

# THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Practical Application of Mental Science  
in Every Day Living.

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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 unvesting sea.—Holmes "The Nautilus."

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{ ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE, } No. 2.  
Ramsey Block, Sioux Falls, S. D. }

## THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

I quarrel not with Destiny,  
I make the best of everything.  
The best is good enough for me.  
Leave Discontent alone and she  
Will shut her mouth and let you sing,  
I quarrel not with Destiny.  
I take some things or let 'em be.  
Good gold has always got the ring;  
The best is good enough for me.  
When Fate insists in secrecy  
I have no arguments to bring—  
I quarrel not with Destiny.  
The fellow that goes "hand" for "gee"  
Will find he hasn't got full swing,  
The best is good enough for me.  
One only knows our needs and He  
Does all of the distributing.  
The best is good enough for me.  
—[J. W. RILEY.

## DOWN TO A FINE POINT.

"I'm not so sure but there *may* be some value in cultivating fixidity of mind by concentrating on one thought for several minutes. It may be somewhat on the principle of *time* exposures in photography. When the *light* (which corresponds to attention) is poor, a longer exposure is required."

I took time to "concentrate" upon this man's questioning of my statement in last month's Lesson on Concentration, and came to the conclusion that his objection is well timed and deserves consideration, though I believe the "time exposure" idea is in harmony with what I wrote last month.

But attention is not the correspondent of light in mental photography. Attention is the *lens* by means of which the etheric vibrations are *focussed* upon the "negative," the gray matter of the brain. The light necessary to the mental photographic process is the very same sunlight necessary to ordinary photography, with the exception that the process requires the fine rays from sunlight, vibrations so fine as to be present even "in the thick darkness." *All* light "cometh down from above, from the Father of lights, with whom is neither variableness nor shadow that is cast by turning." Light for mental photography is omnipresent, limitless. But the same thing that hinders in ordinary photography may spoil a mental one. Given a good camera to begin with, (and every man is a good mental camera), and only one of two things can hinder a good impression. First a poor rest for the camera; second, something which will shut off the sun rays.

Both these causes work in mental photography. The *unquiet mind* is the most fruitful cause of poor impressions, a mind which keeps the *attention*, the lens, continually vibrating.

*Something* there must be upon which to *steady* the lens, the attention. *Something* must stay the

troubled waves of thought, or the camera will eternally bob like a buoy in a choppy sea.

There is just one power great enough to still the mental tempests; one force that is able to *steady* the mental apparatus for a clear impression; the force of an *IDEA*, the idea of the *ALL-GOOD* behind and within everything which comes to pass. Until we "*rest in the Lord*," *GOOD OMNIPO- TENT*, we rest first on good, then on bad, continually "wobbling"—as if your camera kept up a continual prancing on the three legs of its rest!

The normal child is a fine illustration of a quiet mind. It's mind is *stayed* on good. It will turn its *full* attention upon any object without fear, because it knows only good as yet—"All is grist that comes to his mill." After a little he begins to evolve from his sub-consciousness, where it developed from the ignorance of past ages, the idea of *evil*. Gradually he begins to *draw back*, from many things upon which he finds his attention turned, thus *dividing* his mind and causing an unsteady rest for his mental lens, and consequently an untrue impression.

## THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN

IN TWELVE LESSONS, printed and bound in a dainty book, is ready to mail December first to any address in the United States for twenty-five cents in silver or money order.

The only remedy is to "become as a little child," recognizing no evil, afraid of nothing, *interested* in everything, with an "eye single" and a welcoming heart.

The other cause of poor mental impressions, something to shut off the light vibrations, is as common as the other.

The way you face your camera has a lot to do with the success of your impressions. If you get your subject in the shade, where no light rays reflect from it to the lens, you will need a "time exposure." That is the way the pessimist does, and that is why it takes a pessimist a long time to get the straight of anything, and even when he does get the straight of it, his mental picture is gloomed with a bilious hue.

But after you get your subject properly arranged and your camera all set, you must keep stray cattle from browsing around between your lens and your subject. And that is no soft snap in the realm of mental photography. When I first tried to get a true impression of something I *wanted* impressed, it seemed to me that all the stray thoughts in the mental realm were *racing* in endless procession between my *attention*, my camera, and the Idea I wanted to get a snap at. Every fool thing I ever heard of came trooping by—Mrs. Smith's last summer's bonnet, as it appeared at church; the big hole in Chester's stocking that I forgot to mend;

the sweeping that ought to have been done that minute; the company that was just sure to appear, because there wasn't a thing in the house fit to eat; the paper I had to prepare for the next meeting of the N. W. X. Y. Z.; what kind of a new hat I could afford for the occasion; what—oh, dear!—I had completely lost sight of, "God is love," that I was supposed to be "concentrating" upon!

I was tempted to give the whole thing up, but I did not.—I kept at it. Every time my attention, my lens, got pointed at these useless cattle that I did not *want* to photograph, I re-set it upon that idea, "God is love." For days I had little success in keeping that thought in mind, but finally I was startled to find I had succeeded in getting my attention turned upon that and nothing else. Of course that discovery insisted upon getting itself photographed for a time, but after a few weeks of daily practice I actually succeeded in being able to turn my attention at will *full* upon any idea I chose as my subject. I have kept up that practice, of holding *one thing* at a time in mental view, until my mind is habitually as quiet as a still pool in the depth of some woodland, and, like such a pool, capable of receiving a perfect picture, and, Sweetheart, I want to tell you, that you never know what happiness is until you are possessed of a quiet mind. This is the condition of mind referred to when one speaks of being "in the silence." And there is no human being who cannot get there and *stay* there if he *WILL*. But patience must have her perfect work.

Now, about the time I succeeded in getting my attention turned *full* upon my subject, I made a great discovery. I found that all these cattle that interfered with my receiving a clear impression, were *all in my mind*. They were made of the same identical stuff that dreams are made of. I could not chase these cattle off the premises at all. The more I chased the more they raced, and the more of them appeared. Resistance was of no avail. I stamped my foot and commanded, "Get thee behind me"—and that is all the good it did. They acted just as I've seen a pack of street children do when some old gentleman tried to "boss" them—they were more than ever in evidence.

So I quit trying to "boss" my thoughts and kept my eye on the thing I *wanted* to receive the impression of, and pretty soon all these irrelevant thoughts literally vanished in thin air—for want of *RECOGNITION*. I tell you it made me feel queer as I began to *REALIZE* what flimsy material these *IDEAS* of ours are made of; how readily they can be *materialized* and dematerialized by *recognition* and non-recognition. And to think that the whole body is an aggregation, an organization of *IDEAS*, created in the same way, gives one a grand sense of power over himself. No more "victim of circumstances," no more "fate," no more "luck," good or bad. Every man *his own* creator, his own ruler. If he don't like things as they are, *RECOGNIZE THINGS AS HE'D LIKE THEM*, and the old things vanish and behold, all things are made new! Presto, change!—Aladdin's lamp isn't in it!

I suspect that my correspondent's "time ex-

posture" idea was born of just such an experience as this of mine. I said in Lesson XII that "the moment the *full* attention is turned upon an idea, the impression is clearly received," and "the attention should not be held staring for five minutes at an idea that ought to be received in the tenth part of a second." But until you have succeeded in turning your attention FULL upon an idea; until you can manage to eliminate all the stray cattle from your field of mental vision, it is necessary to keep attention staring for five minutes, or fifteen minutes, at a time, day after day, until you are able to take cognizance of the one thing only. Without such mental control a man is a mere puppet in the hands of "fate." He is no whit better off than a monkey or a donkey, as regards mastering his fate. The one power which distinguishes man from beast is the power of *voluntary attention*. An animal's attention is *attracted*; a savage's attention is *attracted*; a fool's attention is *attracted*; by anything outside himself. Thus is he at the *mercy* of environment. He *receives* through ATTENTION, the photographic apparatus of the individual, whatever in his environment is *big* enough to *attract* his attention. Some mighty small things are big enough to attract a fool's attention; not small as to size, for valuable things are often small, but small as to significance.

Now we are all fools more or less, in that we have as yet learned but little of self-control. We have to outgrow our foolship as we do our first long dresses and then our first short ones. \* \* \* Which reminds me that I fervently hope it will be a cold day when we outgrow our second short skirts.

He who best controls his *attention*, who *sets* it according to *choice*, instead of letting it veer continually at the caprice of environment, is he who has farthest outgrown his foolship, his babyhood, his monkey-relationship.

No man can control his attention without *practice*. "Set your mind on things *above*" the things you *don't want*; *re-set* it *every* time you catch it veering about, ten thousand times ten thousand times if necessary to form the habit; and in due time you will find yourself "TRANSFORMED by the renewing of your mind." You will outgrow the baby stage entirely. You will be the God you are cut out to be, and are destined to be some day, no matter *how* much time you waste getting there.

\* \* \* \* \*

When a man has "practiced concentration" until he can turn *full* attention where he will, at least a good share of the time, he will find "holding a thought" an irksome pastime. Then is time to quit such special practice. There is no more need of it than there is need for a musician to practice every day his first little five finger exercise. That same exercise comes in *all* his practice. After you have learned to *set* your attention, set it to some purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then there is another sort of "concentration" practice, which has been to me of inestimable value. It is the practice of getting quiet and *letting* the spirit in me *teach my reason* upon any given subject. Sometimes I "sit" for this; more often I "ask" of the spirit, and turn a listening ear as I go to sleep. In the morning the answer is clear in my thought. More often still I make my request of the spirit within me, and then go about my work, perhaps for days, before the answer comes. *But it never fails to come.* The spirit in me teaches reason all the truth that comes to me. Every lesson or article or item I write, comes to me in answer to this quiet listening for the spirit's Word. The spirit in me is *educating* my reason.

I've been listening to the spirit this way for several years, and in that time I've learned a lot. More than I ever learned at school or in the church. My reason is going to keep on attending

school to the spirit in me, and THE NAUTILUS will keep on improving as my education progresses. Education is an almighty power in the world, and the man who listens to his own spirit gets the best education going.

\* \* \* \* \*

I used to beg the spirit to teach me something, and it never said a word to me. I mourned and agonized and prayed and felt that I was so very small or bad or something that the spirit wouldn't have anything to do with me. But one day when I was in despair about it, and felt very much akin to a small knot hole, the spirit said to me, "What do you want to know? Ask me something easy and I'll answer you, but I cannot answer questions until they are *asked*. Be definite, please, and don't ask for *all* I know at once, for a small knot hole like you couldn't receive it." So I tried to find something *definite* that I wanted the spirit to teach me, and to save my life I could not find it.

That is precisely what is the matter with people who say the spirit never tells *them* anything. Either that or else they won't believe that it *is* the spirit speaking into their thought. The spirit is always ready and eager to teach you, if you will ask something *definite* and then *listen* till you get the answer.

That does not mean that you must sit down and do nothing else until the answer is clear to you. Oh, no. Go on quietly about your business and in due time the answer will pop into your head; perhaps in a day, a week, a month, a year. Once it was a whole year with me, but the answer came at last. Maybe it will come clear to you some morning when you wake. It often does, because sleep quiets us so that we can hear better. Or it may come in some waking night hour; or some day when you "happen" to remember what you asked the spirit in you, you will suddenly realize that you know all about it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now I wonder if I can make it clear to you, why you cannot always get a quick answer from the spirit. Of course I can say you are not READY for it, which is the truth; you simply *can't receive* the answer one minute earlier. And if you will wait quietly you are *dead sure* to receive it *some-time*. But why?

Your whole body and brain is a *reasoning apparatus*. It is ONE IDEA composed of tens of thousands of other ideas all *filled* in together compactly. Your body is an organization of ideas.

When the spirit wants, in answer to your *desire*, to give you a new Idea, the new Idea finds no room. It comes into your world as Jesus came into the big world. It hath not where to lay its head. But every *new* Idea that the spirit gives you does just what Jesus did—*converts* your world until all the old Ideas *accept* and make a *place* for the new teaching, even though they never recognize the *individual* Idea from which the teaching came.

So the spirit has to find a place in your reasoning apparatus for its answer to your question. Oftimes the new Idea must go clear down to the center of you and kill off a lot of moss-back Ideas and rearrange the rest before it can *fit itself in*. The very moment it gets *filled in* is the moment you exclaim, "Oh, I see! Why, it's just as clear as noonday! *Why* didn't I see that before?" "Transformed by the re-newing of your mind"—by the missionary work of a NEW IDEA, the *mightiest* agent in all the universe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten to one this is a new Idea to you, but psychologists are familiar with the process under the name "apperception." A good psychologist knows a lot of truth; but, as a rule, he labors under the delusion, like the "Man from Venus," that he must express big ideas in big words. So he tries to *appercept* the dictionary. When he gets Webster down he swallows the Venusian or Jupiterian or some other dictionary. Apperception is a fine thing, but when it comes to apperceping the

Venusian encyclopædia and spouting it at the infants of "dualistic damn," somebody's apt to get his feelings hurt.

\* \* \* \* \*

You receive of the spirit within you *just* what you *desire in faith*. Most people desire in the abstract. They are dissatisfied with what they have, and they want *something*, but they are not sure what. They "go into the silence" in this frame of mind and get nothing, because *desire*, instead of being *definite*, concentrated, is scattered over the face of "something," and nothing satisfies it. One who asks in this indefinite way, is like a half sick child who wails for "something." Don't you know you can never satisfy such a child? It will shake its head at everything offered. Just so the spirit can never satisfy one who asks for "something," though that spirit is the source of all things, and is more *willing* to give than we are to receive.

Never ask until you know *what* you want. Then never doubt you will receive it in due time and *stick to it* until you do.

And do be *reasonable* with the spirit. If you think you are an ignoramus and ask for wisdom, don't expect the spirit to drop you down a big chunk the same day. Just listen for the *little* he can get you to receive day by day, and in due time you will know a lot.

If you haven't ten cents to your credit and want a million, set your *desire* in that direction; ask. But don't sit with folded hands and expect the spirit to kill off some other man and give you his million. LET the spirit *teach* you how to make your own million in your own way. Keep on listening and learning and keeping your object in view if it takes forty years. The spirit's ideas will make you over in due time and the million will be "added unto you." "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." But ask something definite and *stick to it* till you realize the answer.

If you don't know what you want, keep still until you do. The spirit will tell you what you are good for.

## A LETTER.

"As you are probably not sensitive on the point of being differed with, you will perhaps smile (patronizingly) when I suggest that I do not look upon the Uncreate (God), i. e., the Formless, as being 'dumb, blind, will-less, ignorant energy,' as stated in April issue. If it were so, or *is* so, where, when, and from whence did wisdom, intelligence, etc., originate? It strikes me that the Unmanifest, the Formless, is the *acme*, the sum, of intelligence, and perpetually *wills* to manifest through me; and I am just as perpetually *willing* to manifest, for It and I are one. I am aware that there is very deep water right around this particular point of the metaphysical ocean, and until we have grasped and assimilated absolute truth in a far greater degree than we at present have, there will be differences of opinion; and that is, I take it, the only way we have of arriving at the absolute. Therein we liberals have the advantage of those who are limited to the opinions of one individual leader or pope. Again, on this subject of 'desire,' is it *true* that desire is *always* an 'indication of strength,' and that the 'gratification of desire adds to your strength?' Is the desire for strong drink an indication of strength? And suppose your 12, or 14, or 16-year-old daughter was 'desired' by a libertine, and he had, unfortunately, led her to believe that she desired him, would you make to her the same sweeping and unqualified statement that 'the gratification of desire' would add to her strength? I know there is room for a metaphysical quibble right there to the effect that whatever is vicious is *not* true desire, etc., but is it not necessary to make clean-cut distinctions in our work, instead of letting assertions rest on the broadest kind of generalities? And I notice that our mental science writers, all the way from Helen Wilmans through, are equally silent on that point. I think in the few years that I have been reading and thinking on these matters, that I have never seen a qualified statement of this question, or anything but that

would indicate to the truth student that the broadest kind of liberty to his desire was the way to advance him in truth. 'Prove all things,' is a fairly good motto, but is it necessary or best to wade through every pool of filth we see in order to prove whether or no it is desirable and good? Or is it best for us who have had some experience in getting into and out of those same pools to gravely instruct those who have not yet had such experiences that the only way to find out is to plunge right in and experiment for themselves? It would seem as if Lesson IX, with the poem, 'Resistance,' and your own comments following, teach that the only way to progress, to find out what desires are *most* desirable, or what things we want to have permanently with us, is to experiment with them all, follow vice (if there is any inclination that way) until experience proves to us that there is a better way. There is quite the semblance of a 'moan' in the words, 'And yet, and yet, the joy I lost would have been worth it all.'

"Can you think of a person refusing to indulge a temptation to licentiousness, or other vice, overcoming it, and then turning around and moaning over 'the joy I missed?' I am not a prude; I think a man seldom is, but I believe that my most fervent rejoicings have been ever temptations resisted, and resisted continuously enough that they have been overcome, and the desire, which was on a low plane, transmuted into pure, spiritual aspiration. Now, you say, 'I am not sentimental, but I am love.' Recognizing this in you, I am sure you will recognize that every word I have uttered is dictated by the same, by the purest emotion that can find voice through my mentality.

"Believe me, most cordially and sincerely yours,  
"J. GILBERT MURRAY."

P. S.—You intimate also, that a desire ungratified now will have to be gratified later; that if you don't indulge your predilections for being "bad" (your own word) now, you will have to do it in a future incarnation.

Isn't that "fate" or "predestination" long drawn out? And after all, its only hypothesis, for neither you or I know anything about that far future affair. To me, the grandest joy is in becoming stronger and stronger in conquest of the lower self; and I haven't at present a spark of fear of having to indulge vicious propensities some other day, because I have overcome them here.

And oh, Elizabeth, you believe just so, too! I have just struck it! The paragraph (3d page), touching on training children, husbands, wives, etc., proclaims it. I have not meant to make this unparadically lengthy, and you know you are not expected to print it. And, further, your suggestion to "send it to some big weekly" would not do it in this case, for it was you I wanted, and "another" would not do at this time.

J. G. M.

Sweetheart, you have the same right that I have of looking upon the Uncreate in any manner that is to you reasonable. I may smile at you, but it won't be a "patronizing" smile. I AM wisdom, but I have no idea that "wisdom shall die with me."

Instead of saying "I and the Father are one," say "I am God." Your intelligence is the result of your *experience*. The Uncreate has no experience, therefore is "dumb, blind, will-less, ignorant, energy," whose *action* through Me produces my experience and generates INTELLIGENCE. All the intelligence "God" ever *realizes*, is conscious of, is the Son, in ME. "Without ME was not anything made that was made." You are as much the ME referred to by Jesus as he was. The visible universe is "God's" "statement of belief." All he knows up to date. But he is learning by experience every day, and this learning results in evolution.

Does a dead man desire? Desire is Life, *love manifest*. It is GOOD, no matter what it's object. All desire is the Law of Attraction *made conscious*. The thing desired is determined by the individual's intelligence. Intelligence is gained *only* by *experience*. Intelligence is gained by *any* kind of experience.

A certain *degree* of intelligence begets *desire* for certain kinds of experience which to that particular intelligence seem *good*. My fourteen or sixteen year old daughter would not desire a libertine, because she is *too intelligent*. Whether she gained her intelligence in a previous incarnation, or by heredity, or by reason based upon others' exper-

ience, or her own, does not matter. She is *too intelligent to desire* on this line. If she were not, she would *need* the experience you mention, to raise her intelligence. If she needs it she will *attract* it. The *quickest* way to cure anybody of an "evil" propensity is to "loose him and let him go." We do not have to "wade through every pool of filth we *see*," in this life in order to learn. We have waded through a good many of them in previous incarnations and came into this life with the intelligence born of those experiences. But any *strong* desire for evil WILL be gratified sooner or later. You are "following desire" in working as you do to "overcome the lower self." As long as you *recognize* a "lower self" you will have plenty to keep you occupied. I *have none*. I AM GOOD and have only good desire. I have met and conquered and *transmuted* my "lower self," in his own peculiar abiding place, the *only* place he ever lived—in my mind.

When I say "follow desire" it is specific, not a glittering generality. The broader the kind of liberality a man can *allow himself*, the more rapidly will he learn. He *cannot* free himself too fast. *Something* in his constitution holds him in check until he is *strong* enough to be free; just as the hull around a seed holds it bound until it gets started right. Man and seed alike get rid of their bonds in due time.

The "moan" in the words of that poem many a man and woman carries a lifetime in his soul. Not over a temptation to licentiousness, but *over* some course held to, under the impression that "duty"

## Treatment for Success

and

## Self-Development

ONE DOLLAR a month. My  
Word accomplishes that where-  
unto I send it.

held him. Oh, these poor, downtrodden, bilious looking "duty" servants who never *dare* follow a desire! It is to *them*, who sacrifice themselves for the sake of somebody else who is only made soul-flabby by lack of doing something for himself,—it is to *them* that I long to teach the "God-spell of enjoyment."

—Sweetheart, my name is Struble—Stroo-ble.

—My WORD received will heal any dis-ease under the sun.

—"My success is growing, for which I send you more money. Thanks."

—"I find it PAYS to keep you treating me regularly for success."

—Success is GROWING for all who keep in conjunction with my word.

—"Please find enclosed money for another month's treatment. I am getting along splendidly."

—"We almost despaired of keeping our poor little baby. As a result of your month of treatment, she is well and fat and sassy."

—"Here I am again with my dollar and my monthly statement. Business is picking up and looks as though it is coming in to stay."

—"The effect of your treatment for confidence and success in my new occupation has been most marked. All has gone well with me."

—"I want to express my appreciation of November NAUTILUS. This is the finest number I have seen. NAUTILUS constantly increases in value."

—"Enclosed please find another dollar. Baby's eczema is almost well. No crust forms now, and only the face shows any sores at all. She was almost dead when we wrote to you."

—Treatment for success, health and self-development in any line, one to ten dollars a month, according to the patient's ability and inclination to pay.

—Repuests keep coming in for back numbers. I am out of all numbers from December '98 to April '99, inclusive, and June '99. Have you some of those numbers for sale or exchange?

—"Climate the Mother of Destiny," "a most original and instructive treatise on climate; its influence upon character elucidated." By Theon Cummings, M. D., Ph. D., Pasadena, Cal.

—"I am feeling so much better, and my friends tell me I am looking better, too. My complexion is getting clear, and I am so glad, for I am not unlike other women, I like to be 'fair to look upon.' And I think we are on the brink of opulence."

—"Inclosed please find one dollar, for which send me what you see I most need. In your last to me, six months ago, you said I did not need more help, but I feel that I need you all the time. Knowing you have helped me, only makes me want you again."

—"Spiritual Being" is the latest addition to new thought periodical literature. Lucetta J. Curtis, Editor; Ella Taylor, Associate. 145 East Tutt, South Bend, Ind. Monthly, fifty cents a year; five cents a single copy. No. 1, Vol. 1, has some fine ideas in it. Success to you, Sweethearts.

—If you have an opportunity to see Clara Thropp in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," be sure not to miss it. She is a true artist, and individualist. And Ibsen's play defines true marriage by illustrating its opposite, the ordinary marriage, in masterly fashion. "A Doll's House" is one of the finest "moral" sermons ever delivered.

—"Oh, how I have grown! If you could have seen me before you began to treat me, and then could see me now! My friends all notice the great change. Before treatment I was subject to spells of timidity and despondency. Now I am growing so strong and courageous, and the mental disturbances of others do not affect me in the least."

—"If you keep on writing such splendid articles as you did in the last number you will make lots of warm friends here in Chicago. November NAUTILUS is specially bright with the light of pure intelligence. You will, I know, be glad to hear that I am manifesting and realizing more power each month. I enclose money herewith for next month."

—"Occult Stories," by Dr. Close, is a new and pretty little volumn of stories and poems, bound in white and gold. Just the thing for a holiday gift. Dr. Close's name is all the recommendation that is needed for what lies between its covers. Price, fifty cents. Address, C. W. Close, 124 Birch, Bangor, Maine.

—"A Short View of Great Questions," by Orlando J. Smith, is an able, terse and interesting exposition of the theory of reincarnation, the only theory that satisfactorily explains evolution. This book will repay a careful perusal. Published by The Brandur Company, 220 Broadway, New York. Price in cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

—"I want to tell you of the additional courage and confidence that have come to me the past week. It must be all due to your success treatment. Especially do I notice it in the little things, where everything works out so beautifully. I seem to be most fortunate in meeting the people I desire to see. And there is with me now a feeling of hopefulness and happiness to which I have been a stranger for many years."

—If you are curious enough to see my counterfeited presentment to pay fifty cents for the privilege, your curiosity may be gratified. A friend here at Sioux Falls, has just taken a fine 7x9 full length

picture of me at my writing table, and will furnish all you want of them. I am quite proud of myself when I look at the picture, so I don't mind if you have one.

—If you have been a subscriber to NAUTILUS since its first number, or if you are a three months' trial subscriber, it is probably time to think about paying up for volume two. I am reminded of that by numerous half dollars that are coming in recently for renewals. Which is my first experience with renewals you know. Whenever I get one it makes me feel kind o' warm around the solar plexus.

—"I was glad to get your letter, and already begin to feel the good you are doing me. The soreness has left the ovaries and the womb is going back to place."

I have healed by my WORD many cases of falling of the womb and other forms of female trouble. Many cases pronounced incurable, except by surgeon's aid, have yielded readily to my spoken WORD.

—"There is one thought that comes to me in considering concentration. It is that the way to concentrate is not by *holding* the mind on one thing, but by *LETTING GO* of all other things but the one you want to think of. *So much* depends upon the ability to *let go* in our thinking. I believe ALL forms of nervousness are caused by inability (fancied) to LET GO. People hang on to thoughts of one thing until their nerves are worn to tatters where this particular line of thought comes into play."—WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

—"Wrinkles; Their Cause and Cure" is a fifty cent paper booklet by Anna McGowan, that will interest every woman who has outgrown the desire to "grow old gracefully." Mrs. McGowan is no theorizer. She has worked out the problems and speaks from experience, as evidenced by her picture. If you read this booklet, you will be sure to want her later book. "Supply" price, \$1.50. The results of the authors success in demonstrating over poverty are herein set forth. Send for either or both books to the author at Los Angeles, Cal.

—Just as soon as you make the discovery that you need no help, you will find offers of assistance coming in from all directions. The world treats us just as a wise mother treats the baby that is too timid to want to learn to use its limbs. She refuses to assist him until he learns to do it. Then he discovers that her seeming hard hearted neglect was for his own good and greater happiness. The world is no harder on us than she has to be to rouse us to SELF-TRUST, from which arises the power to gratify ever human desire. Quit pouting at the world, Sweetheart,—she is a wise and loving mother; who knows that she can give you far greater pleasure by *letting* you learn to gratify your own desires, than by "helping" you eternally.

—Lee & Shepard, Boston, have published Henry Wood's "Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography" in paper for fifty cents, which places this classic in mental science literature within easier reach. They also publish in paper at the same price Henry Wood's later book, "The Political Economy of Natural Law," which deals with the social and economic questions of the day in a masterly common sense fashion. If you are interested in finding out just how trusts, competition, etc., come into the all-good, read this book. If you are carrying a banner inscribed, "Down with Trusts!"—which you propose to defend right or wrong, the book will only jar your nerves—which will be a sure indication that you are not dead sure of your own position.

—Some of the residents of Sioux Falls object to my writing about Dakota's "forty below zero winters." They say the thermometer never falls below thirty-nine and a half, and only gets to that notch once in a decade or so. Seeing is believing. We are expecting to freeze up about January. When

we thaw out in the spring, tra la, I'll tell you what I think about Dakota winters. In the meantime we are making the most of the prettiest fall weather imaginable. On October 22 we drove out to Wall Lake, ate our lunch in the Autumn woods beside the lake, where hundreds of wild ducks were visible. And not a lady of the party made use of her wrap, though we remained until evening. And nobody "caught cold"—nor anything else. A letter from Portland says, "We are having lots of rain." Verily, Dakota isn't so bad.

—My lessons on the Constitution of Man are now in print in book form, for twenty-five cents. The binding is neat and pretty, and the book will make a nice holiday gift. Send in your orders immediately, and they will be promptly filled. These lessons are twelve in number, clear and concise and inspiring. No one can read them without, as a result, finding a larger meaning in life, more in the world to love, a greater FAITH in himself and every other man, and a fresh impetus toward the realization of his ideals. Many of the ideas expressed in these lessons are as original as anything under the sun, the results of my own personal experience and thought. If you do not accept all my thought—heaven forbid that you do!—you will at any rate find your brain stirred to the evolution of a few ideas of your own. These lessons are, "Genesis," "I and the Father are One," "In the Stillness," "Growth," "What God is Good For," two lessons on "Inspiration," four on "Desire" and one on "Concentration." My lessons on Desire are the most scientific, clear and *practical* extant, upon this important and much-abused function of life.

—Sweetheart, if you send me a dollar for a month's treatment for success, and then sit down with folded hands and expect success to fall down in front of you like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, you are very apt to get left. Success comes as a result of self-development. If you are in a very rudimentary form of development, you will have to listen a good many more months than one to my Word before you perceive anything very remarkable in the way of returns. If you are an "artist" and can't paint a picture that I can bear the sight of, my Word is not going to make you a famous artist in a month. But if you will keep on month after month listening to my Word, it will *grow* your artistic ability and *your own* in the way of money will come to you. It takes a long pull as well as a strong pull to get to the top if you happen to have waked up pretty close to the bottom. But if you are already close to the top; if you can paint a picture worth looking at and yet cannot find a purchaser; my Word will apparently perform miracles for you. But there is no miracle about it. Success is *dead sure* to respond to the Word that I speak. If you will listen and keep on listening; if you will go in to WIN, and *stick to it*; your fondest hopes will be gratified. I have been treating for success only a few months, but scores have learned the value of my help, and keep steadily in conjunction with my Word of success. And it *pays*, both themselves and me. We are *growing*, and each month my Word goes forth with greater power.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of March 1896, at Daytona, Florida.

C. M. BINGHAM, JR.,

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