

Nautilus News.

OUR

ANNIVERSARY.

This number of *Nautilus* completes Vol. VII. With it we close a seven year cycle of publication.

With the November number we step into a new cycle, which we hope to make broader, fuller, more effective and helpful than the last. *We hope to carry every present reader of Nautilus and tens of thousands of new ones with us through the next cycle, and on through many more, to the deepening joy of us all.*

The Nautilus stands for growth, and *growing joys*—leaving the growing pains for those who want them.

And we mean to show evidences of growth in our very next number. There will be a few extra pages in November *Nautilus*, to make room for new writers, and for some special things the editors will have to say.

There will be in addition to the articles by the editors and our regular contributors, the first of two timely and vital articles on "Child Development," by Charlotte Martindell. I specially commend these articles to the pre-Christmas attention of every reader who has or may have a child in the family. Or even in the neighborhood!

Then there will be a cute little poem by Florence M. Pierce. She calls it "Homely Philosophy;" but "Sun Philosophy" fits it better! It's the smile-that-won't-come-off kind.

And there will be a sprinkling of bright epigrams and things written specially for us by Edward Earle Purinton.

And last—or rather, first—will be the first appearance of our new design for the cover of *Nautilus*, all printed on new cover paper. You see, we *mean* to make the November *Nautilus* the very best yet, and a pacemaker to be beaten by every other number of *Nautilus* in Vol. VIII. I wonder what our readers will think about it.

OUR NEW

COVER DESIGN.

Our selection has been made for a new design for the cover of *The Nautilus*. It will appear for the first time on the November number, in honor of our seventh birthday anniversary, the opening of Vol. VIII. We hope the new design will prove a thing of beauty and a joy forever to our readers.

Miss Luella Herriman, an Aries girl of Girard, Kan., is the successful artist. She is a "graduate in drawing and painting of a college in Indiana," and she is expecting to study further at the Chicago Art Institute. And she says that "new thought helps her in all her undertakings," and she likes *Nautilus* particularly. So I am specially glad her design was the chosen one.

There is nothing specially distinctive about Miss Herriman's design; it would fit any other magazine as well as *Nautilus*. She has a shadowy nautilus shell behind the lettering, but this will have to be omitted, as it could only be reproduced in a half-tone to be printed on plain coated paper. But the design is chaste and handsome enough without the shadowy

shell, to please the most fastidious. Or so we think.

Then we have retained another of the many designs sent in, which we may use on some future special number. This design is a little *too* nautilus-y for common use! It has a large shell in the center, which we shall leave out. Then all the way around the edge there is a border of tiny shells showing through water. It was this *Nautilus* border that decided me! And the lettering is beautiful. This design shows the power and character of an artist. It was made by J. Randolph Brown of Boston.

There were a number of other designs I should have liked to keep for special use, but decided not to do so.

I thank our artist friends for their interest in this matter. I wish I could have accepted everything sent in! I wonder if any of you want the unaccepted designs returned. If so kindly let me know, and enclose stamps sufficient to fully prepay postage.

A NEW

CONTRIBUTOR.

With the December number of *Nautilus* we will begin a series of special articles on "*Breath and Life*," by Ella Adelia Fletcher, author of "*Woman Beautiful*" and other health books, and correspondent for the *New York Sunday Herald*.

Miss Fletcher is a deep student of occultism, a daring but careful investigator and an original woman and writer. She is past mistress of Yoga lore, theoretical and practical; and her own experiments and investigations in new lines make her an authority worth listening to. This subject of breath and life is specially interesting to new thought people. And I know of no one better qualified than Miss Fletcher to illumine this vital matter.

NEW CUTS.

Did you notice the new cut of Mrs. Wilcox in last *Nautilus*? It is made from the latest photo of her, a full length one which, to my idea, is the *best likeness* I have ever seen of her. And the new cut of Mr. Wilson is made from his latest photo, which seems to be a good one.

"GOOD LUCK IS COMING YOUR WAY."

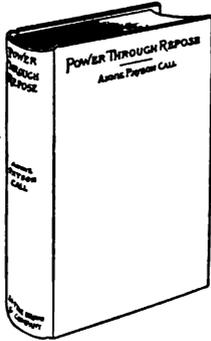
The special *Nautilus* edition of our "Good Luck" song is melting away! I hope all our readers will like it *specially*, since both music and words were written by members of our own circle of friends.

And a copy is within everybody's reach. We send you one (enclosed in a cardboard tube, to keep it perfectly) with a year's subscription to *Nautilus* and six cents extra to cover cost of mailing, etc. *Send fifty-six cents for a year's subscription to Nautilus and one copy of the song. If you want two copies of the song send \$1.10 for two years' subscriptions, new or renewal, to either one address or two, and the two copies of the song will be sent you.* Or, you may have three copies of the song with three yearly subscriptions for \$1.60; or four copies with four yearly subscriptions for \$2.10. You may have ten copies of the "Good Luck" song with ten subscriptions to *The Nautilus* (to one or more addresses), for the price of subscriptions alone—just \$5.00.

Love is the loadstone of love.—MRS. OSGOOD.

POWER THROUGH REPOSE.

A Boon to the Nervous, the Tired, and Overworked.



Whether you are a man or woman, dear reader, old or young, rich or poor, you need to cultivate *repose*, *conserve your energy*, and learn how to put only so much force into every act as is required to do it well.

"POWER THROUGH REPOSE" tells you *how* to acquire control of your nerve force and gain complete repose.

It tells you *how* to secure rest.

Probably you don't know *how* to rest and relax properly now. Very few adults do. But when you are exhausted by work it is mainly upon rest that you must depend to *rebuild* your body and *restore* your strength. The more complete rest you get the more *quickly* and *perfectly* your strength will be restored.

Proper rest will do more than almost anything else to maintain your body in youth, health and beauty.

I do not know of a better book than this for a nervous, tired, discouraged man or woman or an overworked, worried business man. I lack words to express my appreciation of the deep and far-reaching importance of this book to the human race.

Here are a few good things that have been said for the book, by those who are competent to judge its merits:

"This book has brought rest and strength to hundreds of nervously exhausted women," says the *Boston Transcript*.

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES of Harvard College, says that **"POWER THROUGH REPOSE"** should **"be in the hands of every teacher and student in America of either sex."**

"Ought to be in the hands of at least eight out of every ten men and women now living and working on this continent," says the *Christian Union*.

"This is one of the few books which I can unqualifiedly recommend to the readers of Nautilus."—Elizabeth Towne.

Following are a few of the subjects treated in **"POWER THROUGH REPOSE"**—*The Guidance of the Body—Its True Uses—Percussions in the Guidance of the Body—Rest in Sleep—How to Go to Sleep Properly—Other Forms of Rest—The Use of the Brain—How to Listen—How to Use the Eyes—The Brain in Its Direction of the Body—How Women May be Free from Unnecessary Fatigue—The Direction of the Body in Locomotion—How to Avoid Unnecessary Tension—Nervous Strain in Pain and Sickness—How to Bear Pain Easily—How We Increase the Suffering of Sick Friends Through "Sympathy"—Nervous Strain in the Emotions—Nature's Teaching—The Child as an Ideal—Training for Rest—Training for Motion—Mind Training—The Rational Care of Self—Our Relations with Others—The Use of the Will.*

A new edition of **"POWER THROUGH REPOSE"** has just been printed, containing three additional chapters. Contains over 200 pages, printed on antique paper and handsomely bound in silk cloth with title stamped in gold on side and back. The typographical work and binding are of the very best. **Price of book \$1.00 postpaid.** Address **WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 1, Holyoke, Mass.**

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By MRS. L. DOW BALLIETT.

If you are interested in learning about the things to which you vibrate, as determined by your name and birth numbers, then this book will please you. It tells how to find the mystic meaning of name and birth numbers, and their relation to character and attainment. I consider it one of the *simplest* and *best* books yet published dealing with the occult power and mystical virtue of numbers. The book aims to help you attain greater success through the strength of vibration. About 60 pages, cloth bound. **Price \$1.00.** Address

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10 CENTS PER YEAR.



For **POINTS**, a quarterly New Thought magazine edited by William E. and Elizabeth Towne.

The September number contains the following: *Circle of Silent Healing—Netop Notes* (about the editors' Summer Camp)—*Subjects For Meditation—How Not to Worry* (by Elizabeth Towne)—*Correspondents' Corner—The Junk Shop—Astrology Department—Weather Forecasts—Book Reviews—The Principles of Vibration.*

The Circle of Silent Healing will hereafter be a regular feature of every number of **POINTS**. You ought to read it.

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With the January number **UNITY** began a course of lessons by Charles Fillmore on **CHRISTIAN HEALING**. They will be continued during the year. The seven brain centres in the organism, the twelve disciples, and much other interesting truth will be printed in these lessons.

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Your photographs and letters help me to understand you and your needs. While I cannot write you personal answers to these letters, yet if they suggest to me ideas suitable for articles or items in *The Nautilus* you will find your answers there. And if your experience teaches me new methods of helpfulness they will find expression somewhere, sometime in my writings. Thus shall we work together for the good of all.

I cordially invite YOU to take up with us this study of the Art of Living. I believe you will bless the day you did it. Address:

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

The Nautilus.

Advertising Rates.

Per page, \$48.00; half page, \$24.00; quarter page, \$12.00; single inch, \$3.00; per each insertion. **CASH WITH ORDER.**

Orders must reach us not later than the ninth day of month preceding date of issue.

An inch of space will hold not over 80 words.

Investment and questionable advertisements not accepted.

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"THE NAUTILUS is a splendid advertising medium. Having had a few years' experience in advertising (on a pretty big scale) I think I know a good medium, and NAUTILUS is splendid."—THE MYSTIC PUB. CO., Framingham, Mass.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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—Date of expiration of subscription is printed on every wrapper. If special receipt is desired send self-addressed and stamped envelope or card.

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

—Unless we are specially notified at the end of your term of subscription, it is assumed that you wish the magazine continued.

—Give FULL name and FULLEST address in EVERY letter.

—Send PROMPT notification of change of address, giving BOTH old and new addresses. This is most important, for names cannot be found on list UNLESS TOWN AND STATE ARE GIVEN.

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—All articles and items appearing in NAUTILUS, which are not otherwise signed or quoted, are written by the editor, Elizabeth Towne.

—Those desiring letters of personal advice, encouragement or instruction in the further application of my teachings to individual cases, must enclose for each letter not less than \$1.00 in payment for my time, stationery, postage, etc. In writing make a brief but clear statement of your case.

—Orders intended for William E. Towne, should be written on sheets of paper separate from those intended for me; but the two orders may be enclosed in one envelope, with one money order to cover both.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

THE NAUTILUS.

VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1905:

NO. 12.

Where Two Are Agreed.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"Do you think a man should deny himself the love and companionship of the woman he loves and wishes to make his wife, simply because his people do not like her? Is it not a mistaken sense of duty which keeps him back? Don't you think things get jumbled up in a funny old way in this world of ours?"
L. F.

There is no question of "ought to" about it. Every individual has the right to do with himself as he chooses, so long as he does not thereby abridge the right of another to do as he pleases. The woman who would "influence" a man to marry her in spite of his judgment and family love, is trying to interfere with his right as an individual. He and his family would *feel* the attempted influencing, even if it were mental influence only, and would be all the more set against the woman.

Why not? *This is just what the family dislikes in her, her inherent opposition to them and their interests*—they think she will "influence" the son away from his family. They see that her tastes and nature are not in harmony with theirs and they feel instinctively that if the son marries her he will be weaned away from his family.

The son feels the same thing. The girl's attempt to "influence" him to marry her anyway, only proves to him that his judgment is good.

If he happens to be a weak-willed fellow he may *let* her influence him; he may

marry her in spite of his misgivings. In that case he will either give up his family and go with his wife, living in everlasting regret and resentment or grief; or he will try to hang on to both, and the result will be a continuous performance in the family jar, until death or divorce do part them.

He would probably choose the latter course; for the man who, loving his family devotedly, will allow himself to be influenced into a marriage incompatible to the family, will not have backbone enough to walk out of the family and stand alone with the wife of his choice—or rather, the wife who has chosen him.

All depends upon whether he has a backbone of his own, or only a family backbone.

If he depends upon the family backbone he is wise and sensible to marry no girl who is likely to disturb the family equilibrium.

Yes, it might be a good thing if the family were upset a little, and joggled out of its ruts; but there are less painful ways of getting it out of its ruts. And who wants to bring discord to a loving family? Why not leave the juggling to Death, who will come soon enough?

So, the young man who loves his family better than himself, being an individual even if he has no backbone but the family's, has a perfect right to deny this love for the sake of preserving family oneness and harmony.

The young woman? Do you think *she* has the right to sacrifice the family to gratify herself? No.

Each individual has the *right* to choose for himself, *so long as his choice does not interfere with another's right of choice.*

"Where *two agree* as touching anything it shall be done unto them," and peace, harmony, love result.

Where one "influences" or forces the other to a certain course of action the agreement is only *on the surface.*

Real agreement must begin at the very soul center of two individuals, and run the entire gamut of being and expression. In other words, the innermost *conviction* of each must agree, as well as the outermost *action.* Only so can there be harmony between two individuals; only so can there be the agreement which answers prayer.

This sort of real agreement between two people will bring *anything* to pass. Even this problem of L. F.'s can be solved by it. *If the man and woman can really agree in the matter they can bring the rest of the family into agreement.*

In order to really agree deep down, the *girl must hold the same ideals and intentions in regard to his family that are held by the man himself.* He is willing to lay down his own happiness for the sake of keeping the family, *including himself,* harmonious and intact.

A real agreement between him and a girl requires that the girl too be willing to efface herself when necessary to preserve the family oneness. *She must expect and desire to make herself all over to fit the family.* She must admire and love the family, and be willing to preserve its harmony at her own expense, even as *he* does. She must not expect even in little things to take him away from the family except as the family *agrees.* She must not entertain the least shadow of jealousy or criticism. His

family must become *her* family, to love and cherish and make happy even at her own expense. She must so love as to be unconscious that she *is* doing it at her own expense.

Some girls could come into his family in just that way. His ideals and interests would *come natural* to the right girl.

He would *feel* it too, almost without discussing such matters. She would "let things out" here and there, when she least thought of it. Her *real* ideals and intentions would "crop out" in spite of her reserve. The more frank and natural she was the more quickly he would *find his agreement* with her.

And do you suppose the *family* would fail to come into line too? No. They would soon *feel* that she could come into the family and work *with* them instead of against them; and their prejudice and opposition would melt—after the marriage if not before.

The instinct of self-preservation bristles only at that which would destroy its happy solidarity. As soon as it finds a person *agrees* with it, the bristles disappear.

Harmony is love.

Love is the greatest thing in the world.

Wise is he who sacrifices anything for the sake of real harmony.

Wise and blessed is he who makes sure that a woman's ideals and intentions agree with his, before he marries her.

If there is real love between a man and his family there will be harmony between his family and the girl of his choice. How could it be otherwise?

And the family will help him to find out if there is real harmony between himself and the girl. Trust women folks to sound each other. Let there be ever so much prejudice against the girl to begin with, the *right* girl will in due time make her peace and win her welcome into his family.

Unless she *is* the right girl she'd better

not insist, mentally or orally, upon marrying him. If she is the right one she'll not need to insist. Better bide a wee, be her honest self, and know that *her own* is drawn to her as the needle to the magnet, and that what is *not* so drawn to her is not her own, and would bring with it undreamed of troubles.

Trust in the Law of Attraction with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own short-sighted understanding of things.

This "influencing" other individuals against their judgment is a two-edged sword, which sooner or later finds its sheath in the heart of him or her who uses it.

**A NAUTILUS FRIEND'S
THOUGHT ON
WORRY AND EYESIGHT.**

We are not apt to think when we rub our glasses to read an article on "worry," that worry has anything to do with eyeglasses. But hasn't it?

If worry is destructive to our anatomy in general it is so in particular, and most so to such sensitive organs as the eyes.

One of the physical effects of fear is rigidity of the muscles and the effect is the same in the case of worry—fear of harm or failure.

As worry becomes a habit the tension of mind and muscles is made lasting. A worrying man is never relaxed, and nowhere as in the eye is his state of mind so intensely expressed.

His mind focused on the worry, the tension of his "mind's eye" is responded to by his physical eye and the working of that delicate machine is interfered

No, I don't think "things get jumbled up" in this world a single bit. I believe that *every* human soul attracts to himself exactly what is best for him at each particular stage of his development.

I believe that harmony IS and that each of us is playing his little part in it, playing it unconsciously, if not consciously.

I believe that the only thing in heaven or earth or hell that gets jumbled up is *our own understanding of things*.

And I know that time and experience, and above all FAITH will grow us a straight and stable understanding.

with. The mental strain causes the muscles to contract, lessening their elasticity.

Also, by the mind's abstraction, as well as tension, is the focusing power of the eye impaired. The man sees the worry in his mind and fails to see one-half the things before his eyes. The eye will not focus unless one *wills to see*.

Further, the circulation of blood in the eye is restricted by the tense nerves and muscles and the proper waste and repair prevented from going on, congestion resulting. Hence the whole power (health) of the eye diminishes.

The law of cause and effect, however, works both ways.

The instant the "worry" is dropped, repair begins, which is fast or slow according to the individual.

So there is no reason why weakened eyesight should not be but temporary, just as any ill from which we confidently recover.

Battles are often won before they are fought. To control our passions we must govern our habits, and keep watch over ourselves in the small details of everyday life.—Sir John Lubbock.

NO OTHER GODS.

By ELEANOR KIRK.

The world today, like every other day we have ever known or heard of, is full of people in search of satisfaction. All of these travelers believe themselves to be more or less sick and are rushing hither and yon after health, and after wealth; to secure health, the prevalent opinion being that money can bring anything to pass. Without money one cannot obey the physician's command to stop work, to go abroad, to undergo the operation which is supposed to mean life or death, or provide the luxuries considered indispensable for the attainment of bodily vigor.

Then there are the pleasure hunters—those who can indulge their mad desires and those who cannot. One is just as happy as the other, although it would be impossible to convince the latter class of this fact. "The pace that kills" is the pace that fascinates and in order to strike it men and women lie and steal; in short break every one of the ten commandments.

"But we have outgrown the commandments," a young girl flippantly remarked to a relative who was trying to show her the error of her ways. "They were all right for Moses and those he had in charge. They had to be held in by some superstition I suppose and thou shalt nots were as good as anything."

Consider this picture a moment. It is the veritable type of the so-called smart girl of the period busily engaged in despoiling her womanhood and influencing others to make light of their divine possibilities. Still the situation is not comfortless, because if sin—wrong thought—is not put away by a knowl-

edge of the truth, it inevitably will be by the awful but nevertheless benign processes of suffering.

Right here is a pregnant lesson for those who have fought hand to hand and conquered what has seemed their besetting sins. Having succeeded in part or in whole they are quite sure that others can do likewise, and so bring upon themselves another mental condition as dangerous, perhaps, as the one they have recovered from.

If our friends will look about them they will admit that it is the rarest thing in the world to find a person profiting by another's experience. Common sense and logic seem arrayed against the attainment of knowledge in this manner. To protest against this condition for which there must be a strong foundation in truth is like kicking against the pricks and getting the worst of it every time. Love, example, and a still mouth, are the only available weapons in such cases.

No one knows better than the writer how hard it is to see those one loves engaged in trying the fateful experiments which have dazzled the imaginations of all ages, ending always in sickness, sorrow and death. No one knows better than she the utter nothingness of preaching, because her sermons have been many and sometimes have *seemed* very entertaining. But the dear audience danced away—thank God always lovingly—to continue the investigation of that which was more alluring than the God principle which she would have injected into them.

Bless your hearts, there is no such thing as a spiritual hypodermic syringe, and whether you believe it or not God is

God and equal to every emergency. When not instructed in truth while children—and how lamentable it seems that they are not—the work must go on in another way. We are born of the spirit and by the spirit must ultimately be rescued. We can play with the illusions of the senses as long as this phantasmagoria holds out, but no amount of false reasoning or self-deception can ever transform a shadow into a reality. A man may chase shadows through what is falsely called a lifetime but somewhere he is necessitated by the truth and majesty of God's inexorable law to know the difference between what really is and what is not.

There comes a moment when he is willing to be still and learn. To us who watch and perchance see no abatement of the desire and determination to run after false gods, the processes seem interminable but they are not. God reigns and the command "*Ye shall have no other gods before me,*" is as applicable to those who look on and weep as to the dear sinners whose problems they are struggling to solve for them.

It is impossible to do another's sums. It would save much confusion and unhappiness if this vital truth could be more generally understood and acted upon.

The whole world is busy salaaming to false gods, creeds, fads, drugs, riches, fame, illicit pleasures, worship of idols, etc., etc. Most every mother has an idol. When this idol tumbles from the false pedestal upon which an undiscerning human love has placed him the sorrows of a wrecked ambition are hard to bear, and so the penalty works both ways.

The realization that God is our life, that whatever appears to be outside of Him is not life and the willingness to accede literally to the terms of the first commandment, "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me,*" transform this

complex seeming into a glorious reality so simple that a child can understand it.

The pleasure and profit offered by the world's gods are as evanescent as the tints of a sunset. They allure but they cannot detain. Look again and they are gone.

The following statement of healing may illustrate the principle of this article more simply and comfortably than in any other way, especially to those who seem to be failing in all their demonstrations and who yet are honestly striving to realize harmony in their lives.

Right here it would not be amiss to say that there cannot be too much honesty in our work but there can be too much striving. "Be still and know that I am God" is the right thought for these wearied and anxious ones to hold.

"An old lady,"—so called by the narrator—who lived practically alone in a little cottage in the country, with barely enough income for her daily needs, had been sick and almost disabled for years by a tumor. She was sweet-natured and intelligent, but knew little or nothing of scientific methods of healing. She read the newspapers and tried every patent medicine that promised relief from her sufferings. She believed in God as most people believe in Him—not much account generally but an image to be prayed to when everything else failed.

At last the moment came when the doctor who had the case in hand could do no more and a doubtful operation was suggested. The patient's age as well as a very marked heredity were counted up against her and she was face to face with what the physician called "the brutal truth"—brutal enough in all conscience and devoid of a single grain of truth.

It was evening. Our friend was quite alone, her little maid having gone to town on an errand. The next morning the doctor was to call for his answer.

"I went to my closet," she said, "to

take another dose of the last prescription and as I looked at the scores of bottles on the shelves, a strange voice inside of me seemed to say, 'Thou shall have no other gods before me.' Then I realized that these square bottles and round bottles, blue boxes and pink powders were all so many no account little gods which had come 'before' the real, true and only One. I rushed out of doors into the moonlight. The house was too small for me and here I made my vow.

"'Thou art all or nothing,' I declared 'I know thee to be all, and I will have no other gods before thee.'

"I can truly say that I returned to the house—well. The swelling was there to be sure, but the pain had ceased and I was conscious of a new life from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. The doctor said, 'a false excitement' and I said 'God, God, God,' and have said it ever since."

"**SHUT THEE FROM HEAVEN.**" *Nautilus* I find this verse:

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

I am puzzled over the fifth line 'shut thee from heaven,' and would like to have your explanation of this."—L. G.

I can imagine Dr. Holmes smiling at the folks who try to read into these lines something deeper than he really meant. I fancy the kindly old "autocrat" meant nothing beyond a simple parable—the chambered nautilus, as it grows, makes a new and larger compartment to live in; until at last it "dies," and "goes to heaven" figuratively if not literally in the theological sense. In the old religious sense man cannot enter heaven until he is "free" from his physical shell, his body. Dr. Holmes knew that man carries a mental shell too, a shell of narrow opinions and prejudices, a shell

of ignorance, from which he must be free before he can "go to heaven." So, since he saw no other way to get rid of these heaven-obscuring mental shells, he called on his soul to build him larger and larger ones until at last he should outgrow all shells and enter free into "heaven." What Dr. Holmes' conception of heaven was is irrelevant to the matter; he simply talked to his soul, to the world's soul, in terms it was familiar with.

But there is probably a deeper meaning to his lines than Dr. Holmes himself realized. After Esdras was inspired to dictate "high thoughts" he found himself unable to understand without pondering the things he had written. I believe all poets and inspirational writers have had similar experiences. The Bible says *language itself* is inspired. If Dr. Holmes himself could step in and visit us today I fancy he would find greater things in that little verse than any dreamed of at the time of writing. Somewhere in the universe he has been building more stately mental mansions with which to understand.

But it is not probable that he could state the truth any more clearly than in that little poem. It takes inspiration to understand inspiration—words, words only kill understanding.

One spiritual truth in that verse is this: We are in heaven *now*, but our narrow, cramped conceptions of life shut us from its realization; and as our conceptions grow our mental "shell" grows more and more lofty until at length we shall walk clean out of our shells into the *freedom of all life*. Shells are made to *exclude* things. As we *realize* that *all* is good we shall quit building shells to exclude things; and behold heaven within us as well as without.

*If fewer people had clothes-horses for hobbies,
more people would be getting somewhere.*
—Purinton.



PERFECTION.

*The leaf that ripens only in the sun
Is dull and shriveled ere its race is run.
The leaf that makes a carnival of death
Must tremble first before the north wind's breath.*

*The life that neither grief nor burden knows
Is dwarfed in sympathy before its close.
The life that grows majestic with the years
Must taste the bitter tonic found in tears.*

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.



THE DOMINANT EGO.

By FLOYD B. WILSON.

PART II.

If the student feels this, and if he has freed himself from all the dogmas of those fanatical religions which belittle man, because of their failing to recognize the divinity, the Christ within, then does he know that this ego represents the true, unerring, prescient selfhood which discipline has unfolded, and let him know further its promptings are always right. His progressive ego presiding over objective consciousness has by well-directed thought created a selfhood grander than his youthful logic formulated, and beautifully cultured and developed by the repeated imaginings of ideals, which hope conceived and imagination clothed with forms. This progressive and now masterful ego hurls forward to the subconscious the new thought-seeds, like balls shot from the gun to the target by the experienced marksman; and their growth uproots the weaker plants which have, even if they have done nothing else, at least fitted this mental soil for nobler products.

In following the development of man to this thought-plane, and from it to ideals or to a series of ideals, and noting this development to stand forth as the expression of his individualism brought about by auto-suggestion, it may be asked

if the power of auto-suggestion may not be greatly aided or hindered by suggestions from friends and the outside world generally. Replying to such question, it must be conceded that many have been both hindered and helped by suggestions received from others, and by those obtained when still or reading, and again by those received through telepathic communication. If one has, through discipline, become acquainted with his own progressive selfhood and learned the power of his own ego, he will permit only those suggestions from the outside world to take lodgment that are in complete harmony with its hopes and purposes. Receiving these often from sources he may not know, he appropriates and increases their vitality, thereby uplifting his own selfhood. This is the law of progress, the law of being, the law of life, and Law is universal:

"It throws its spirit chain
Through boundless space where shining systems
roll,
And governing no less the smallest grain
Breathes music o'er the whole.

"It is a spirit sway,
But all material agents hear its voice
And haste to do its bidding. To obey
Is their instinctive choice.

"What binds the human soul?
Has God, who moves and governs all beside,
In his swift progress to his final goal
Left man without a guide?

"Law claims dominion there
By awful sanctions sent in tones that thrill,
But not by force. It never can impair
The freedom of the Will.

"And even gloomy guilt
Relaxed into repentance, when it saw
How on a spotless throne by Justice built,
Love lifted up the Law."

In following, as I have, the mental unfoldment of humanity, and then barely

hinting at its future possibilities, the soundness of these deductions from the proofs furnished by the study of this broad psychology will be made manifest, I believe, to all by the study of human development not only from childhood to manhood, but from primitive man to the highest intellectual giants of modern times. In fact, it is a study of the evolution of man from the planes below consciousness that has taught him how to unfold.

Going back to a period prior to the time when records were kept, I present four short quotations from John Fiske's "A Century of Science":

"If at the end of a long series of evolution comes man, if this whole secular process has been going on to produce this supreme object, it does not matter in what kind of a cosmical body he lives on.

"We are enabled to say that while there is no doubt of the evolutionary process going on through countless ages which we know nothing about, yet in the one case where it is brought home to us we spell out an intelligible story, and we do find things working along up to man as a terminal fact in the whole process. This is indeed a consistent conclusion from Wallace's suggestion that natural selection, in working toward the genesis of man, began to follow a new path and make psychical changes instead of physical changes.

"It then began to appear that not only is man the terminal factor in a long process of evolution, but in the origination of man there began the development of the higher psychical attributes, and those attributes are coming to play a greater and greater part in the development of the human race.

"To those things which minister to the requirements of the spiritual side of a man there is almost no limit. The demand one can conceive is well-nigh infinite."

Primitive man doubtless stood erect, and in a crude way began to assert his powers, at the first faint recognition of self-consciousness. He had commenced to think and draw conclusions. He expressed thoughts, and out of these built hopes and planted them in the sub-conscious or instinctive mind. He grew. Faintly, at first, as he gained in knowledge, came this upreaching for greater things, for comprehension of a force around and beyond him which his dawning intelligence felt to exist and to be mightier than all he knew. Intellect or consciousness was expanding, and it told of visions beyond—out of these came his first dim dream of God. Later, those following invested that God with terrible avenging attributes, and seemed to have concluded that humanity had reached its limits.

I do not mean here to condemn any particular form of religion as it exists today. All religions as far as I have examined them, seem to have had a semi-mythical origin, and all of them doubtless possess some kernels of truth, and therefore live. Man, however, to know his possibilities can learn of them through the study of his own evolution and that of the history of achievement far better than by the study of any revelation religion gives.

In the order of evolution man appeared when a primitive being became aware of and asserted self-consciousness. This first recognized ego sprang from the lowest plane of consciousness or intellect, but its assertion of individualism gave man supremacy over the animal life surrounding. The growth which followed may have been slow for ages—is that to be wondered at, when we remember that not until the closing years of the nineteenth century did the truths of evolution become established, and that even now the fact that man's advancement to the intellectual heights desired can be

won and won only through suggestion and auto-suggestion, has yet received only partial recognition by psychologists generally? There are three sources of proof to me, therefore, of the order and method of human development, each bringing cumulative evidence; and these are found first in the evolution of man as established by science, second in the mental unfoldment of the child, and third in the analysis of individual achievement as shown in our own growth and in that of those whose lives we may study.

Many working in accord with the philosophy herein presented have satisfied themselves of its truth and are enjoying the upliftment it brings. They feel convinced that a higher ego is being de-

veloped, or as the Hindu would say, that the period has come where thoughtful, intelligent man is passing from the unconscious state of spiritual development into the conscious. They feel within themselves a consciousness of power, and an awareness that they are linked with the real source of strength and power and have full access to it, as it is around them, behind them and in them. They know if they err they are not punished *for* their errors but *by* them. They know they are masters of their own destiny, their own judge, their own rewarder and their own punisher; and that on and on does the form of life grow, till mind cannot encompass all they feel, even though fitting visions of life's great oneness and of the Absolute appear.

**TO A HOME-BOUND
LITERARY ASPIRANT.**

As long as your thought is filled with your limitations *rather than with the thought of your opportunities and the joy of meeting them*, you will be afflicted with that what's-the-use feeling. I wish I could make you see that it is a matter purely of *your attitude* toward the things of your life. The attitude of resistance and fret keeps you right there. You put so much thought force into *perpetuating the things which are*.

Dwell on your little triumphs, and *know that you are finding the way out into larger things*.

Why, if you only find joy in the work you have to do, and in the overcoming of those conditions, you have the very best of literary material right at your finger tips. The homely story of your work and little successes would thrill the hearts of a multitude of readers.

And as you develop the little successes you would find the money coming, so that you could make time for writing down your experiences.

But you must find the joy of your life, whatever it is. *Otherwise you have nothing to write about.*

And with that joy, there is nothing in creation so small that it will not make glorious copy.

Just wake up to the joy of life and love and success all about you. Put heart and soul into the thing you find to do, and *know that it is the next step in the direction you desire to go*. Grasp the "substance," the thing at hand, with cheerful good will to turn it to beautiful results; and waste no energy "chasing the shadow," as Elihu Root calls it, of the thing you desire. In due time that which you have chased in vain will come to you by *attraction*.

God finds the heart of a natural sinner more inviting than the head of an artificial saint.—PUBINTON.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

HAVE FAITH. Reason and intellect alone will never guide anyone into the true path of permanent happiness.

There always comes a time when reason brings one up against a bare, blank wall beyond which it says it is impossible for us to go.

But there is something higher and more universal than reason, i. e., faith.

"Faith steps out on seeming void and finds the *solid rock*."

Faith alone is the only true and perfect guide to eternal happiness and attainment, whether in the material world or in the world of spirit.

All the world's progress has been due to faith.

One man has an idea concerning the invention of some labor saving machine, we will say.

Faith leads him forward and bids him work until his invention is perfected and another step upward is taken in the science of mechanics.

Another man sees by the eye of faith, a wonderful plan for the upliftment of humanity in whole or in part. Filled with the holy zeal which faith inspires, he works unceasingly until his plan takes shape and is put into actual operation to the great benefit of the world.

Always it is *faith* that inspires those who accomplish great things for human good, the workers in new and untried fields.

And in the case of the individual's efforts for his own advancement, it is always *faith* that leads him on and on and will not let him rest but always bids him seek higher levels.

It is *faith* that reaches beyond the veil

of materialism in which the world is wrapped, and enters the realm of *principle*, the region of *spiritual realities*. And it is faith that brings these spiritual realities down to earth and embodies them in human life as love, wisdom, power and happiness.

Reason can conjure a thousand obstacles to perfect happiness. The intellect will tell you that happiness is impossible. But *faith* reaches beyond those obstacles to the *eternal realities* upon which the soul of man is based, and finds ways and means for surmounting them all.

Reason can never bring you peace of mind.

Faith can and will, if you will follow her leading.

Give up your efforts to solve your problems through the medium of your intellect, and rest in the faith of the soul.

Faith is life.

While one is young he is full of faith.

As age advances he loses faith and thus his life.

Keep young in spirit and fresh in faith and you will not grow old in body.

"But," says one, "if you had *my* experiences in life you *could* not have faith."

And I reply simply, "have faith."

Hold and mature it as your most precious possession.

Cherish it above your own life or the lives of those you love.

Then gradually the tangle will become untangled. The formless will take on form. The shadow will become substance.

Let not those who pride themselves upon the greatness of their intellect or the strength of their reasoning powers

mislead you or hold you in bondage.

Cut loose from them all and seek wisdom from your own soul in the silence.

Only truth can save you. Only truth can bring you peace.

And truth is not to be found through reason.

She enters in and takes up her abode with you when you open your mind in faith.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND NEW THOUGHT. I notice that Mr. Conable, editor of *The Pathfinder*, makes some rather severe criticisms on the Christian Scientists because their converts are not allowed to read his magazine.

I presume all New Thought publishers have had experiences similar to Mr. Conable's. One of the first things a convert to Christian Science does is to discontinue all of his New Thought papers and magazines. It does not matter if some of them are paid for a year, two years or three years in advance—they all have to go.

About a dozen subscribers to *The Nautilus* have discontinued the magazine on becoming Christian Scientists. Among this number was an old personal friend of Mrs. Towne's. One whole family in the middle west who had been on the list for years gave up the paper at the same time, when they were gathered under the protecting wings of the simon pure, original science organization.

The Christian Science church bears much the same relation to New Thought that the Roman Catholic Church does to the Protestant. When people get tired of wandering around the New Thought fold and browsing on the exceedingly varied food which it offers, they turn to the Christian Science organization and are thereafter saved from doing a lot of thinking and working on their own account.

Thereafter all their beliefs and convictions come ready made. No trouble to

decide what is right, no burning of midnight oil to read books in order to find the truth, no anxious seeking of any sort.

The Christian Science organization secures wonderful results in healing and in holding its members true to the organization. And the secret of these results lies in concentration of thought and effort. The minds of the scientists are kept calmly fixed along certain lines of faith and results follow.

There are many people so constituted that they need this kind of mental and spiritual training, and they would not get it anywhere else. Consequently the Christian Science organization exactly fills their wants.

This matter of concentrating one's mental and spiritual powers along certain lines of truth long enough to let it thoroughly penetrate mind and body is something that we who are browsing around in the back pastures of the science fold might well take time to carefully consider.

Dowie of Zion City secures results in the same way that the Scientists do. His followers are expected to confine their beliefs and opinions to the approved and officially endorsed limits of Dowieism. *The Nautilus*, and so far as we know all other New Thought papers, are excluded from Zion City.

But there is something broader and deeper in the New Thought movement than any of these sects can compass. There is something behind this movement that will eventually melt down the lines which divide all sects.

We need not hurry. We need not fret about what seem to be mistakes on the part of others, or about narrowness and intolerance.

All we need to be sure about is our own position.

We want to be sure that we are working in harmony with the Infinite Spirit of Life, and then all else will drop into the right place in its relation to us.

Briefs.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * It is wonderful what a heap of fun some folks can get out of being miserable. They fairly turn green with jealousy in the presence of neighbors who can outvie them in tales of trouble and woe. They seem to gloat over their aches and pains and revel in an ecstasy of bliss when they can pour a history of their "sufferin's" into the unwilling ears of their friends.

* * * If you would learn to be a success in life, cultivate your originality. The world is full of people who lop into the ruts nearest at hand and hug them until death or necessity forces them out. Don't hug the ruts.

* * * Thomas J. Shelton says that the metaphysical movement is just getting down to the practical stage. Every new movement is carried off its feet at first by the impetus of its own innate force. Whatever there is of eternal truth in this movement is now coming to the surface. The rest is being sifted out. Only the truth can live.

* * * But the stages of development through which New Thought has already passed (including what Shelton terms the slobbering stage) have all been good and necessary in their places. Neither plants, nor trees, nor movements can grow to maturity without being nourished by negative products.

* * * So let us say with that grand old seer, Whitman:

"Clean and sweet is my soul, and clean and sweet is all that is not my soul."

* * * Whenever a new force comes into our lives, and we glimpse new truth and gain a far wider outlook than we have ever known before, we are very apt to lose somewhat of our poise and become more or less hypnotized by the side issues that are presented to our minds along with the new conceptions of truth. But all these things naturally adjust themselves. We get over wanting to convert everybody to our own way of thinking and soon realize that each one who travels the Path has a different outlook from our own, and it is useless to force *our* outlook upon another.

A Little Jaunt in the Old Bay State.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

(Concluded.)

At one o'clock Sunday we settled ourselves in the train for a ride through the beautiful Deerfield valley and under old Hoosac mountain to North Adams, in the heart of the Berkshire hills. For two hours we wended along the stony little Deerfield river, pretty farms everywhere, green wooded hills on either side, and dreamed of the times when King Philip fished and hunted here and the whites disputed and bled and died—and made the Indians bleed and die—for possession. We wished King Philip—minus his tomahawk—could ride with us and tell us what he thought of the changes. It was at Turners Falls that the greatest battle of Philip's war was fought, when the whites stole on the Indians as they slept without pickets, stuck their guns into the wigwams and fired, and "did make a great and notable slaughter among them," Captain Holyoke—for whom Holyoke is named—"killing five, young and old, with his own hands."

Then the brakeman began to light the lamps and close windows and doors, and old Hoosac mountain towering straight ahead of us brought us back to the present and its achievements. Under this mountain is the longest tunnel in America, four miles. For thirteen minutes the grim rock walls flashed along on either side of us. Then we were in broad day again, in North Adams, with the beautiful blue Berkshire mountains towering all about us, mist veils wreathing and waving about their crowns, blue sky over head, elm-shaded, well paved avenues before us.

There are a number of nice buildings in North Adams, one of the largest and

best being the New Richmond hotel—the nicest hotel we found on our trip. We engaged a room here and then went out to see the sights.

A trolley ride of thirty minutes, with blue hills on either hand, brought us to Williamstown, the fine old town where Williams college was established in seventeen hundred and something, where William Cullen Bryant went to college and later wrote “Thanatopsis.” Williams college has the finest campus and surroundings, and perhaps the best buildings as a whole, of any college we have seen. Imagine a great green basin, miles across, its tall rim a circle of wooded mountains 2,000 to 4,000 feet high, the valley green with waving fields and stately elms, the hills showing dark blue toward the tops. Now imagine a fluted shallow green bowl inverted in the center of this glorious valley, with broad elm-shaded streets running over it, and noble buildings among the elms, the pretty town spreading below, the glorious blue hills in the distance—imagine this and you will have a faint idea of the green glory of Williams college campus. I don’t see how Bryant could live here and not write “Thanatopsis!” How any young man could spend nine months of each of four or five years in this place of lofty and surpassing beauty, and then fail to turn out a great poet and a man of lofty character, high ideals and mighty achievement, is one of the anomalies that prove man is not wholly a product of his environment.

The most prominent of the Williams college buildings is now the very fine new Congregational chapel which stands at the top of the hill and towers away above even the old elms, dominating the whole town and landscape. It is built of an almost white stone, after the perpendicular Gothic style, with very tall spire. The interior is very lofty, with a row of columns supporting the roof on

either side, very fine memorial windows from England, the pulpit and pews in beautiful carved black walnut, and a magnificent organ built into the walls in such a way that the end of the keyboard, in a large recess back of the pulpit, points toward the pews and the big pipes adorn the front walls at either side of the pulpit. This organ is the second one built for this chapel, the first having been burned while waiting shipment in Boston. The chapel was the gift of the widow of a wealthy man who has given funds to erect the three fine laboratories and other buildings of Williams, and was dedicated one day last June. And the next day President Roosevelt received a college honorary degree there.

* * * * *

We returned to the New Richmond just in time for a seven-o’clock supper—a very nice one, served by white gowned maids, in a handsome and artistic room. At the head of the menu card appeared the hotel manager’s name, E. M. Moore. And at our elbow appeared a waitress with a card from Mrs. Moore inviting us to meet her in her parlor after supper.

And behold, another friend and subscriber to *The Nautilus!* Mrs. Moore had seen us entering the elevator and had recognized me from my picture, and had hunted up our names on the hotel register. She is a handsome and charming woman, who is helpmeet with her husband in the fine management of this great hotel. We chatted until late that evening, about everything under the sun!—and the next morning at seven Mrs. Moore was at our door looking as fresh and sweet as you please, presenting us with three dewy pale pink roses and bidding us goodbye.

Then away we flew on the very fine Berkshire trolley, down the green valley, the Berkshire hills, dewy and sun-kissed, on either hand, on our way to Pittsfield.

At Adams we waited a few minutes to make trolley connections, and William showed me the red brick building where he went to business school two months, to perfect himself in the shorthand he had dug out by himself up on the old New Hampshire farm. (He wrote 200 words a minute when he began school—faster than the teacher himself could write! But he needed practice with the typewriter before taking a position.) And we saw the pretty little Universalist church he attended—once!

The ride down the valley was glorious!—very fine, large, easy-running cars; neatest, most intelligent and obliging of conductors; very fast time with almost no waits; clear, sunshiny day; and all the way green fields, stately elms, pretty villages and those splendid Berkshire hills rising high on either hand. The twenty miles to Pittsfield, made in about two hours, seemed but a pleasant moment, and we were ready to ride straight on for another seventeen miles due south past more pretty villages, fields, streams, lakes, and more hills, through Lenox, the wealthy summer resort where Anson Phelps Stokes' old mansion has since burned down, leaving him, however, a still finer and newer summer palace to cover him and his family from the weather—on to Stockbridge, another beautiful summer resort where stands the famous Red Lion Inn where Mrs. Moore told us we must certainly take dinner and see the most complete and wonderful collection of antique furniture and china in the country.

It was worth the visit. The original Inn was established in 1773, and descendants of the builders are still owning and running it. The Inn was enlarged at various times, until in 1896 it burned to the ground. But nearly every bit of the old furniture was saved. Immediately the Inn was rebuilt, this time on a very generous scale. And it is still

being added to! It now has accommodations for over 200 guests, with all modern conveniences. The old furniture and china saved from the burning of the old Inn, have been carefully preserved and added to, and the spacious lower floor rooms of the present Inn are almost entirely furnished with it. Even the plate rail around the great dining room is loaded with priceless old plates. And ancient sideboards stand about, loaded with every kind and style of dish from tea cups to tea urns, which our great granddames were wont to cherish. The parlors, reception rooms, halls, assembly rooms and hotel office are all literally *furnished* with rare old chairs, mahogany sideboards, "highboys" and "lowboys," secretaries, hair-cloth covered lounges, "sewing tables," chairs, corner cupboards, and every other necessity or household adornment of our ancestors. The Red Lion Inn does not contain a "museum," a conglomeration of odds and ends in locked glass show cases. It is a great house fully furnished as our richest ancestors might have furnished it 100 or so years ago, everything open and ready for use. And everything *used*. You sit on a real Chippendale chair and write your notes at any one of the half dozen or so marvelous old inlaid mahogany writing desks. Even the bits of old embroidery and fine china are arranged openly on tables, mantels, and the tops of desks, highboys and lowboys. And apparently nobody watches while you walk around and look, to see if you are a souvenir kleptomaniac; and there isn't a "Don't Handle" sign to be seen. How they manage to keep the little things is a marvel!—with 200 or so guests and a continual stream of sight-seers like ourselves, who come to view the antiques and eat one of the Inn's famous and very nicely cooked and served dinners at \$1.00 per.

Back to Pittsfield we went, and had

supper and a room at the Wendell, at the head of the beautiful Wendell Park, with its wide cemented avenues, rolling away under stately elms on either side of its green velvet carpet—which, of course, mustn't be used for a carpet!

Pittsfield is a pretty place, with wide, clean, elm-shaded streets, good trolley lines, good buildings. Among the show places are the old homes of Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

And Tuesday morning we took the train for Springfield and Holyoke, glad of our little journey, glad to get home again to the girls and the messages from our readers!

Anent Books and Things.

—"The Perfect Life" is a little brown sixteen page pamphlet by Mrs. A. C. Hingst, 119 East 15th street, New York. Price, twenty-five cents.

—"Self-Culture, or What Every Man and Woman Can Do," by Nannie V. Simmons, 3036 Indiana avenue, Chicago; twenty-eight pages, paper. Price, twenty-five cents.

—"And God Said" is a volume by Ursula N. Gestefeld; published by Exodus Publishing Company, 203 Michigan avenue, Chicago; 160 large pages, light gray cloth; price, \$1.50. Mrs. Gestefeld has hosts of admirers who will rejoice in this book. Every Bible student will find it illuminating and helpful.

—"The Psychology of Finance" is a new and helpful little "Symposium of Suggestions for Success" by Nancy McKay Gordon, author of "Woman Revealed." Artistically bound in brown and red, paper; forty-two pages; price, fifty cents. Mrs. Gordon's address is 241 Dearborn avenue, Chicago.

—"The Law of Financial Success," by Edward H. Cowles, D. P., is a pretty little green and violet, paper bound book of 61 pages published by the Alta Vista Publishing Company, Drawer Y, Santa Cruz, Cal., and sold for 50 cents. Interesting and practical. Dr. Cowles edits *Thots New and Old*, a quarterly magazine got out in unique and pretty

fashion, subscription price 25 cents a year. A postal will bring you a sample copy if you will mention this notice.

—*Conable's Path-Finder* says that Helen Wilmans and her daughter, Ada W. Powers, have bought a home in Los Angeles, where they expect to remain; and that after the complete settlement of her case, which is expected in December, the public as well as her friends will hear from Mrs. Wilmans again.

—"Rich Man's Guide and Poor Man's Friend" is a 220 page, light blue and red, cloth bound, volume by Willard I. Graves, 306 Pacific block, Seattle, Wash.; price, \$1.00. "The Allegory of the Dollar Mark," "Allegory of King Clip," "Ignorance in Allegory," "Errors of Humanity" and "Mystery of Christ" are some of the titles.

—Music:—"The woods in June," an "imitation of nature," for the piano, by Crescencia Schnoeblen, Box 197, Riverside, Ia. Price, twenty-five cents. * * "When My Little Darlings Gather Round My Knee," song; words by Mrs. Samuel Bellah, music by E. Allison. Published by Pioneer Publishing Co., 17 Quincy street, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

—"Legendary Lore of Mackinac," by Lorena M. Page, (245 Crawford Road, Cleveland, O.) is an attractive volume of 131 large pages, printed on good, shiny paper, with 57 beautiful half-tone illustrations, bound in tan vellum cloth stamped with red, with yellow edges. Price \$1.00. The book preserves in poesy the Indian legends of Mackinac Island, as Longfellow preserved Hiawatha and Minnehaha. All lovers of Indian lore will be charmed with Miss Page's book.

—Here are two pretty little paper bound booklets by Annie Rix Miltz, from The Absolute Press, New York. One is "All Things are Possible to Them That Believe," fifteen pages, bound in green and gold (price, ten cents), full of hope and inspiration for those of little faith. The other is "None of these Things Move Me," ten pages, dark gray printed in white (price, five cents), full of help for the impatient ones with whom things always seem to be "going wrong."

—"Phrenometry: Auto-Culture and Brain-Building by Suggestion," is a

small new cloth bound sixty-four page volume by R. Dimsdale Stocker, who tells "what it is and how it is done." Instructive and practical. Published by L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London, and Fowler and Wells, 24 East Twenty-second street, New York. Price, fifty cents, and one shilling, two pence postpaid. "Healing: Mental and Magnetic," is a companion volume to the above, by the same author. Same price and publishers.

—In *Unity* for August is a reprint of one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *Chicago American* articles which I wish every *Nautilus* reader would consider carefully. The article is especially valuable to those who are mediums, or who consult mediums. Mrs. Wilcox is fully qualified to write "Something About Psychic Phenomena." By the way, after September 1, *Unity's* address will be 913 Tracy avenue, Kansas City, Mo. They are moving into larger mansions. May they keep on increasing their quarters.

—Sercombe Himself, editor of *Tomorrow* (2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago) has just received the worst kick on record, which he took pretty seriously to heart. The kick was delivered by an unbusted bronco at a sort of "Wild West" show, and it hit Sercombe square over the heart and pretty nearly settled him for all tomorrows. But his beans-and-prunes-fed constitution proved too much for the bronco, and he expects to be out again *Tomorrow*. The September *Tomorrow* is a pretty fine number to come from a man in a Brass Bed.

—It looks as if Professor Haddock was in a hurry to get *Now* well buried! For *Now* is proving rather lively for a "defunct" publication. It has issued three regular numbers since Professor Haddock preached its funeral sermon, and insists that it is stronger and livelier than ever. Its *color* is certainly better, and it has surely recovered its usual degree of plumpness; maybe a bit more. And it talks up as happily as ever. I am strongly in hopes Professor Haddock's oration was at least one hundred years too previous. *Now's* address is 105 Steiner street, San Francisco.

—"Black Butterflies," by Bertha St. Luz, is a new 336 page novel in gray

cloth and gold with a flight of black and white butterflies, and several half-tone illustrations, published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. It is an entertaining story of an East Indian adept set down among people who have nothing to do but kill time with gossip and flirtation. Our Teddy would approve one scoring this hero gives to a sharp-tongued society woman. And we can imagine the Japs smiling wisely at his prophecy that the ascetic orientals are already evangelizing and inheriting the western lands.

—"The Zone Lessons," or "Man Revealed," are a new set of twenty-three short lessons by Dr. George W. Carey, Box 357, Los Angeles, Cal. Price, \$5. They give the numerical value, color vibrations, character, astrological relation and alchemical meaning of the twenty-six letters of our alphabet, based on the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet, so that the student may readily read a person's character from his name. Dr. Carey says it would take \$100 worth of books and several years of study to give you the information he has condensed into these twenty-three pages of instruction.

**TWO OF
MAGLYN DUPREE'S
TEXAS JOKES.**

A Texas school boy had been hard at work on that part of his arithmetic that dealt with ratio and proportion, and a bewildering array of "extremes" and "means" was evidently before his mind's eye when he reported to the history class.

"In what condition did the Pilgrim fathers find themselves when they wanted to come to America?" he was asked.

"They had extremes but no means," was the prompt reply.

"Of what does the study of botany treat?" a Texas teacher asked a boy whose brain was filled with the vagaries of English grammar.

"Well, in botany," the hopeful youth replied, "they analyze,—but they don't parse," he added, with a sigh of relief.

"When you are as old and as wise as I," sighed Age to Youth, "your enthusiasm will wane." Queried the youth, "Do the wise grow old."—PURINTON.

STAGE As the moment approached
FRIGHT for me to address the National Business Woman's League Convention in New York on July 6, I found my heart going pit-a-pat like any sixteen-year-old school girl's. You see, in seven years or more I have only twice attempted to speak before a roomful of people, and *this* was New York; and I had no written paper to depend upon, and almost no preparation of the ideas I was to present. All this my heart kept insisting upon, until it was in a panic.

But I recalled my principles in time. "Now be still," I said to myself, "and do the best you can; and it will be *good*, for 'the spirit shall give you in that hour the things you shall say.'"

Still my heart insisted upon its panic. But I reiterated "Peace, be still," and began to take slow, full breaths, affirming *Peace* with each exhalation. I kept the slow deep breaths and affirmations going all through the reading of Miss Hardin's paper, about ten minutes.

And at the same time I took in what she was saying. Only enough of my conscious attention was given to the breathing and affirming to keep it going *fully* and rhythmically. The rest of my attention followed Miss Hardin.

All the time my heart seemed to be *trying* to run away with me, held only by the *steady* breathing and affirming—just as a frightened horse is held from running by a firm hand on the reins, and a quiet word.

Then Miss Hardin's paper came to its close and my heart gave an extra tug! But my *full breathing* kept steadily going—all the way up to the platform—until I faced my audience and opened my lips to speak.

Then I forgot everything but the smiling faces before me and the message I had for them.

After it was all over I realized that I had spoken unusually well, for me, with

not a shade of nervousness, with ideas and words coming smoothly, readily. I will venture the statement that not a soul in that room even guessed that I was panic stricken at the thought of trying to speak to them. And it was the worst panic I ever experienced!—with the best grounds for its existence!

And I was glad of the whole experience, for again I had demonstrated what I have taught to many a public speaker and singer and actress, and to many a school girl facing her commencement essay, that *stage fright can be easily controlled and eventually eliminated by slow, full breathing and statements of peace.*

Let the heart thump and shy if it will—just keep a steady hand on the reins, on the breathing, and you will find when it is time to move your heart and mind will settle readily to their normal and best pace.

MIND AND HEART CONTROL.

And the same treatment will set heart and mind right in any exigency of life. When you are excited in any way, by fear, dread, worry, etc., just note your breathing and you will find it quick, shallow, very uneven, *with the exhalations much shorter than the inhalations.* In fevers, or in attacks of heart trouble you will note the same shallow, uneven gasping breaths.

In *any* of these cases just set your mind to controlling each breath, making it rhythmic, slow, full, holding each an instant before beginning to exhale, and then *taking pains to make the exhalation as slow and even as the inhalation.* Ten minutes of faithful practice of this sort will give you control of yourself in the worst panic or worry ever stirred up. And a few moments of such practice will control an attack of heart disease, or indigestion, or fever, or poor circulation, or any one of a thousand other ills I might mention—among them "the

blues," melancholia and *even insanity itself*, provided the insane one has yet attention enough to be able to control the breath.

And *one or two* such breaths taken before speaking when angry, will enable you to say the *right* thing, instead of the wrong thing that you'll be sorry for afterward.

In breathing for self-control take pains never to inhale so deeply or hold the breath so long that you are forced to "catch your breath" before going on with the exercise. Breathe *rhythmically first*, and as slowly and fully as you can without disturbing the rhythm. It is *controlled*, even breathing, *not* the *deepest* breathing you can get, that gives you heart- and mind-control.

THE NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION.

The fifth annual convention of the New Thought Federation will be held this year at Nevada, Mo., September 26, 27, 28 and 29. The Weltmer School of Healing furnishes the Federation with hall, stenographers, etc., and the whole 10,000 residents of Nevada, most of whom they say are new thought people, will make things as pleasant as possible for visitors.

The town of Nevada is said to be a beautiful and interesting summer resort. It is built upon a spur of the Ozark mountains, and has mineral wells and beautiful parks galore.

We hope the whole town will be kept busy entertaining hosts of new thought visitors, and that the convention will prove a great success in all ways.

"The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire why it wasn't done the other way."

—*Oliver W. Holmes.*

Netop Notes.

THAT STRANGE PLANT.

A lot of our readers knew what that uncanny looking plant was! And they wrote me all about it, for which I cordially thank them! One woman said she was particularly glad she could tell me about it because she was five years finding it out! The plant is *white baneberry*—sounds as poisonous as it looks. But Mary A. Clinton of Rochester say only one of the nature books, Lounsbury's calls it poisonous. I presume the other nature students haven't seen fit to try it! Elizabeth Williams of Providence says if we'll look at it "when Jack is in his pulpit and the columbine and Solomon's seal are in bloom" we will find a "raceme of white feathery flowers, made up of small petals and numerous stamens." We'll look next spring. Another friend in Hagerstown, Md., says the baneberry always reminds her of fairies, and the brown spots on the berries suggest dolls' eyes! Caroline Peddle Ball of Westfield, N. J., says we ought to have "Nature's Garden," which would tell us about all the wild things at Netop. She says she and her husband have the gardening craze in its worst form!

We have not tried flowers yet—there are so many pretty wild things. Early in the spring we had a whole hillside full of mountain laurel right back of our cabin. The latest joy was great masses of wild white clematis blooming along the brook. And bonaset! And black-eyed Susans! And new things flirting themselves into view every day!

OUR GARDENING.

We are to have nearly the last of our sweet corn today (August 30) made into succotash with some Netop lima beans. And some cucumbers too! And tomatoes! The corn has been lovely, but the ears were stubby. We think it was pretty fine for new land though. The whole little garden did beautifully. The pole bean vines must be twelve or fifteen feet long, and loaded with pods. And the tomatoes are a wonder! We have beets and cucumbers galore, and our new rhubarb is growing splendidly. That Luther Burbank rhubarb is *far* nicer than the common kind. We have had sauce from it several times. And we have a dozen or so squashes, some of which look ready to cook. All this in spite of the woodchucks!

The little garden patch has been a great pleasure all summer. The only thing planted that did not do remarkably well considering conditions, were the three rows of sweet peas, which William had planted to the southwest of the corn. Too shady. Next year we'll know better what to plant, and how.

THE WAY TO NETOP.

William is setting another flight of stone steps at Netop. These steps are to carry us up from the road over the first steep incline of our little hill. He says he means to take his time with these steps, setting one stone each Saturday. So it may take all summer. From the top of the steps our path runs up toward the cabin by way of a very tiny little

gully, carpeted with partridge berry vines, with maiden hair fern and wild lilies of the valley peeping through the bushes and trees which form a continuous bower overhead. The path comes out at the clump of hemlocks, where the hammock swings and that queer plant grows.

We think our big chestnut trees will bear a plentiful crop and invite our chipmunks and squirrels back next year. We want all the little wild things to be at home on Netop—except the woodchucks.

MY NETOP GOWNS. Every woman would appreciate my Netop gowns. They are made of gingham. I bought a Mother Hubbard long-sleeved apron pattern to cut them by; then, instead of gathering the fullness on at the yoke I had it laid in three inch-deep tucks on either side of front and back, the tucks running out at the knee. The gowns are ankle-length, with round neck and *strings* to tie the fullness back around the hips, just as children's loose aprons are tied back. The sleeves are about three-quarter length, with ruffle and loose band at bottom. I consider them as about the neatest and most artistic thing out for wear while doing house work, or for out-door work or fun. (I have two aprons made the same way except that they are short sleeved and low necked, that I wear in the kitchen at home.) With one of these gowns on (there are two, one fine-checked blue and the other fine-striped blue) and William's old hole-y Panama hat on I feel dressed to *my* taste if not the queen's! Generally I wear no hat at all.

Nearly all summer I have been going without a hat, even on the trolley rides. A good many others do it, and I consider it a very good thing for health and hair as well as for comfort. But it is a little hard on the milliners!

FIRST AID IN RACE SUICIDE.

The mayor of Huddersfield, England, has solved the better half of the race suicide problem in a way that gives us Americans some broad hints. I republish the little story (from *Harper's Bazar* for September), in the hope that it will stir our bright *Nautilus* readers to the salvation of the babies in their own vicinity.

"Public spirited women on this side of the water will be interested in the Mayor of Huddersfield and his prize babies. Huddersfield is a small Yorkshire town, given to municipal experiment. It has municipal lodging houses and municipal street railways; and in 1903 one of its aldermen, Benjamin Broadbent by name, became interested in the matter of the surprising infant mortality in town life. One hundred and forty-eight children out of every thousand born in Huddersfield died before reaching the age of one year, the health officer's report showed. The good alderman thought and

studied over this problem, and when, last November, he became Mayor of Huddersfield, he entered upon a campaign of education and awakening.

"In the first place, he appealed to the pocket-book nerve, always a sensitive one in a commercial town. He selected the ward of Longwood, containing about five thousand people, for his experiment, and announced that he would pay 1£ for every child, born there during his term of office, which lived to be a year old. He prepared promissory notes in the form of ornamental cards, which were sent to every house in which a child was born. Rich and poor alike were included. On the card were brief directions, also, how to feed and care for an infant properly, and what *not* to do—a rather important factor, as this wise mayor knew. A list of the children's names was kept, and a committee of ladies was appointed to visit them regularly and offer advice if necessary. So far, only two babies out of nearly a hundred have died, and the health officer reports that the mortality of infants in the Longwood district has already declined several points.

"This maternal mayor does not expect that his successors will continue his system. He goes out of office in October. However, what he aimed to do, he declares, is already done. He has called the attention of the whole town, mothers and all, to the possible protection of infant life against ignorance and neglect. Already the town council of Huddersfield has taken action. The good mayor seems to have got hold of a practical solution to some part of the problem of race suicide—a part which is not talk and abstract advice, but actual preservation of the race stock. Infant mortality, in America, is an evil needing quite as much attention and awakening as in Huddersfield and health committees of women would find a needed field for their work."

MILLINERS BEWARE!

Chairman Field of the Massachusetts fish and game commission is after the hunters and sellers of feather millinery. He and his assailants are invading the millinery stores and warning the milliners that they mean to prosecute every violator of the law. And they say that most of the milliners are willing to create hats without plumes. The *Holyoke Transcript* relates this little story in regard to Chairman Field's crusade.

"In one case, that of a wholesale house in New York which sends its drummers through New England, the head of the firm breathed defiance at first and wrote that he intended to make a test case of it; that he would send his drummers to Boston and Massachusetts to sell all the

birds he wished to. Dr. Field wrote him back that in such case his test case would start right away with the arrest of his drummers wherever found with contraband plumage birds in their possession. Nothing more has been heard from the gentleman. Massachusetts milliners know the doctor means what he says."

It is due principally to the machinations of just such people as that New York wholesale dealers that birds are tortured to please feminine fancy. In some cases demand creates supply; but in matters of fashion it is generally the supply which creates the demand.

A woman does not go to her milliner's and demand a bird on her hat unless she has already seen a bird on her neighbor's smart new Paris hat. She goes to see what the new style is; and what she sees at the milliner's suggests to her her demand. Many a time I have heard women say they hated to wear such things, but "nothing else seemed to be the style." And it seems that the common run of women will follow the style at all costs.

So I am glad good old New England is doing her best to put birds and plumes out of fashion. May all the other states follow suit.

But I'd be *gladder* if women would do this thing for themselves. How *easy* it would be for women to *create a demand* for millinery made without slaughter of the innocents.

For us to go stupidly along accepting what some sordid and heartless New York wholesale milliner sticks up in front of us is a deep dyed disgrace to every woman. And it shows, too, that women are not at heart the "independent" creatures they pretend to be.

And to think that *men* lead women by the nose in this thing—that the New York wholesaler leads them into aiding and abetting his own heartless business; and that other men like Chairman Field have to lead us out again.

Women! Let's tell our milliners they

must make us pretty hats *without* birds, breasts or plumes! *They can do it.* And they *will* if we say so. Let us serve the bird hats as we are serving the hoop skirts which the featherbone makers are trying to tempt us with—just let them severely alone. You see, we *can* control fashion when we decide that we want to.

And how it does add to our individual self-respect to do the right thing in spite of folks!

Let's do it!

I have not worn a bird or a plume for a *long* time, and I shall never wear one again. And my hats are *pretty* and *stylish* too. I wish you could see my newest one—all white silk fluffiness and palest pink roses, and turned up in the back.

TO GO INTO THE SILENCE. You are in "the silence" now. The only way to realize it is to get still, physically and mentally. It takes time and practice to do it, and there are no short cuts except as aspiration, faith and suggestion help to quiet your mental chattering. But the spiritual and mental and material rewards of such practice are enormous. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the glories that are free in the silence.

—A Shakeress, with a meek face beneath a large green bonnet, was hastening along Main street the other afternoon, so as not to keep the elder waiting in the big wagon, when she unwittingly ran against a small newsboy, and sent his papers flying in all directions. After assisting the youngster to collect his wares, and dropping a nickel into his hand with the apology, 'I'm sorry for thee and my carelessness, my son,' she hastened away. The little fellow gazed after the retreating figure with awe, and at last muttered to a companion, 'Say, Mickey, be that the Virgin Mary?'"—*Springfield Republican*.

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.

C. T.—That is too slight a thing to be "heart broken" over. You have done wonders in other lines and have no need to be discouraged in this. Do the best you can and be glad.

A. M.—Persistent *letting go* at the time of the thunder storms, and persistent affirmations that *you enjoy such storms*, given to yourself whenever you happen to think of storms, will soon cure you of that foolish fear. *Make light* of storms and fears. When storms rage get interested in *doing* something the best you possibly can.

E. S. K. G.—The less attention you pay to such things the better. They belong to the astral plane and serve only to distract attention from the higher plane of stillness and intuition. Ignore astral *things* as well as material ones, if you are after the *source* of all things. If you would find the Spirit let alone all "spirits," either in the flesh or out.

A. P.—For blues and insomania take the laugh cure three or four times a day! Go off by yourself and laugh fit to split! Laugh until your sides ache! Laugh yourself breathless! Never mind if you don't "feel like" it—just pretend it mightily! Take deep breathing exercises, and do enough active work every day to tire you comfortably. And do it with *interest* and *vim*. *Make light* of work and blues too. Health, happiness and success are *yours*. *Express* them.

L. P. C.—New work of an *active* kind, or old work done with new will and *imagination*, will help you to get control of your mind. Simply "staying out doors" will not do it. *Use* your out door hours in gardening, painting the fence, or spading up the lawn. Or go out and canvass for something. *Active work*, coupled with faith and affirmation of peace and *good*, is the only specific I know of for the sort of sleeplessness that comes from worrying. And cheerfulness, active work and time will cure the troubles themselves.

E. E. G.—I know of no way to permanently change conditions or social relations except by *changing yourself*. Be as sweet and cheerful and sympathetic as you would like your husband to be and he will surely respond in time to your vibrations. *Criticism cannot live alone*. It works like ping-pong. It takes somebody to *criticize back*, in thought if not in word, to keep it going. Criticism can be transmitted by pure kindness, and in no other way. Begin with *yourself* and stick to it. *Let* others do as they will. *Praise yourself* properly, and you can get along quite comfortably without other people's praise.

H. W. S.—"*Your writing of raising rhubarb*

at Netop brings to mind a delicious pie. If you have not tried this recipe please do so and let me know the result. We never make the old way with top crust any more. For ordinary sized tins take two heaping cups of rhubarb CUT FINE, pour over it boiling water to cover, let stand five minutes, drain. Mix one tablespoonful of flour into a cup of sugar, stir this through rhubarb, add the yolk of one egg and stir until well mixed. Add one tablespoonful melted butter. Bake in lower crust only, AND SLOWLY, until fruit is thoroughly cooked and juice is thickened. Whip whites of egg with a little sugar and put on top. Brown lightly."

I give this suggestion without waiting to try it; for "H. W. S.," Mrs. W. B. Struble of Portland, Ore., is one of the best cooks I know, bless her.

L. E. B.—It would take a longer letter than yours, dearie, to convince me that any human being is altogether evil, or that the family of such a one could be altogether sweet and good while he was altogether bad. Folks who are *held together* by conditions, by the Law of Attraction, are so held because they *fit together and need each other in working out their own salvation*. Save your sympathy and criticism! They only weaken the wife and help to set him in his evil ways. Help her to *develop herself* and her children in ways of love and peace and *he will either grow with them or be separated from them*. There is good in him—look for it when you look at him at all. When you are *loving* enough you will begin to see. Just now you are blinded by partisan sympathy. Be still and let the *spirit* work in and through them all. All eternity's ahead, and even he will get there.

J. M.—A few years ago all doctors advised the wearing of wool next the skin. Now most of them—all the up to date ones—advise the use of linen or cotton. A few years ago a "weak throat" was muffled in woolen or fur; now a "weak throat" must be dressed in lace yokes only, even in the coldest weather. You pay the doctors and take your choice of advice. For my part I believe in linen or cotton next the skin, for cleanliness' sake, with enough wool overgarments to keep one warm—the less the better. I wear the same thin underwear winter and summer. In winter I wear cloth dresses, over *one* silk skirt, and the same wraps worn in spring and fall. In the *coldest* weather a fur is added. If I took *long* rides in very severe weather I would wear a heavy wool or fur coat. The best rule is this: Linen or cotton underwear, the lighter the better, and often washed. Then as few other garments and as light weight as you can live in with *comfort*; remembering that the more *positively*

healthy and active you are physically the less clothing it will take to keep you comfortable. Full breathing exercises, night and morning, of *fresh, cold air*, full breathing while out doors, will establish positive circulation of blood, which keeps you warm in all weathers.

M. S. W. and "Martha Mush."—Continue on the no-breakfast plan until it is *easy*, before trying the 36-hour fast. You have splendid will power to cook and serve meals you do not eat! *You will surely win*. But don't hurry. It takes real *fasts* to reduce flesh very much. And it takes *time* to learn to fast without unpleasant effects. Go in to *win*, don't hurry, but *stick to it*. *Deny positively* (to yourself of course,) that no-breakfast or fasting is hard work! When you think you want to eat *deny it* hard, take a glass of water, sipping it, and take 10 or 12 deep, full, even breaths of *outdoor* air, with affirmations of JOY. *Make light* of the fasting! Joke about it and jolly yourself along! Don't make hard work of it by taking it seriously. You can help yourself by cutting your supply of starchy foods to a minimum, and using *no drinks at meals*. Use plenty of clear water night and morning and between meals. If you use a good proportion of fruits and green vegetables at meals you will not miss the drinks. *And very thorough mastication is a great help in reducing flesh*. Other tried and true aids are *plenty of exercise* and *high thinking*, and *deep breathing*. I have *known many* who reduced their weight by these methods, and anybody can use them. I have *heard* of one or two who said they had cured obesity by thought alone. At one time I reduced my own weight by thought alone, unintentionally. For several months I lived in a state of unusually high spiritual exaltation, and my surplus flesh disappeared quite noticeably and rapidly. But when the spiritual state had become habit with me, the loss of weight ceased. Unusual mental excitement, anger, fear, intense jealousy, etc., as well as exaltation, will reduce the weight just as physical activity will. Mind and body are both made of thought, subject to the same laws. From experience and observation, I have found that superfluous fat, wrinkles, grayness of hair, failing eyes, etc., are "devils" that go not out but by *fasting* as well as prayer, or the Word.

—"Little Platt R. Spencer seemed born possessed with a desire to write. Living in the woods of the Catskills, with very little encouragement for learning, from his earliest years his great wish seemed to be to make letters. Up to his eighth year, he had never owned a sheet of paper, but had marked on any smooth surface he had found. At this time he got hold of a big copper cent, almost the first money he had seen. The desire of his heart could now be fulfilled. He en-

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"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

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A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

"There's a reason."

"The quality of every one's life is as the quality of his love."

—Swedenborg.

trusted his boy to a lumberman, and asked him to buy a sheet of paper at Catskill, the lumber camp, twenty miles away. Late that night the messenger returned. The boy wearied with waiting, had gone to bed. At the sound of the arrival, he awoke, his first thought being the promised paper. He arose, and with feverish eagerness tried to make characters on the smooth, white surface. His hands were too untrained, and the rude characters little resembled letters. Disappointed, he returned to bed, only to take up the struggle on the following days, and conquer the difficulties. Paper he could not afford every day, especially as he soon moved with his father to the frontier, in Ohio. There, birch bark, sand banks, snow drifts and ice were his most frequent writing surfaces. His schooling was very meager,—a few months when he was twelve years old,—so he had to dig out his own learning by flickering candlelight. Books were scarce, and worth any hardship to procure. To continue the study of arithmetic, he had to have a book, and heard he could get one twenty miles away. It was winter, and he had no shoes, but he walked barefoot on the frozen ground and secured his treasure. Darkness came on and found him miles from home. His only food had been frozen turnips, found in a field. At length he found a settler's cabin, where he was sheltered for the night. Under such conditions, he acquired a fair education and developed a system of penmanship that for years was almost universal in American schools. Spencerian business colleges were established in forty cities. The boy who learned writing with so much difficulty made the task easier for thousands of boys and girls, and lived a beautiful and useful life on the shores of Lake Erie, where he lies buried, at Geneva, Ohio."—*Success.*

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"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed the old coffee for Postum. I began to inquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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