

THE NAUTILUS.

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

Entered at the Post Office at Sioux Falls, S. D., as second-
class matter, October 9, 1899.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than thy 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."

VOL. 2. { MONTHLY,
Fifty Cents a Year. }

JANUARY, 1900.

{ ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE,
Ramsey Block, Sioux Falls, S. D. } No. 3

RISE OF THE AWKWARD BOY.

He longed to be great and he longed to rise,
And they laughed at him;
He studied books till he strained his eyes,
And they laughed at him!
His tongue was thick, but his will was strong;
His ears were big and his legs were long,
In a hundred ways his plans went wrong,
And they laughed at him.
He held his course day after day,
And they laughed at him;
He packed his satchel and went away,
And they laughed at him!
They heard of the blunders he made in town,
In his awkward efforts to win renown—
To them he was merely a foolish clown;
And they laughed at him.

The papers began to mention his name,
They were proud of him!
He was getting up, he was winning fame,
They were proud of him!
Go down among them there today,
And you'll hear his wise old neighbors say
They "always knowed he'd make his way,"
And they're proud of him!

—S. E. Kiser.

A PRELUDE TO SUCCESS.

Money is a gloriously good thing. The "world-ly minded" man is not far from right in thinking cash the one supreme necessity of existence. It is. It will not always be so for we shall outgrow the need of money.

But we are not living in that far off future. TO-DAY is our day, and wise is that man who knows enough to use his energies in supplying today's necessities and luxuries; content to make the best of present opportunities instead of perching himself on a sugar barrel at the cross-roads grocery and complaining at things as they are.

Happiness is the result always of desire-gratified. What under the sun will gratify more desires than money? Love is the great blessing of mankind, but Love itself must have money with which to gratify its desires—today. We are living today.

"Ye cannot worship God and Mammon," but money is God, and the hoarding of money is Mammon. Ignorance hangs on to the thing it loves—ignorance binds. Wisdom loves and frees. Ignorance hoards money, "worships Mammon;" Wisdom frees money to gratify desire; his own and others.

We develop, grow, evolve, by activity. Look out over the world today, and down over past generations; what is the universal incentive to activity? Money, money, MONEY.

Blessed be money for "drawing a man out." But money never "drew a man out" who cared nothing for it. Lots of people care little for money. So money never incites them to activity. They prefer occupying the sugar barrel and pointing the finger of scorn at other people's efforts to gain "filthy lucre."

I know only one thing that will make those well intentioned ignoramus hop down off the barrels and hump themselves. That one thing is POVERTY.

I am a great admirer of poverty. Distance lends enchantment to be sure, and I never realized how admirable a friend he is until I bade him adieu. But I love him and I often compare him with affluence and ponder the question—for it is a question—which is the greater benefactor of mankind.

Poverty is a gloriously good thing—to get away from.

When poverty has been your comrade long enough you will hate the sight of him. And you will grow an almighty DESIRE for money. Poverty will kick you off the sugar keg and money will smile sweetly and lure you off the premises.

Do you desire success? Or health? Or happiness? For one dollar a month you may "hitch your wagon" to

MY WORD

which "shall accomplish that whereunto I send it."

Then there'll be some hopes of you. I know from experience.

Money will lead you a merry chase, up hill and down dale. Many a time you'll think you've got her sure. But you have to be vigilant and mighty quick, to catch money or fleas. And practice will accomplish wonders.

The "fickle goddess," who has wise method in her fickleness, by the way, will keep you chasing until you have developed mental, moral and physical muscle and agility enough to enable you to catch her. Then she will be the sweetest and most agreeable spouse you ever dreamed of.

Then it will be your turn to be fickle—some other goddess will lure you. But that is alright. Constancy is a virtue in a diamond or a suspender button, but not in a growing ego. All growth is change, and wise is he who attempts to be constant only to HIMSELF, his desires.

KEEP STILL AND GROW.

"Tonight is the first time I have felt drawn to reply to your letter which I must confess was not very comforting. So there now! Just to think, when I feel in such need now of peace—of content—so that I may know how to go forward, you tell me to wait and keep still. Why, my dear girl, I am sure I would be in the asylum if my state of mind continued as it was when I first wrote you. But thanks to God and your own dear self, [God expressed] I am a little less wild than I was. My husband wants my help in his business, but I want to stop and teach mental science. If I stay at

home and work as I please, can you turn your treatments on him for business success and make them work? If so, perhaps I can live this horrible existence a little longer. Now I know I am not talking a bit pretty, nor proving to you that I am ready to teach the science of life, but really I know lots more about it than you might think judging from my letter. Have been more like myself today than for two months—since this horrid thing I told you of occurred. Things have come up in my nature that I thought I had conquered long ago. Oh, dear! I have been so miserable. Do you think I am obsessed? Please don't slight any of my questions."

You will be in the asylum if you DON'T wait. Let go and keep still. The law within you knows what it is about. No, you are NOT obsessed. There is nothing in creation the matter with you except that you want to make things come around instead of keeping quiet and letting things come, as they will in spite of all your resistance. The law of ATTRACTION brings you every item of your environment, and you have made the attracting center. Take what comes and make the best of it quietly and by so doing you will change the quality of the attracting center and draw more congenial persons and things to you. That is the LAW, and you might as well try to stem Niagara as to change it. And you would gain nothing by running away. Keep still and do the next thing—the "duty" that lies near at hand. That is the next step towards the thing you DESIRE. You travel toward the thing you desire by keeping still mentally and doing with a WILL each thing as it comes to hand.

You couldn't teach mental science to a kitten now, Sweetheart—you don't know the first principle of it yet. But you will in the course of a year or so. You will have learned it from yourself.

No, I can't turn my treatments upon your husband and make him successful. I can speak the WORD for him and the measure of his response will determine the measure of his success. From your own words I should guess the law attracts you to help your husband. If this is so—and your own conscience will tell you if it is—you will never "move another inch" until you follow the call and do it WILL-ingly.

I have answered all your questions. I can do it just as well in the silence if you will keep still and let me. You are right where you belong. Stay there until you KNOW you belong somewhere else, and until you know just where that somewhere else IS. In the meantime put your will—never mind your feelings—into doing up brown the things you find to do. Be a Sweetheart and you will find all things whatsoever you desire coming to you all in due time.

—And so you have "sworn you will never do" a certain thing. Well, Sweetheart, you are a chump. "Swear not at all," for the law will make you break every vow you make. A vow is a bond, a limitation. And the LAW abhors a limitation and will smash it sooner or later. "Swear not at all." Follow DESIRE AS IT COMES. Erect no mental limitations to future action and growth.

DESIRE AND SWEETHEARTS.

"I send you the last NAUTILUS which you will find profusely marked by the hand of my daughter, who though having a well stored mind along many lines is yet not versed in metaphysical lore. I was away when the paper came, and on my return found the marginal lines. She is a woman of 30—married. I tell you this to show she is not without years and experience. But like the majority who read your articles would be shocked and turned from all desire to follow the study of mental healing by your broad statements concerning the following of evil desires. Will you not write more discreetly and so invite rather than repel those who are yet in darkness? Again your well-meaning "Sweetheart" has called forth from various friends of mine the most unkind hints. *I understand you* but they take you in a less liberal sense and you and the cause suffer thereby. "Dear" would answer every purpose and not be taken amiss. I know you will accept these criticisms as they are intended."

I write what the universal spirit imparts to my own individual spirit, without a thought as to the effect of my Words. That is none of my business. And I am a very happy woman since I discovered that fact.

I write exactly what the spirit gives me to write in the language in which it is given. Let him who hath ears hear.

For those who cannot yet stand strong meat, there is plenty of milk, diluted to individual taste. The all-pervading Law of ATTRACTION brings me my readers. The all-wise Law of ATTRACTION REPELS from me those who are not yet ready for such teaching. Blessed be the LAW in either case.

The writer of this letter has not yet realized enough Love to cast out *all his fears*. He is still in touch with the old thought and its resultant fears.

As to the word "Sweetheart," the spirit of Love gave me the word, taught me its significance and the REASON for its use; and dictates its every use. I love the word as I love no other word in the English language, because it holds greater meaning than any other word. A Sweet Heart is the radiating center of pure love—good—GOD.

It is also the mightiest magnet in the universe. I never use the word that I do not see as by a flash-light the pure, perfect potential center of every human soul. The outer is *nothing*—I see the *Sweet Heart* of man and love it, no matter how dense the outer shell of unloveliness may be. I see man's *divinity* in the Sweet Heart of him. No "bushel" is heavy enough to hide that "light" from me.

But this is not the reason I use the word in print. *Every word is a power*; spoken or written, its vibrations influence, consciously or unconsciously, every soul they touch. Not alone of vice is it true that to see oft is "first to endure, then to pity, then embrace."

"Sweetheart" is a mighty love vibration, received by lovers, but resented by the not-loving. I speak the Word to loving and unloving alike. The *Sweet Heart* is in both, as yet unrecognized by the unloving. The spoken Word is power-FULL and the unloving one *resents* first, then endures; pities the speaker; at last embraces—vibrates with the Word. Behold, the Word has accomplished that whereunto it was sent.

A love Word is positive and will prevail. It may be spoken in an unfamiliar tongue but its vibrations will, despite that, win at least a measure of response.

A very striking illustration of the power of even unknown words occurred to me in my early childhood; so striking that I never forgot it. I was about nine years old at the time; a quiet child who had associated with few other children, and learned none of the coarse language common among untrained children.

Not far from home a deep cut was made in a hill

side. I chanced to pass alone one day this deep embankment and glancing upward I saw a single word of four letters cut deep and large in the soft earth; I never heard that word, nor saw it, before that day; and I knew absolutely nothing at that time of the relation of the sexes. But I ABHORRED—no other word will describe the sensation—the word on sight. I shuddered and ran, though I was not a timid child. And I never passed that way again if I could help it.

That incident made a strong impression upon me and the word I never forgot, though it was four years or more before I learned its meaning, and only recently that I knew *why* that unknown word shocked me.

Words are *alive*, Sweetheart, and if you listen to my "Sweetheart" and resent not, you will grow to recognize your sweetheartship.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

"I have read your teaching about gratifying desires, good and bad, so-called. I am a man away from home. Have a pleasant home and wife and family I love. When away like this, I try to live a moral life and do so. Still, I have constantly to stifle a desire for what is considered improper indulgence with the other sex. In other words, to gratify my sexual passions, I am afraid my marriage vows would be violated, and I think there is nothing much worse than deceiving one's wife. Now, according to your teaching, this passion should be gratified. I do not want, necessarily, sexual intercourse, but a familiarity with some of the other sex, and a good time, such as would not be indulged in the light. My thoughts often run riot in this direction. Now for the question: Am I to indulge or restrain? At the same time, I am trying to develop my highest self by affirmation on retiring and on arising in the morning, and a period of silent thought at noon hour. Is not this contradictory?"—X. Z.

I BELIEVE in the gratification of desire at all times and places as the quickest and only sure way to grow. But there are times and places when one cannot gratify desire. One or both of two things may prevent: First, circumstances; second, conscience or caution within himself. No two people have the same circumstances, nor the same conscience. Therefore, it is impossible for one person to safely advise another. I cannot advise you, but I can put myself in your place as nearly as may be and tell you what I would do. This may help you, or it may not. You must judge from your point of view, and act accordingly.

The exchange of sex magnetism is *absolutely essential* to life and health. That does not mean that the sex act is a necessity. Magnetism is exchanged in a glance of the eye, a conversation, or a caress, just as in the sex act itself. The more freely men and women associate upon the affectional and intellectual planes, the less will be the demands of "nature" upon the passionate plane. A man who associated *freely* with many good women would be satisfied, and never desire passion expression with but the one woman he loved best. That is the *natural* state. But we have restrained desire so long and persistently that it is perverted. So it happens that when a man *does* loose desire he is apt to go to extremes, but in a short time he would come to the normal condition above described.

If I were to find myself in your place, the first thing I would do would be to talk the thing all over with the one I loved best, and give her due warning that I meant to free my desire on this line. Then I would DO IT. I would not *seek* indulgence, but I would gratify my desires as conscience and circumstance permitted—always keeping in mind the idea that such gratification is for the purpose of *freeing* me to the normal state. It is OUR IDEALS THAT RAISE US. With high ideals a man cannot long desire abnormal gratification to any appetite. The ideal MAKES HIM OVER.

—Here is a copy of the circular one book-seller has had printed to push the sale of my book with:

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

BY ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE.

—"Betsy Lois," the famous editor of THE NAUTILUS, has just issued her twelve lessons on the above subject in book form. The titles of these lessons are as follows:

- I; GENESIS.
- II; I AND THE FATHER ARE ONE.
- III; IN THE STILLNESS.
- IV; GROWTH.
- V; WHAT GOD IS GOOD FOR.
- VI AND VII; INSPIRATION.
- VIII, IX, X AND XI; DESIRE.
- XII; CONCENTRATION.

Every person, man, woman or child, who wishes a practical, clear and forcible presentation of advanced Mental Science, should read this volume. It will lift you completely off your feet, and transport you to a realm where ill-health and unhappiness cannot abide. It will prove a more powerful tonic than any which the skill of the M. D.'s. has ever devised. The splendid personality and tremendous, Niagara-like vitality of the gifted author shine out in every page. If you don't know "Betsy Lois," make her acquaintance through this book and you will never regret it. Read her lessons, digest them, and come into vibrations which will make you loving, strong, fat and healthy forevermore. The book is daintily printed and bound. Price 25 cents.

OPINIONS.

Here are the opinions of two Bostonians. The italics are theirs, not mine. By the way THE NAUTILUS has more subscribers in Massachusetts than in any other state in the Union. And my native state comes next:

"A word about NAUTILUS. Down to a Fine Point, is the clearest and strongest article that I have ever read, and so far as I am any sort of judge, *ever has been written*. This is a broad statement, but I mean *just what I say*." A. R.

"I want to say, and I hope you will not think that I am giving you taffy when I say it, that I believe you have made the greatest success of putting this new idea on paper of any who have attempted it. I think you have written more concisely and clearly on the subject, more *understandingly*, than any other of whom I know. There are a great many people who have honestly tried to explain this thing, but with indifferent success. Certainly your little paper is the best of all." B.

IPSISSIMA VERBA.

BOX 189, PUEBLO, Colo., Dec. 3, A. V. 30.

Sister Lois, Beloved:—

Yours received and will discontinue ad. in "Scientist." Yours in my behalf was beginning to make good returns. Your judgment for you is best as to the aftermath experimentally, but you have killed the Phoenix that was to lay the Golden Eggs. My work is rapidly becoming world-renowned, and your name was being carried all over the world on my samples.

Your change of front is somewhat puzzling taking into consideration the shallow and intemperate criticism which appeared in last "NAUTILUS," as to my having "apperceived" several dictionaries.

Words of one syllable are excellent for scientific use, but absolutely Scientific Ideas cannot be put in such language. Observe that my mission is the *Intellectual* presentation of Uniism *not* the phenomenal, tho' I can give some of that too when expedient. I appeal to the intellectual pre-eminent of my day and generation, not to the prattling pigmies whose vocabulary is limited to one thousand words. The "plain Gospel" has misled many, and now is the appointed time for scientific and verbal accuracy. As for the "somebodies" whose feelings are liable to get hurt to a certainty such belong to the ranks of the dualists and hence are either fools or ignoramuses—or both.

No *Scientist* can have his feelings hurt by *any* contingency, least of all by elegant presentations of scientific ideas in his own tongue. His is rather an opportunity for pride and congratulation rather than superficial, not to say puerile criticism. But of course jealousy will be rampant at my evident supremacy over all present and previous teachers. As for those who through bigotry and intolerance on *their* part do get their feelings hurt, it is the best thing for them as it aids in their mental awakening and secures their benediction by and by. Audibly for your emancipation and steadfast suffusion with the ecstasy of the Amor Vivid, and

With blessings and benediction, I am,
ROBERT J. BURNS,
The Man from Venus,
M. I. of the H. H.

Are you answered? R. J. B.

—Happy New Year, Sweetheart.

—"Character is a perfectly educated will."

—Address all money orders and checks to E. L. Struble.

—Follow your desires instead of being paralyzed by your fears.

—A sweet heart is the mightiest magnet in the universe.

—As a man thinketh of himself, so will the world accept him.

—"My wife is much improved. Pain in side all gone. Please continue."

—You can *teach* yourself by suggestion to *desire* anything you *choose* to desire.

—Resolve to keep warm around the solar plexus and help yourself and others along.

—First day of a new century. Resolve to keep cool in the collar and *let* yourself grow.

—"The Rhythm of Life and Other Poems," is issued by Frances Elmina Cox, 3360, 17th street, San Francisco.

—Make up your mind to be a *success* with things as they *are*, and you will quickly graduate to something better.

—NAUTILUS is too small for all the spirit within me has to say. It is crowding out the ads. and clamoring for still more space.

—I receive and answer with the WORD, your message while yet you are writing to me. That is why you feel better immediately.

—"Mark Twain says he has respect for Satan because he is the spiritual head of about four-fifths of the race."—East Side News.

—"Many thanks for help received. Business improving—lots of debts paid and the outlook splendid. Please continue treatment."

—"All the world's a stage and all the men and women only players" and the highest tragedy is comic when viewed from behind the scenes.

—"Enclosed find \$2.00 for one month's treatment for my mother and one for me. We are both improving and now find it a joy to live."

—Orders for my Lessons, "The Constitution of Man," are coming in with a rush. The volume is neat and pretty and the cost but twenty-five cents.

—If you ever reach the goal of your strongest desire it will be by doing with a cheerful will, day by day, a thousand little things you *don't* desire.

—"Your welcome reply came to me in due time and I felt when I read it that you had seen my needs at a glance, as nobody else has ever seen them."

—"I am getting on finely. Back has ceased to trouble me at all, and the womb has gone back to its place. Seldom feel the least inconvenience from the old falling. Please continue."

This letter after one month's treatment.

—I never change my front. I am the Sun of Good, "without variableness neither shadow that is cast by turning." I radiate LOVE, in whose pure light *all things* are visible in their real proportions and relations.

—Treatment for disease of mind, body or circumstances, one to ten dollars a month according to your ability to pay. Be your own judge. First month's treatment and one year's subscription to THE NAUTILUS for one dollar.

—In every undertaking aim to succeed. If you don't succeed aim again. Keep on aiming until you hit the mark. Some men need more practice than others but there's never one who can't hit the bull's eye if he keeps on aiming.

—I KNOW that my WORD can heal any disease that was ever invented but I DON'T know whether you will *let* it, or not. So I cannot *guarantee* to heal anything worse than the doleful dumps. I *am* death on the dumps.

—When you get into a tight place and need help call me mentally and I'll answer P. D. Q. by the wireless line. Then write me a letter, and don't forget to send the cash. I love to answer a letter with a ten dollar bill in it. And ditto a dollar bill.

—If you have ever sent me a dollar for treatment you have *paid*, and are so credited on my books for a year's subscription to THE NAUTILUS. I don't pretend to treat without the aid of NAUTILUS. In due time I shall treat only by speaking the *Word* through these columns, and in the silence.

—Thank you heartily for prompt renewals. Not over a dozen of last year's subscribers are delinquent for this year, and the expressions of appreciation that have almost invariably accompanied the renewals are enough to swell out of all proportion any head but mine or Robert J. Burns'.

—"My hands are all right and better in shape than ever before they were swollen."

This report came at the end of a month's treatment. The man's hands swelled to the point of bursting open from contact with poisonous dyes. Thought he must give up his work. But he did not.

—"I enclose you postoffice order for \$5 to continue treatment. I have rallied from the depressing feeling I had when I wrote you. Think you received my letter in substance for I was much relieved before you had time to get the letter. What a wonderful power is thought when rightly directed."

—"Woman and the Social Question," by May Wood Simons, and "The Man Under the Machine," by A. M. Simons, are two recent five cent booklets published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago, and of interest to every man or woman who is interested in social economics. Success to socialist educators.

—"I can write you very encouragingly this month—the word is working nicely—old things have passed away—life is unfolding, and I rejoice. Everything is better all along the line. With my growth comes a stronger desire to help others into the better way. Let your word still continue to speak to me. I am listening and rejoicing."

—"James is improving as fast as could be expected and is looking fine. Enclosed is money for another month. Mental science is gaining a good hold in this county and I think by another year the preachers will have to go to work to make a living."

I hope they won't have to work any harder than some preachers work to keep themselves and their flock from getting a new idea.

—"Character-Building Thought Power" is one of the most interesting and helpful of Ralph Waldo Trine's deservedly popular writings. Pub-

lished in attractive paper binding by Thomas Y. Crowell, Boston, who also publish Trine's "Every Living Creature," in dainty cloth binding; a book which will surely do much good missionary work in inculcating humane principles in young and old. A pretty gift for Christmas.

—If you are studying music and are not satisfied with your progress, come into conjunction with my Word and you will quickly see marked results. I have had wonderful success in treating for development of the ability to express music, both vocally and instrumentally. No treatment under the sun *will* take the place of practice but the Word intelligently spoken will make practice delightful and progress far more rapid.

—Frederic W. Burry's new book of Twelve Essays is swell. The paper and cover and typographical work couldn't be nicer. And when I come to speak of the contents I can only find two little words—"Read them." Frederic's head is away up above the clouds and what he sees is worth telling. His address is 799 Enclid Ave., Toronto, Canada, and his book is only twenty-five cents. When you have read that you will be certain to want his journal.

—Nearly all advance thought people are interested in the "sex question" and those who are not will be if they live long enough. Albert Chavannes is one of the most learned and scientific writers upon this line and I take special pleasure in commending his new book "Magnetation," and his older one "Vital Force" to those who are wide enough awake to want to understand the relations of the sexes and the higher uses of sex force. These books are paper bound and sell for twenty-five cents each. Can be had at this office.

—When next I publish a book I'll keep mum about it until the printer gets through with it. My "Constitution" is just two weeks behind schedule time now and not ready yet. Orders are stacked up here and orderers no doubt thinking Uncle Sam remiss. But he isn't. It's the printer, bless him. You will probably (?) have your books before you receive this explanation. If not, console yourself with the remembrance that "what is, is best." I'll know better than to advertise on some other body's word next time. I am new in the business.

—"Your card informing us of the discontinuance of the exchange ad. at hand; also a request to discontinue yours. We have received so much benefit from ours in THE NAUTILUS that we intend to run yours whether you run ours or not and shall give it the best position in the paper. We enclose one dollar and ask you to make use of the accompanying ad. If the amount is not sufficient send in for more. You will probably be interested to know that out of some fifty publications that we use, only one other brought as good returns as NAUTILUS." A. and A.

—If you do not receive THE NAUTILUS before the first day of the month it is dated, please drop me a line. The paper is issued promptly on time, wrapped and directed with care and mailed on the 21st. Papers are not carried in the mails as quickly as letters but every paper that leaves this office should reach the addressee in any part of the United States or Canada long before the first. If you are receiving two papers let me know. Renewals are sometimes entered on the books as new subscriptions, owing to the fact that no mention of the renewal was made by the writer.

—"I have written you so many letters (mentally) and always some bright thought has come to me. Several times when trying to solve a problem I have "hitched" on to you, and the answer came. The next month it would come out in your bright little paper. I look forward every month to your paper. You helped my husband and me so much this fall, September last. I started at once to

begin treatments again, but concluded to wait and try for myself. I am gaining rapidly in treating others. And now I want your co-operative vibrations in a certain venture. I want your Word along with mine. I know you helped me in self development. Oh, how happy I am to think I can relieve pain and help others. Indeed, you have helped me in many ways. I know you don't know me, but just to sit down and think of you and have a little mental visit 'at you' puts me in such an uplifting mood. How much your M— friends think of you; was there last summer. Wishing for your continued success." O.

I know you better than you think, Sweetheart.

—"I am better. I find my memory improving. * * * Try to follow your directions. * * * Must hustle if the cramp don't knock me out."

You are responding splendidly to my WORD. Success and health and all you desire are growing for you, and will increase faster and faster. Never mind the cramps, hustle *anyhow*. Knock the *cramp* out—you can do it. I know about a fellow that went on two crutches for years for such a thing. One day a Jersey bull took after him. He hobbled as fast as ever he could on crutches, and that was pretty fast, for he had had lots of practice. But the Jersey bull's four legs were more nimble than his and Mr. Jersey gained on him. Whereupon he dropped his crutches and kited for the fence on two legs. And he got there too. He broke those crutches into kindling wood and knocked out those cramps in one round. Now you just imagine the Jersey bull is after you and means business. Forget all about your aches and go in to WIN in a business way. My WORD will grow both health and success for you.

—"The dear little NAUTILUS came yesterday, and as usual was read with great interest over and over again. I was sorry when you moved, for at first it seemed as if you were getting way from us, going off into the Dakota wilds, but I can now realize that you are a living presence where you WILL to be, and I get very close to you sometimes. I don't think I told you how I came to get acquainted with the NAUTILUS. I saw it spoken of in Brother Shelton's paper. He said it could be used as a talisman. I sent immediately for a copy, and now I don't know how I got along without it. In answer to the question in the November NAUTILUS will say, I was cured of catarrh inside of a month. Was taking treatment for other things that seemed more serious, and together with the other things it left me entirely, and for several years now, I not only have no catarrh but never the slightest cold in the head, although the six different doctors who treated me, thought the disease was in my head, throat, bladder and every organ it could take a hold on. I did not have very much faith in the healer. At first none at all. But was persuaded to try, and as I got relief, I gradually let go of myself, or gave up to the healer till I found myself well. If people will only LET GO and let themselves be healed, they will be."

—"Soon after writing you I received a blow, a shock so severe that I will not attempt to describe it if I had the language at my command. I just wonder the sting does not entirely stop my breath. It burns like a red hot iron. I am rather indifferent to people—somewhat chilly, but my friends I idolize—center so much upon them. And now I am stabbed by the dearest and best. The whole world could not *made* me believe, and it has seemed as though life itself had *died*. I feel as though I was *chained* so firmly that I can *never* be loosed—cannot let go—(I don't know how—I guess), and the way I look and feel now, it seems as though this giant Juggernaut would never release me. Tell me this in a word even, can I take *this* into the good and say it was necessary for my unfoldment, that I needed this last trouble to bring me to myself?"

Yes, this is all good—the best kind of good for you. You lean on your friends—you grow fast to then like an ivy to an oak. You are intended by the law of your own being to have a back-bone of your own—to be an oak instead of an ivy. And until you learn to stand straight, you are doomed by *your own self* to lose every close friend you have. And you need not think you can avoid learning this lesson by not making friends. That is only hopping out of the frying pan to land in the fire. You need to practice loving people

instead of expecting them to love you. Recognize the fact that people have the *right* to act as they please, and that they *always* act from what appears to them at the time good motives. That friend is the same friend now as before this experience. Just as worthy of your love. *Be satisfied* to love regardless of the return you get, and you will not be "disappointed" in people, and you will have many friends where you now have few, and *nothing* can come between you. There is no Juggernaut about this. It is the best thing that could happen you. It came by your own call just at the right time, though you may not see it now. You will a little later. Nothing goes out of our lives except to make room for something better, unless we keep on filling our thought space with the same old thing, under the impression that we are being "constant". Set your thought on things above the petty worries and losses of life—set your thought on the things you *desire* and *may have*, *not* on the thing that is past; for the thing you THINK, you are CREATING.

—"Please define the word good. Now don't say all is good, but explain if it is a substance or a state, its quality and just what the true idea conveyed by the word. I can't understand the science until I grasp the meaning of its words and they have such a kaleidoscope way of appearing. Am unable to see if the bad that the darkness makes seem so real must be transmuted as you say to good. Why the bad is not so real a state or substance as the good, or if bad is really good, why transmute? And why use one word for two different states of one substance? If my head is the kaleidoscope I'm more willin' than Barkis to have it worked over by true science, but the M. S. battery is not yet strong enough to enable me to see as in a clear glass, that all is good and beautiful. Wish I could for I'm so tired of "bad" and "ugliness." A. P.

In spite of Webster every man has his own private dictionary and every other man has to guess at his meaning. If a first-class potter goes to work with some first-class clay to make "something"—he don't exactly know what—we may call potter and clay alright; *positively good*: couldn't be any better. Well, that illustrates the state of affairs in the beginning; ALL GOOD. Now the potter shapes something real pretty out of the clay—the nicest thing he can think of. That is good too—*positively good*—*best* he can do. But in doing that he thinks of an improvement he can make in the next thing he makes. So the next thing is a little nicer according to his taste, and the next still nicer. All because he is *learning*. Then along comes Alla and gazes upon the products of the potter's efforts and comparing the first piece of work with the last she says the first is not good—it's "bad." Whereby she shows a superficial judgment. And to make things worse she *persists* in keeping her eyes fixed upon the "bad" piece of work, the result of the potter's crude efforts, instead of enjoying to the full his latest and prettiest pieces. The *potter* knows he did his *best* in each piece. He *loves* each as an expression of his best at a given time. But he keeps on making *better* work, and gradually the old gives way upon his shelves to the new, and finally the old ceases to have any place among the new and more beautiful pieces. "Judge not according to *outward* appearance" but take *all* things into consideration and form a righteous judgment. And if you don't like the looks of a thing, quit looking at it. There are plenty of nice things to enjoy and *grow* like by thinking upon.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of March 1896, at Daytona, Florida. C. M. BINGHAM, JR., Notary Public.

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