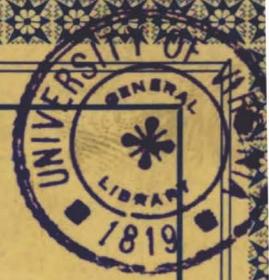


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THE NAUTILUS.

JULY, 1906.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

IN THIS NUMBER:

Ella
Wheeler
Wilcox

Florence
Morse
Kingsley

Olivia
Kingsland



Elizabeth
Towne

William E.
Towne

Prof. Larkin

Eleanor Kirk

PROF. EDGAR L. LARKIN.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office
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ELIZABETH TOWNE,
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Associate Editor, WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

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

- ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**—F. D. Martini, Palmist, Delaware ave. and Board Walk.
- BOSTON, MASS.**—The Metaphysical Club, 311 Huntington Chambers, 80 Huntington ave.
- BUFFALO, N. Y.**—James Russell, 199 College street.
- CHICAGO, ILL.**—Liberal Book Concern, 89 Washington street.
- CHICAGO, ILL.**—The Progressive Thinker, 40 Loomis street.
- CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand**—Ida M. Bruges, Fendalton.
- DENVER, Col.**—J. Howard Cashmere, 1700 Welton street.
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- KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. L.**—Miss S. Hale, care S. Tavares, 7 St. Andrew Lane.
- KANSAS CITY, Mo.**—Mrs. Emily Solomon, 411-413 Hall Bldg.
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- LONDON, England**—L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C.
- LONDON, England**—George Osbond, 14 Kenilworth ave., Wimbledon, S. W.
- LONDON, England**—New Thought Pub. Co., Ltd. T. W. Henry, Mgr., Temple Chambers, Temple ave., E. C.
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- SPOKANE, Wash.**—Lew N. Benson, 114 South Post street.
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Nautilus News.

OUR MOUNTAIN TOP PROFESSOR. Professor Larkin's article, "The Marvelous Expansion of the Scientific Mind" which was announced for this number of *Nautilus*, was left out to make room for his article on the earthquake, in which we are all specially interested at this time. The "Mind" article will appear in the August number.

And perhaps there will be something else, too, from the professor, about that wonderful new lake which is forming in Southern California, probably as a result of the recent changes in the earth's surface which caused the great quake. Professor Larkin is now exploring the vicinity of the new lake, and promises to keep us informed of any interesting developments, not only in that neighborhood but in others.

We may consider Professor Larkin as a kind of scientific editor of *The Nautilus*, and congratulate ourselves that he will help us to understand and apply many wonderful ideas, including both old and new discoveries along all scientific lines. Real scientists who are likewise New Thoughtists are rare, and in Professor Larkin we have the chief of them. Tucked away with my store of valuable manuscripts are several very fine articles from Professor Larkin, some of which are accompanied by illustrations, all of which we will give to our readers as soon as space permits. And he is preparing other interesting things for us.

In June *Nautilus* we gave you a remarkable picture of our Mr. Larkin's Lowe Observatory on top of Echo Mountain. And on the front cover of this number appears a half-tone of Larkin himself in his work-day uniform. Perhaps some of our readers will visit him in the flesh some day, carrying *Nautilus* greetings to our Professor above the clouds but not of them. We may go ourselves.

P. S.—A note just came from Professor Larkin which says: "Am in an exciting place, in a post office in Mexico. Just in front of the post office hundreds of men are building the levee higher. The mighty Colorado river is miles out of its course. Towns are in danger. Will write an account for *Nautilus* when I get home. The Salton Sea is rising at a fearful rate. It is seventy miles long and forty wide. All Southern California may have a change of climate—time only will tell. Have been in the great earthquake debris at Brawley, yesterday, near Mexico."

ANOTHER NEW CONTRIBUTOR. If you read *Scribner's*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Metropolitan* and other magazines you are familiar with some of the stories and other articles of that versatile writer, Frederick Rosslyn. Well, this man of letters, whose real name, by the way, is Lambert Reynolds Thomas, of Philadelphia—is to be a frequent contributor to *The Nautilus*. Already I have accepted from him three most interesting articles on "The First Wireless Telegraph," "A New Thought on the Keely Motor" and "The Psychology of Dreams." In

teresting titles, eh? And I surmise you will find the articles fully as interesting as the titles. These will appear in the autumn numbers of *Nautilus*.

In addition to these articles we have a bright *causerie* of his, called "Saving and Giving," with which Frederick Rosslyn will make his first appearance, in our very next number.

TRUE STORIES INSTEAD OF FICTION. August is the month for the hammock in a shady nook, lemonade and instead of a book, a "fiction number" of some bright magazine. Our August *Nautilus* will not be exactly a fiction number; it will be a sort of True Story Number. In addition to the usual bright and helpful articles from our old friends and new, there will be "Little Stories from Real Life," by L. A. Bow, whose article in February issue pleased so many of our readers; and another bright little true story by Helen Baldwin, about a balky horse, a driver who knew how and several other folks who didn't.

GOOD THINGS FOR AUGUST. Our good things for August include a new poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled, "Knowledge," a charming one by Maglyn Dupree, called "The Bee's Choice," and "A Plea for Justice," by Marchesa Florence Alli-Maccarani.

Florence Morse Kingsley's contribution to our next number is "A Meditation on Health," which I consider specially good and helpful, as well as beautifully expressed.

Eleanor Kirk's next article is as interesting as any story—"The Evolution of a Castaway."

Ella Adelia Fletcher's next article in her remarkable series is called, "Tattvic Influences: Tejas, the Fire of Life." And there will be another instalment of Miss Fletcher's answers to correspondence.

In our next number will be announced the name of the winner of the \$5.00 cash prize for the best Success Letter published in *Nautilus* for the six months ending with this number.

THE LAST ENEMY. Several times lately I have been asked why we are seeing so little in the new thought papers now, about the possibility of overcoming death. I have written a rather lengthy article in reply to these questions which will appear in August *Nautilus*.

And in the September number I shall have something to say on the subject of "Imprisoned for Life"—in reply to other interesting questions. And I am meditating over a number of other questions, which will be answered as soon as possible.

OUR GIRLS. In August *Nautilus* we hope to give you a pretty picture of all our girls who said goodbye to the old *Nautilus* mansion and came with us up to the new home. This picture was taken with May's small camera and William operated it. Then May's cousin enlarged it, and Clark Engraving Company will make a plate of it for printing.

And we may have a picture or two of the new house—and maybe the new girls! And some other pictures besides.

\$20 CASH AND BOOKS. Read the \$20.00 prize offer on the inside of the back cover page. Remember, besides the \$20 cash there is \$3.00 worth of books or subscriptions, or both, for every friend who sends us not less than ten new paid subscriptions between now and September 30. Go in to win and stick to it. And thank you for your interest and efforts in this line.

DO IT NOW. Yes, the price of *Nautilus* goes to \$1.00 in September, but just now you can renew your subscription, or send in new ones, at 50 cents each. And you may renew ahead for as many years as you please, at the 50 cent rate if you "do it now."

ERRATA. In some unaccountable way two rather impossible errors crept into the two last numbers of *Nautilus*. On page 118, May number, William was made to say that Emerson resided in a "plain wooden house in Cambridge," when we all know Emerson was sage of Concord, not Cambridge. In June number, Henry Wood's article, page 9, column 1, third line from the bottom read *football for football*, and the sense will be complete.

WHAT SHELTON THINKS ABOUT IT. "Say, my dear *Nautilus*, you are getting to be worth while. That madonna and baby in April! Then that living, bristling, vibrant article by Edgar L. Larkin in May. That was worth a whole year. Give us some more of Larkin. He is alive. Elizabeth—I will have to call you Elizabeth—you are a magazine maker. Keep a-going!"—T. J. Shelton in *Christian*.

ABOUT NAUTILUS NOTICES. "Only last Saturday I received a letter of inquiry about my magazine prompted by a wee notice you so generously gave it in the *Nautilus* last summer! At that time many letters and some subscriptions came to me, and I was not surprised. But I was amazed to get this Saturday letter, and it has brought me to a definite conclusion. If people read so carefully the back numbers of the *Nautilus* and are influenced thereby, I think I should advertise in the current numbers!"—Mattie Sheridan, (Editor *Men and Women*), 1358 Broadway, New York.

"Only in China is farming considered more honorable than fighting. Only in China are the offices really open to learning rather than political pull. Only in China is it considered nobler to suffer than to inflict injury. And therefore we consider China essentially heathen and out of the reckoning among modern nations.—*Florida Times Union*.

"Of what consequence is it that anything should be concealed from man? Nothing is hidden from God. He is present in our minds, and comes into the midst of our thoughts. Comes, do I say? As if he were ever absent!"—*Seneca*.

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American New Life for June contains an interesting life sketch of Elizabeth Towne, beginning when she was a baby. This article is illustrated with a fine picture of the subject of the sketch. June number also tells you how to get a \$1.25 book for 60 cents. Every number contains an interesting, illustrated sketch of the life of some prominent *New Thought* person. These sketches give just the interesting, helpful, intimate details that you like to know. All fresh, original, carefully prepared matter in *American New Life*. Good paper, colored covers. Price only 10 cents for a year. Try it now. WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 1, Holyoke, Mass.

THE NAUTILUS.

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WILLIAM E. TOWNE } Editors

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FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY }
HENRY WOOD }
PROF. EDGAR L. LARKIN }
FREDERICK ROSSLYN }
FLOYD B. WILSON }
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Contributors
for 1905-6
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ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

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O. R. Washburn, Editor The Counsellor, N. Y., says: "I enclose copy and check for an advertisement. We neglected to use your magazine last month and regret it. From the advertisement of the month before (1 1/4 inches) we received about sixty replies, and they are still coming from far-off points. Incidentally I may add that we have no letters from any other source which are so well written and indicate such a high order of thought on the part of readers as do those from your lists."

St. Laurent Bros., manufacturers of Peanut Butter, Bay City, Mich., write: "We have tried other magazines but we think yours the best."

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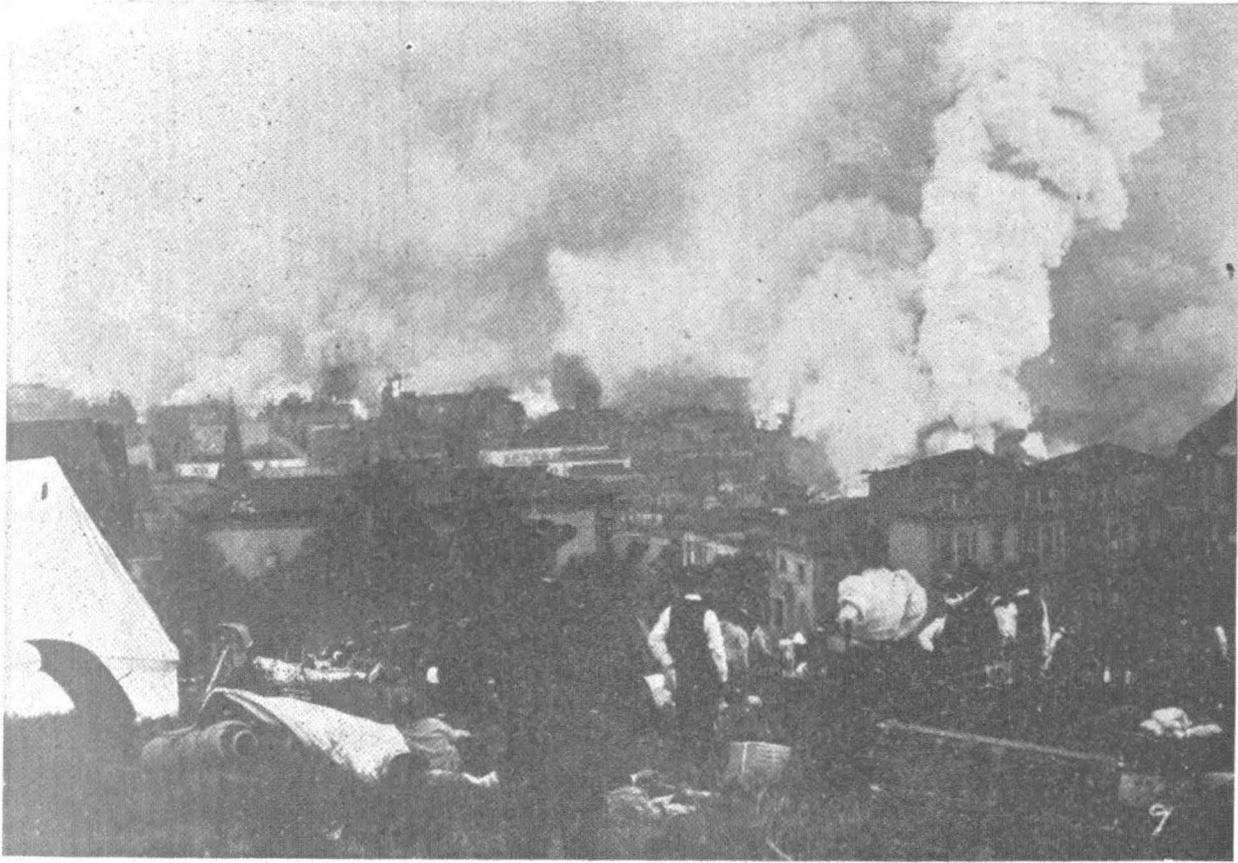


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AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE, THE FIRE.

Waiting, while the flames make way for the new San Francisco to rise, phoenix-like from the old. San Francisco's seal bears the emblem of the Phoenix.

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

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MONTHLY,
Fifty Cents a Year. }

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Concerning the Inside of Things.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"If the science of astrology is to be depended upon does not its fatalistic theory counteract the teachings of the new thought? For instance, I had my horoscope cast by a most intelligent old man, who has made a study of this for years, and I saw very little in my horoscope to indicate that I was to have a happy life. In fact, he predicted all sorts of dire things, and ended by saying I would meet a violent death by accident. He told the past correctly, so how can one help feeling that if there is anything in this, how will all the teachings of the beautiful new thought avail you one thing?"—N. A.

Astrology is *not* to be "depended upon." Neither is anything else to be depended upon *except the power within the individual*. Treat astrological prophecies just as you would any friend's prophecy. Set yourself to fulfill the good predictions and to turn the evil ones to good results. The evils may never materialize; but if they do you can turn them to good account.

Above all things and in all things remember that *there is no evil*. All things are good—the evil is a mere matter of point of view. Get the right view and you will find good in the vilest prediction ever made.

A know a woman whose first horoscope said that in the year 1900 she would be in great danger of imprison-

ment. Pretty bad prediction, wasn't it? Well, in 1900 she unwittingly transgressed a U. S. law, was fined and went to jail for thirty days in default of payment. Awful? Not at all. *It was the best thing ever happened to her up to that time*. She made friends and money by it, and she learned some invaluable lessons. And through it all she was not even unhappy. She believed in good, and turned the evil to beautiful results.

John Bunyan went to prison, and the world is the richer by "The Pilgrim's Progress." And John *enjoyed* the writing of it. Of course, if he had believed in evil instead of good he probably would have spent his prison term in weeping and anathematizing, making a real hell of a time for himself. He didn't. He made *good* use of the evil, and behold it was all good.

If you are to meet death at all—and most folks expect to—why not a "violent death by accident?" Better that than a "natural" death by cancer, or a fashionable one by the surgeon's knife.

As to a "happy life," *that* depends upon *your way of taking things*. You can turn evil to good account, and your *soul satisfaction*—better, deeper, fuller than mere happiness—will grow with every year and every experience.

When you read a horoscope, or a prophecy of any sort smile at the good,

accept it and live up to it. When you read the evil remember Jonah and Nineveh, and set yourself to change the evil, or to turn it to benefit for yourself and the world. This is new thought; before which fatalism turns its coat and exposes the good, free-will lining.

Happiness is the transient surface thrill that comes from a pleasant occurrence. But there is a deeper thrill that comes from within *when we find that happenings have no power to move us*. This deeper thrill is the joy, the soul-satisfaction which no outward happening can create or destroy.

Happiness comes when *things* move you; joy abides when *you* move things; or when you are at least not moved by them.

There is another good reason why horoscopes—or other character readings—

are not to be "depended upon." Astrology and phrenology and palmistry, etc., may be absolutely infallible; but astrologers, phrenologists, palmists *et al.*, are very human and fallible. They are no more to be "depended upon" than any other human being. And nearly all of them are too densely materialistic, too concerned with the *outside* of things, to have even a glimmering of faith in that wonderful power within, which, rightly directed, changes horoscopes, characters and destiny itself. A *good* student of character, of any school, can tell you your tendencies; but only *you* can decide whether or not those tendencies shall be changed, or to what uses they shall be put.

Put not your faith in the say-so of any man. Trust the spirit within you to transmute evil to good.

BAD HABITS. If you are the "victim of a bad habit," such as the drink habit, or the tobacco habit, the first thing to do is to change from a meat diet to a vegetable and fruit and cereal diet. Meat is a stimulant which calls for more stimulant. If you cut out this part of your living, you will find the craving for drink or tobacco grow less.

And every time you crave a drink *go eat some raw fruit*. This will take away your craving for the time. Go outdoors and take a brisk walk! This will fortify you against future cravings. I know of a man who cured himself entirely of the drink habit after it had got a strong hold of him, simply by eating fruit instead of taking a drink, every time he had the craving.

No use to try to fight the craving when it seizes you firmly. The only way is to *head it off by doing* something else quick!

Keep away from saloons and cut out the friends who insist upon drinking with you. After you have in a measure fixed the habit of not drinking, your old

friends may not affect you. But by that time you would be out of their "vibrations," and your friends would be of a different class.

The more good vigorous outdoor exercise you take, the better for you, and the more water you drink between meals.

And of course your own thinking has an enormous lot to do with this.

Make light of the habit, and keep telling yourself you are *not* a victim of a habit, that you are the master of yourself and can do as you please. Everytime you think of it remind yourself of this "*truth*."

For it *is* the truth. You can easily prove it in the way I have suggested—by nipping the craving *when it first touches you*, by eating a bit of fruit or taking a brisk walk, *before* you take a drink. By the time you have taken the fruit, or the walk, or both, you will find it perfectly easy to forego the drink. This is easy to *prove*. Try it and you will be glad to note the power you have over yourself. Keep at it and you will soon displace your drink habit.

The best an ideal can do is to steady us for the real. —Purinton.



MRS. KINGSLAND.

REJUVENESCENCE.

I was so old—
 The world grew cold,
 And all the grass turned gray,
 The sun was buried in a mist,
 The stars were sodden clay;
 The ocean with its mighty roar
 Had dried from out a desert shore
 That there exposed its empty treasures,
 The husks and shells of former pleasures.

I was so old—
 The wind grew cold,
 And chilling silence spread
 Her clammy hand o'er bird and beast,
 Turning to stone the dead;
 While gloomy night, on barren throne,
 In deepest darkness, wept alone,
 And shadows from the dreadful place
 Crept drearily throughout all space.

I was so old—
 My heart grew cold
 'Neath flesh as dry as dust,
 My nerves were threadbare raggedness,
 O'er bones all gone to rust;
 My brain was like a useless loom,
 All cobweb draped, in vacant room;
 The power to think had long since fled,
 A soul diseased and almost dead.

I was so old—
 Out of the depths
 A small sweet sound there came,
 Flooding my soul with rainbow light,
 Kindling my heart to flame,
 Loosing my fetters, and setting me free,
 Filled with the strength of the sun and the sea,
 Thrilling the earth and the sky above,
 With music divine; 'twas Love, 'twas Love.

Now I am young—
 Eternal day
 Abides with Love and me,
 And earth, in smiling fruitfulness,
 Will blossom endlessly;
 Ten thousand bird notes from the spheres,
 With ecstasy, entrance my ears;
 While showers of flowers, from starry bowers,
 Fall soft on the wings of the passing hours.

I am so young—
 So full of joy,
 My laughter gilds the sky;
 I play at building happy worlds
 With Love—so young am I.
 My springing feet, than suns more fleet,
 Speed o'er the milky way,
 And all the boundless universe
 Is mine and Love's alway.

—OLIVIA KINGSLAND.

The Law of the Rythmic Breath.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

[This series of articles is so novel, so original in their style of presentation, of such absorbing interest and effecting human health and happiness so profoundly, that I urge every reader of NAUTILUS to follow them carefully to completion. These articles explain, for the first time in Western literature, in a convincingly clear and simple form, and with proofs that will silence every doubting Thomas, the basic truths of the Rhythmic breath, as taught in ancient Hindu philosophy and developed by the author. These truths involve a knowledge of the Law of Vibration or the basic law of the universe. My advice to you all is: Do not fail to read every word of these articles.—THE EDITOR.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPECIFIC INFLUENCE OF THE TATTVAS.

In the invariability of those characteristics of every *Tattva* which differentiate one from another, we find the reason for the force of habits, and the clue to that inexorable law of like seeking like. This law is set forth in the Bible with stern realism, appearing as so manifest an injustice that to many souls it is a hopeless stumbling block.

What are habits? The established periodicity of a certain vibration, or vibrations; for all forces in nature by an inherent law of their being, come back to their source. All examinations of molecules prove that their movements are periodical, and when normal rhythmical. All life is a matter of vibration, every act, every thought, is a *Tattvic* vibration,—and once a given vibration has occurred, not only is it apt to recur, *come back to its source*, but every repetition increases that liability and its facility of action, because it cuts deeper its channel through the directing brain or nerve substance. For this reason, also, consonance of action draws similar vibrations together. The way is made and invites that vibration.

Thus, on the mental plane, similar thoughts flash from one receptive mind to another as the needle is drawn to a magnet. On the gross material plane, water mingles with water, oil with oil; and every one knows how all tangible things of like nature are drawn together, and similar events occur in groups whether they be tragedies or festivals.

But knowledge of the underlying cause puts in our hands a weapon of defence against the seeming cruelty and hardship of this law. We must ban the thoughts which cut the channels for unfavorable vibrations, and avoid the deeds which deepen and make more permanent their impression.

Ignorance is described in Sanskrit as *darkness* and is considered a very dark state of Akasha. The gross vibrations have become "set," as it were, through the non-reception of other vibrations—meaning fresh ideas; and as the victim of mental inactivity grows older this *Avidya* (ah-veed-yah) state renders it ever harder to make an impression upon such a brain. Every new thought makes a new channel in the brain, which explains the high average of conservatism in the human race. People are prone to follow ruts; it is harder to make new roads, which is evidenced in our idiomatic expression, "to break a road." The fewer channels there have been in a brain the less yielding is the substance—"darkness" well describes it—and the more difficult it is to penetrate it with new ideas which must thread their way through. Swami Vivekananda expressed this in a graphic figure of speech:

"The more thoughtful the man the more complicated will be the streets in his brain, and the more easily he will take to new ideas, and understand them." It is not the mere bulk of a brain but the character of its cells, its atomic structure, that makes the intellectual giant.

This follows the law of the whole phy-

sical economy, that parts or organs which are kept in a state of activity are more pliable and respond to unusual demands upon their strength or endurance exactly in the measure that they have been exercised. Nothing in the universe is in a state of permanence or stands still as it were. Everything is either improving, building up, or disintegrating; and the atoms in our bodies follow the *Tattvic* law of universal motion.

But *never* forget you are free to choose what the motion shall be; whether harmonious, building up, or discordant, which is disintegrating. For the physiological plane is a reflection of the mental plane, and your own thoughts can be made paramount in influence, protecting the body from unfavorable vibrations which otherwise would find entrance. So all-pervading, so deep-lying is this law of like seeking like that we gain in health as we promote the health of others; and our happiness is increased in the direct ratio that we make others happy. *That is the line of least resistance*; and the easiest way to win all benefits, guerdons, or material success whatsoever, is to seek those blessings for others.

The mind which is stirred to emotional excitement by the trifling annoyances and perplexities of the average daily life, plunging into wordy conflicts upon the slightest provocation, is wooing every and any physical disorder, makes rhythmic harmony of physical functions impossible, and invites the disturbance of the *Tejas Tattva*,—a most dangerous vibration when thrown out of balance, disturbing its legitimate functions. Every reaction in the form of hatred or evil—even repugnance of the intense sort, the deep revulsions that stir up whirlpools of emotion—disturbs the balance of *Tejas* and weakens the mind, exposing it to be more easily stirred; for every unhappy thought is responded to by an unhappy, disordered vibration.

We contribute our mite towards universal harmony by cultivating indifference to evils which we have no power to remedy or alleviate. Every manifestation of control in such cases, by which

we *retain our poise* and, therefore, our judgment, also strengthens the mind and increases our power. The energy thus gained and stored is converted to a higher power.

Tantrik philosophy explains minutely the effect of the different *Tattvas* upon human life, health, and happiness, prophesying good or bad fortune for many of the habitual acts of daily life, according as they are performed with one or the other current of *Prana*, or during the prevalence of certain *Tattvas*. While some of this detail is more curious than practical, and part of it is obsolete, not applying to conventions of modern life, there is much that is fundamental; much which can be proved in many experiences; and is constantly corroborated in every system of mental therapeutics.

The all-pervading *Akasha* has centers of dominant influence in the brain and ears; and there are periods when it is prevalent in the throat, spine, heart, and anus. Always active in the exercise of thought, and becoming predominant during intense mental application and in meditation, brooding and melancholy induce its excess, and, in consequence, affect the general health. Knowing this, we must utilize the normal and fortunate powers of *Akasha*, and inhibit its malefic influences by changing our vibrations when they manifest their presence.

The natural corrective of happy thoughts is beneficent because they encourage the flow of *Prithivi*,—the extreme of the *Tattvic* scale from *Akasha*. Not rose-colored spectacles but yellow ones should be given to people addicted "to the blues," and they should be kept in the sunshine when possible and be surrounded by floods of golden light, living in yellow-hung rooms. Hysteria and lunacy indicate the disastrous preponderance of *Akasha* and call for the yellow treatment, and every influence possible that will reduce the *Akashic* vibrations to their lowest normal flow. The consideration of *Prithivi*, which must come in its natural sequence will develop more details.

Remember that as the foreshadower

of every other *Tattva* all possibilities can be developed from the *Akasha*. That is its mental prevalence. It is for us to choose the ingredients and *do the mixing!* It is the stagnation and misuse of *Akasha* which are to be shunned. The taste of *Akasha* is said to be bitter, but I believe it can also be proved to be salt. It is the lightest of the *Tattvas*. Taking ten as the unit of *Akasha*, they increase in weight by ten in natural order from *Vayu* twenty to *Prithivi* fifty.

Vayu is only less unfortunate when excessively predominant than *Akasha*; and, as their relations are close, the presence of one in excess indicates a preponderance of the other, or is apt to be accompanied by it. In speaking of the manifestations of *Vayu* or its centers of dominant influence, the reader is cautioned against confounding the *Vayu Tattva* with another Sanskrit use of the word which has entirely misled some students. The word is derived from the root *va*, to move, and signifies a motive-power. Certain organic functions of the body, which are considered as so many manifestations of *Prana*, are generically called *Vayus*, though having specific names. In this sense, *Vayus* are nothing more than forces of *Prana*; or it would be clearer to say they are evidences of *Pranic* power. In only one of these so-called "*Vayus*"—the function of breathing—is the *Vayu Tattva* prevalent. To avoid confusion, I shall restrict the use of the word to its *Tattvic* sense. It is much clearer to know these manifestations of *Prana* by their specific names, when we come to them.

You have learned that the sense of touch is stimulated by the *Vayu Tattva*, and that a specific field of its gross activities is to furnish the thin, elastic sheath-garment that protects the sensitive flesh,—the skin of the body. The two phases, positive and negative of *Vayu*, form the positive and the negative skin, each of which has five layers in which the other *Tattvas* mingle, one after the other, with the *Vayu*, and disclose their influence by the modifications in the forms of the cells. An illustration of a magnified section of skin betrays all these *Tattvic* activities in oblong, squared, and triangulated

spheres and dotted circles. In a single layer of the cuticle, it is computed there are a billion scale-like cells to the square inch.

Every movement of the body is a manifestation of *Vayu*, and acts of levitation are exhibitions of supreme mastery of this *Tattva*. It is more than probable that it is an excess of *Vayu* which gives people sometimes in dreams the sensation of flying; and deep breathing when walking almost literally gives wings to the feet, so lithe and buoyant does it make the body.

Vayu has an acid taste, and the acidity of the stomach which accompanies most gastric disturbances is unmistakable proof that this *Tattva* is flowing in excess. All the exercises in alternate breathing, and the held breath especially, are of great benefit in all gastric disorders; and I know of nothing else that can give so speedy relief to intense suffering in acute attacks. Four or five repetitions of the held-breath exercise are sufficient at one practice, but the intervals of practice may be every hour if the need is urgent. Do not confound *Pranayama* with the exercise; that is, do not say you take a *Pranayama*. You take an exercise—the held breath—to acquire *Pranayama*—the control of *Prana*. Always clear speaking promotes clear thinking and facile doing.

You will understand now that it is the law of periodicity which makes it so important that periods of practice, both for the breathing exercises and for concentration be observed regularly; that is, at as nearly the same hour every day as possible. Regularity in this greatly promotes the harmony and ease of the doing, and increases the benefits proportionally.

The attitude of mental serenity gained in meditation upon the higher self, when we come into a consciousness of inward power from our union with the great central dynamo of life itself, gives us a physical poise which is invaluable in meeting the vicissitudes of daily activities and lessens the friction beyond compare. And the benefit is not merely personal. The serenity and physical harmony of one such well-poised person will impart its benison to a whole group.



CLIMBING.

Who climbs the mountain does not always climb.
The winding road slants downward many a time;
Yet each descent is higher than the last.
Has thy path fallen? That will soon be past.
Beyond the curve the way leads up and on.
Think not thy goal forever lost or gone.
Keep moving forward; if thine aim is right
Thou canst not miss the shining mountain height.
Who would attain to summits still and fair,
Must nerve himself through valleys of despair.

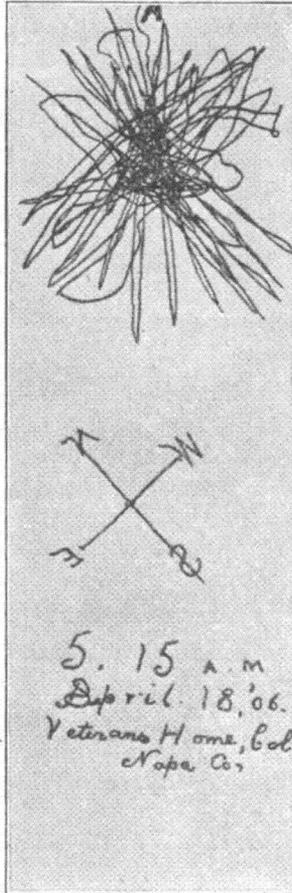
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Written for THE NAUTILUS

The Great Earthquake at San Francisco.

By PROFESSOR EDGAR L. LARKIN.

"Oh! Why was I born?" were words I heard in a plaintive voice, that of a suffering woman. And the voice seemed to be within a great mass of lovely flowers. I stopped, and heard the words of another woman in the wilderness of living greens, the reds, the yellows, the blues and sweet blooming botanical splendors. "What will we do?" were the words; and then the words, "I do not know." I looked around behind the splendid clump of flowers, variegated plants and beautiful shrubs, and saw two women lying on the only blanket they had, in that paradise,—Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. This one blanket, the clothing they wore, and \$1.50 in money made up their entire possessions. And there were 200,000 people with them to keep them company. They filled the park, and then camped in the two great cemeteries adjacent, the half-dead made their home with the dead. Great hydrangeas tried to hide the appalling scene; and the lilies, too. The blessed little violets and mosses, the heliotropes and pinks, the daisies, carnations, poinsettias and roses, vied with each other, striving to attract attention of strangers away from direful suffering. But the vast area of flowers lost its power over the mind. The terraces piled on terraces



THE EARTHQUAKE'S AUTOGRAPH.
Secured by F. M. Clarke.

of sub-tropical glories, banks of flowers, whose very names would require an expert botanist to recall could not divert one from the awful and overpowering field of woe.

FROM A SWEET SCENE OF PEACE TO ONE OF SORROW.

With the last look at the great white dome of the observatory, as it receded behind a peak, when I started to San Francisco, I nerved myself to witness dreadful things. I did not go to the doomed city to behold the very depths of human misery, but to make a scientific study of the earthquake. I arrived in Oakland at 9.15 a. m., on Friday, April 20, just fifty-two hours after the first shock. When the boat cleared the docks and pushed out into the bay, the entire peninsula of San Francisco was in plain sight. From the great central artery,—Market street, to the south, there were square miles of ruins all smouldering; but far and away to the north, giant flames were leaping towards the sky. Palaces were falling with a dull roar; the flames crackled, and seethed; boiled and tossed in fury; but much louder than all were the explosions of dynamite destroying buildings in front of the fire line. The magnificent Fairmount Hotel on Nob Hill alone remained on that once palace crowned eminence. Its mighty

pillars of marble, white as snow, made a contrast with the sable pall of smoke. The Crocker mansions, the Stanford, the Flood, the O'Brien, the Mackay and Spreckles piles of marble and the splendid Hopkins Institute, once filled with costly paintings, were now heaps of white marble dust. I walked over the ruins of Chicago, until brain and mind grew tired; that ruin was bad enough; but here in San Francisco, that

tracks of the street railway were raised and lowered in sinuous curves; and one was a foot lower than the other. The walls that were standing were rent and seamed. The old type brick buildings were in heaps for hundreds of miles up and down the streets. But modern steel frame buildings all stood like sentinels looking down on the terrific scene. They can all be repaired. A lesson is presented to architects; it is easy to build



FAIRMOUNT HOTEL,

With ruins of the Flood residence after the earth quaked and the fire raged in San Francisco, April 18, 1906.

indefinable dread, that inexplicable state of mind always accompanying earthquakes were on display in drawn lines on every face.

A MARVELLOUS INTERMINABLE PROCESSION.

The clock on the distorted tower on the Ferry building read 5.16 a. m., as the time it stopped. On stepping from the boat at the foot of Market street, a stupendous scene of desolation, devastation and ruin burst upon the vision. The

scientifically and against earthquakes. San Francisco would have been standing today had the buildings been scientific; or had not all the central portions been surrounded by miles on miles of wooden shacks.

But something more wonderful than the ruins attracted my attention. This was the most remarkable procession that could be imagined. I walked four miles along Market street toward the west,

toward the parks. I met panic-stricken thousands fleeing towards the ferry-boats. It took me four hours to travel the four miles. Babel was surpassed. Every race of Europe and seemingly of Asia, many from Africa, and the Islands of the Pacific, toiled slowly along over acres of broken window-glass, hot bricks, iron girders, window sashes, cornices, broken columns, piles of marble dust, hardware, nails, iron trucks of street cars and horrible debris. But of all terrific obstacles the thousands encountered were the myriads of twisted, tangled cables, wires and trolley lines. How the weak tripped and fell, toiled and struggled through the hideous knots, loops and network. Mothers with screaming babies suffered terribly; the old, infirm and ill had to be led. A hundred languages were heard. Some faces were pallid; others florid, and all bore lines of nameless terror. Cutting dust of lime filled eyes and lungs. Basements at great heat issued forth suffocating vapors and misery was complete. Some were weeping; while others had staring eyes. Faces were distorted with pain, and lines of suffering, terror and dismay were deep, indeed. Every street leading into Market gave up a multitude. On they moved—a living thing of pain. Onward to the boats, out of the inferno.

The anthropologist, the true student of man, had much to learn. The people rescued things that were alive. Many scarcely able to walk, were toiling along with their canary birds. One little mocking bird was in the sorrowful way. Pet dogs, little puppies, rabbits and many parrots could be seen. The dogs seemed to know all about their surroundings. But the little girls with their dollies! Many hundreds were dragging themselves along through the wires, debris and hot dust heaps, clutching their dolls for dear life. And the living dolls, the babies, oh! how they suffered with thirst

and with the awful dust. When multitudes fled Rome, it was fourteen days in the burning; and from Carthage which burned through seventeen weary days; and when Jerusalem was annihilated by fire and war, no doubt scenes of surpassing misery were witnessed; but what will history say of this most remarkable flight from San Francisco?

Finally I arrived at Laval Hill cemetery after passing four miles of the surrounding thousands. I went into the cemetery for the purpose of measuring the angles of displacements of monuments that were twisted around on their bases and the directions assumed by those that fell over. But the cemetery was occupied by the homeless thousands. Vaults were occupied, and blankets were placed on banks of flowers, green grass and in nooks. And babies were born in rain and darkness and awful night.

WILDERNESS OF DISTURBED MONUMENTS.

A cemetery is a good place in which to study the direction and amount of displacement of an earthquake. Few, indeed, were the pillars and columns, marble and granite shafts, that were in original positions. Many of them weigh tons, yet were moved along grinding against enormous friction. Beautiful and graceful pillars, exquisite sculptures and splendid statuary, dreams in marble, were overturned, cracked and ruined. Angels' wings were spread around in snowy white, in beds of crushed flowers; and marble hands holding wreaths wrought in stone were broken off and hurled into flowery banks. These things and the suffering multitudes everywhere made a scene of the most wonderful confusion, one making a profound effect on the mind.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

This now historic upheaval was a genuine and typical form of gyratory, twisting circular motion of the earth. Here-

with is an exact seismographic record of the beginning of the great earthquake. This, with others, was secured by F. M. Clarke, Veteran's Home, Napa Co., Cal. The record was traced by the needle of the instrument at 5.15 a. m., April 18, 1906. The marks, traced on smoked glass, are more than two inches from side to side. In the last record, made seven days later, the marks and lines are so close that they all appear like a confused mass in the center. Every trace in these records was caused by the earth moving the glass beneath a suspended needle attached to a weight of seventeen pounds, sustained by a thin cord. The weight was at rest, in relation to the center of the earth, therefore the lines in the film of soot were traced by the actual motions of the earth's surface. These records are of high value, for they were secured by an expert at near the north boundary of the disturbed region, about forty-five miles north of San Francisco. I have graphic accounts from every part of the

distorted area; but space forbids description. Rumbling, rolling sounds were heard in subterranean caves, not only on the day of the earthquake, but the day before. Explosions underground were heard by a number of those who sent me letters. Most wonderful of all was the appearance of blue lights above the earth's surface, over land and over a large area of marsh ground. From all accounts this flame-like flickering light was due to electricity. For static electricity escaping from electrical machines, tallies with all the descriptions. Gas bubbled up through the sea, in some places, and from the soil in others. The odor of burning sulphur was detected by many. New springs, lakes and streams were formed, and others quenched. New land extending into the ocean appeared near Colma, and at other points. Altogether the great earthquake was notable, will become historic, and gave all men an idea of Nature's colossal force.

TOO MUCH INTIMACY. So you had an intimate friend and she did not treat you aright—went off and talked about you to your other intimate friend. And now you have a hard time trying not to hate everybody.

I surmise it was a case of too much intimacy all round, and its accompanying breeding of contempt. And you brought it on yourself!—too much slopping over.

Just be glad that you have learned the lesson, and never mind the instrument. In time you will get all over your feeling, and the whole experience will simply amuse you, and you will be *glad* that you had it!

For the most important thing in life

is to *learn*, and by this you are learning a great lesson. Do not make the mistake of kicking the hot stove because you burned your fingers!

Speak peace to yourself, and to the others. *Speak* peace, whether you feel it or not. And *let* the spirit show you the truth.

Wipe off the slate! Keep on wiping it every time it gets muddied up! Of course, you know you must treat your feelings as you would a pair of spirited horses—keep a steady rein on them, and do not let them run away with you. You cannot bring them to a standstill all in a minute, but if you keep on *soothing* them and holding the steady rein, you will soon get them under control.

Advice is like old clothes—what you can't use you give away.—Durinton



A MEDITATION FOR A DISCONTENTED SOUL.

God is the All in All. Hence, this world is good—all good. It is the best possible place for me; else I would not be here. I am here in this world, in this house, doing this work, because this is the best world, the best house, the best work for me NOW. Everything in my circumstances and environment exactly suits my present development. As I grow more and more into the knowledge of the Truth, my world, my circumstances, my environment will—MUST—change in exact harmony. I reflect my inward self in my outward self more perfectly than the mirror reflects my face. If I am not pleased with myself; with my body; my clothing; my house; my bank account; I must look WITHIN. For the WITHIN of me is the root of my WITHOUT. I must find the kingdom within. I must discover my hidden treasure.

Moreover, my very discontent is the divine urge toward better things. I am meant for the best. I shall never be contented with less.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

Up Against It.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Slang, but how fetching.

"Up against what." Why "It," a neuter pronoun but full of pricklers and swords, and thunder and lightning, and doctors and doctors, pills and operating tables, etc., etc. In fact It is the most accommodating word in the language. There is no circumstance or condition which it will not fit.

Up against it!

You loaned some money under a sacred promise to pay back at a certain time. The day came and the money didn't. More days came and went. Now you know that the person you once considered your friend is a liar and a fraud and you will never be kind to anybody again as long as you live.

Go slow, my friend, go slow, or you will be up against it. There is a beautiful and special It for that sort of resentment. Sometimes it gets into the nerves and into the bones, and bromides and soothing potions become necessary. Just think of it. That It is yourself and you have just jumped into your own nerves and bones. The truth is funny as well as "mighty" sometimes.

"What should you have done?"

You wouldn't have had neuralgia and a bad stomach had you sought out your friend or expressed your sympathy and told him not to run away from you. This would have been killing two birds with one stone. It would have knocked out all danger of personal pain and would have kept your friends from hating you—you know people generally dislike those they owe and cannot pay.

Up against It.

Your son went off and got married and never told you. You depended upon

his salary and now it must go in another direction.

One would think this was something new by the way you take on. You have cried yourself sick, and the doctor says you have a weak heart and you must avoid all excitement or take the consequences. A weak heart and a weak intellect sometimes seem indissolubly joined. There is something beyond and above and below and all round the intellect which would mightily help in such cases and all cases. With this, one need never get "up against it." There is love—the real thing—not your sentimental, expostulating, cry-baby emotion. The son of a weeping mother cannot cry, so he runs away with a girl who smiles. The irritation of her lachrymals may come later and her boy or girl may elect to steal away and stir up the usual family rumpus. Isn't it strange that after thousands of years mothers haven't learned how to take more comfort with their children?

Weak hearts, general invalidism, much of it beautifully decorated with lingerie, have led unerringly "Up Against It."

There are bright and beautiful exceptions in this regard. Mothers who are companions and sweethearts to their boys and who would as soon think of picking a pocket as sitting down to "have a good cry."

The persons who are always talking about "circumstances" seem to have been born "up against It." They are simply glued to their neuter nothing. These are they who think the world owes them a living, who keep their friends

and relatives constantly stirred up by their must-haves and can't-gets.

"I don't see how it is that you always get along and I always fail," they say. "Circumstances have been too much for me ever since I can remember."

This is because you have been the victim of a superstition and it has turned you out like Ephraim whom the Scriptures picture as "eating the East wind and a cake not turned." They live in the neuters and negatives and are all the time trying to borrow backbone. Not transferable. One cannot lend a backbone, but many generous souls have died trying to do so.

One of these circumstance victims was in a trolley car with a friend the other day and was pleading his favorite theory, incidentally adorning the tale with a reference to a need of five dollars. The circumstance man was stoop-shouldered, rusty and unwholesome; his seatmate erect, alert and well groomed. Said the clean one:

"I have never yet seen a victim of circumstances that was not disgustingly lazy. Good morning. I get off here."

The successful man was up against it for a few moments at least. It is quite likely that the incident clouded his day. He would rather have given the money than withheld it, but on this occasion "It" was a conscience and to be up against that is no joke. And when it is mixed with pride as it usually is in such cases of refusal to give it becomes a troublesome proposition. What is called generosity does not like to be accused of stinginess even by a chronic beggar.

There seems to be quite a number of things to learn and a good many people are now up against the biggest kind of an "It."

The Graft "It," the Despoiler of Widows "It" and the other It's which have their origin in lust and greed have

a peculiarly awful sting when the finding-out moment arrives. They make sick and generally sick unto death. What with the hiding and lying there isn't an unpoisoned drop of blood in the foolish fellow's veins.

These It's are colossal spider's webs from which there seems to be no escape. As there is said to be "honor among thieves," so one fly cannot "give away" another. But now they suffer. The widow with her little room and her Bible who expects she has lost all her husband invested for her is royally happy compared to these men of schemes although she may complain of being "up against it."

The "stalled ox" is without honor to the stomach that sin has crippled, while the herbs fresh from nature's garden—dandelion greens, perhaps—are agreeably entertained by the honest digestion.

Who would not prefer the greens?

Strange isn't it how mind rules or doesn't rule the body—generally doesn't? And yet that is its function. Mind is King, and yet his throne is chiefly occupied by his servants, flesh and blood and bones, all of no account. at least, in the capacity of governors.

Sin is the force that arranges all the "Up Against It" corners, the-nose-against-the-wall proposition — all the sickness, all the trouble.

"But I am sick. I am no sinner," some one will say.

If you are sick you are a sinner. You have not believed that God is all, and this is what is keeping the whole world sick.

But there is a way out of it all. If there were not this article would never have been written. No one not even the chief of grafters need remain sick and sorrowful, disheartened and dying, that is if he prefers exactly opposite conditions.

Singleness of Purpose.

ETHEL L. PREBLE.

You have all heard that old phrase, "Jack of all trades, and master of none." Are you a "jack," or are you a "master?" What is the difference between the two, and what *makes* the difference? Inborn character is the difference; will power and concentration make the difference.

Learn to do one thing superlatively well—then if you have time you can "jack" it all you want. The world has no use for mediocrity, especially the American world. It demands perfected accomplishment from every one, from the humblest occupation to the very highest. And if you fail to supply its demands you are shelved, and one who is fitted to do the work takes the place to which you never had any honest claim.

The world is peopled with "machine-like workers" (so they are called) those who go on day after day doing the work they happen to fall into, with no pride in the task, no intelligent idea of what they are accomplishing, and turning out indifferent and unskilled products. It is an insult to machinery to compare these people with it. A machine always does the best it can, and when it breaks down, it is no fault of its own, but of the man who has charge of it. It is his neglect or lack of intelligence which has caused the trouble. But a man is his own machine and keeper, all in one, and if he fails no one is to blame but himself. Get to work, my friend, and polish up your will power and focus your thoughts with concentrated attention upon the work which you have to do.

Don't let your desires go "wool-gathering" and expend all your energies wishing you were doing something else more to your liking. Put that energy into the work you have to do, and have a

pride in doing it the best you possibly can. Instead of making yourself a slave to that work, make the work your servant and gather from it either the financial means to do something more congenial to your nature, or information that will assist you in that other field toward which you are striving. Keep your goal always in view, but concentrate your attention upon what you are doing at the present time.

I know a girl who has sufficient talent in art, music and writing to make a success of either one, but she has never had the money with which to acquire the necessary tuition, as since graduating from high school she has had to support herself and help her family besides. So what did she do? Sit down and bemoan her fate? Not a bit of it! She went pluckily ahead and learned stenography. She had barely enough money to pay for her tuition, but through friends she found a lonely old lady who wanted a bright young lady-like girl for companionship in exchange for room and board. This lady expected her to help with the house cares, and here the girl was badly handicapped, because of an indulgent mother, who (in more affluent days) had carefully "shielded" her from housework. But the girl pitched in and learned how to do things, although many times she felt it was harder than she could stand. She swallowed her false pride, however, and not only learned how to be a good stenographer but also a good housewife.

She hadn't liked the thought of being a stenographer when she started in, but had done so because of the imperative need of doing something to earn a living. But she was fortunate in getting a good position as soon as her course was com-

pleted, and she soon began to take a pride in her work, and try to do the best she could. Naturally, being a beginner, she made a good many mistakes the first week or so, but she seemed so willing to be corrected and so anxious to please, that the gentleman in whose office she was, became interested in her and helped her by being courteous and willing to help her over the snags of his very intricate business.

During all this time, whenever she had a few spare minutes (and they came seldom), she spent them in drawing, for that had always been her predominant desire, to become an artist. But it didn't keep her from trying to improve upon her daily work.

How has it come out? Well, during her vacation she heard of an examination for teachers of stenography and typewriting, for the public high school of the town where she was visiting. She took the examination, along with many other people, among whom were some experienced stenographers of years standing, and as a result was selected for the position. And why? Because she was not only proficient in shorthand and typewriting, but because she had used her education to best advantage, and

was far ahead of the others in spelling, punctuation, composition and grammar. And she would have to teach all those things in connection with her main work. Do you see now why she was selected?

Now she is going to have the opportunity to fulfill her dream of studying art. This is where romance steps in, for the gentleman in whose office she had her first business experience, found that bachelor life had lost its charm, and the only thing that would restore happiness would be to have his stenographer with him again. Not, however, in his office, but in his home, as his wife. They are to be married soon, and he is as anxious as she for her to have the long delayed instruction in her beloved art.

What was it that accomplished all this? Singleness of purpose; the determination to do, and the desire to help those she loved.

It is Love, after all, that is the basic cause of all accomplishment. You work, because you love the work itself; because you love to create; because you are helping someone you love; because you love the world, and the good you are doing. It is this kind of work that counts, and is successful. Is your work that kind?

ACTION AND RE-ACTION.

"I was struck by Miss Fletcher's statement about the East Indian idea of letting the student find out everything for himself. I had been filling the pulpit at our Unitarian church for a couple of Sundays during the absence of the minister, and had said in a talk that week that I sometimes felt that all of the advice which people gave to people was futile, and that only the motion which arises within counts. That of course generalizes. Advice which sets up the vibration within has succeeded, that which does not, though the mind of the advised may accept, understand and decide in favor of it, is futile. And most of it steps past without making that necessary jar."—Grace MacGowan Cooke.

In your remarks about the East Indian idea of letting the student find out for himself, I think you overlooked the fact that the student *is in close spiritual and mental touch with a teacher.* He

gets by telepathy what Americans get through reading lectures and sermons. It requires that close personal touch to awaken the truth without words! All teaching tends to arouse within one that which is latent. But of course, too much talking, too much argument, too much conflicting reading confuses one and wakes too many ideals at one time. Mental stuffing and mental starving produce the same fatal results. "Observe moderation in all things."

To read enough, and of the right sort, to wake "the motion which arises within," is wisdom. To *act* upon the "motions" clears the way for further impressions.

Walt Whitman.

POET—PROPHET—SEER.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.



*"I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs
to you."*

* * * * *

*"I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I an
encloser of things to be."*

* * * * *

*"You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood."*

—WALT WHITMAN.

Thirty miles from New York City, on a beautiful Long Island upland, there stood at the beginning of the nineteenth century a substantial, "hugely timbered" farm house—the home of the Whitman family. Nearby was a grove of hardy, vigorous black walnuts, and on the opposite side of the road a twenty-acre apple orchard.

The Whitmans, in common with many others in New England and New York at that time, were slave owners. From twelve to fifteen negroes, large and small, made up the force of family servants.

Says John Burroughs: "A great smoke-canopied kitchen, with vast hearth and chimney, formed one end of the house. The very young darkies could be seen, a swarm of them, toward sundown in this kitchen, squatted in a circle on the floor, eating their supper of Indian pudding and milk."

Amid this rural environment and unto this family there was born on May 31, 1819, a sturdy baby son, henceforth to be known as Walt Whitman.

On his mother's side the little Walt had descended from old Netherland stock. His mother's mother was a Quakeress, and a strain of her blood manifested in him in later years, as was

shown by his fondness for plain clothes and a soft, broad brimmed gray hat.

From his earliest youth Walt Whitman was a friend and lover of the ocean, which was near his home, and something of the grand, strong, mystic spirit of the sea seemed to become incorporated into the very soul of the man, to find expression in later years through many of his poems.

In 1822 or 3 the Whitman family moved to Brooklyn. Here, I suppose, young Walt attended school and while still at a very tender age started out to learn the printing trade. At eighteen we find him back in the country teaching school, and a little later publishing a paper of his own for the farmer folks of Long Island. But like most Gemini people Walt did not like to stick long to one place or kind of work. He was a natural rover, in a way, and loved change. The Self within him was beginning to seek expression, expansion and new experiences. He never exhibited what his family considered a due and suitable regard for financial opportunities, so we are not surprised to find him a year or two later back in New York and Brooklyn, working as a printer, carpenter and writer. Later we find him

connected with a daily newspaper in New Orleans, then back again to New York.

Then came the dark, strenuous, exciting period of the Civil War. Whitman was called to the front early in the fall of 1862 on account of a wounded brother. From this time until the close of the war he spent his time in hospitals, near the scenes of great battles and in Washington, visiting the sick and nursing the wounded, often dressing the soldiers' wounds when they would not allow surgeon or nurse to touch them. He used to go through the wards like a beneficent Santa Claus with a large sack over his shoulders filled with writing materials, fruit, jelly, books, and whatever would be of practical use in helping to cheer and cure.

The wonderful personal magnetism which he possessed in so large a measure, his boundless human sympathy and comprehension of human needs made him particularly adapted for this work, and many who were critically ill were turned to health again by his efforts in their behalf.

He always made it a point to visit the hospitals only after a night's sleep or a good rest, a thorough bath, and further fortified by clean clothes (often he wore a flower in his coat) and a substantial meal. Then he endeavored to look as cheerful, healthy and much alive as possible during all the time he was visiting the hospitals. Of course all this acted as a tonic to the sick and wounded. He suggested, radiated health and good cheer, and they responded. All who were personally acquainted with Whitman unite in saying that his personal atmosphere was calm, sane, cheerful and wonderfully magnetic.

After the war Whitman was employed as a clerk in one of the government offices for several years. In 1873 he gave up his position and went to live

in Camden, N. J., which city was his chief dwelling place until his death, March 26, 1892.

In his personal appearance Whitman was very masculine. He was not so much of an athletic looking man as foreign writers often picture him, but gave the impression of being rugged and strong. He was nearly or quite six feet tall, and weighed from 180 to 190 pounds. In later years his long flowing beard and white hair gave him a very paternal appearance.

It is related that once on a western trip he visited some Indians in Kansas who had been confined for some offence. In the party accompanying Whitman were several prominent government officials, Indian agents, newspaper men, etc. The warden had explained the distinguished character of their visitors to the Indians but they were unimpressed and as the visitors filed by, one at a time, they were received in stolid silence and with complete indifference. Last of all came Whitman, and when the old chief saw him he advanced, held out his hand and gave vent to a guttural "how." Then all the other Indians gathered around, shook hands and said "how." There was something in the primitive, human, kindly old poet that found its affinity even in the savages.

When Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" was first published, Emerson handed it to a friend one day with the remark: "Americans abroad may now come home; unto us a man is born."

Whitman was a true poet of Nature, and like Nature was not always polished in his expressions, but his kindness and patience were inexhaustible. John Burroughs says: "During an acquaintance of thirty-six years I never heard from those lips a word of irritation or depreciation of any being."

It is often said that all that is taught under the name "New Thought" can be found in the writings of Emerson and in the Bible. It is true that New Thought is largely drawn from the inspired writers of all ages, and none was more nearly in line with many of the large truths we are now trying to make known than Walt Whitman, judged by his "Leaves of Grass" philosophy.

To quote again from Burroughs: "His work embodies the modern conception of the universe as good and sound in all its parts. * * * It embodies the conception of evil as a part of the good, of death as the friend and not the enemy of life. * * * He shared the conviction of the old prophets that man is a part of God, and that there is nothing in the universe any more divine than the individual soul."

Under the name "New Thought" we are only carrying out to their logical conclusion and applying in a practical way some of the universal truths taught by Whitman, Emerson, Buddha, Jesus and many other seers.

Whitman's work was more individual than that of any other poet of his time, and also stronger, more rugged, in my opinion. He was absolutely true to Nature. He did not prune and emasculate his work to please a hothouse-bred public. His utterances were as rough, naked and wholesome as Nature. They also inspire and heal as does Nature in certain aspects.

There is much of the mystical in "Leaves of Grass," (his principal work) but it is the mysticism of Nature and not the weak or distorted imaginings of an anemic brain.

His message to the world is well expressed in these lines, taken from his "Leaves of Grass:"

"Do you see O my brothers and sisters?
It is not chaos or death—it is form,
union, plan—it is eternal life—it is
Happiness."

His ideals clustered around the forces expressed by the words Comradeship, Unionism, Democracy.

He sung constantly of the Universal, and of man's inner relation to the Whole.

"Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of
God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and
Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O Soul,
thou actual me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at
Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of
Space."

John Burroughs, a friend of Whitman's for twenty-six years, says that the poet was never known to have a love affair or an entanglement of any sort with women. I find one little poem in "Leaves of Grass," however, which, if we take it literally, as I feel is right, shows that Whitman was inspired by a personal love, which was unrequited. Here is the poem referred to:

SOMETIMES WITH ONE I LOVE.

"Sometimes with one I love I fill myself
with rage for fear I effuse unreturn'd love,
But now I think there is no unreturn'd
love, the pay is certain one way or
another,
(I loved a certain person ardently and
my love was not return'd. Yet out
of that I have written these songs.)"

*"If you are original and enterprising you will be opposed,
but opposition will prevent dullness, and criticism is the whetstone on which a genuine man is tempered and polished."*

—Madison C. Peters.

Briefs.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * I felt something especially warm in the mail the other night, and after searching around a little I located *Soundview* (of Olalla, Wash.), as the source of the radiations. At first sight I thought Kunsman had sent me a new sample book of colored papers, but on closer examination noted there were only five colors in the book and that the pages were *printed*, and then I recognized my friend Rader's magazine, albeit it had on a new and gorgeous dress of red, yellow and brown. The inside was especially bright, and this number is enlivened by a picture of the "Boss Evergreen" (he's the editor, you know). Mrs. Evergreen's likeness was left out, through an unfortunate oversight, but we shall look for hers later.

* * * You ought to have seen the funny procession which sported about our lawn the other day. First there came a pompous, inflated gentleman whose stomach would have done credit to a Dutch saloon keeper. He was clothed in a gorgeous red jacket, and his back was brown. This was Papa Robin. Next there came, with vigorous, but rather wobbly hops, Robin Jr. Then Mrs. Robin brought up the rear, flying from side to side and anxiously chirping a long string of instructions to her young hopeful. Occasionally she would alight beside him and then flit onto a branch of a nearby bush, trying to get the youngster to follow her. He would look up, flap his wings and then sink back as if to say, "I can't do it, mummy." Three dogs came prancing across the lawn and the two old robins became greatly excited. They flew from one side to the other and chirped instructions fast and hard. Robin Jr. hopped close to the foot of a low growing shrub and almost completely hid himself in the undergrowth.

Then he kept very still, and the old robins flew away for a short distance and quieted down.

* * * I saw another equally interesting comedy (or drama) in bird life this spring. A large, prosperous looking robin had found a particularly lengthy and juicy worm which he was engaged in extracting from the lawn with a very cheerful self-satisfied air. Ranged close about the robin in an exact semi-circle were six hungry sparrows, gazing at him with bulging, envious eyes, while they seemed to say, "Gee! I wish I could pull worms like that," or, "I wish he'd give me a piece of that worm." The robin seemed to reply, "Aw, go on kids. You ain't big enough to eat worms. They're a man's meat."

The Nautilus House Warming.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

The second guest who broke bread with us—our Paragon's lovely home-made bread—was Fra Elbertus, chief of the Roycrofters. He lectured in Springfield, May 16, and dined with us at high noon, May 17, much to our pleasure. We thought he *might* come to see us on the 16th, so we had an extra nice dinner that day, with an innovation of breaded veal, lest the Fra be not as good a vegetarian as he is wood-chopper. So when he appeared the next day, just at dinner time, he found us ready to sit down to veal stew with dumplings. The Paragon was heartbroken because he didn't get the meal prepared for him, but maybe he liked dumplings better than veal straight. We do, and all the dumplings disappeared. And anyway we were all so busy talking that maybe he didn't miss the fatted calf *en* bread crumbs.

We didn't say the half of it either! Had to exchange blessings and adieus all

too early—another engagement for him at four o'clock. But we hope to continue the visit in our next—at the Roycroft convention, July 1 to 8, which William and I are to attend.

The third *one* to break bread with us was sixteen young ladies!—at five o'clock the same day Fra Elbertus was with us. We invited seventeen, and one having moved to Connecticut there were sixteen with us. Here is what the *Transcript* says about it:

YOUNG MEN WAIT.

MR. AND MRS. W. E. TOWNE'S HOUSEWARMING
PRESENTS FINE GIRLS FOR FUTURE
CONSIDERATION.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Towne entertained sixteen young ladies at a housewarming and tea Thursday afternoon from five to eight o'clock. A very pleasant time was passed with music and a general viewing of the new home from attic to cellar. Tea was served in the new dining room, the table being daintily decorated in red carnations, with festoons of smilax trailing from the chandelier to the four corners of the table. Mrs. Edward L. Twing poured. The guests were Miss Leila Hunter, Miss Anna Parker, Miss Mary Parker, Misses Alice and Ellen Elliott, Miss Hortense Cooley, Miss Frances Morgan, Miss Frances Kidney, Miss Pamela Newsome, Miss Clara Cordes, Miss Maude Prescott, Miss Mary Quirk, Miss Helen Shumway, Miss Flora Schmidt, Mrs. Lillian Witherell and Miss Nellie Curran. The eleven young ladies first named are those who help Mr. and Mrs. Towne in their work. The latter five have been their helpers at previous times and are still looked upon as relatives at least of the *Nautilus* family.

Great were the rejoicings over the new offices. "Why, this is lovely," said the ex-helpers. "It is," remarked one of the young ladies who is there every day: "it doesn't seem like work when you have such pleasant surroundings." "And this mailing room!" exclaimed another. "Do you remember the little two-by-four shelf in the pantry that used to serve as mailing room? What a contrast!" And Miss Hunter, Miss Newsome and Miss Morgan remembered.

Miss Morgan has been with Mr. and Mrs. Towne since September, 1902, and will soon leave them to be married to Edgar M. Osgood. This will be the first marriage among the *Nautilus* girls, and the Townes are hoping it will not start an epidemic. Mrs. Towne wants to keep the rest of the girls until they are old enough to marry—until they are 28 or 30 years of age—and then she will give them all excellent references for the consideration of aspiring young men.

It wasn't a fashionable tea. It was just a jolly family affair, with lots of

fun and all the girls—including me!—doing musical stunts. (We have some good voices and good pianists in the bunch), and jollying the *two* brides to be (Helen Shumway is to be married in the Fall) and all of us talking and singing songs together, and then everybody sitting around the new dining room and lunching together. Yes, William was with us in it all!—quite at home, too.

Catherine was rather scandalized at our calling it a house warming tea, and then having *chairs* and no tea! We had tea, but everybody asked for chocolate. And I told her no stand-on-one-foot-and-then-on-the-other parties for us—we'd sit down and enjoy ourselves. And we did. And the girls must have enjoyed it, for they were invited for two hours, and three had passed before anybody thought of it!

That night we went to sleep happy in the consciousness that our new home was at last settled, and well warmed, and properly blest to our good purposes.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AT THE HUB.

The Christian Scientists dedicated a magnificent new \$2,000,000 "Mother Church" at Boston, Sunday, June 10, and incidentally made Boston and the rest of the world bug its eyes. There were at least 30,000 visiting Scientists in Boston for the occasion, and they began to gather at the great church, which seats over 5,000 people and adjoins the old Mother Church which looks like a pigmy beside it, at *five o'clock in the morning*. At 7.30, when the doors were opened for the first of six dedicatory meetings held that day, the streets were blocked in all directions. When the doors opened the people filed in rapidly but very quietly, without apparently diminishing the crowd in the least.

All day they waited, reverent, orderly, at times singing hymns, here and there fainting from the heat, like any good

Methodist or Baptist. Six times the church filled that day, and at eight o'clock in the evening when the last service was under way, at least 10,000 people had to go home without having been able to enter the church.

The crowds were a marvel; but the reverence, quietness, patience and polite behavior of the people were beyond anything dreamed of. The extra policemen found absolutely nothing to do towards keeping order. No pushing when the audiences changed, and every person who emerged from the church walked straight out of the neighborhood—at the leader's request—to make room for others who were waiting a chance to enter.

On Monday the Scientists rested and saw sights. And on Tuesday night Boston is to see the wonder-experience-meeting of the world. There will be simultaneous meetings in the new church, the old one, and in six large public halls in the vicinity. It is safe to say that every meeting will be crowded, and every man, woman and child ready and eager to stand up and tell what Christian Science has done for him.

At the services Sunday the regular collection brought \$50,000, hardly a coin in the whole amount, all in bills from \$1.00 to \$100 each. And absolutely no call made for money. It was truly a free-will offering, from the most wonderful religious people of the ages.

This Christian Science convention is a wonder, and I feel almost as happy over it, and as proud of it all, as if I belonged to their branch of the new thought. William and I both wanted to go right down and add our dollars to the collection!

Sunday afternoon some of the Scientists went to see Boston in a big auto, and like the bad little boys that go fishing on Sunday they got into trouble. The chauffeur lost control and the big machine sped recklessly down Corey hill, across two car tracks and over a bank, and

snubbed its nose into the soft dirt of the Kenilworth golf links, while thirty-four Sunday-dressed Christian Scientists went flying through the air. All were more or less hurt, three with bones broken. But they bravely stuck to their colors, and while various and sundry colors stuck to them, they held a prayer meeting, sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," politely but firmly refused the proffered first-aid of two passing doctors, and limped off with brave if somewhat discolored faces. Three badly hurt ones were carried to the hospitals, nolens volens. As soon as one of them came to she got up and walked out, broken collar bone unset. A man with a compound fracture of the leg didn't go with her. I'd like much to know how the collar bone and leg come out. Perhaps some of our Science friends will kindly assure us that "they are perfectly healed, there is no such thing as a fractured bone." I hope so. Anyway the word of the 40,000 or 50,000 Scientists now in the Hub ought to be able to make it so, and I hope they will. Here's helping—if they'll let me!

P. S.—Good for the Christian Scientists! Here is what the *Boston Journal*, of June 12, says about those who were injured in the auto accident:

Boston medical men are agog with wonder over the recoveries of the nearly a score of Christian Scientists who were apparently seriously injured in the sensational "sightseeing" auto wreck Sunday afternoon on Corey Hill. Nearly everyone refused medical assistance of any kind, and yet yesterday they were apparently about as well as ever. One woman, Mrs. Lizzie Devor, of Cleveland, O., who is stopping at 74 Batavia street, was going about the house, dressing her hair and performing her toilet unassisted, although Sunday night it was declared that her collar bone was broken and that she was seriously injured internally.

The most remarkable case of all is that of John Binfang, a railroad man of Kansas City, who is at the City Hospital with a compound fracture of the right leg below the knee. He was in a semi-conscious condition when taken into the hospital and the fracture was reduced before he had recovered. But yesterday he began to show a sudden and inexplicable improvement, according to stories told the *Journal* yesterday. The doctors could not understand it until C. A. Wolle, a business man

of Bethlehem, Pa., called at the hospital and declared that his wife, who is a Christian Science practitioner, had been giving Binfang "absent treatment," and then the doctors did not understand it. There seemed to be but one member of the party who is not getting off easy—and he is not a Christian Scientist. He is Fred C. Dickie, the chauffeur, at the time of the accident far from being the most seriously injured.

TO LIVE FOREVER.

We have just had an interesting visit with Harry Gaze, the Live-Forever man. We held a regular protracted meeting of exposition and experience, one whole evening and *all* the next day! Harry talks like several books, including the Book of Life—for he knows scores of the new thought people, as well as others and has traveled much. And as some of the rest of us talk, too, when we get a chance, and as we are all interested in Live-Forever, social problems, human nature, etc., you can imagine the time we had.

The papers say of Harry Gaze that he has had "fifteen years' experience as a lecturer and looks to be eighteen years old." He looks eighteen before he begins to talk. Then you would take him to be about thirty-five; not because he looks it but because no eighteen year old boy could talk as he does. And he has had life experience enough for most men of fifty or so.

He thinks living forever is the chief end of man just now, and he is so enthused with his subject and so well informed on the scientific arguments against the necessity for death, that nobody but a lunatic could fail to be impressed. "The secret of living forever is *conscious evolution*"—is what he says, as nearly as I can remember his words. To *know* that you *can* live forever; to know that your body is constantly renewing in the image and likeness of the ideal you hold for it; and to improve your ideal of your body, and trust the body to grow into likeness of the ideal; to use all means to give the body a good

chance—such as good food, exercise, etc.; is the whole matter in a nutshell.

In other words, to persistently deny the necessity for old age and death, and constantly affirm an ideal worth living forever with, then live up to it as well as you can, is to keep on living and improving, or progressing.

As long as we make an all-around progression we are bound to live. Coming to a standstill in all or a majority of the departments of life is the first step toward disorganization.

Harry Gaze is surer than ever that his principle is right, and that he himself will keep right on living forever.

But he is not now so sure that he knows just what kind of diet, or exercise, or even what kind of a marriage is necessary to enable one to live forever. In fact he thinks he has found out that we shall live forever in spite of even canned beef, and that most any kind of a marriage will help us along toward the forever'n ever.

Harry Gaze is a good, strong-looking young fellow, straight and broad shouldered, with straight light-brown, pretty nearly mouse-colored hair, rather swarthy skin for a blond, and eyes as blue as summer skies—or a clean blue chambrey pinafore. If ever you have a chance to hear him lecture don't miss it. I wouldn't wonder if he can lecture as well as Hubbard of Sunrise town—though Harry wears a biled shirt and visits the barber every little while. Just now he is lecturing and teaching in Boston, at the Metaphysical Club rooms in Huntington Chambers.

SPEAKING OF QUAKES.

Speaking of the earthquake, here is a letter I must give our readers. It sums up the matter from the real new thought standpoint, and is too good to miss. It was written May 2, by Mrs. Stevens of 1907 Bush street, San Fran-

cisco. How anyone can read such an account and fail to see and feel that even such a calamity is good for humanity, is more than I can see. A few died in it. Yes, a few who were "taken away from the evil to come"—who were ready for death. But countless thousands more were *shaken into fuller life and activity and opportunity undreamed of before*. Such a quake means life, not death; it means the waking from lethargy, the breaking of bonds of convention, resurrection to fuller life and love, to *longer* life and love. Not alone for the people who were in San Francisco, April 18, but for all the world, which quaked and thrilled with them, and poured out its heart and purse for their relief.

When the "things which are seen," go to pieces the eternal "things which are not seen," thrill us to new forms of life. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity" to make greater men and things.

Here is Mrs. Steven's letter:

Of course you know all there is to tell about the fire. Yet only one who was an eye witness can have any adequate knowledge of how many homeless we have in our parks and the Presidio, our military reservation. All who have homes cook on the streets. We are still under military law and thus a dry town in truth and fact. We have no gas in our homes, only candles. We are a primitive people, go to bed with the chickens, if there are any. I have seen none, even in a stew. But, oh, it is grand to know how our people have risen to the occasion. No tears, save those the camp-fires will blow into the eyes. Every one as bright, cheerful and happy as if they had good bank accounts and splendid prospects. They have named their street camps all sorts of names—the Camp of the Jolly Five; the Dauntless Camp; the Earthquake-Proof Camp; and many others of the same ilk.

But above all, the sublime courage, the positive belief in the new city that will arise from the ashes of the old, the good fellowship of the people, all caste barriers being burned away, would make anyone have faith in the all-encircling good. It is the unconquerable quality that makes empires which is alive in our city.

It never occurred to our Eastern people how far away we are, and they sent us everything, even to sandwiches beautifully wrapped in waxed paper. "God bless them," said a German woman as she tasted them, "they are so good, if a little dry." We are not all destroyed by any means. There are four square miles of

ruins; but rising above that is a residential city as beautiful as before, except for fallen chimneys and the wreck of a few brick buildings. Many of these streets are fast becoming business thoroughfares.

One good result of the shake, and the flight from the fires, that it cured all the chronic invalids, and they were so amazed at their own activity that they thought it not worth while to get ill again. There is no use for the army of good doctors who were burned out.

For ten days after the fire not a single car was running in our city. One walked or rode in an express wagon. The man with an automobile was in royal luck. I am sure that the man who took me to the ferry, when they informed us we would be burned out in two hours (but fire only came within two blocks of us) gave me the liveliest shaking up in his wagon for the small sum of ten dollars I ever had in any sort of vehicle, not even the hay wagon I used to ride in as a girl. Our mayor took out the first car, but a small boy, rather dampened his enthusiasm. "You are all right as a mayor," said the boy, "but you are a bum motorman." The mayor has proven himself equal to the occasion and has found he can do his work as well in an old frame building as in the magnificent hall, which came down in fire and earthquake. Necessity makes good quarters. Fillmore street, a quiet up-town street, is now the main street of the city. It is marvelous with what rapidity force of circumstances will make humanity adapt itself to new conditions. What seemed necessities yesterday have become today the luxuries of a past age. In the meantime business goes merrily on. Everyone is living in the eternal now. Manual and skilled labor are in constant demand. The people are adaptive to circumstances. One middle-aged man went into the cab business with the family surrey. Another, a literary man of note, had a little money sent him from the East, bought a wagon and went into the sandwich business.

It was the fire, and not the earthquake which did most damage, and the debris from that is being moved by the carloads. I think nothing confronts our people so sternly as the food problem. To the army and navy this disaster has been worse than war, and but for General Funston's prompt action it is probable our city would have starved, or been in a state of anarchy. Today we are thankful for the beautiful Presidio which has furnished a plentiful home for our refugees. How long the government will continue food and clothing is the problem to be solved.

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

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

New Thought Folks in the Earthquake.

By OLIVIA KINGSLAND.

It was Tuesday evening—the evening before the great earthquake of April 18, in San Francisco. The delightful Easter weather had continued. The hills and valleys were covered with yellow poppies, baby-blue eyes, wild violets and all the wondrous array of California spring blossoms. Business and social activity were in the air we breathed, and all were preparing plans for the morrow.

Our art shop is about half way to Buena Vista hill, and Miss Ziln, who lives near the top, had come in about closing time to gather up the balance of her hand-painted eggs, frogs, sachets, etc., and as Fanny and I were alone—Billy, the baby, was asleep—we invited her in to have tea and ice cream and raisin bread with us.

We had a jolly time talking of new thought in the kitchen and studio, Luther Burbank, new shirt waists, our neighbors' follies and our own good sense. Miss Ziln is a nice girl. She admired our old silver teapot, (an heirloom) and passed no remarks on cracked cups or odd plates.

She seemed to enjoy our raisin bread so much (whole wheat, of course) that we begged her to take some home to her sisters. She laughingly declared that was the third time she had been offered raisin bread that afternoon and wondered what it could signify.

When she left us at 10 p. m., with her basket of eggs in one hand and her purse, somewhat heavier from the Easter sales, in the other, Fan and I talked her over for a while longer, and decided she was a good new thoughter. Then, quite regardless of a good grandmother's warning in the past, that fairies played all kinds of pranks with furniture or dishes left out of place over night, we tumbled into bed, leaving Billy in his crib to dream of his mother in Mexico.

He awoke crying about 4 a. m., and I lifted him into our bed, which, no doubt, saved his life, for later development showed that some plaster and a heavy picture had fallen on his pillow. I had dropped asleep and was again awakened in the dawning light by a violent shaking of the bed and room. Oh! I thought, this is one of our annual quakes; and waited for it to stop. But it continued and grew fearful. I tried to catch up the baby and was thrown against the door of our bedroom.

"Come! Come!" shouted Fanny, "I have him, run! run!" We ran through the living room, ornaments and bric-a-brac crashing around us on every side.

That heavy teapot was hurled into my face, cutting a long gash in my chin. Something else struck me on the shoulder and felled me breathless to the floor. I arose somehow and we struggled on to the door. But it would not open. It was thrown out of plumb. Together we tugged at it, and, with a mighty effort, wrenched it open and rushed out into the street.

We stood speechless at the curbstone, watching the chimneys falling, the houses rocking, the earth trembling and listening to that never-to-be-forgotten sound, as of a rushing wind and thunder and straining of huge timbers combined.

It all happened in less than a minute, but our minds compassed ages. We thought of Pompeii, Vesuvius, the end of the world and all the horrors of history, and waited—waited.

Deep silence followed and a gray gaseous cloud arose from the ground.

Men, women and children, scantily clothed, were huddled in frightened groups here and there barefooted and hatless. "How terrible," I whispered to one who stood near, and she answered cheerily, "'Twas not so bad, I've been in earthquakes before," but, looking terrified, "Mrs. Kingsland, you are bleeding to death!" "How strange," I replied, "that I don't feel it." She saw the blood on my face and was picking something off my wet night-gown—it was tea leaves. We both laughed a little hysterical laugh which brought us back to our surroundings.

No one, we learned, in our immediate neighborhood, was badly hurt, so we ventured back for shoes and clothing, but another shock less violent and shorter, sent us flying again to the street.

At this I became faint and seasick and was compelled to lie down for an hour. Friends began to come from a distance with awful news of the dreadful calamity. All the great churches, theaters and mansions were in ruins. Everything built of brick and many of wood, were destroyed.

Fires were raging in the wholesale district and in the mission. Hundreds of lives were lost and others were maimed or injured. We wept for the sick and wounded and those bereft of relatives and friends.

There was no water. The mains were broken and so the fires burned on unchecked and were increased by people starting fires in their

homes to get breakfast, not knowing that their chimneys were defective.

No cars, the power houses were destroyed and tracks torn up; no telephone or telegraph system; no mail, no newspaper—everything in the business portion of the city either partially or totally destroyed.

All day and all night—and for many days and nights—the people wandered up and down the streets, dazed and stupefied, or stood fascinated by the weird grandeur of the scene before them.

Automobiles, bicycles, wagons and carts were now pressed into service and many generous and noble deeds of heroism are still told of those eventful days.

A pale-faced woman passing in a wagon was attending another, who was lying ill by her side. We asked her if she would like a drink or anything, but she said: "I need nothing. I have lost my children, my husband and my mother today, and now I have started out to help others." She passed on. We know not her name or dwelling place, but that act will live forever in the hearts of those who heard and those who read this record. God bless her!

The people toiled up the hills all day and night, with a few belongings tied into sheets, or wheeled in baby carriages, or on children's coasters, or on chairs, or sofas with castors, or any and everything that had wheels and could be pushed or pulled along the streets.

No one smiled at the incongruous procession, or at their unusual garb and actions. Men dragged trunks along by ropes. Cages with canaries and green parrots were carefully carried together with pet cats and dogs and some old keepsakes, while jewels, fine furniture and elegant clothing were left to burn.

Rich women from Nob Hill trudged on, side by side, with their butcher, baker and dress-maker, all equally destitute, seeking shelter in the park. And all so uncomplainingly lending each other such assistance as lay in their power.

Our house was one of the few fortunate enough to have water all the time. So we left the doors open and signs out, "Water free," and had an opportunity for serving hundreds of weary pedestrians with a cool drink and resting place.

Soldiers were sent to destroy all the intoxicating liquors in the city, and all the saloons and grocery stores were cleared of their contents, which were poured on the streets. Dealers are not yet permitted to sell them,—a whole month after—and men are learning how much better off they are without them.

Mounted messengers called out commands to the terror stricken people. No light or fire of any kind was allowed in the houses, on pain of instant death. A few were shot for disobey-

ing orders. The people built little fires in the middle of the streets, between a few fallen bricks, and did their cooking there, and are still doing it there, with a few improvements added.

The fire burned all that Wednesday night with a fierce red glare that made other light unnecessary. A pall of thick black smoke spread over the deep blue of the sky. No one slept. We brought pillows, blankets and cushions into the shop and rested as best we could near the doors.

Almost everyone camped out on the hills, whether burnt out or not, for they feared another big earthquake.

On Thursday, the fire was rapidly approaching. The streets and sidewalks were covered with soot and cinders. Showers of burnt debris fell over the houses. Soldiers, messengers and doctors in autos and on cycles wore veils over their faces as they went through the city with lightning speed.

The air was stifling, the heat oppressive, and the wildest rumors were rife. My son persuaded me to leave the doomed city on account of Billy and go across the bay while there was yet time and an unburnt wharf. My sister and mother came along just then in an old express wagon, for which they had paid twenty dollars, to be taken to the ferry. They advised me to pack Billy's clothes and go to Oakland with them. I could think of nothing but his go-cart and a few impossible and useless things, but with them and Billy I started off at 1 p. m.

It usually takes an hour and a half to reach East Oakland, but on this second day of the fire it took us until 9 p. m. to reach our destination.

The happenings of that trip alone would fill a book.

We were welcomed with open arms and smiling face, by another dear sister, who lives near nature amid her beautiful flowers and fruit trees and happy chickens, that can almost talk to her.

The country never smelled so sweet, and we had our first cup of real tea and home-made jam and clean soft beds since the shock, but we were so overwrought, tired and fearful for the fate of others left behind that we slept little and had troubled dreams.

On Friday morning, we received the glad tidings that the fire was at last under control. The soldiers had dynamited scores of buildings and so left a space that the fire could not cross.

Our home and relatives were safe and the worst was over.

We breathed freely once more. We spread a comfort under the apple trees and put Billy there to sleep. He looked so content with the sunlight flickering over him that we all followed his example and slept there too.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department.

Conducted by the Editor.

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

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

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 20.

"JUST HOW TO LEARN THOUGH GROWN UP."

Each little effort toward a goal,
Piles like sand to make the shoal.

GRACE ADRIANCE.

At one time I grew impatient in the results of something I was learning and asked the Spirit to tell me something comforting concerning this same thing. My answer was the two lines heading this article. You see the Spirit does not give us a highly spiced sermon full of insolvable wisdom, but comes right down to a practical, common sense, simple and direct answer whose wisdom cannot be denied. That is the reason I prefer the Spirit's advice of everything in my life rather than that of people. The Spirit Omniscient cannot make a mistake and people do, so I have learned to obey it even though it be to do things I thought wrong once and some people think wrong now.

Of course, it is understood by everyone that in order to learn anything he must in the first place have the desire to do so. How often we hear people say: "Oh, I started to learn it, I really would love to know how, but it's slow work. I think we ought to begin when we are children. They don't mind learning things."

Now, there is something wrong right here. Children do mind learning things. I don't believe there is a child that wouldn't rather spend its time in play than sit in school learning. Yes, the child wants to know how to read and write, etc., when asked about it, but it is told and made to know that it cannot unless it is willing to do just what it is shown by its teacher, over and over again.

And that is precisely what we "grown-up" folks don't want to do. We are not willing to place ourselves in the position of little children. "We're no kids," we'll say. And then let me whisper something to you: We are afraid when we make a mistake of being laughed at and thought stupid, afraid also of displaying a lack of intelligence.

Now you see little children are not troubled with any of these thoughts or sentiments. They know they have to learn in order to do anything, but "grown-up" folks think they are supposed to know things and are afraid of being criticised when learning if they don't know the whole business in a lightning flash. It doesn't fill a "grown-up" with pleasant feelings to have to make mistake after mistake to obtain the proper result.

So, having the desire to learn a thing, let us get together and have a real, sensible and confidential considering all by ourselves.

Christ's words are all so true! Remember His saying: "Unless ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the Kingdom of God." Well, dear reader, that is the whole secret of all attainment. Unless you are willing to place yourself as the little child does without any conceit or puffed up feelings, even though you be a president, under your teacher, you will never reach your goal, or if you do you might have done so in a much shorter time, for you have only learned when you were in the receptive attitude of the little child. Pride and conceit are the most insidious drawbacks to our learning anything and these things children do not possess, they are the besetting sins of "grown folks." Confidence and conceit are often thought to be the same thing, but they are widely different in spirit though in outward appearance they may be mistaken for the same. Confidence in learning is the assurance that we can learn and get there; but conceit is the assumption that we need not learn and know it all. Have all the glad confidence you can muster, but down and trample upon your conceit everytime it dares to rise. It is your worst enemy in learning because it flatters you and is false; but confidence is ever that loving, helpful friend that inspires you to greater effort. Confidence is the spirit of genius, and confidence is genius!

Now, that we have the desire to learn a certain thing and also are willing to place ourselves in the attitude of receptivity as the little child, are we willing to stick to the learning until we have reached the goal of attainment, even if it takes an eternity's time? This really comes under the head of desire, if the desire be strong enough we will.

I know a young lady, about twenty-five years of age, who started to take piano lessons and was getting along nicely, but stopped because she grew tired, playing over the simple exercises to get them right. She wanted to play sonatas and difficult pieces right off. Then, she said, she was really too old to start in at twenty-five, if she had done so when she was young she wouldn't mind. That was the whole trouble, with such an attitude of mind it is impossible to learn anything. And then I know of another case, just the opposite, of a woman

who is over fifty, that takes the keenest delight in learning how to write and laughs heartily over all her mistakes. I will say right here she writes a clearer and more perfect hand than I do. "It is never too late to learn." Then I heard Mr. Taylor, pastor of a church I often attend, speak to his congregation of an old lady way past her eightieth year, and who is a shut-in, but he never saw or knew a more cheerful person. On her wall in a conspicuous place hangs a notice which reads: "Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes." This woman has taken care never to lose any time, not even in being cross for an instant, and her hands are ever busy. To the shame of the young lady of twenty-five, this woman passed her eightieth year perhaps nearer ninety, enfeebled, has taken to committing beautiful poetry to memory for the entertainment of visitors, and "such beautiful poetry," Mr. Taylor remarked, "it would do you good to listen to her." Such things are inspiring to those aspiring to learn anything.—GRACE ADRIANCE, 461 Green ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letter No. 21.

First find out what you are best adapted to, otherwise you will not reach your highest attainment. The occupation that warms your soul with enthusiasm and respect, that fills you with new ideas and that you fill with original ideas, is your ideal pursuit.

Never mind if it shines as a star in the distance. Hitch your wagon to that star and hang right on, no matter how rough the road, how many jolts you may get, how many hills to climb, or sand hatches to wade through.

Look out occasionally and not the obstacles for future reference and instruction. Don't look too long—keep your eye on that ideal. It will get nearer and nearer, even if you yourself are sometimes doubtful of it. Events will shape themselves to assist you. Hindrances will vanish, opportunities will appear and assistance will spring up around you that you little dreamed of and did not see coming. Try it! Never mind if it takes years—aren't you working for something, towards something better?

Begin now—don't wait—time is flying.—CAROLYN W. HYDE, Burr Oak, Mich.

Letter No. 22.

In my own individual case, as wife and mother on a ranch, where time, money and even strength seem limited, and the meaning of success is to do my own work and at the same time preside gracefully over our little kingdom, the quickest and surest way to realize success has been to cut out the none-essentials and be optimistic.—MADAME MARIE.

Letter No. 23.

Our initiative successes are purely personal. To succeed in life we must first grapple with our faults or our prejudices. Get the black-board of the mind free from all past scrawls—from all detested lines—so that the chalk lines of impression will be clear, and one is ready to start out in the line of eternal achievements. When the master turned and said:

"Physician, heal thyself," that was not an idle proposition. Every man's worst client is himself, and when he can take care of self he has shown the ability of a conqueror. "He that conquereth his own spirit," runs the proverb, "is greater than he that taketh a city." The first use of power should be for self-control. That achieved, the danger that there will be an abuse of power will be overcome. To do right we must begin right. What is there which marks the successful man more than calmness of spirit, gentleness of speech and firmness of action? Verily, the trinity of success abides in perfect self-control.—C. P. WARREN.

Letter No. 24.

In her letter for *May Nautilus*, Florence A. Jones tells how one young man won success "by never letting go." Yet the New Thought teaching everywhere commands us to "let go." How are we to reconcile these apparently inconsistent statements?

Much of the spiritual teaching is in the form of paradox. Every object has more than one side, and conflicting statements in regard to any subject are often helpful in presenting that subject as a whole.

Every one has his ideal, something he desires to realize, to attain, to become. He must fix this ideal in his mind, *never letting go* of his determination to succeed. The more clearly and persistently he holds to this ideal, the more quickly and fully will he realize it, for he is literally building it out of soul-stuff, which must materialize upon the physical plane.

But mistakes, failures, tumbles and bumps are sure to occur, and discouragement to follow in their wake. Courage is retained and renewed effort made possible by *never letting go* the ideal, while yet *letting go* the failures, picking one's self up after the tumbles, using them as stepping-stones to climb right on up higher, never giving them one backward glance or thought.

Never letting go is the positive, courageous, active side. *Letting go* is the passive, peaceful, receptive side. It takes both to complete the perfect whole.—MABEL B. GOODE.

Letter No. 17, by "Eleanor," wins the prize subscriptions for the best Success Letter in our June *Nautilus*. Will "Eleanor" accept our thanks and congratulations, and let us know where to send the two subscriptions?

Each of the other two letters published in June received two votes. They were all good, and I am glad I didn't have to "divide the shape fr'm the goats," as "Mrs. Alderman Casey" says. There were six votes for Letter No. 17.—E. T.

"We may not realize our ideals, but we may always idealize our realities, and our ideals must be practical if we are to make a religion of them, and live by them."—Helen Keller.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

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

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

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

ENQUIRER—Let Saturn cross swords with the sun if he will. If you take a little extra pains to live up to the principles of new thought you will not make more "mistakes" then than at another time. Mistakes are all in your mind anyway. If you believe in mistakes you will find them whenever you look for them. If you do your best and believe that all things work for good your miss-takes will all prove right-takes. Nearly every great invention has been a mistake—all were hit upon when the inventor was hunting for something else. Every little accident or mistake can be turned to good purpose if you believe in good and keep trying. To believe the stars are against you, or that mistakes are calamities, is to make them so—because you don't look for the good and find it—because you get discouraged and quit trying. If the stars do influence things they simply afford us special opportunities for finding out new things, for turning "mistakes" to beautiful results. *And nearly every mistake, no matter what the stars say, can be avoided if you take extra pains, extra thought to do the thing right.* It is hurry, inattention, carelessness, slovenly work, hasty words, that lie at the bottom of most "mistakes." Wake up your thought and interest and you will find all things working for you, not against.

T. I. M.—If you have trouble in going into the silence, if it is hard to keep your mind free of thoughts and open to the infinite, just use a single high thought as a centre. Call your mind back to that every time you catch it wandering. After a few months, or years, of this kind of practice you will find it easy to rest your thought without a special high thought as anchorage. * * I am preparing an article on being led by the spirit, which will appear soon. I trust it will make things plainer to you and others who have asked similar questions.

M. W.—So you are already in debt, and don't see how you can live up to Mrs. Kingsley's "Creed for the Abolition of Poverty." Easy enough. *Begin now* to live free from debt. *Quit making new debts*, and you will soon find yourself pulling ahead enough to begin squaring up the old ones. It is not enough to simply quit making new debts; you will need to so order your expenditures that there will be a surplus every time to be applied on the old

debts. This is easier than you think, provided you give your surplus as fair a deal as you do your grocer—a better deal than your butcher deserves these days! *Decide* what proportion of your income must go into the surplus for paying up old debts, then *stick to it*. *Don't get into debt to your back-debt fund*, any more than you do to your butcher or grocer. And when you are counting so much for groceries, so much for back-debts, so much for clothes, etc., be sure you count *so much for emergencies*. Otherwise emergencies will surely encroach upon your other funds. Keep at this until the old debts are wiped out; *then keep on at it*—divert your back-debt appropriation into a saving account for the Day of Opportunity. * * * Hard times to have to skimp so? *Not unless you think so*. Go at it with a will, and you will find it *fun* to order your income, instead of letting it *leak* out in unnecessary and ill-advised directions. And there is a *solid satisfaction* to be got out of it that you can never feel while you are in debt, or running behind, or just barely hanging on, and that *doubly* repays every effort made to get ahead. This solid satisfaction is really your soul's "Well done," which comes with the knowledge that you have *commanded yourself* as well as your income. There is nothing like it!—and once you get a taste of such satisfaction you will count anything else well lost for its sake.

AN ITEM FROM Everyone knows about
IVY CHEW. "The John Wanama-

ker Store, of Philadelphia, New York and Paris." When they celebrated their thirtieth anniversary they had printed a little *Herald* as souvenirs of the occasion, and all who passed through the store that day received one complimentary. Among the many interesting items it contained was this one that so especially impressed me that I have ventured to copy it for you, hoping that you will pass it along:

"It is a frequent complaint that there is no chance for the individual in business. In point of fact there is nothing accomplished in business today any more than there ever was without individuality. There are fine laboratories all over the world, splendidly endowed as in no former age, but radium would have remained unknown but for Mme. Curie. The progress of the age is a mere phrase. There is no progress except by the pathfinders. There is no substitute for individual effort, for singleness of purpose, for life consecration to ideals."

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

For hot weather diet one still needs fuel and energy, which, it will be remembered, are furnished by the carbo-hydrates and fat, primarily. Rice, potatoes, chestnuts and tapioca are examples of starchy foods. From hominy and macaroni one also derives starch in valuable proportion. In nuts, butter and olive oil the purest and best fats are to be found. Fruits furnish probably as much sugar as one needs as well as valuable mineral salts and some food elements. The juiciest vegetables should be eaten freely as they act upon the lower intestine, for one thing, (of great importance), as well as furnishing varying degrees of carbo-hydrates, etc., and cellulose in bulk which is important as waste material. (Cabbage, lettuce, turnips and other vegetables are good examples of this type.) The grains contain both fat, protein and starch. "Greens" of all sorts, cooked or uncooked, are excellent for the blood; so also are onions and carrots. All manner of vegetables may be made into salads by which one gets the fat of the oil used in the dressing and new, pleasing forms of the vegetables.

Variety is as necessary to health as food itself since it stimulates appetite by pleasing the aesthetic sensibilities—tempts the palate, and so makes active the salivary and digestive secretions. Both meat value and variety are to be had by using and adding milk or egg sauces to the succulent vegetables. Butter and cream add fuel value. The Italians make great use of cheese with "green stuff," and render cauliflower, turnips and everything else imaginable far more nutritious by the combination.

Bananas are a meaty food when eaten with milk as one has then protein and carbohydrates (sugar included) in generous quantity. To add cream would add fat in greater proportion. Figs are solid food, however innocently light they seem, and prunes have much body. Both, though substantial, are laxative and excellent summer foods or food adjuncts. Melons are good for the kidneys. All fruits contain mineral salts of value, but one should eat at least good bread and butter in connection with them during hot weather in order not to indulge in too one-sided a diet. Bread contains both protein and starch as well as some sugar. Combine the succulent fruits and green vegetables with the foods containing protein, fat or carbohydrates, gauging as carefully as possible one's individual needs, remembering the make-up of the body: the requirement of a combination of the nitrogenous, carbonaceous, fat and mineral—the necessity of bulk as well as of juices, each in its way carrying off elements or combinations which otherwise would be harmful.

In preparing vegetables for eating cook them as soon as possible after gathering. If the grocer must come between one and the garden then select the freshest possible and make them

ready as quickly as convenience will permit. If absolutely wilted put them in a large vessel of cold water and place over them a very wet cloth. This will shortly revive them, but, unless wilted, do not soak vegetables long in water as by this some of their valuable elements will be lost. For this reason, also when prepared, cook in rapidly boiling water, uncovered, in order to better retain the color and prevent strong odors. Only a few of the most succulent vegetables should be boiled in salt water as salt hardens and toughens the fiber. When done never let vegetables stand in the water in which they were cooked. If necessary that the cook and vegetables be kept waiting, place the vegetables in a colander over hot water, or in the serving dishes, in a steamer or a rather cool oven. Cook delicate vegetables as quickly and in as little water as possible, saving any liquor remaining for sauces or soups. Even in summer there is a possibility of a cool day or evening when a vegetable broth or soup will be appetizing and, well made, it is always delicious, nourishing and acceptable. Vegetable liquor from carrots, peas, etc., can be kept well some days on ice or by re-heating to boiling point each day. Raw food advocates may prefer to eat vegetables uncooked, but the cellulose of a number of vegetables is much softened and better prepared for digestion by cooking. Cabbage, for instance, has such resistant cellulose that vinegar, usually a foe to digestion, aids its preparation for the stomach by its action upon the fiber; this, whether cooked or raw. Parsnips and other roots are much more digestible for cooking (properly) and peas and beans when past their earliest youth can hardly be cooked too long.

BREAKFAST.

Broiled Tomatoes on Peanut Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON NO. I.

Blackberries. Whole Wheat Bread and Butter.

LUNCHEON NO. II.

Creamed Beets. Berry Muffins. Cherry Soup. Saltines.

DINNER.

Stewed Carrots with Green Peas. Stuffed Egg Plant. Rice. Cherry, Nasturtium and Cucumber Salad. Raspberries in Gelatine. Coffee.

SUPPER.

Cherry Roll. Custard Sauce. Cocoa.

Breakfast: Wash and halve fresh tomatoes, but do not skin. Broil carefully and place on hot peanut toast, serving additional, generous slices of the hot toast with it.

Luncheon No. II.—Berry Muffins: To the usual home recipe for muffins add one and a half cups of berries and an additional three fourths cup of flour. Bake as usual.

Cherry Soup: To a quart of stoned, mashed cherries add the juice of two lemons (an orange, also, if convenient), a quart of water, a little cinnamon and sugar and the peel of the lemon in strips or grated. Cook slowly in double boiler three quarters of an hour then strain and replace on stove. When again at

boiling point add a dessert spoonful of corn-starch or arrow root which has been made smooth in cold water. Add a little salt, cook till clear (stirring well) and set aside till cold. Place on ice before serving. A little wine—a teaspoonful—is considered an improvement to this. On serving drop a half dozen cherries, whole, in each plateful of soup.

Dinner—Stuffed Egg Plant: Wash and stem a large egg plant. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes in salt water. Drain and cut in half, scoop out the center until within an inch of the shell. Chop this pulp, adding bread crumbs in equal quantity, a half cup of melted butter, a tablespoonful each of chopped onion, parsley and nuts. Fill the shells with this mixture and bake nearly an hour.

Cherry, Nasturtium and Cucumber Salad: Stone the cherries and dice the cucumbers, placing the latter in fresh water for a half hour before mixing. Drain and take equal quantities of the stoned cherries, tossing up on a bed of chopped nasturtium stems, yellow flowers and leaves, and garnishing with sprays of yellow flowers and leaves. Serve with oil and lemon juice.

Raspberries in Gelatine: Make a simple but stiff gelatine, using the fruit juice as far as possible instead of water, and adding a cupful of whole berries to each pint of gelatine mixture.

Supper—Cherry Roll: Make a biscuit dough, adding a little sugar as for shortcake, and roll out, rubbing with butter and placing on the dough a thick layer of stoned cherries. Roll up as close as possible and bake thoroughly. Serve hot or cold with a custard sauce. For this, heat a quart of milk, add a pinch of salt, sugar to taste and a little nutmeg. When at boiling point add three well beaten eggs (whites and yolks); whip in lightly, let thicken, stirring carefully two or three minutes and remove from stove before it really boils, which would cause the egg to separate and ruin the formation of the custard.

Anent Books and Things.

—"The Object of Living," by Will J. Erwood, Black River Falls, Wis.; ninety-one pages, paper bound, with half-tone of the author; price, 25 cents.

—"Self Synthesis a Means to Perpetual Life," by Cornwell Round Purbrook, Crescent Wood Road, Sydenham Hall, London. Paper bound, illustrated, 32 pages, price, 25 cents.

—"Mental and Physical Culture for the Little Ones Before Habits are Formed," is the title of an instructive illustrated paper bound book by Aumond C. David, 993 N. H. street, Los Angeles, Cal. Price, 40 cents.

—"Other Worlds," by Lena Jane Fry, Box 366, Chicago, is a story of ideals and other worlds, written, as the author says, to "show you how to secure a home and an income or a pension that will be your own as long as you live." Cloth, red and black; 194 pages, with illustrations; price, \$1.00.

—"The Divine Man, a New Epic," by Joseph Ware, is a 278 page book of poetry, with handsome illustrations and a picture of the author; bound in orange cloth and gold. Published by True Light Publishing Company, Mechanicsburg, O. Price, \$2.00. One of its admirers calls this epic poem "as great as Paradise Lost."

—"Self Culture," is a charming new "Essay on Individuality," by our dainty friend, Olive Durfee, of the Latter Day Saints' University, Salt Lake City, whose picture appears as a frontispiece. The volume contains 122 pages of bright, helpful philosophy, bound in pale orange cloth and brown; price, \$1.00. May many people find joy in Olive's message.

—"Ready Money," is an attractive 317 page volume, cloth bound, by George H. Knox of the Personal Help Publishing Company, Des Moines, Iowa. It is a book of information and inspiration for those who mean to start life in a way to lead to success. And the author declares it is never too late to start right. There are some specially good paragraphs in this book.

—"A Summer in the Apple Tree Inn," is a charming children's story that will interest grown-ups, too—the story of four youngsters who kept a play house inn in the orchard, and had many thrilling experiences and were "conjured" into good habits and joy. Written by Ella Partridge Lippsett, with four illustrations by Mary Wellman, published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; 247 pages, in cloth apple blossoms cover; price, \$1.25.

—"Luminous Bodies Here and Hereafter," by Charles Hallock, M. A., is "an attempt to explain the inter-relation of the intellectual, celestial and terrestrial kingdoms, and of man to his Maker." An interesting and instructive treatise, based upon Dr. Henry Raymond Roger's "Theory of the Great Physical Forces." Published by Metaphysical Publishing Company, 500 Fifth avenue, New York. Price, \$1.00, 110 pages, red cloth and gold.

—"The Philosophy of Fasting," by Edward Earle Purinton; 130 large pages, olive green and gold; half-tone of the author; price, \$1.00. Published by B. Lust, 124 East Fifty-ninth street, New York. The author calls his book "A Message for Sufferers and Sinners," and gives you the philosophy and practice of fasting for every virtue and achievement under the sun! The book is full of wisdom and inspiration for others besides sufferers and sinners.

—"The Twentieth Century Christ," by Paul Karishna; 205 pages, green silk cloth and gold, price, \$1.10 postpaid; Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. The publishers say of this unusual book: "Various systems of philosophy, from the Greek to that of the modern evolutionist, are appealed to in the finding of the Christ. The conclusion of all this research honors the Master. The author is a well-known jurist who prefers to let his work speak for itself under a pen name. It is an exciting book throughout because of its striking originality, its unusual scholarship, and its thrilling earnestness."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

MARYLAND.—Please read again the paragraph on page ten of December *Nautilus* concerning relief of "fatigue from overwork." Is there anything in it which remotely suggests what you infer, that "the positive current is exhausted?" To continue inhaling the positive current in such a condition is like giving another dose of opium to one who already has taken *too much*. These two electrical currents are flowing round about us constantly (see page nine, same number, paragraph beginning "Hindu philosophy"—which should read *physiology*). These currents are not generated in the body; the whole danger arises from one or the other current flowing too long, in which state the body becomes overcharged with it.

When we are very actively engaged and continue that activity beyond reason, using up all physical and mental force under the lack of will-power, which is the method producing the state I described, we draw upon the positive current too long, and the resulting exhaustion—sometimes amounting to painful prostration—is because, in this positively overcharged state which greatly disturbs normal conditions, the negative current does not set in. There is discord and struggle in all the atoms to accomplish this, hence suffering. The need that the opposite current should flow is obvious, and the relief afforded by voluntary attention to taking the negative breath is not "to furnish a sort of reservoir for later positive use," as you suppose, but to assist Nature. She will attend to restoring the balance and will *keep the negative breath flowing*, if not disturbed by human interference (emotional excitement or further efforts to exact work from a wearied brain or body), till that is done.

We cannot "store up supplies" of either of these electrical forces. Have patience to wait the slow unfoldment of a difficult subject, and do a good deal of thinking as every chapter gives you fresh material. It cannot be understood without. You will learn, as the science is fully explained, that life is from moment to moment; and its perfection depends upon our ability to maintain such a rhythmic balance of these forces that harmonious vibrations without shall find their affinity within.

Get an electrician to explain to you the operation of an electrical battery, or else read the description of one in a text-book upon natural philosophy. You will then understand that two positives repel each other as do, of course, two negatives also; therefore, to go to sleep inhaling the positive current puts us in the most receptive condition to receive the beneficial effects of the lunar current which is negative and finds its affinity in positive bodies. As the atmosphere currents change at sunrise, for the same reason it is most favorable to greet the solar current with the negative breath flowing. Of six persons to whom I commended this

within ten days, not one failed to receive immediate benefit from thus going to sleep; and the benefits were as dissimilar as the individuals.

We certainly do "need the lunar and solar currents as they have been created," and it is only in the science of the *Tattvas* that an explanation of this phase of creation has ever been attempted.

The Way the Wind Blows.

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

"The Massachusetts board of health has recently been conducting experiments to demonstrate the efficacy of sunlight in cleansing contaminated sewage. The results were quite astonishing. For instance, in the case of typhoid bacillus from ninety-five per cent to ninety-nine per cent were quickly killed by exposure to direct sunlight. The virtues of sunlight are not sufficiently known because the sunlight costs nothing."—From *Boston Globe*.

From Printer's Ink:—At the recent convention of the associated billposters and distributors' directors in Detroit a formal resolution to censor advertising offered to members was adopted. The use of all sensational, vicious and suggestive paper is denounced, with objectionable titles of plays, such as "Why Women Sin," "Queen of the Highbinders," "Fast Life in New York," etc. After August 1 a penalty will be laid on members of the association who post such paper. Five years ago the organization ruled out all objectionable medical advertising.

"It was during many years a cause of annoyance to me that flowers faded very quickly when worn by me—so much so that, much as I love them, I grudge to waste their beauty so prematurely. Then I knew a doctor (late James Tidey, M. D.) who occasionally placed a growing plant near the bedside of a patient and watched the effect. In one case the plant died—was replaced by a fresh specimen, which also died; a third plant survived, and the doctor then felt sure of his patient's recovery. He could not, or would not, tell me why this was so, just as he could not say why this or that drug would benefit me. I have always thought he knew more of mental healing than he cared to speak of. He had *no faith in drugs*, and was of the expectant or suggestive school, and overflowing with sympathy. Another note may be worth giving. Some can grow home-plants to perfection; others simply kill them, no matter how willing and careful to tend them. In some homes plants *cannot live*; in others they seem to survive the greatest lack of care. May not the aura of the persons in the home affect these results?"—A. S. HUNTER, in *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

HERE'S TO PLENTY. "Here is a dollar to pay for two years' subscription to *Nautilus*, to June, 1907. As long as the magazine price remains at 50 cents you may rely upon me as a subscriber. Should the price be raised to \$1.00 I will have to stop, as I could not possibly afford to pay more, although I am forced to acknowledge that *Nautilus* is worth a great deal more."—Julie.

Good gracious, girl alive! Don't you expect ever to be better off than you are now? *How do you know you cannot pay \$1.00 more easily in a year from now, than you can pay 50 cents now?* What kind of a new thought girl are you anyway, to lay down such narrow contracted economy rules for yourself? Don't you expect to grow by the time *Nautilus* goes to a dollar? Even if your income is exactly fixed, don't you expect your desires to evolve in the next year or two, so that you may cease to care for or buy quite a number of things you desire and buy now, thus leaving more money for the new desires evolved, as well as for the old ones that continue? *Don't you know the whole thing is in the mind*, and that what you desire hard enough you can always scare up the money to buy!

Of course you know it! You know all these things; but just for the moment you forgot that you are a growing being in a growing, changing world, and that many a thing which is hard for you today will be so easy in a year from now that you will smile to think of it.

I am not afraid you or any other new thought friend will ever be so poverty stricken you cannot pay \$1.00 a year for *Nautilus* if you want it! I have too much faith in you, and in new thought, and in the Spirit of Opulence which is working in and through everyone of us to think there is one of us who really can't raise \$1.00 for the thing he really desires. If there is one such among our readers it is a case of temporary lack only, and I'll gladly send the *Nautilus* for 50 cents until he realizes that he can pay full value for the thing he desires.

Open your eyes, dearie, and expect opulence, not skimpiness and privation! And I'll ask all our readers, right now as they read this, to sit in the silence a moment and send the thought of *Plenty, and Power, and Joy* to Julie and to all our big circle of readers. Why, there must be nearly 100,000 monthly readers of *The Nautilus*! Think of a 100,000 people speaking *Plenty, Power and Joy* to you; and you speaking it to them!

Now all together—*Plenty, Power, Joy!*—Don't you feel it! I do! Get enthused, dearies—believe, speak the Word, and you are already beginning to receive.

BLESSINGS GROWING. Here is a sample of the sort of letters we receive

from all over this beautiful green earth. Do you wonder that we are happy, successful, with such blessings following us? And we send the blessings right along again to our readers, with all the good new things we can find to put into *Nautilus* pages.

I have been a reader of the *Nautilus* for over a year. I first saw a copy of it in Greeley, Col, and am certainly in love with it. It has made me a better man, and is my hope and my guide.

I am continually traveling for a firm in Indianapolis, Ind., but your *Nautilus* finds me waiting for it. It just came to me day before yesterday from Texarkana, Tex. I had an audience at my hotel last evening listening as I read the article, "To Lengthen Life," by William E. Towne. They all declared it fine. I have interested several parties in *Nautilus*. I take it, sing its praise everywhere I go. It has taught me to look at nature in a different light. I wander over the mountains that nearly surround this beautiful little village of 7,000 population, and enjoy my own company. I fill up with such perfect happiness that I forget all about dinner and forget myself. And I sometimes think I am the happiest mortal that lives. I never knew what deep breathing meant until I read *Nautilus*. I have gained nineteen pounds in one year, just a gradual gain, through deep breathing and physical culture.

I have so many friends who are readers of the *Nautilus*, from twelve different states in which I have been selling goods. Mrs. A. is very much enthused over a copy I sent her. I have paid the price of four subscriptions for those that could not spare the money. I would loan them a copy and then donate fifty cents. I consider that every family in the United States ought to read *Nautilus*.—HENRY P. BARTON, Kansas City, Mo.

A LONDON DISCUSSION The noted scientist to whom is commonly attributed the discovery of colored rays emanating from the human body, Dr. J. Stenson Hooker, recently lectured before the London Psycho-Therapeutic Society, and the *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal* for March contains a report. After the lecture there was a general discussion which elicited many interesting—and humorous—ideas. Here are a few clippings from the report:

Dr. Hooker said he acknowledged that there were times when surgery was absolutely imperative, but in many cases the condition which gave rise to the need for surgery ought never to have arisen. In other words, the success of surgery was the failure of medicine. They must meet matter with matter under certain conditions, but it depended entirely on the patients. If they expected drugs, doctors must give them and they would do good. The faith in the medicine had a peculiar virtue. But if patients did not believe in medicine he certainly did not give it, because he knew it would be entirely wasted. (Laughter and applause.) * * *

Another gentleman asked whether Dr. Hooker would, in a case of poisoning, order spiritual treatment or an emetic.

Dr. Hooker: I should order both, because we have not reached that spiritual development when we shall be able to trust to the spirit power entirely. (Hear, hear.) * * *

Mr. Beaurepaire instanced the case of his own child who had diphtheria, and would, he felt sure, have died but for anti-toxin. Therefore, he honored those who investigated the bacilli theory, and the killing of one microbe by another.

Dr. Hooker said he could heartily congratulate Mr. Beaurepaire on such a beneficent result, but it did not prove that it was the result of anti-toxin after all. The child might have got better without any treatment whatever. Personally, he never used anti-toxins; he believed in purer and simpler ways of treatment, and he believed statistics for the last ten years actually showed that there were more cases of diphtheria now than there were before anti-toxin was introduced. (Applause.) * * *

Mr. Eustace Miles, M. A., said he had been on a changed diet for about ten years. Before that he was gluttonous and a wine-bibber, and that sort of thing. (Laughter.) When he changed his diet a change came over him, and the evidence he had collected on the subject was very strong. Diet was a most valuable means of clearing the body and making it a more valuable instrument for the spirit. But he did not believe that those who simply adopted a reformed diet were consequently altogether virtuous, as some considered themselves to be. They were like people who gave up alcohol and consequently got on platforms

and posed as saints. (Hear, hear.) The thing was to keep a steady poise under all sorts of conditions, and that was why he thought there should be a society such as this, so that the importance of diet and the finer forces generally could be properly emphasized. (Hear, hear.) They did not want to have to travel to the other side of the world to take some mineral water or other remedy. They wanted simple methods at home, and he thoroughly appreciated and sympathized with what Dr. Hooker had said. He regarded one's attitude towards one's body as far more sacred than any Church. (Applause.)

A BIT OF HARMONY. It is funny how many workmen expect to find the implements of their trade growing on every bush and lying around loose in every household. The carpet man comes to button down the rugs, and has to go back after the buttons. The plumber comes to disconnect the gas range—with his two bare hands, evidently. Back he goes after some kind of tongs or wrenches or something. The odd jobs man comes to take up a carpet and has to stand around on one foot while somebody runs out to buy a tack puller. The furniture man brings a big roll top desk that has to be dissected before it will come in the door—and no screw-driver to do it with. He borrows yours—and drops it into his own pocket. These are a few of the things that happen to folks who are moving.

P. S.—I wrote that when we were getting ready to move. It was inspired by memory of past experiences, suggested by the thought of what might be coming. After writing it, it occurred to me to "treat" myself and all the men who were to help us move, so that there would be a minimum of hitches in the sun rise over our new home. And, do you know, I don't believe a single man forgot anything! And we had lovely weather—though the mover predicted rain—and everything went off beautifully. Nothing like a little treatment for *harmony*, to make things go smoothly. Things would go smoothly without special treatment, if we'd only let them. But we get anxious and fly around, interfering with the universal harmony. The chief end of the treatment is to get *ourselves* into harmony—to make connections between our own minds, through the universal mind, with the minds of others. Then we all work in harmony.

**TOO GOOD
TO KEEP OUT.**

The following article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox is too good to be confined to the columns of Hearst's papers, so I reprint it here:

Statistics have been made proving that men are kinder to their wives and children in the summer than in the winter season.

This indicates how much climate influences us when we are in a state of evolution, and have not learned to control *ourselves*, rather than be controlled by outside conditions.

A letter from an acquaintance tells me an amusing experience with a dog regarding climate. This dog was old and irritable; he had never been an amiable dog, it seems, although a family pet all his life.

He was a New England dog and subjected to all the climatic changes of that land of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Not long ago his mistress moved to California; the old dog accompanied her, growling and snapping at every one during the journey.

But after a few weeks in that land of eternal sunshine the lady noticed a great change creeping over her irritable pet.

He no longer snarled and growled; he gave cheerful barks of content instead.

After a few months his disposition had become absolutely amiable and astonishingly affectionate.

Now the lady believes that his ill-temper was merely an expression of canine discontent with the rigors of an eastern climate.

He has found what he wanted and is glad to let his friends know it. This is a great card for the California climate.

GOOD-NATURED SUNSHINE.

During two winters spent in travel in California it seemed to me I saw an unusual number of amiable and good natured people.

In Jamaica and Cuba and in the Sunny South, too, one sees more smiling faces in a day than in our colder realms during a week.

The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers are notable for a certain austerity of countenance; this, and many of their rigorous ideas, can be traced to the same cause—climate.

Cold contracts; heat expands.

But how animal and material we prove ourselves when we depend upon climate for our amiability!

Within the spirit of man lies a climate of more wonderful beauty than was ever found in any earthly Arcadia.

Upon it pours such sunshine as no one of the five billion suns already extinct, or the billions still in space, ever produced.

For this spirit of man is made of the *source* from which all the suns came; it is a part and portion of indestructible *light*, and should glorify our natures and make us all glow with *radiant energy*.

The crusty old dog could not reason and develop his higher nature, but man is a superior animal, and to him is given this privilege; and he who experiments with the divine stuff in his own soul will be rewarded by finding

When replying to advertisements please mention THE NAUTILUS.

Knows Now

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day.

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone.

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full fifteen minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason."

A remarkable little book "The Road to Wellville" can be found in packages.

"Our life powers are God's investment in us in behalf of universal creation. This investment is capacity plus opportunity in the kingdom into which we have come."—Weston Bruner.

he is able to produce perennial Summer for himself if he tries.

Speak to your own heart and say, "*Let there be light!*"

Think about light as you walk the street and as you sink to rest.

Imagine your body filled with it and your brain radiating its beams.

When you arise in the morning and look out of the window, no matter how dark and gloomy the day, think of yourself as a *centre of light*, and carry that thought with you as you move among people at your necessary task.

Do not talk about it, as that would sound egotistical and foolish to others, and by keeping silent you generate much more power.

We all talk too much. Many a fine idea, many a worthy undertaking is spoiled by talking before the thought is perfected.

So just keep on thinking silently, but persistently, that *you are light, warmth, sun and Summer*.

And by and by others will tell you that your presence is a benefit, your face a benediction and your touch healing.

You will carry Summer climate with you.

And, unlike the crotchety old dog, you will not need to change your location to be amiable.

THE ORIGIN OF IDEAS. Your remarks in April *Nautilus*, regarding C. S. and origin of Mrs. Eddy's ideas, cause me to wonder if thoughts do not pass through a sort of incubating process from their germinal inception to full fledged understanding and if we do not sometimes forget how or through whom they were quickened into growth? Have noticed that upon hearing ideas advanced or reading them, that with the speaking or reading, and from the speaker or writer I seemed to obtain light enough to cause me to believe these ideas true, yet did not think of them as *my* idea. Then, all at once, sometime after, perhaps, would "waken up" to a full (in some degree of fulness) understanding of the idea, which *then* seemed my own. And, you know that "Though we may forget the singer, yet we'll not forget the song," or what it meant to us.—E. M. B.

You are right. And your idea is as old as all other ideas. "A sower went forth to sow—" a seed lit on fallow ground in your mind, and behold the full blown idea. Thoughts are like thistle down or tumble weed—looking for good ground. There they lodge, germinate, grow, bloom and raise more seeds after their kind, *and yet no two exactly alike nor exactly like the parent seed*.

You see, the seed thought is only the father of thought. There is the mother to be reckoned with—the Mother Earth in which the seed falls. And who shall

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The Doctor's Wife

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A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing. This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice or flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress.

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients.

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In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain fag, a ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding, and in this way ending the trouble. "There's a reason" and trial proves.

Look in packages for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"Drop Thy still dews of quietness

Till all our strivings cease:

Take from our souls the strain and stress

And let our ordered lives confess

The beauty of Thy peace."

John G. Whittier.

say that the mother has less to do with the growth of anything than the father?

Drop a seed in ashes and what will become of it? After all it is the ground that counts. And all the original seeds are eternal in the heavens of the Ideal—waiting for the preparation of the ground to quicken their unfoldment that they may bear yet other seeds—all differing from themselves.

When an idea becomes yours it bears only a family resemblance to the thought and mental environment from whence it sprang.

Sophocles said this nearly five hundred years before Jesus talked about the sower that went forth to sow: "For neither now nor yesterday began these thoughts which have been ever; nor yet can a man be found who their first entrance knew."

NOISE CURES. The Chinese doctor sets up a terrible racket when called to treat the sick. This is supposed to drive evil spirits away, and it unquestionably acts well in a great many cases. Civilization demands rest and quiet; all noise is barred from the sick room. The Chinese have demonstrated, unknowingly, a great psychological or psychopathological fact. A patient of mine had received the last rites of the church, the pulse had ceased at the wrist, and he had sunk into that coma which precedes

(Continued on Page 44.)

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When replying to advertisements

(Continued from Page 43.)

death. Some one in the next house struck up the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore." I was very much annoyed and distressed, and tried to stop it. Suddenly the pulsation at the wrist began again, the patient gradually opened his eyes, and motioned to his sister. She bent low, and he whispered in her ear: "'Te dum te dea,' that is my favorite tune," says he. We roused him, fed him, and today, ten years after the event, he weighs 240 pounds. The therapeutics of vibration or noise is yet to be written. So I have discovered that anything that can arouse the subconscious, subliminal self will cure my patient when all drugs fail, and noise is a very cheap agent."

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"I looked around upon the world and saw that it was shadowed by sorrow and scorched by the fierce fires of suffering. And I looked for the cause. I looked around, but could not find it; I looked in books, but could not find it; I looked within, and found there both the cause and the self-made nature of that cause. I looked again, and deeper, and found the remedy. I found one Law, the Law of Love; one Life, the Life of adjustment to that Law; one Truth, the Truth of a conquered mind and a quiet and obedient heart. And I dreamed of writing a book which should help men and women, whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, worldly and unworldly, to find within themselves the source of all success, all happiness, all accomplishment, all truth. And the dream remained with me, and at last became substantial; and now I send it forth into the world on its mission of healing and blessedness, knowing that it cannot fail to reach the homes and hearts of those who are waiting and ready to receive it."

CONTENTS

PART I.

THE PATH OF PROSPERITY.

The Lesson of Evil
The World a Reflex of Mental States
The Way out of Undesirable Conditions
The Silent Power of Thought: Controlling and Directing One's Forces
The Secret of Health, Success and Power
The Secret of Abounding Happiness
The Realization of Prosperity

PART II

THE WAY OF PEACE

The Power of Meditation
The Two Masters, Self and Truth
The Acquirement of Spiritual Power
The Realization of Selfless Love.
Entering into the Infinite
Saints, Sages and Saviours: The Law of Service
The Realization of Perfect Peace

Mr. James Allen is, without doubt, England's most able Advanced Thought writer. Last fall we published his wonderful little book, "As A Man Thinketh." Those who read it demanded more from the same author. To satisfy this demand and to fill the need for a real New Thought Classic in this country, we decided to publish his most powerful book, "From Poverty to Power." This volume was originally published in England some five years ago; it sprang at once into public favor and in a short time was in its fourth edition. It has been a tremendous force for good in that country.

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A young lady in Nebraska once wrote asking me to reveal her fortune by Astrology. Among other questions, she asked me to tell the color of her eyes and what color her barn was painted.

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Life is not all luck, as many would have you believe. Those who crowd to the front, are those who understand themselves and their possibilities thoroughly. No guess work, no waiting to see what may turn up.

When a prominent New York financier has been known to daily consult an Astrologer before entering upon speculation, is it not high time for you to learn your fortunate periods, time for you to look into this science and see what fate has in store for you?

Did you ever hear of a divorce where two people were married in harmony with their Astrological indications?

Did you ever stop to think that some of your rivals, who are perhaps outstripping you in the race for money, love or fame, are pushing forward in the clear light of Astrological knowledge, whilst you are groping blindly in the dark?

Why not turn to me for advice and be yourself the successful leader?

I have drawers filled with letters from grateful patrons, letters which I hold sacredly confidential, letters telling me of financial advancement, of success in love and marriage; also many sad letters regretting that my advice had not been asked years ago.

Pleased patrons have sent friends to me, have asked my advice for their children and children's children.

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Patrons write me after the lapse of years, announcing the fulfillment of every prediction.

You will be so convinced by what I tell you, by my wonderful powers to read your future like an open book, that you will write me when in doubt or in trouble; when you want advice about speculation, business, marriage, travel and the future, you will also be glad to refer your friends to me, and in that way repay me for the cost of the Free Horoscope which I will send you.



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

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

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That we have a lot of good things coming, including pictures!

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Coupons will be credited

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

Now understand: This offer is made to gain new subscribers, and no renewals will be counted towards a prize under any circumstances, and none with which premiums were received.

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

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

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

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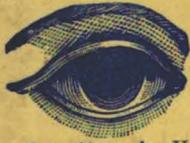
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