or coffee, and with the best of results. Whole wheat cooked until it is sufficiently soft makes a splendid dish. We eat it with *pure* strained honey, and although the combination is not a scientific one it meets with our favor. Fruit juice would be the really proper thing to eat with wheat, or cereals of any sort. Milk or cream may also be used with cereals by those who like them, but they are not the most desirable articles of diet to my mind. *Real* whole wheat bread, baked without leavening material of any sort, is another standby with us.

\*\*\* Say, have you noticed that the Wilmans Publishing House is advertising Dr. Dewey's books on No Breakfast, Diet and Fasting? Wonder if Helen has read those books yet, or adopted their teachings? The "House" is also advertising "Perfect Health," a book which advocates vegetarianism. Say Helen, you had better go back to Sea Breeze and look after the kids. I'm afraid they're getting into mischief while you are away.

\*\*\* In *The Psychic Era* (Published at Pittsburgh, Pa., 15 cents per copy) for May there is an interesting article concerning the life of Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis. In the years of his early manhood he saw many wonderful things by clairvoyant sight. On one occasion he was told by the power which controlled him that when he should have learned "not to be under any circumstances depressed, nor by any influences elated," he should be presented with a "Magic Staff" which was to be his aid through life. At the proper time he beheld in vision a beautiful staff, which disappeared as he gazed at it and in its place appeared the following words:

BEHOLD!  
HERE IS THY MAGIC STAFF:  
UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES KEEP AN  
EVEN MIND.

Take it, Try it, Walk with it,  
Talk with it, Lean on it, Believe on it  
FOREVER.

The motto "under all circumstances keep an even mind," was adopted by young Davis and put into immediate practice. "My soul swelled with thanksgivings," he says, "The magic staff, then, is no fiction, I thought. The secret is to 'take it, try it, walk with it, talk with it, lean on it, believe on it forever.' Yes, friendly reader, I seized this mental cane, the magic staff, and ran down stairs, went out in the open air, walked the streets, returned to my bed, lay down with it by my side, arose with it in the morn, ate breakfast with it, examined the sick with it, leaned on it whenever things went wrong, believed in it at all times. And thus trudged I along down toward the intervening valley."

I am sure that no one could have a better "Magic Staff" than an even mind under all circumstances, and no doubt it was to this cultivation of an even mind that Dr. Davis owed much of his subsequent success in life.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

### I AM CREATOR.

"I am Creator" is the one statement of Being—of I am, which is always, at all times, and under all circumstances, true and unchangeable.

To create has so long been associated with the idea of making something out of nothing, that people find it difficult to take it home to themselves and apply it in a practical, common-sense way to practical everyday things.

"I am not a creator," the housewife says as she goes the round of her duties. "The genius is, yes. He who created the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone; and the artist, the musician, and the poet or writer, but not I." But is that true? Are not the bread, the cakes, the dinners, the clothes, the hats and bonnets which she makes evidences and proofs of her creatorship, equally with the musician and poet?

I solemnly declare that if the everyday plod-

ding men and women could once get to see that those very everyday practical doings of theirs are creations of theirs, that those practical things are proof that they are creators, it would open their minds to receive the fact that they could do even more creating than they had before dreamed of.

The housewife, for instance, would see that when she created a good cake, a better condition was produced in eating it than when she created a poor one; that when she did her sitting-room in a pretty and artistic manner, everyone had a better condition because of it than when it was slurred in the doing, and she would say to herself, "I can create these pleasanter conditions—why should not my power to create conditions be extended indefinitely? Are not *all* my conditions in my own hands?" And equally so with the man. Let him accept his creatorship, and he *must* grow to see that he creates all his conditions.—Alma Gillen in *Expression*.

—Worry is a good thing. It makes you so blessedly uncomfortable that at last you have to get up and *do* something. Nothing is accomplished by worrying, but worrying accomplishes something by getting you started. It takes a tremendous lot of worrying to get some people started.

—"What is the difference between the things we 'draw' to us, and those that are sent?—sent by God or unknown power."

Nothing is ever "sent" to us by *any* power. "God" is the *only* power, and works *in us* to attract that which is related to us. Without this attraction on our part (God *in us*) not all the people in the world could "send" anything to us.

—"I AM with you all the way and I AM already there." Question: What do you mean by 'I AM'?"

I AM is "God" and "God" is the *soul* of every living thing. On the unseen and really *potent* side you and I are *one*; whatever good I do or say *you* are influenced by, though generally unconsciously to yourself. And the reverse is likewise true—*your* good thought and action influences me. Our ill thoughts and actions likewise influence each other *so far as we can be influenced for ill*. Get this fixed in your mind: The race is a solidarity, *not* a heterogeneous jumble of conflicting units. The race is ONE, and I AM, or God, is that one; the actor in all action. *Be still* and the I AM will make it clear to you.

—The little "I am" of every man is destined to be merged in the One I AM. This is "Nirvana." Only as the personal "I am" is lost can man say "I AM God," and truly worship. Only in the I AM is man free. He that hath ears will hear. He that hath not ears to hear can *be still and listen* to the I AM until *his inner ears grow*. There is no other way.

—Nobody can wet-blanket you with negative suggestions except as *you receive* the suggestions. If such suggestions affect you *you need them* to strengthen your mental muscles on. *Keep mum and mentally deny* them and their power, until they cease to affect you. In the meantime go steadily forward in your chosen direction.

—In the *Hartford Daily Times* of June 4, there is a column devoted to quotations and comments on "Just How to Concentrate." "Pilgrim" is the author and here is the first of the article, after which comes a long quotation from my little booklet:

"The power of concentration is a power that harks back to the masters of aeons of evolution, and cannot be brought within our everyday-life comprehension. None of us knows enough of that power to be able to talk about it. But there is a form of concentration that we all need in everyday life, though not very many have begun to realize the power of it. These early beginnings of the power may be called the elementary steps to something higher, but the vast gulfs of time that must elapse before that point is reached may well appall us in the attempt to look forward to it. The above thought was suggested by a most entertaining and funny little illustration on this line which might be called, 'A Study in Concentration.' It is in a little pamphlet by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne of Holyoke, Mass., on 'How to Concentrate.' Mrs. Towne is the editor of a breezy little paper called *The Nautilus*, a paper that sets ideas running around on their own legs, and powerful legs they prove to be, too, in most cases."



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—New Thought Ideal is a bright new eight-page weekly, published by Etta Semple, Excelsior Springs, Mo. Mrs. Semple is an ex-reformer. Success to her in her new work.

—The People's Advocate is "an exponent of facts" about labor, published by R. L. Ziv, 2731 Cherry street, Kansas City, Mo., price 50 cents a year.

—If you are looking for something plain and practical about suggestion send for "Suggestion," by George C. Pitzer, M. D., principal of the St. Louis School of Suggestive Therapeutics, and an able man of wide experience. I think this little cloth-bound book, price \$1, would make plain the path of him who desires to practice suggestion at home or as a business.

—"The Power That Heals and How to Use It," is an interesting little volume by Charles A. Balough, Seabreeze, Fla. Neatly printed, with picture of the author, price \$1.

—"Right Generation the Key to the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth," is a new book by Dr. M. E. Conger, 1027 Monroe street, Station D, Chicago. Price 50 cents and 75 cents. Dr. Conger says, "To make divorces easy and restrict marriages will raise the standard of the 'common life.'" He believes in fewer children and better bred, with parentage deferred until men and women have reached the prime of life. The book is electrifying, and if Dr. Conger's idea of right generation is not the key to the kingdom of heaven on earth, at least it will let you into the vestibule.

—"Creeds Outgrown" is a lecture by Rev. Andrew P. Stout, Sheridan, Ind. Price 20 cents.

—"Chaldean Astrology Up To Date" is an elaborate and beautifully printed and bound volume by George Wilde. Published by E. Marsh-Stiles, 12 St. Stephen's Mansions, Westminster, London; price \$2. This appears to me an interesting and valuable work.

—"The Golden Thread," by Levi Wilson Platt, Box 368, Denver, Col., claims to be "the greatest revelation of the age." It "contains what is believed to be the first exposition of the first chapter of Matthew: Joseph and Mary." A book of Bible symbology, price \$2.

—"The Dawning Light" is a bright weekly published from University Block, Suite 7, San Antonio, Tex., by Charles W. Newnam and edited by George W. Sims, M. D. Price \$1 per year.

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—One of my most valued foreign exchanges is *Brotherhood*, published at 9 Charterhouse Buildings, Goswell Road, London, E. C., by J. Bruce Wallace, M. A., one of the sweetest spirited "reformers" I have known.

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