

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 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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JUNE, 1900.

ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE, } No. 8
Ramsey Block, Sioux Falls, S. D. }

IF.

Twixt what thou art, and what thou wouldst be, let
No "If" arise on which to lay the blame.
Man makes a mountain of that puny word,
But, like a blade of grass before the scythe,
It falls and withers when a human will,
Stirred by creative force, sweeps toward its aim.

Thou wilt be what thou couldst be. Circumstance
Is but the toy of genius. When a soul
Burns with a god-like purpose to achieve,
All obstacles between it and its goal
Must vanish as the dew before the sun.

"If" is the motto of the dilettante
And idle dreamer; 'tis the poor excuse
Of mediocrity. The truly great
Know not the word, or know it but to scorn,
Else had Joan of Arc a peasant died.
Uncrowned by glory and by men unsung.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

JOY.

Every pleasant experience is life giving.
Every unpleasant experience is death dealing.
All experiences are good.

The sun gods told me that, and I have been
thinking out the whys and hows.

Joy is strength—"the joy of the Lord is thy
strength," said Isaiah thousands of years ago. The
same sun gods inspired him.

All life is vibratory. Each person, animal, plant,
stick, stone, running brook, and each *thought and
experience* has its own peculiar rate of vibration or
life, its own little musical part in the glorious
harmony of the Uni-verse.

Not only did the stars sing together in ancient
days, but all things from devil to archangel, from
man to mosquito, from mole hill to mountain, from
our solar system to the farthest star man's imagi-
nation has glimpsed—all, each, vibrates now with
its own divine strain.

Ah, it is true, Sweetheart—however blind and
deaf and dumb thou art to the music of thine own
soul or the soul of others. When thou hast practised
daily thy little exercises and listened—long—
enough—thou wilt come at last to hear and feel the
swelling harmonies. To the untrained ear the
master-works of Beethoven or Paderewski are but
a jangle of discordant sounds. But the beauty is
there for him who hears aright.

* * * * *

Life is joy. Joy is life.

More joy is more life.

Joy is the resurrection and the life of all flesh.

A man has but to note the effect of joy upon his
spirits and his body to know these statements true.

The pursuit of happiness is the pursuit of Life.

To enjoy Life is to enjoy God. The acquisition
of more Life is the acquisition of *more* God.

God exists with no object but to enjoy himself.
Man is himself; is God's person. Therefore, "The
chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him
forever." To enjoy God is to glorify him. Watch
joy transfigure a human countenance and you may
see the glory of God. Listen to the happy laugh
of a child and you *hear* the glory of God. Lay
your cheek softly close to the warm face of the one
you love and you *feel* the glory of God. God is
love. God is life. God is joy.

The unhappy man, the hater and the duty serv-
ant are alike infidel and suicide. And the last is
worse than the first. He cultivates the habit of
denying himself and all others with whom he
comes into touch, every joy. He cuts off Joy, Life,
Love, God, at every turn. He crucifies God with
lingering tortures—God in himself and others. The
duty slave is a murderer as well as a suicide. He
is a kill-joy—a kill-God. His place is in the low-
est depths of hell. And there he lives the "stren-
uous life." Oh, the pity of it!

And there is such limitless joy wooing him on
every side, luring him forth from hell, coaxing
him forth to Joy, Life, Love. God is with him
even when he makes his bed in hell. He says lov-
ingly, "Take up thy bed and walk." By and by
the duty slave will hear and realize and come into

Address

All communications for The Nautilus and
its editor to

Holyoke, Massachusetts,

Where I expect to reside, and be happier and
more useful than ever. No, I have not left
the West; I AM omnipresent.

Life—come out of Death into Life—from Hell into
Heaven—and learn to enjoy God forever.

* * * * *

Life is like fire. Life *is* fire.

Just as a burning torch will ignite countless other
torches without in the least diminishing itself, so
the Individual Life will light countless others that
touch it.

The heart with the deepest, widest Joy has great-
est igniting power.

*But everything in the world, from rock crystal
to highest archangel, has LIFE in some degree
and the power to kindle Joy (Life) in everything it
touches.* * * * Ponder well those words.

In everything it touches—ah, there's the rub.
We shut ourselves away from people and things to
keep them from touching us. We rob ourselves of
so much Life. We *resist* people, things and
experiences. We try to fend off these torches of
light.

Resistance is pain, the accompaniment of Death.

Resistance keeps us from receiving Life, more
Life, from the thing resisted; it keeps the torch
away from us. The torch loses nothing; the
resister loses Life that would have added to his
own.

Why do we resist people and experiences even
after we see intellectually that they bring God,
Life, to us? *Because we are dyed-in-the-wool "dual-
ists."*

It takes *time* to thoroughly saturate us in the
white light "All is Good." But the light is fully
turned upon us, thank heaven, and we are respond-
ing better and better to its vibrations. "The way
groweth brighter and brighter even unto the per-
fect day." "Let patience have her perfect work."

THE PERPETUATION OF LIFE IN THE FLESH.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Man comes into this outer world with a certain
amount of life force inherited from his parents
(and limited by his consciousness) which carries
him along comfortably, perhaps, for a few score
years or until some severe inharmony is attracted,
when the inherited life force is no longer equal to
the task. The man under such circumstances
accepts the race belief as to what he *ought* to do in
such a case—and dies. The reason for his dying
may be summed up in two words: fear and ignor-
ance. Possibly ignorance even might be elimi-
nated, for where courage, peace and confidence
abide, ignorance is sure to give way before the
positive qualities.

Fear has caused generation after generation to
embrace the belief that death is the unalterable
destiny of every living thing. And of course this
belief has become so fixed as to make it a law for
all, until such time as sufficient intelligence shall
have been developed to put in action a higher law—
the Law of Life. In strict truth there is no other
law than the Law of Life, death being simply a
denial of the Law.

In the past the inherited store of vitality has
been accepted as the sum total of a person's
resources. It never occurred to the human mind,
save in rare instances, that this fund of inherited
vitality could be added to and increased to any
considerable extent. Each individual has thought
of himself as apart and separate from all other
individuals and things. This has been the logical
result of that wave of force which developed SELF
consciousness. Now the wave is *widening*, and in
the light which Mental Science and kindred move-
ments have shed abroad, the human mind is strug-
gling to grasp the mighty thought, with its limit-
less impelling power, that ALL LIFE IS ONE—
one LAW—one SUBSTANCE—in which we live
and move and have our being.

And now it remains for man to "be born anew"
into the CONSCIOUSNESS of this oneness. When
he relates himself to the Universal Life, to all that
he sees, feels or hears about him, and realizes that
he is a part of all that is, that the universal vibra-
tion's pulse through every atom of his being,
then he is in a position to add to his inherited life
forces throughout eternity if he will. He has the
KEY to eternal life. If inharmonies arise he is
safe, because he knows he is no longer dependent
upon the store of life force handed down to him by
his parents, but that ALL life is ready to back him
up and reinforce him if he so desires and wills.

But listen! Before life will manifest through
you, you must be ready to receive it; you must fur-
nish a channel through which it can flow; you
must grant it recognition; you must cultivate an
iron-clad faith in its manifestation through you,
and above all else you must guide, direct and *use*
it as it comes to you day by day. Life exists in
latency everywhere, but it does not exist for you
except as you express it in practical uses. As soon
as any function of the physical body is no longer

used, nature begins to withdraw life from that function. Therefore what you draw from the Universal Life must be expressed on the outer plane. From the silence of intense action (centered in the sun) the impulse of life is received; in the physical vibrations of the objective plan (centered in the earth) this impulse of life is nourished and made real to the outer man. And when *knowledge* and *faith* are sufficiently developed, why may not this process—this vibratory play of the infinite forces—go on forever? There IS no reason why eternal consciousness, without the change called death, should not be realized. Forms may change from one plan to another, but consciousness will abide forever, because based on eternal PRINCIPLE, with which "there is no variableness, neither shadow that is cast by turning."

MENTAL ATTITUDE.

Success is in the blood. There are men whom Fate can never keep down—they march jauntily forward and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords. But their success is not attained by the Samuel Smiles-Connecticut policy. They do not lie in wait, nor skeme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and tarrying not, move steadily on.

Good health! Whenever you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of the head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; drink in the sunshine; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every hand-clasp.

Do not fear being misunderstood; and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your own mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal.

Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a barque is stranded. When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate, we have unshippt the rudder; and if we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to befoul the screw.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual.

Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good cheer.

To think rightly is to create.

Darwin and Spencer have told us that this is the method of Creation. Each animal has evolved the parts needed and desired. The horse is fleet because he wishes to be; the bird flies because it desires to; the duck has a web foot because it wants to swim. All things come thru desire, and every sincere prayer is answered.

We become like that on which our hearts are fixt.

Many people know this, but they do not know it thoroly enuff so that it shapes their lives. We want friends, so we skeme and chase 'cross lots after strong people, and lie in wait for good folks—or alleged good folks—hoping to attach ourselves to them.

The only way to secure friends is to be one.

And before you are fit for friendship you must be able to do without it. That is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself,

and then out of the surplus of your energy you can do for others.

The man who craves friendship, and yet desires a self-centered spirit more, will never lack for friends.

If you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone; bathe in the sunshine; and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, "I am a part of all my eyes behold!"

And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky; but that you are a necessary particle of the Whole. No harm can come to you that does not come to all, and if you shall go down it can only be amid a wreck of worlds.

Thus by laying hold on the forces of the Universe, you are strong with them. And when you realize this, all else is easy, for in your arteries course red corpuscles, and in your heart there is the will to do and be.

Carry your chin in, and the crown of your head high.

We are gods in the chrysalis.

FRA ELBERTUS.

HERE IT IS.

MANTUA, Ala., 4-10-00.

The Nautilus—

GENT: Sometime since I sent you a dollar and not a particle of benefit derived—my opinion is you are a fraud.

Yours truly,

L. A. LAVENDER.

The above reached me per mail. I have been teaching and healing for six years or more and publishing NAUTILUS for a year and seven months, and this is the first communication of the kind that ever came to my address. It being a curiosity I decided to frame it for the edification of my sweethearts. It will spice the monotony of other letters tacked, sans ornament, here and there through the pages of THE NAUTILUS.

As a break in the steady flow of flattering testimonials it is a monumental success; though the opinion expressed cannot be considered profound since the writer did not read his paper carefully enough to discover even my sex, let alone my principles.

Mr. Lavender of Mantua—wherever that may be—sent me through an agent a dollar for NAUTILUS and a year's membership in the Success Circle. He invested a *very* large dollar—it was a case of toss up whether he should invest in me or the Louisiana lottery. I happened to be a slicker fraud than the latter so I got the dollar.

And he got his ticket. He did not, or could not, read his ticket and comprehend that he must invest not only his one big cart-wheel, but his *energies* if he would have success. He did not "take in" even my first injunction to him, "Go in to win and STICK TO IT". I promised him a whole year's treatment for *fifty cents* and he was too lazy to keep up his end of the bargain a single month.

He is too crude to succeed in a month. I made this offer in order to help just such people—people who must be weeded and watered and trained a year, or two years, or a dozen, before they put forth even the sprouts of success. There is not a man, woman or child but can pay a dollar a year if he will, and *not one* but can grow success if he will persist until he "catches on". The only man who fails is the man who does nothing and doubts everything, SELF first of all. And *that* is the fellow who cries fraud.

It is human nature to howl "fraud!" at anything one does not understand. It is *easy* to do that. It takes *effort* you know to go to the bottom of things—it takes effort and intelligence.

Louis A. Lavender is too light weight as yet to go to the bottom of anything. Naturally he bobs around on the surface of mental science and dubs me a fraud because the dollar he sent me did not bring him a million in a month. I wouldn't wonder if he carries a potato in his pocket and is afraid of Fridays and broken looking glasses and peacock feathers, etcetera. * * * But he is growing a little in spite of himself. I shouldn't wonder if this little experience helps him. He is a part of the Uni-verse and MUST evolve with the rest of it. Just now he is a little rusty and musty and a back-number like the other things we find stored away with lavender. Shouldn't wonder if this little airing will do him good.

I don't care a continental darn for his opinion but I won't accept any man's dollar with a strangled eagle and a "fraud" tag—not if I know it. I fired Lavender's back at him too quick to mention. I want none but happy, beloved, well-cared-for eagles with blessings in their wings.

I TOLD YOU SO.

It is a lot of fun to say "I told you so"—sometimes. I AM a prophet of good and my words are fulfilled.

Just now I am firing mental "I told you so's" at some of my Methodist friends and one-time neighbors of Mount Tabor, which sits on three spurs of a mountain and keeps cases for the beautiful city of Portland in the land of the Webfoot and Jupiter Pluvius.

Some of the dearest saints I ever knew lived in Mount Tabor, and were my friends. I love them still.

But a good Methodist comprehends an Individualist about as our blessed, fussy little brown Leghorn "Pet" comprehended the ducklings she hatched.

I prophesied five years ago to that small burg, whose slumbers were seldom broken, save by some such startling bomb-burst in their midst, that the General Conference would be compelled to strike out eventually that portion of The Discipline which affirms it an unpardonable sin to dance or play whist, or wear flowers in your bonnet, frills on your gown or rings on your fingers.

The brethren and sisters with one accord and eyes cast upward, with their spinal columns a-quiver with the vibrations of my impious prophecy, exclaimed, "Heaven help us if ever we so sell ourselves to the Devil! Such wickedness can NEVER pollute Our Church!"

But even an iron-clad Institution must grow in wisdom and knowledge that *All is Good*. Grow or die, is Law.

The Great Methodist General Conference is now solemnly discussing The Discipline and will no doubt strike out that outgrown clause. If it fails this time, it won't next. Folks are growing up into Individual-hood and will not wear such swaddling clothes to prevent their kicking around as they please. Mother Church must put 'em in short dresses and it won't be long until they will strip off even these and go a-swimming as the spirit moves.

THE LOVE OF SELF.

The love of self, far from being the degrading impulse it is often thought to be, is really the most elevating impulse of the heart. Without self love there can be no love for the neighbor. The individual who does not love himself has not sufficient interest in life or vitality to be of service or interest to anyone. Self love being such an inherent principle in our lives, it would be well if we would learn not to condemn it. A large proportion of the ills from which mankind suffers are caused by the condemnation, repression and consequent misuse of natural impulses. We should not repress these impulses but should seek to attain that knowledge that will enable us to give right direction to our desires. We shall then realize that in the gratification of the sincere desires of our hearts, we enter into such harmonious relationship with all that the love for self and the love for the neighbor become as but One Love.—Harry Gaze.

The Success Circle.

Treatment for Business Success Only.

Daily I speak for each member of this Circle the WORD of success. Any man or woman is eligible for membership who is engaged in business, or desires to be. Any woman who is a helpmeet to husband or son is partner in business and may join the Success Circle, either with or without the other's knowledge, and receive its benefits for both. One year's treatment and "The Nautilus" for a year for one dollar. For obtaining quickest and best results read daily, night and morning, the monthly letter to the Success Circle, printed herewith. No special hour for receiving the WORD is necessary. It is with each member and works night and day, feeling or no feeling, until it manifests that for which it is spoken.

CONCENTRATE; CONCENTRATE; concentrate. Get things down to a fine point. Keep cool; keep sweet; keep aiming. Let your sun-center shine alike on just and unjust. Both are elements of SUCCESS. Steady, Sweetheart.

—I AM success.

—YOU are success.

—HE is success.

—WE ARE SUCCESS.

—And don't you forget it.

—Learn to heal by healing. Say nothing and treat.

—The noblest work in the world is helping the world to gratify its ambitions.

—Hereafter advertising rates in THE NAUTILUS are two dollars an inch each insertion, no discounts for time nor extra space.

—Just quit straining. Relax. LET GO. Let things go to thunder!—They won't. They are coming out alright. LET 'em!

—You can be what you desire to be. There is no limit to the power you may develop by persistent, quiet effort in one direction.

—Jesus said, "As a man thinketh, so is he." I think I AM God. Therefore, I AM. You are privileged to think you are the devil if you want to.

—"Marriage and Morality", by Lillian Harman, is a five cent booklet which will interest those who are dissatisfied with present marital living. Published at 507 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

—May issue of THE NAUTILUS was six days late, not because I was being entertained at the Hotel de Uncle Sam, but because the printer over-estimated his capacity for chewing copy.

—See you do only what you choose to do. If you can't do what you would choose, CHOOSE to do what you can. Success is yours on that road, which makes a bee line for the things you DESIRE. Follow it with a will.

—"Esoteric Vibrations" is an interesting and instructive brochure by W. P. Phelon, M. D., author of "Three Sevens", "Love, Sex, Immortality", etc. Price, 25 cents. Address the author at 509 Van Ness Ave., Frisco.

—The first month's treatment for health, happiness and success, with a year's subscription to THE NAUTILUS, one dollar. After the first month send anywhere from one to ten dollars with each letter, according to your own opinion of what you are able to pay.

—"Faith and Suggestion" by S. Lincoln Bishop, Seabreeze, Florida, is the first of a series of new 25-cent booklets devoted to making clear the science of healing. The Bishops are to resume shortly the publication of "Universal Harmony." Success attend it.

—"Vibrations," Dr. Marugg's new journal, Pomona, Cal., has ceased publication and the subscribers' unexpired terms are being filled out with

THE NAUTILUS. Some are receiving several copies. If these will send in a list of names to whom they wish the papers to be sent I will mail them direct.

—I am in receipt of a beautiful little volume from the pen of Horatio W. Dresser and the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. "Living by the Spirit" is the latest and most practical of all Dr. Dresser's fine and deservedly popular books. If you cannot "go into the silence" after reading it you must be a hopeless case. Send for it, price 75 cents, to the author at 272 Congress, Boston, Mass.

—"The Voice of the People Against the Voice of God", a 25-cent booklet, purports to be an "X-ray View of Social, Religious and Political Conditions, Including a Dictionary of Household Words, by a Heathen American"—otherwise J. D. Payne, Lawyer, Box 884, Marietta, Ohio. He is heathen enough to think he is the only and original Truth Expounder, and if you don't believe it he refers you to a few dozen Worshipful Masters, etc., who will clinch the statement.

—Yes, here is another new California journal. Harry Gaze, author of "Physical Immortality," began with May the publication at 22 San Pablo Ave., Oakland, Cal., "The Advanced Science Journal," monthly; one dollar a year. Here is a sentence from number one: "The marriage union is holy in direct proportion to the amount of genuine enjoyment derived." According to that view, which is a new and true view, divorce is holier than marriage in about 99 cases out of 100.

A LOT

More of your names are going to drop if I don't hear from you inside of thirty days. I AM going east and if you want a monthly visit from me hereafter, drop me word. A postal card request will do, if you have not the money to spare now.

—Alice Wolverton Eyre of 12 West Nineteenth Street, New York City, begins in May the publication of a new dollar-a-year monthly which promises to be something every thinker wants. "IDEAL LOVE: An Exposition of Views Concerning a New Marital System"—something humanity is going to have. Success to Alice Wolverton Eyre and "IDEAL LOVE", on paper and in human lives.

—Kate Atkinson Boehme has written seven essays that deserve to be classic in the field of mental science literature. For clear and cultured exposition they are unexcelled. The subjects treated are: "Rest", "The Universal Heart", "The Universal Mind", "The Conquest of Death", "Immortal Youth", "The Secret of Opulence", "The Source of Health and Beauty". Either essay may be had for 25 cents, or all seven for \$1.50. Address A. M. Cheney, 1528 Corcoran, Washington, D. C.

—"A Visit to a Gnani", by Edward Carpenter, author of "Towards Democracy", is one of the recent publications of Alice B. Stockham & Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago. It is a beautifully bound volume of 135 pages and sells at one dollar. Dr. Stockham says in the introduction, "One needs no glossary to read this brochure, but its perusal will quicken the perception, elevate one's estimate of himself, and give him a glimpse of the principle, pervading all life, that makes all souls akin. "A Visit to a Gnani" is well worth careful perusal.

—And still they come. The latest is "Triumph," monthly, 50 cents a year, edited by Florence E. Roberts, Riverside, California, and it's good and better still it's jolly. Sounds just like Florence, to

a dot. Won't it be fun when everybody sends out a monthly paper to everybody else? There'll be more openings for postmen and waste baskets. But between the postman and the basket each paper will radiate it's bit of soul-shine to help things grow. Some of these new journals are too deadly serious to shine much but "Triumph" isn't one of 'em.

—"Lizzie Melton" is an interesting story by Albert Chavannes, 308 Fourth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. The writer well illustrates the results of leaving young people untaught the meaning and relations of sex, and shows that she who falls in the world's esteem may again rise in the world's esteem to the level of her self-opinion. Sooner or later the world accepts us at our real value. And "as a man thinketh in his heart", is the measure of his value.

—This is the kindest, nicest, most generous world I ever saw. If I express a desire I no more than get the words off my pen than all the world's sweethearts fly to gratify my wish. In May NAUTILUS I asked "Will somebody please send me an April paper?"—and I received it from all directions, long before I thought the request had passed over the state line. Thank you, My Sweetheart. * * * That is singular you see, for you are One—I AM the One. The more I know of the world the better I love it. I'm mighty glad I'm right in it and I mean to stay.

—"Now" another brand new 50-cents' mental science monthly edited by Henry Harrison Brown, 521 Turk, San Francisco, is full of sound affirmatives. "Self," published for one dollar a year by Caroline E. C. Morris, 1229 Broadway, Oakland, Cal., is ditto. This makes three new journals just begun in California alone. Then Ernest Green's "Psychical Science Review" and "Clothed With the Sun," edited by the veteran writer Lois Waisbrooker at 1501 1/2 Market are two Frisco publications which are only a few months old. California is keeping up with the procession; yea, verily.

—"Please state in the NAUTILUS if your WORD will make middle-aged people young. Can you remove wrinkles and turn gray hair to its original color?"

My WORD is doing all that, and far more, every day; and for thousands of people besides myself. My WORD is spirit; it is life; it is the source of all growth; it is the spring of perpetual youth to the young; it is resurrection to the aged, the dying and the dead. Whosoever believeth in my WORD shall not die, but have everlasting life and increasing joy. He that believeth not receiveth not the WORD. Therefore he continues to die.

—"Let me see clearly that my inner self attracts its like, and no one else is to be blamed or praised, and then let me understand that every soul is so situated, and is to be treated with respect, and all will be well. The environment affords the condition essential to the development of the soul, just as a university governed by the elective system places every opportunity before the student, without compelling him to study what every one else studies. The student under such a system is supposed to understand himself well enough to know what he wants. He is to take what belongs to him, and discover his own method of obtaining it."

—I have some of the finest testimonials this month that I have ever read. My Word is healing disease, poverty and unhappiness every day and hour, and I could keep NAUTILUS running over with the grateful letters that pour in upon me. They are good reading and would bring me many new patients. But I've a whim for printing this month just that one "testimonial" over there in a frame. And it will bring me more new patients and win me more confidence and dollars than a whole column of favorable testimonials. ALL things work together for me for I AM SUCCESS and I've grown the "breast plate of righteousness" which "quenches all the fiery darts" of the fellow who imagines he is my "enemy."

—Here is a bit of advice from "Thought", edited by Marion Eddy, 1709 Encinal Ave., Alameda, Cal. "Thought" is a bright little fifty-cents-a-year monthly which contains a lot of good things besides this:

"You say that you are afraid you will lose your new position. Now let me tell you that if your presence brings such unpleasant vibrations into the office of your employer as your letter brought into this office, he is very likely to dismiss you when he begins making changes. How can you have your mind on your work if you are constantly worrying? Cheer up and put your past experiences out of your mind. Think of your work more and you will be less likely to be out of a situation".

—The conventional is the cut and dried. When a thing is cut and dried it is dead. In the midst of death we are in life. Let us BE alive. Let us be as conventional as Life finds it convenient to be. Let us be unconventional enough to admit of a little variety and growth. In short, let us be natural. Naturalness is not necessarily primitiveness. Indians and Philipinos are just as conventional as New York's Four Hundred. The pattern is different; that is all. Whatever our position in the world we can be natural; that is, we can live by our own soul's pattern, our best desires; instead of being cut and dried and died after some other body's pattern.

—I presume if I offered a year's treatment for ten cents somebody would send five cents for half a year, or ask credit for the whole year. It is not that anybody in this wide land is really unable to raise the cash. It is because such people live mentally on credit. They have formed the habit of paying after they get there. They have contracted the debt disease. There is just one way to cure it. Go through mental bankruptcy, for the time being and begin again on a strictly cash basis. Pay as you go. No money, no go. *Stick to it.* After a bit you will find yourself with a little cash on hand. Then pay up your old debts and you will be free to go where you please and have cash left. It is just as easy to live cash as credit, if you WILL.

—"The Master's Way" is an interesting new book by Prof. P. Braun, Ph. D., Omaha, price, 50 cents. Here is an illustration from it:

"While waiting for the Ak-Sar-Ben parade to pass the streets I noticed a little nervous looking woman near by who seemed to be suffering from nervous headache. I advised her to buy a fish horn and join in the universal din. The first look she gave me proved that she doubted my intelligence, if not my sanity of mind. 'Get a fish horn,' she almost gasped, 'why the noise is just what makes my headache'. I explained that it was not so much the noise as her resistance that caused the strain on nerves and brain. She did not buy the fish horn, but she understood me and relaxed, and I had the satisfaction of hearing her acknowledge to me before the parade was over that I was right. She had come more in harmony with the general spirit of frolic, and her headache had left her before the last float passed by."

—"I don't like her," I said to myself; and I am always ashamed of that thought. Why? It is the slave of conventionalities, the individual who marches himself around by the coat-collar, who "don't like" people and things; the man who dare not be natural. He has a self-imposed, hide-bound little code of life; an artificial code inherited from the fathers; and he "don't like" anything which is in conflict with that code. It is mere instinct with him; reason has no place in the matter. "I don't like" is the protest of conventionality, habit, custom, against anything else; it is the individual's protest against progress; the uttered resistance of a little knowledge to a little more knowledge. * * * ALL IS GOOD. Everything and everybody is a mine of wisdom to him who comes into sympathetic touch with it or him. The man whose instinctive cry is "I don't like," never comes into touch with that of which he so speaks; the beauties there he never sees; the riches within he passes by;

the music of that soul he never vibrates with. *

* * * Imagine Walt Whitman or Jesus of Nazareth saying, "I don't like!" Ah, Sweetheart, if they had not liked; if they had not loved; if they had not vibrated with every grade and shade of life; they would not have understood. If they had failed of understanding, their words had never reached a heart. If they had not reached the heart not a soul would have been helped to find itself and free itself from the swathing rags of ignorance, the life of "I don't like." * * * LOVE, oh, my Soul! Thou canst not love too much; thou canst not love amiss. Only by loving canst thou learn. Only by learning canst thou attain freedom.

—"The mental healers teach that to bring wealth, one must hold the idea that there is abundance and that is for us. There are those who have found this plan to work like a charm and no one has ever explained why it is. But these are the facts: Poverty is due to stinginess and meanness and littleness of thought because such thoughts produce acts which alienate from us those whose trade would bring us profit. To hold the thought that opulence is ours and that there is enough for each and all, puts us into a liberal frame of mind whereby we pay willingly our debts and for all we want to have. Such acts on our part will attract to us the kindly sympathy of others, who throw work and trade in our way and so turn the wheels which grind out abundance for us. He who in all his dealings acts as if he had money to buy all things which he can use wisely, will soon come to have the means with which to secure everything he can use for good."—*Occult Truths.*

—When I heard about Helen Wilmans organizing mental science I remembered how she used to condemn Mrs. Eddy for organizing Christian Science and affirm that she—Helen—would never, no never organize; and I was tempted to think Helen Wilmans a backslider, on the toboggan track to the grave. I was not sure though, so I kept mum and remembered that all is good and nobody can backslide. And, do you know, I wouldn't wonder if Helen is right after all. And I admire her nerve in going back on what she used to think. I have discovered that organization is no more conducive to death than the human body is. Why, the whole universe is organized and we are all hoping and working for eternal life in the organized body. Life IS organization—more organization means more life. Organizations are to the social body what nerves are to the individual body—i. e., highways through which thought-ether travels to the outermost and innermost parts of the body. It is thought-ether which builds the highways in individual and universal body alike. It is higher, finer, more powerful thought-ether which refines, re-organizes, improves the highways in both bodies. This is pre-eminently the age of organization because it is pre-eminently the age of thinking. Just as intelligence in the individual develops for itself finer, more complex and far-reaching nerve systems, so universal intelligence is ramifying with organizations every crook and turn of the universal body. As long as Life lives this organizing business will increase for it is the expression of life. It is GOOD. Just as the individual nerve system will change and refine to accommodate new and more positive thought, so will the world's organizations change to afford better and more rapid transit for the world's thought. Let the individual take care of his thoughts and organizations will take care of themselves. The fit survives.

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