

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

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

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ELIZABETH (STRUBLE) TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

No. 12.

SELF RELIANCE.

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law, or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, "Rely on yourself."
For whatever the prize, be it ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can go it alone.

Save.

WHERE JOY IS.

Now, Sweethearts, get out your file of THE NAUTILUS, turn to the June (1900) number, and re-read carefully the first article, "Joy."

Look down there after the first little row of stars and see this sentence: "The pursuit of happiness is the pursuit of Life."

You would naturally conclude from that statement that a man's chief duty in life is to seek enjoyable experiences—would you not?

You would infer that the wisest and longest-lived man is he who runs away from all "unpleasant duties" and painful experiences; the man who, morning, noon and night, seeks pleasure.

But you know, both from experience and observation, as well as from the teachings of the world's sages, that the pleasure seeker is, after a few years of pleasure chasing, a disappointed, unhappy, deadened and dying individual. Pleasure seeking fails to pan out.

It is true that "Every pleasant experience is life giving. Every unpleasant experience is death dealing." It is true that "the pursuit of happiness is the pursuit of Life."

But the pursuer often fails in his quest. He who hunts pleasure is oft haunted by dissatisfaction, while he who seeks birds of other feather sometimes brings down pleasure.

The world has deduced the moral that pleasure seeking is "bad"; that Duty is the game one must hunt and feed upon if he would live.

But Duty is a hideous old buzzard, and only Fear can make us hunt him. And he is adept at black magic. He has a trick of multiplying himself until we are fain to cry, "Duty, Duty, everywhere, and not a bit of fun!" Only that tired feeling, and crow tracks, and gray hairs, and early graves.

The pleasure hunter and the devil-ridden, fear-driven duty-doer find the same fate. He who seeks pleasure and he who flees pleasure tumble into the same pit. He who seeks Duty, and he who flees Duty find death.

Truly, it seems all is vanity and vexation of spirit and the end thereof is the only good.

* * * * *

Not so. Neither happiness nor duty is vanity, or vexation or death.

Happiness, unhappiness and death itself, are all results of one Idea—the Idea of good and evil.

The pleasure seeker follows desire and flees from evil; *i. e.*, that which is unpleasant.

The duty slave is driven by fear to flee from evil; *i. e.*, that which is pleasant to "the flesh."

Each divides himself and the world into two conflicting portions and strains nerve and addles brain trying to get out of the world's evil and get the world's evil out of himself. Without avail.

The seeker after anything is fleeing from something else. Desire lures and fear drives, and death lies in wait. All is straining and striving, and failure.

Only to him who has got there is there joy and life.

* * * * *

The pleasure seeker and the duty-driven alike strive to reach the place of All Good.

Each labors and strains and sweats in a nightmare.

He has ever dwelt in All Good. No need to strive and seek.

To keep quiet and enjoy is all man needs. To know that ALL IS GOOD, within and without, is to enjoy all.

To seek happiness is to find pain. To seek duty is to find more pain.

To see good in each experience is to find joy in it. The chief end of man is to enjoy good forever.

All is good; therefore all is enjoyable.

Therefore the wise man is not he who seeks pleasant experiences, nor "duty." The wise man is he who, knowing there is no evil, sets himself to enjoy good; who vibrates with ALL THAT IS. So shall he grow in joy; which is power. So shall he be free from evil. So shall he have life more abundant.

So the wise man is not he who seeks enjoyable experiences; but he who finds the joy in each experience.

I AM.

Just about once in so often somebody breaks out in a new spot with the query: "Why do you not eschew slang and make your appeal to us refined people?"

When will the Pharisee get his eyes open to something besides his own little standard of refinement?

Slang is just as "refined" as any metaphysical polysyllables that were ever strung off a man's tongue.

All words are perfect expressions, and nothing is perfect until it is refined.

It is not a man's words which prove him "refined" or otherwise; it is THE SPIRIT in him—the spirit which he breathes into his words. The refined spirit is the pure spirit to whom all things are pure and beautiful—slang phrases not excepted. The man who thinks slang phrases unrefined and is repelled by them is himself too crude a spirit to perceive the purity of all things.

He belongs to the conservative element in nature; the element which condemns the new for no other reason than because it is not old. He objects to "slang" simply because his ancestors did not use it. He rejects the "self-made man" because his ancestors never heard of him.

But this same protester will be here a hundred years from now and then he will be using with great unction the very words he now calls "slang." They will by that time have crept into Webster's Unabridged and Somebody's English, and he will point to them with pride and teach them to his children as "pure English."

But bless his conservative heart!—he will find

still more "slang" in those days and he will still protest, for he is built that way.

Slang is the perfect, refined expression of new ideas. There are more new ideas popping into expression to-day, than ever before; hence there is more slang. Blessed be slang, for it is the expression of life more abundant.

* * * * *

There are two reasons for doing anything in this world: because it is the fashion and because it is natural, *i. e.*, the pressing out of self. The former is conformity; the latter is trans-formity. The first belongs to the jelly-fish stage of life when man is a "mush of concession" to environment; the latter to the creative stage of evolutionary growth when man projects himself from within and environment makes the concessions.

A writer may use polysyllables or slang because it is "correct" in his "set." Or he may use either because it is "in him" and presses to come out.

I use it because it is in me and needs to come out. I was born you know in the 'live and wooly West. I ex-press myself—I let out what is within. Possibly I shall in course of time, let out all the slang that is within and express thereafter only prosy English. Possibly but not probably. I rather hope not, but you never can tell. Whatever is within me I shall let out just as fast as possible.

And I don't care two cents whether it appeals to the "refined" class, or the rough class, or no class at all. That is none of my business. My one business in life is to express what I AM. And I am supremely comfortable in the knowledge that I AM pure, refined Love and couldn't let out anything impure or unrefined if I tried.

NERVES.

"I enclose a dollar, for which I would ask your kind offices in the matter of diagnosis. I have grasped enough of the law to heal myself, and for over a year have met with astonishing results in treating others. And thereby hangs a tale. The tale is this: For about fifteen months I have had a most annoying hissing noise in the head which is well nigh continuous and at times, terrific in its intensity. My hearing is all right: The noise does not seem to be in the ears at all, but in the head—difficult to locate. I am of robust build, strong, healthy and well. What can you say as to the disturbing cause? I think I can trace it back to the time of beginning to treat, as also, an excessive nervousness at times."

I had the same thing for a time after beginning to develop the latent energies. The increased activity and sensitiveness enable you to hear or feel the circulation of blood, or perhaps magnetism, or possibly both, in the brain. You have kept yourself conscious of it by paying attention to it. I have heard of such things and knew instinctively the cause, and that I would soon become again unconscious of it. And I did. Quit talking and thinking about it. Whenever you remember it make emphatic but loving assertions that you will quickly cease to be conscious of it. Then NEVER MIND whether these assertions seems to affect you or not. TURN YOUR ATTENTION RESOLUTELY to something else and

Shut 'em out ; shut 'em off ; shut 'em up, A. F.,
and *concentrate* on middle C.

You can't do it all in a minute but you *can* do it if you keep aiming. You can tune up your business until it rings true, and *pays*, and INTERESTS you. And by that time you will find that your bass has ceased to grumble and your treble to "tink" without ringing out—they will have *unconsciously polarized* to middle C, and harmony of mind and body, ideal and real, will make you glad and *healthy* and successFULL.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

—"While my soul is in literature my body is compelled to engage in carpentry to keep soul and body together. I have no love for it. Furthermore I have been laid up all winter with rheumatism so that I cannot even work at my trade."

No wonder; you are a house divided against itself. You are cross eyed. You are trying to do two things at a time and you are therefore a flat fizzle. Do one thing or the other with *all* your soul. You have the power to choose. If you choose poetry you will starve to death. Poetry is your strong point, but *circumstances* are compelling you to *strengthen your weak points*. You are a Mary naturally. Now you are being forced to cultivate the Martha side of you. Your circumstances are just what they should be to keep you from growing more one-sided. You didn't know that, so you fretted and stewed and generated the acid of rheumatism. Therefore this is thus. Now quit. *Put your soul, your thought, your mind, your feeling into your poetry, get interested in your work.* See how much beauty and utility, how much soul and glory, you can put into each piece of work. *Get interested in elevating yourself and all past records.* Go in soul and mind as well as body, to *build* muscles. You can do it. After a little, better paying work will come.

IN TO WIN.

to you. You will *attract* money because you will have begun to put your beautiful soul into something that somebody is willing to pay for. The reason nobody wants to pay for your poetry is because it is the fruit of a one-sided, impractical, unbalanced, uncontrolled nature. Drop poetry until you have attained success in the line indicated, until you have developed the practical side of you. *Then* you will be able to write something the world will listen to and pay you for. Jesus served a good many years at the carpenter's bench before he set the world afire. If you can see the point, and put your whole WILL into the practice, you will shorten the time in this particular class in the school of life.

—“In April last I sent you a dollar for membership in your ‘Success Circle,’ together with quite a lengthy letter stating my circumstances. I told you that it had been the dream, the ambition of my life to succeed in literature. I told you that I was a poet, and that while people admired my poetry they did not want to pay me anything for it, and I had about the same experience with my literary articles. My reputation as a writer had won for me the plaudits of all to whom I am known, but there was little money in it, and I was obliged to work at carpentry to keep soul and body together. I got a reply from you advising me to ‘stick to carpentry and let literature alone,’ and in your paper you remarked upon my letter at length, taking the same ground. This stirred up all the mule power in my nature, and I immediately said: ‘I will not stick to carpentry; and I *will* succeed in literature!’ The outlook at first was not bright. I sought and sought in vain for something in a literary way—I was formerly a journalist—that would give me a living while I could bring out my books, a volume of poems, and some prose works. Then I was sought out, and offered the management of a daily newspaper plant at a good salary, which I accepted. Not only that, but publishers are negotiating with me to bring out my poems and a prose work nearly

ready for the press. These are the cold facts, and if you can get any credit from them you are welcome to it." MILO L. NORTON,
Bristol, Conn.

P. S.—“I must admit that a determination to succeed in literature came over me such as I never before experienced, and I decided to try every publisher in the country if need be. The arrangements for printing and publishing my books are not yet complete, but think I can see the way opening up.” M. L.

I publish these because they illustrate clearly several points I am always trying to hammer into people's skulls. First and foremost is the truth that a man *can* be what he WILLS to be, and that he is not bound to anything.

Milo says, "I am compelled to engage in carpentry," and when he is told to engage in nothing else he rebels and quits carpentering short off. No man is compelled to do anything; he does it because he *chooses* to. Milo Norton *chose* to carpenter because he was *afraid* he could not make a living at writing. He scattered himself over too much territory to make a success of anything. He was a house divided against itself, and, like all such, he was going to pieces.

All he needed was to get himself all on the same side of the fence. Instead of bicentrations he needed concentration.

The spirit within me spoke just the right words to make him pick himself up and *follow desire*. All things are added to him who hath *eye single* to his desire—health, happiness and success are his.

Another point illustrated is that *the Word* WORKS, though not always in the exact manner in which *reason* (based always upon *experience*) expects it to work. My judgment said, "stick to carpentry," not knowing that he had already learned its lessons.

—“I do believe your treatment for youth is showing forth, for everyone remarks how much younger I am looking.”

—“Send \$1.00 for a certificate of membership in the Don't Worry Club, a sterling silver badge and a year's subscription to the 'Saturday Review'—to Julia Iverson Patton, 27 East Hunter, Atlanta, Ga. That is a bargain. The Review is a splendid sixteen-page weekly magazine, and Mrs. Patton is an able writer and a bright and lovable woman. Listen:

"Here is a joke on the 'Saturday Review.' Not long ago the representative of a college annual called upon us for an advertisement. A contract was given and copy sent to a certain publishing house in the city as follows: 'Don't Worry! send \$1.00 for certificate of membership in the Don't Worry Club, a sterling silver badge and a year's subscription to the Saturday Review.' In the course of time a copy of the annual containing ad and a bill for same came to the office. What was our horror when we examined the ad to find that in our name the printer had advised all those young men and all their young women friends not to marry. The funny part of it is that the business manager wanted to pay the bill because she is opposed to marriage on general principles, and the editor objected because she believes that it is not good for man to be alone, and that it is well to make the experiment one time in life at least. The matter was finally compromised by the agreement on the part of the 'Saturday Review' to pay the representative of the annual all the money that came in answer to the ad. So far, nobody wants to join the Don't Marry Club, and that publisher will probably have to settle that bill. Those young people have sense!"

—Sweetheart, be kind—don't make it necessary for me to return your poems or your prose. The spirit selects the poems I print and I haven't room for my own prose, much less yours.

—A man and woman born in adjoining signs of the zodiac are likely to make good mates, IF they are equally educated or uneducated and have similar tastes and aims. The best guide to marriage is DESIRE. Not a hasty desire born of a summer flirtation or a winter cuddling-up-to-keep-warm; but a strong, steady, *calm, growing* desire. Get rid of the notion that a preacher's mumbling over two people binds them everlastingly, and then *follow* DESIRE to the marriage altar. If things don't pan out follow desire to the divorce court. The chief end of man and woman is to *enjoy God forever. Man is God.* If you can't *enjoy* John Smith God, why, leave him to somebody who can; whilst you learn to enjoy Yourself God, or some other.

—“Enclosed find a dollar for NAUTILUS and a month's treatment for health, happiness and success. I have had several trial treatments for health but without the *least particle* of benefit to my health. Now if I get no benefit in this month's treatment I shall be discouraged.”

If you have sent another dollar to me for “trial treatment” you will get the same result as from the other healers. The fault was not theirs. It is *yours*. You send a dollar and then do nothing but watch yourself to see how you feel. Consequently you feel all over in spots. Now quit. Mind what I say to you and my Word will heal you dead sure, and GROW for you more happiness and success and usefulness than you have ever before had. I want you to MAKE UP YOUR MIND to have these things; go in to WIN; and SET yourself to work to *act* just as much like a well and happy and successful woman as you possibly can. *Never mind* your feelings. Act! Act!! BE!!! Wake up and BE something!!!! And the feelings will come around alright—at the tail end of the procession where they belong. You have been keeping them at the head of the procession and they have led you a merry chase and made a fool of you. *Get interested* in each thing you do—and see you find plenty to do. *One thing* at a time and GET INTERESTED in that one thing. Find an aim to work for and then keep aiming anew each day—and hour for that matter. If you mind me you will feel like a new creature in no time, and there is no more question that my Word will heal you completely in due time than there is question that a seed of corn properly planted and watered and sun-shined upon will grow.

—Wake up! STIR!! Get out of the rut. See that everything you do is done a new way. Don't even wash dishes as usual! Do it in a new place. See how differently you *can* do it, and how much more INTELLIGENTLY. See? See how *smoothly* you can work. Never strain—not even when you lift a pail of water. Do everything with your WILL as well as with your muscles.

—“A scrofula lump has appeared. Please heal it. Walk a quarter of a mile? I have not done that for many years! I have been a *very* great invalid.”

You are still priding yourself on having been “a very great invalid.” You ought to be ashamed of it! And proud of the progress you are making in getting out of such a state of ignorance and laziness. If I were you I'd walk that quarter of a mile if I died in the attempt. And I'd put a black eye on the first fellow who called me a sick or “poor thing”. If I couldn't be a *good* thing I'd be nothing and wear a crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand and feed worms. No wonder you have a scrofula lump—you don't do a thing. Oh, don't say “can't”—you *can* do anything you WILL. I speak daily for you the Word, which enables you to do it. DO IT, Sweet-heart. Wake up and *get interested* in seeing how well you *can* be.

—“You are recommended to me by a man whom you cured of the results of a bad accident.”

—“You will find enclosed one dollar to join the Success Circle. My aim and object is Wealth. This is my birthday and I made a wish this morning that I would have more money in my pocket inside of two weeks than ever I had before. Now I have had eighty dollars in my pocket so I want to be the lucky man to find eighty-one dollars inside of two weeks.”

Money will come to you only as a result of *intelligent effort*. My Word will *teach* you to put forth that kind of effort, if you will go in to win and stick to it. But if you think you can sit idly down and my Word will drop eighty-one dollars or eighty-one cents into your trousers pocket you are going to get sadly left. Now get out and *rattle* for a job and when you've got it see you do better work than ever before in your life, and success is yours. Wake up! Go in to WIN! And STICK TO IT TILL YOU DO. That is the kind of man my Word grows success for.

—If you will PRACTICE *letting* other people do as they please, whilst you *put your mind* into what you are doing, you will find the concentration of youth returning to you. Concentration is simply minding your own business, whilst its opposite is scatter-ation—the paying attention to other people's business. Faithful *practice* in doing quietly, gently, *smoothly*, one thing at a time will cure the habit of mental scatter-ation. Don't dare to tell me “you've tried and can't”—you haven't half tried nor tried half enough. You *can* if you WILL every day and hour.

—“I have been feeling splendid ever since last summer when you treated me.” (This is from one who was a down-at-the-heels, nervous prostration case.)

—“I felt your help so strongly several times last week while I was writing.” (This from an author and actress who is in the Success Circle.)

—“I do not believe we are going to be satisfied without seeing God—the personal God—manifest in others.”

You see nothing else but the “personal God” manifest in others. There is only God, manifest and unmanifest. All that IS, is God. The trouble with you is you don't know God when you see him because you are on the lookout for the not-God—the Devil. LOOK for God. There is no not-God. Be still and *take in* God in all you meet. Then you will be satisfied for you will “see him as he is.”

—“Everything comes out right and we know you are speaking the Word for us, because we feel it.”

—An individual is known by his desire to let others do as they please. He has himself outgrown and divested himself of his long slips and he likes to see others crawl out of the same sort of chrysalis.

—When one thing succeeds another it “*follows in due order*”—as Worcester says. Success in business results from making acts and thoughts follow each other in due order. Success is a *structure of intelligent faith expressed in acts*. Order is an attribute of Law. Making each day a success grows a success-FULL year.

—James Campbell Robinson has founded “The Brotherhood of the Immortals in the Flesh,” and begun publication of “The Open Door.” The latter is a dollar a year. This is what he says about the former:

“There is nothing ‘binding’ in it—no cords or stakes, all is perfect *freedom* of body and soul. There is absolutely *nothing* to pay. There is no ‘initiation fee,’ no ‘by-laws,’ no ‘dues,’ no ‘articles of faith,’ no ‘ology’ or ‘isms,’ nothing to ‘sign,’ nothing to ‘agree’ to, not confined to any ‘creed,’ race, sex, color or condition, nothing to ‘subscribe’ to, not even an ‘agreement.’ Free as the air—simply an intelligent intellectual recognition of the potency of the law, that ‘IN UNION

THERE IS STRENGTH,’ and by uniting *your* thoughts with the thoughts of thousands of others, who believe as you do, that *death can be overcome*, you help form a ‘battery,’ so powerful that it will help strengthen the belief in the possibility of postponing death indefinitely, if not overcoming it entirely, thus *prolonging your own life* (as also eradicating the *fear* of disease and the expressions of it in your body).”

Now that is a good thing. Put me down, Brother James, as an “Immortal in the Flesh.” That is what I AM.

—“Man as we see him day by day; ourself as we appear year by year, is not a fact, but an interpretation of a fact. Is not the real, but a suggestion of the real.”—[From Dr. Gibbons’ “Heart of Job.”]

—Thank you for the lists of names of people you think might, could, would or should be interested in the NAUTILUS. Send in all you can think of and I will gladly do my part.

—The NAUTILUS for a year and the first month's treatment for health, wealth and happiness for one dollar. The Word responded to will heal any dis-ease of mind, body or environment.

—Want what you can get; wake up and get it; is the road to larger desires and realized opulence.

—You are rich as Cræsus—in the invisible. Realization makes the invisible visible. *Affirmation* of the invisible, expressed in *action*, is the mode of growth of realization. To say, “I am poor—I cannot have the thing I desire,” is to leave the invisible undisturbed. To say, “I desire this thing, therefore I WILL have it,” is to set in motion the invisible. Each reiteration of the will-word *intensifies* the motion, until it eventually reaches the point where it becomes visible in the desired form. Without the Word is not anything made visible.

—“I am well pleased with the class of people who come to me through your paper. They are a brainy lot—which makes the reading of their horoscopes difficult. But I can forgive them that. And certainly your subscribers so far as I have come into contact with them, have a very high estimation of Mrs. Towne.” (This is a double-edged “testimonial” from F. T. Allen, the astrologer, which you will appreciate. And here is another fine testimonial from the same source:) “I have had a new experience this week. I wrote to Josephine Knowlton, one of your advertisers, and have exchanged readings with her. And I am greatly astonished at the accuracy of her work. She has certainly written one of the best delineations of character I have ever had. As you know, the data she uses is the name.”

—“The Heart of Job” is a beautiful new book by my beloved friend, Dr. William C. Gibbons. One need but read its pages to know it “has been a work of unremitting love.” Dr. Gibbons’ is a spiritual and original interpretation of this great character, with whose heart the reader's learns to beat in sympathetic unison, even to the heights of exaltation portrayed in the last of these 167 pages. The book may be had for a dollar of the Universal Truth Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago.

—“Hidden Treasures—How to Locate,” is a 48-page booklet by Dr. Ph. Nagel, Box 301, Reading, Pa.

—Enclosed find money for another month. My health, success and happiness are coming just as you said. Your letters and papers do me worlds of good.”

—Read carefully William's “clearance sale” ad. in another column. Here are new books at prices for even the man who labors under the hallucination that he is “poor.” The stock, of course, is limited, so read carefully William's directions and send TO-DAY.

—Do you want me to treat you to health, happiness and success? Then write me a letter and enclose at least a dollar for reply.

READ THIS.

To at once dispose of the following books, most of which, with the exception of Helen Wilmans' Lessons, are entirely new, I offer them for sale at greatly reduced prices, as stated below. In ordering be sure and give a second and third choice, as there is but one copy of each book, and all orders will be filled as they are received.

the Universal, whose shining glances thrill me with fuller joy whilst its diapason vibrates depths untouched by other tones. And the down-dropping rain is sweet as tears from smiling eyes. And then the cleanness and the greenness and the brightness afterward!

—“Would you advise anyone to practice automatic writing?”

I would advise you to cultivate any faculty which DESIRE prompts you to use. "Automatic writing" is the receiving of telepathic dispatches. In time every man will receive messages this way instead of through a telegraph operator. Just as the aptness for music is becoming a human trait, instead of a special "gift" to a favored few, so the ability to receive mental messages will become general. In the meantime the few who have the "automatic hand" can do no wiser than to cultivate it by use. But be sure to use common sense along with it.

—All you desire is yours. You can have a different and more remunerative work if you *choose* and keep on choosing until it comes into sight. But quarreling with your present occupation is no way to find the new. Keep your eyes open and your desire steady. He that wavereth shall receive nothing. Keep desire *steady*. A fretting desire is not steady. Keep cool and keep sweet. And in the meantime GET INTERESTED soul and body in each detail of your present work. Beat your past records at it. Beat other peoples' records at it. Go in to win *right where you are* and *right now*. Each thing better done; which means more willingly, cheerfully, happily, gracefully effectively done; *is a stride in the direction your desire points*. Each thing carelessly, frettingly, unwillingly, unhappily done, is a *standstill*. See? So get to work with a WILL to get

last of which was that she got married and lived happy ever after. But NAUTILUS goes steadily on. Nary a skip, nor even a late issue, though other mental science journals come and go like sky rockets, or hibernate for months at a time. NAUTILUS is steadily, surely widening and brightening its shine, and attracting its own. Its subscription list is spreading steadily and more rapidly over the white pages prepared for it, as the rays of rising Sol spread over the waiting earth. Truly, NAUTILUS is the shine of my soul and I AM the sun. * * I glory in it all, Sweet hearts, because *I am manifesting* the principles I teach. I am letting my light shine that you may see my good works and glorify the I AM for yourselves. * * And the end is not yet. The way grows brighter and brighter. I AM the way and *all I desire* is coming to me by that way.

Or The Influence of the Stars and Planets Upon Human Life. By the aid of this book you can read the character of yourself and friends, tell what business you are adapted to, whom you should marry, etc. It is equal to any dollar book published upon the subject. 54 pages, double column. Price 10c. WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 1, Holyoke, Mass.

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F. T. ALLEN, SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGER,
250 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now look pleasant. How do you expect to attract customers, friends or money to a vinegar visage or a doleful wail? Nature abhors glumness and escheweth the glum, and every live thing flees at sight of the smile-less and loiters not until he is out of ear-shot of the complainer.

Don't imagine you may be an exception to the rule. You are not. "Birds of a feather cleave together"—if you want pleasant people and things and plenty of gold and greenbacks you must make yourself akin to them. Nice people and gold and greenbacks look pleasant. Go thou and do likewise. Never mind how you feel inside. *Look Pleasant!* SMILE!

A smile not only attracts all the good things in the universe, but it is the most powerful of auto-suggestions for what you desire. A smile not only shines outward from your face, warming up and attracting friends and money, but it also shines *inward*, reaching at last the solar center, the sun of you. The smile born on the surface of you will vibrate inward; the solar sun will catch its rhythm and smile back and the smile of the solar sun is to you—that the smile of Old Sol is to the earth—1916 and 1917.

Keep cool; keep sweet; keep aiming.
Success is growing!

—Be.
—Be natural.
—Be what you want to be.
—Let the other fellow be what he chooses.
—“I seem to derive the most benefit from my membership in the Success Circle. I am very glad I joined it.”

—The NAUTILUS goes to all parts of the civilized or semi-civilized world without extra charge. The Success Circle, too, is wide as the world.

—Get down off your stilts and limber up your mental legs a bit. Then you will stand some show of arriving somewhere, somehow, sometime.

—When you see a book notice that interests you just read the advertisements before you fly off at a tangent via Uncle Sam's mail bags with inquiries as to price; etc.

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—I do love these glorious Eastern thunder storms. The heavens flash for me with smiles of

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