

# THE NAUTILUS.

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

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

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ELIZABETH LOIS (STRUBLE) TOWNE,  
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

No. 9.

## MY OWN SHALL COME.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! My own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays:  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights,  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me."

BURROUGHS.

## THE JOY OF BEING.

"I am not a pessimist nor a grumbler, but I have never as yet known a joy. Life has not and does not hold anything for me."

Love is the only joy of life. The joyless man is the unloving man. No man need remain unloving. Love is cultivable and its development requires less effort and time than the cultivation of music, art, or science, and its practice not only does not interfere, but it is a distinct and incalculable aid in all other pursuits of life.

Love is not an ethereal, non-understandable attribute vouchsafed to special characters.

The I AM center of every human being is THE LAW. This Law, First Cause, God, I AM, when expressed is love-joy. Love IS EXPRESSION.

The Law, the I AM, at every man's center presses for expression; it travails in pain to manifest, to express, to be born into consciousness, into the visible world. Left free and unimpeded, it flows out naturally into expression or love, filling the soul with joy; filling the body with joy.

And joy is LIFE. Life, joy, love are One; even as fire, heat, light are One.

No soul need make an effort to express, to love. Ah, there's the rub. The whole world strains and strives after something—it knows not what. All the world's altars are raised "to the unknown God." Because it understands not its gods, it fears, strives and strains lest mayhap something be left undone, displeasing its gods and damning itself.

The world is like a babe which, in its eager hunger, struggles and clutches at the breast, its puny efforts defeating its own desires; whilst all the time the mother love is more than willing to fill full the measure of its desires.

The world is ever trying to gain that which belongs to it without an effort. It is ever seeking outside itself that which IS itself.

But it learns. All its eager seeking, striving, straining, disappointment, brings it at last back to

ITSELF. That self seemed at first so small, so impotent, that it must needs look elsewhere for power and satisfaction. But, lo, after its long search through time and space, through visible and invisible, it returns again and finds itself greater than all; finds itself the source of all.

\* \* \* \* \*

A man's I AM expresses itself through desire. Desire is the channel through which spirit moves into form.

Through desire the I AM is incarnated.

The normal being, on any plane of life, from Adam-man to Christ-man, is full of desire and desires—channels for the outflow of spirit into carnate life.

The flow of spirit (thought ether) through these channels causes the sensations of love.

Just to celebrate the occasion,

## I AM GIVING

during the month of July to every new subscriber, and patient, and Success Circle member, a copy of my new book,

## THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

See page four.

Man has supreme power over himself. He does not always know it; he does not always feel it; but he always has it, and gradually he realizes the fact.

Man has supreme power over his desires. He may gratify them; he may resist and intensify them; he may lop them off and grow others; he may paralyze them; he may bring them again to life. He does all these by turns. And all is good.

In the amoeba and the jelly fish the desire channels are wide open, affording quick growth. In higher orders of life, and most particularly in man, intelligence impels to resistance of desires, in part or all.

Resistance hardens and compacts the organism, intensifies desire and impedes the flow of spirit into expression.

The nerves of the body are the desire channels. Resistance contracts these channels so that the flow of spirit (thought ether) is retarded. Resistance hardens the nerve or desire channels so that there is less sensation from the flow of spirit or thought ether.

It is this sensation, this flow, which is called love.

It is self-repression which deadens love and it is self-expression which wakens it again.

When a human being finds himself he always finds himself cramped and deadened from crown to sole.

In the individual progress from amoeba to Christ-man one great end to be gained is concentration. To this end the I AM has contracted us into smallest space and crowded full every crook and cranny of us. Environment has pressed us from without and I AM has grown us from within, until like the physical babe, we are forcing

the bands that held us, stretching out our cramped limbs and expanding our so-long-paralyzed desires. We are getting ready for greater activity, more intense and far-reaching desires than ever before. This means more intense joy than ever before, and more life.

The crucifixion of desire is good. Without it our blood had always run cold like a clam's, our joys had been no more intense than his.

And the race is not yet done with intensifying life by contraction. But here and there over all the earth individual souls are coming into the new birth, the new life. And in due time every soul shall issue forth into the free life, where is no more crucifixion, no more sin, sickness nor death.

\* \* \* \* \*

The man whose words head this article is paralyzed from lack of self-expression. He looks for life, for environment, to give joy to him. He aims to draw in life, joy. He has held this attitude of mind so long that his solar plexus has got the notion that it is a vortex in the currents of life; wherefore it contracts. So great is the contraction and tension that spirit (thought ether) cannot be expressed through it and its multitudinous nerve channels. So habitual is this contraction that the man is not even aware of it. And the worst of it is that he is only one of millions who are so repressed and therefore unhappy.

(The solar plexus is not a vortex to draw life into the individual. It is a solar center, a sun center for radiating spirit; a sending out center.)

Man is not a solar plexus, nor yet a body. Man is spirit—I AM spirit—and presses out of itself the solar plexus, the whole nerve system and the entire body. Not only does he express—press out—himself, his body, in this way, but in the normal state he throws off through every nerve and pore a magnetic, tangible and powerful force which acts upon his environment, seen and unseen, and either perpetuates present environment or, if the radiation be strong enough, recreates environment.

(Whether a man is weak in expression and joyless, or strong and radiant and all-powerful and full of joy, depends upon his idea of himself.)

(A narrow, contracted idea contracts the solar center and shuts off the power from body and environment.)

(A god-like idea of self, the idea of self as a god among gods, frees the sun plexus and the god-qualities flow out naturally.)

"Loving is giving." The out-flow of self is love and joy.

(The I AM, the self, never fails. The reason men do not let it out, instead of holding it in, is because they cannot feel that the supply is exhaustless. So man instinctively hoards—holds in—not only himself, but his goods. To get, and to hang on to what he gets, is the chief aim of man, because he is afraid he can't get more. He can't FEEL that his source of supply is exhaustless.)

Nobody ever will feel it until he has proven it. He must take for granted his god-ship and ex-



haustless supply; *act* as if it were proved; keep at it until he knows.

The moment a man intelligently takes this mental attitude, his solar center begins to loosen up and permit self (I AM self) expression. In his mind he is no longer a vortex drawing life, joy, money from without. He is a SUN, *radiating* life and joy; transmuting the unripe conditions about him; *growing* opulence from the long unshined-upon poverty of body and surroundings.

To recapitulate:—A contracted solar plexus shuts off the radiation of spirit (thought ether), which is the life and joy of the body and environment.

A free condition of the solar plexus is necessary to health, longevity, success, wealth.

The solar plexus is governed in its action by a man's Ideas.

The Idea that a man must get, get, get, and hang on like grim death, shuts up the sun plexus and *prevents* his getting.

The Idea that I AM THE SUN OF GOOD, the SOURCE of all I desire, expands the plexus and *lets out* the good things into visibility.

\* \* \* \* \*

Constant reiteration of an Idea, *accompanied by action*, grows realization.

Right here is the rock upon which most barks split.

A man reiterates, "affirms," for half an hour each morning, "I AM THE SUN OF GOD, the source of all supply"—then goes straightway forth and *acts* like a money grabber. Instead of radiating to others—instead of shining upon just and unjust—instead of *giving out* thought, love, service, money; his one aim all day is to *take in* thought, love, service and money. And then he complains because he is sick, poverty-ridden, or unhappy, or all of these.

All the affirmations ever uttered are nothing unless acted upon. If I AM GOD I must study God and *act* God, if I would realize it.

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women players on it."

We are the actors, everyone. Some of us are as yet mighty poor sticks. We never for a moment *forget ourselves*. We are always our old selves, no matter how we are decked for the part we are to play, nor how glibly we get off our lines. We don't get into the *spirit* of our part and ACT what we pretend to be. We are merely hypocrites, saying one thing and doing another.

But some of us are good actors. We study our parts; we dress them; we do not merely repeat things and move mechanically as some one directs. We *throw ourselves*, mind and body, soul and spirit, into the part. We think it, feel it, act it, LIVE IT—get so absorbed in it that the old self is lost and WE ARE IT. We get into the spirit of our part and *it absorbs us*, and the old self is no more.

Now, Sweetheart, we are all actors. There is no use pretending to be anything else. It is only a question of the part we are to act and how well we act it. We are all free to choose our part and we all have it in us to be good actors—if we will. To be sure it may take time. But patience and *will* and PRACTICE will do *anything*. The more patience and will and practice you put into your part the sooner you'll BE IT.

To be sure, if you are satisfied with the weak, wishy-washy, joyless part you have been playing; or if you are too lazy to apply yourself to a new part; or if you'd rather be supe and shift scenes and do the dirty work for the real actors, why do it. Nobody will interfere with your choice. And by and by, when you get sick of your job you'll find a better one waiting you. Only you *must* do your own work, whatever you choose. There's really no shirking on the stage of life, even though some people *do* seem to slide along pretty easily. That belongs to the part they have

chosen, just as failure and sickness and grumbles belong to the part *you* have chosen.

Sick of your bargain, eh? Well, come along then and learn this new part. Be a Sun of Good and radiate life and joy and glory; instead of being a Daughter of Misery and Moans. You CAN be what you WILL, Sweetheart. *You* are a first-class actor and only need *throw yourself* into your new part to *be* it, just as truly and completely as you have been the old part. Go in to win, Sweetheart, and *stick to it*. Put yourself into it and ACT.

### HOW TO DESIRE.

"How can a person find out what he really desires? It may be that I am what somebody calls a 'wooden woman,' or, have crushed desire till it is too weak to express itself; but I know this: I am not satisfied with what I am doing, never have cared for the work, but had to do it as I could do best with it. I want something else. I have that feeling of longing and looking, expecting something all the time but do not know what it is I want, and when I look over the field of woman's work, and man's, too, I do not see any work which I *really* desire to engage in. When I was quite a little girl and went to Sunday school I used to think that to be a missionary was the finest thing on earth. It may be that it was the stories of the wonderful things in the tropical countries that I desired to see, but it might have been something else. Then as I grew older it was my great desire to be a physician and I started to study, but the opposition was so great that I got disgusted, not with the work, but with the people, and so I went as far away from them as I could get. Once or twice since I have made an effort to take up the study but never did. That is the only thing that I have ever really desired to do. Everything else has been sort of haphazard, according as it would be the means of taking me to some new place, as I do not like to stay in one place very long."

S. E.

Desire is a real, an all-powerful force. A force to be effectual must be concentrated, focussed. In childhood desire is concentrated; "this one thing, with all my soul," is the child's attitude of mind and desire. A child *follows* its desire until it is satisfied; then turns ALL its desire, its force, in a new direction.

Not so with grown up folks. They allow all sorts of things, within and without, to turn their desire aside, just as S. E. allowed opposition to turn her. Part of her force, thought, desire, still flowed in the old course and part was turned in a new direction. Soon her force, desire, was again turned and *divided*. Again and again this operation is repeated until she is like a great stream which is turned into a thousand small channels, running in all directions over a *dead level*, instead of being One mighty and resistless current.

Now this is the state of nine-tenths of the race. Desire in each is turned aside in thousands of small impotent *wishes*. Life meanders aimlessly upon a great dead level.

But all the original force is *there*. All it needs is *direction* to concentrate it again and make it a mighty power, the current of which bears the individual easily, delightfully, in the desired direction.

When a soul wakes up on a dead level like this; when he finds himself minus an object in life, or a desire worthy the name; the first thing to do is to do nothing. Be still. Let yourself meander. Be comfortable. Sleep a lot. Sit in the sun and relax, as a hen does in the dust. Let life live you.

By and by you will grow conscious of a wish that seems to be just a little stronger and bigger than any other wish—as if two or three of those tiny rivulets of desire had run in together. That is just what happened.

Now lay for that wish, that desire. Make tracks to gratify it. Run along with it as far as you can. But don't worry if it soon seems all dead level again. Keep quiet again. Go to sleep some more. Sun yourself. After a little you will feel another wish (wishes are tiny rivulets of desire),

and this time it will be a little stronger than before. Hop up quick and run along with it. A few more little rivulets have run in together. Repeat this little alternate rest-and-run act just as wish, feeling, prompts.

Take it easy, dearie—all eternity's before you. Be aisy wid ve, and one of these fine mornings you will wake up with a real, live DESIRE. While you rested and slept, a lot of these little wish-rivulets all ran in together and made a nice respectable desire.

But see you don't change your tactics. See you don't expend too much energy—just go *with* desire. Go slow when it goes slow. Keep cool and keep sweet. DESIRE does the work. Just *let* it. Keep in the middle of the stream and it will carry you safely. Every little while you will find yourself taking a little extra spurt in the desired direction. That is caused by another wish-rivulet running into the desire stream. One at a time ALL the little rivulets will run in and you will find yourself being borne swiftly, happily and without straining, in the desired direction. DESIRE did it all. One little rivulet, larger than the others, wanted an *object in life*, so it flowed in that direction and *attracted* all the other little rivulets.

It did not *command* the other little rivulets, as so many people try to force desire and thought. This little desire ran quietly along humming its own little song and minding strictly its own business; and gradually, one by one, all the other little rivulets fell in love with its song and came closer and closer, and finally they all ran in one bed, all in one direction, all for one purpose. That is the way to concentrate, and it's as easy as rolling off a log.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was a very small girl I used to play on a river beach where a small stream ran into the river, and I made little channels and scattered that stream away out. And then I'd run my finger, or a stick, along from one little rivulet to another and coax them all together again. It was great fun, but not as much fun as it is now to coax the little thought-streams, desire-streams, into new brain channels, bringing them closer and closer together every day. Concentration is lots of fun when you know how. And the way to learn how is to practice, practice, concentrating *at the points of least resistance*. Be aisy wid ye, but keep at it.

\* \* \* \* \*

And never get scared for a moment about the outcome. The force is all there, and you have the whole of eternity to do it in; and you don't *have* to do it anyway if you don't want to. You do just as you please, Sweetheart.

—I have unbounded faith in astrology, but astrologers are a different matter. The stars are plain as print to him who can read them. All a man's character and "destiny" is written in the heavens, and in his hand, and on his face and his head, and heaven knows how many other places. And people are learning to read all the signs, but nobody is as yet infallible, though many are adept at the art. A good horoscope is a fine thing to have. It has prevented many a child from being forced into unfit occupations and saved many a man from wasting years in finding out what he is fit for. But better waste (?) all those years in effort than be paralyzed and limited, as many people can be, by the horoscope of a fatalist astrologer. Few astrologers are free from the taint. F. T. Allen, whose ad. appears in another column, is not a fatalist, and his work is as accurate and helpful as any I have ever seen. I take pleasure in recommending him to you.

—Tolstoi is excommunicated. As soon as a man gets an idea or two, the church fires him lest he fire the church. Self-preservation is the first law of an organization.



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

If you want to keep well, you simply MUST think well—of yourself and others.

The key to success can be given in one word of five letters, viz., stick.

This does not mean to get in a rut, but to keep in mind without a shadow of wavering the one objective point towards which you are working.

There is only one way to lead a happy and useful life, and that is by expressing self.

YOU are the creative WORD. Get acquainted with YOURSELF.

Just as the shadows are necessary in the background of a picture in order to bring out the details, so the experiences which we call evil act as a positive good in strengthening our characters and adding to our fund of wisdom.

All things grow by love. If you want a healthy body, love it and love the food which goes to build it up. If you want money, love it and love the means by which you acquire it.

Be honest with yourself. You cannot afford to be otherwise than open as the day with everyone, but it were better that you be dishonest with others than with yourself.

"This above all, to thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man."—Shakespeare.

The census taker called upon us the other evening, and you should have seen Elizabeth blush when he asked her what her name was. You see she has borne her new name such a short time that it does not readily present itself to her mind in cases of emergency.

## OBSERVATIONS.

While in Chicago I called upon Fanny Harley and met Mr. Loomis of the Universal Truth, and saw several other scientists at that office. Also I had the pleasure of a short visit with Dr. F. N. Doud in the sky-scraping Masonic Temple.

There are many more friends in Chicago whom I greatly desired to meet, but time pressed and I had to be content with these few.

I dined with friends at the "Pure Food Café," and there I saw hundreds more "new thought" people. I was told there are four of these large cafés in the heart of Chicago, all overcrowded.

I "sized up" the people I met personally, and those I saw in that immense dining room, and I never saw finer looking, more intelligent, refined and successful looking people in my life. Advance thought, at least in Chicago, has got beyond the Mrs. Jellyby stage of evolution; has fully emerged upon the plane where realization keeps pretty close upon the heels of idealization. I am proud of those Chicago members of the advance thought fraternity. In New York I was too busy to look up anybody, so I'll take a little trip up there later and then I'll tell you what I think of them. New York is the most beautiful city I saw—except Holyoke. And I was delightfully entertained for two days by dear friends who showed me as many of the sights as I had time for. When I have a few millions more I may live in New York. In that city and in Holyoke I am charmed with the handsome buildings overgrown with vines that cling close.

The greenness and cleanness here are a joy forever. Holyoke is called "The Paper City" from the fact that there are here twenty-six large paper mills, turning out something like 250 tons of finished paper each day.

Two long canals run through the city and empty again into the beautiful Connecticut river. These canals are about 100 feet wide, the banks high, sloping and green, and set with tall trees. From these canals the mills gain their power. The mills themselves are large brick buildings,

many of them nearly covered with the ubiquitous green vine and shaded with trees. Beauty and business are curiously wedded in Holyoke. I am charmed with the place, and it affords the best of facilities for my work.

—To give one's self directly to the service of others is suicidal, and weakens instead of strengthening the others. To serve well one's self is to develop latencies into activity, helping others by example to do likewise. One helps or hinders by example only. Nothing else counts.

—You are reaping what you alone have sown, and at the same time you are sowing for future harvests. *Never mind* the things you are reaping. *Put your thought* into sowing aright. *Think to-day* what you DESIRE to realize—not what you are realizing. Live with your ideals, not with your reals. Vibrate with your soul environment, instead of with the incompleteness of the physical conditions. Slowly but surely the soul vibrations will possess and transform the physical conditions and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, and joy shall reign.

—I receive no patients into my personal presence. By the Word I am with them. The personal only gets in the way of the Word. Besides, I am too busy to receive callers.

—"Success is coming my way. Success vibrations are getting stronger every day and taking the place of vibrations of poverty and failure. Money is coming in from unexpected sources and the future looks bright. I am learning to do what comes to me instead of sitting down and waiting for power from on high. By using what power I have and holding my mind on higher things I am constantly drawing more power to me. When circumstances prevent me from doing what I am interested in I get interested in what I can do, and I find that the quickest way to get to what I am really interested in. Your photo has been a great inspiration to me. Whenever I would feel dull or need waking up (which is very seldom now), I would gaze long and earnestly at your picture and receive vibrations of life and happiness. It is enough to drive the blues from any old pessimist. Yours for all Good."—Chester Williams, Forest Grove, Oregon.

This letter was written after two months in the Success Circle by a boy of eighteen or nineteen; a natural born "Mary" whom I saw twice in Portland, Oregon. He has got into the practical "Martha" vibrations now and is growing success at a great rate. He is a growing credit to the Success Circle, bless his heart.

—"Isn't it funny how we all long to teach our ideas just as soon as they come to us? I haven't had a bit of encouragement to go on, and it is a constant wonder to me why I do go on; but I peg away and dream of the time when I shall have realization in capital letters. I have paid many good round silver dollars for treatments for one trouble and another—been at it two years—and still hang on to every ghost of a disease. Have had many months' treatment for success, but it cometh not! Have tried eight or ten different healers, and have about decided that it must be a case of physician heal thyself, if ever I am to know emancipation. Never had a gray hair until I went in for mental science, and now I have little clumps of them scattered all over my head. This is a fact. Can't even get rid of corns by speaking the word, yet I go on speaking and recommending it to others, even when on my way home from the doctor. Do you have patients like that? What do you do with them? Do you really believe that one can be cured by absent treatments? I am reaching the conviction that such healing is always reflex. As for your success treatments—I believe you'll be benefited, whether anyone else is, or not, and I hope you will. I like to know of another's success, and more especially of the success of one who has been persecuted.

GWENDOLINE GREER.

What do I do with such patients? I pat 'em on on the back and say "Good! GOOD! You are the right kind of stuff and dead sure to win eventually." Such people are tough and travel a hard road but they get there just the same. I know from experience. And I "got there" when

I quit being treated and went to treating. Of course I "really believe" that one can be cured by absent treatment. And so do you; else you wouldn't conclude that "such healing is always reflex." *There is NO healing but self-healing.* The "absent healer" is more successful than any other in helping the patient to "catch on." That is all. Why? Because he keeps himself carefully out of sight and the patient gets a chance to find his own self.

—Hereafter my name is Elizabeth Towne. I like the sound of it. Don't you? I am tired of "Struble," because everybody will persist in making it rhyme with "trouble." It is rather pretty when properly pronounced—Stroo-ble. Towne can't be mispronounced, and I like it on general principles—probably because I am deeply in love with William.—Now, just ponder that last statement, Sweetheart. I am *in* love—I AM in love. I am *deeply* in love—deeply enough so there is not even a ripple of agitation, uncertainty or disagreement discernible. And I AM not alone—I am in love *with him*. And I tell you it's a heavenly state to be in. I mean to stay right here in heaven—and Holyoke—for a long time.

\* \* \* Ours is no marriage after the flesh; nor a marriage of convenience; but a wedding of spirit, soul and body for pure love and the regeneration of ourselves, our work and our sweethearts. Are you glad?

—"In my last, I said our expense account exceeded our receipts by quite a few dollars. Tonight the balance is on the other side for the first time. I've gotten where I've been aiming for. *You and I*. We got there just the same. In the words of S. F. B. Morse fifty years ago, 'Behold what God hath wrought.' God—the God in you—in me—in us all. You have taken more interest in me than I expected. You have not only spoken the Word of health, but you have inspired that confidence in me that is essential to success. I thank you and ask you to continue. My terms have been advanced 100 per cent, therefore, I inclose two dollars instead of one, as heretofore. Next month, or sooner, I shall inclose a dollar for NAUTILUS, which I value next to you. It is a corker. You are doing a good work. Keep it up. I am, George E. Young, Box 120, Lansing, Mich."

Now, that is the sort of a testimonial I like to get. I had rather "set a man on his feet again" than to heal all the aches and pains in the United States. I feel about the aches as I used to about dishwashing; that I no sooner get them off my hands than I have them all to do over again. But I do enjoy a hard case like George Young. He was "all gone to pieces" when I first heard from him; a financial and physical and pretty nearly a mental wreck. But there was good material in him and I wrote him if he had nerve enough to stick to me long enough, he would come out better than new. His sticks-to-it-iveness and my Word have made a new creature of him. I won't have to tote him on a pillow to keep him from backsliding. I am proud of him because he has "caught on" and I won't have to do him all over again.

—Poverty is simply a functional disease, due to waste of personal force. It is easy cured, but it requires time and stick-to-it.

—My Word will cure any functional disease under the sun if the patient will *receive* my Word; and if he has perseverance enough he is certain to receive it sooner or later. I speak the Word for you for nothing—simply because I love to do it. And I would answer your letters for the love of it alone, if I could eat and drink and wear love alone. As it is, your letter *must* contain at least a dollar, if you want an answer to it. If you write more than one letter a month you must send more than one dollar.

—"My letter had not reached you when I began to feel better, and the next day after your reply came I felt that I had been born again. Was so enthused with courage and ambition to rouse from the lethargy that sickness and trouble had helped me into."



## 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.*

LET GO; be still; and concentrate your efforts. One day at a time is all you can live. LIVE it and LET the Law work out the future. The WORD is with you and all you desire IS MANIFESTING. No matter how you feel—it IS manifesting. Keep cool, keep sweet, keep at it. Success is sure.

—July

—Thunder!

—And lightning!

—Make money orders and drafts payable to E. L. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

—"I am pleased to tell you I have met with signal success since joining the Success Circle."

—"Some Social and Economic Teachings of Jesus" is the name of a pamphlet by Leroy Henry, M. D., Terre Haute, Ind.

—"How Women May Earn a Living 117 Ways," is paper bound, price 25 cents. For sale by A. W. Rideout, 7 St. Paul St., Boston.

—"Socialism and Farmers," by A. M. Simons, recommends itself. Send five cents for it to Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

—"Mrs. Johnson, whom you treated, is doing splendidly. There is no question in the world but what she was upon a dying bed when you began treatment."

—I never publish the names of my patients or correspondents without their willing permission. But I often quote from their letters without the names, unless requested not to.

—"Will you kindly explain more fully your method of going into the silence."

I AM in the silence. Never was anywhere else. Remember that; affirm it; until you feel it. Be still.

—Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee, Kansas City, has just issued, in a beautiful booklet form, price 15 cents, "Seek Wisdom," by Leo Virgo. Its teachings are clear, concise, practical and inspiring.

—"Control of Emotions Through the Abdominal Brain" is a single leaf, published by the Psychic Research Company, Chicago, and sold for \$1. The information is worth many dollars to the man or woman who will apply it.

—Agnes, of Roslindale, Mass.:—"The only thing that will conquer the worry habit is the LET GO habit. Keep on letting go till you stay let go. If you "stand strong" one third of the time you do well. Keep on standing until you forget to fall.

—Emma, of Topeka, Kansas, who served as a text for the "Mary and Martha" article a couple of months ago, writes me a voluminous letter to prove she is a Martha. Never saw a full fledged "Mary" who wasn't convinced she is the most practical of Marthas—until she finds herself.

—"Suggestive Therapeutics" for May appeared decidedly green and haggard, but the June number is a little fatter and has a new gown the identical shade of Mephisto's dress suit. By the way, Dr. Ball's series of articles upon "The Abdominal Brain" are alone worth a year's subscription.

—"The Science of True Living," by Dr. J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich., is a very sensible, interesting and commonsense treatise, advocating pure food as well as pure thinking; freedom of body as well as freedom of thought. Dr. Peebles knows what he is talking about, and writes in a forceful and convincing manner. The price of this well bound, 212 page book is \$1.25.

—June issue of THE NAUTILUS was mailed May 21. Since then I have journeyed through nine states and a slice of Canada, formed a new partnership and changed my name. And here comes July NAUTILUS strictly on time and with a splendid book offer to celebrate the occasion—a reversal of the established order of wedding gifts. But we are so happy we want to share with everybody in sight.

—While I was moving, it was impossible to avoid delays in answering letters and filling orders, and some mistakes may have occurred. If so, just take it easy, Sweetheart, and notify me by mail. I will set things straight. Holyoke affords better facilities than Sioux Falls or Portland for the details of my work, and you may expect better things in future than anything the past has afforded.

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—"The New Name," by Dr. George W. Carey, 204 McAlister, San Francisco, is paper bound and sells for 50 cents. Dr. Carey carefully explodes mental science bubbles and then proceeds to blow a few "Science of Being" bubbles. A man up a tree can't see the difference between the two kinds. They are both GOOD. You pays your money and you takes your choice. Either kind will serve to instruct and amuse a fellow until he can blow his own bubbles. Dr. Carey holds original ideas regarding biochemistry and is well worth listening to.

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