

# THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office  
as second class matter.

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

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,  
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

No. IO.

## A SUFI POEM.

Said to Wamik one who never  
Knew the Lover's passion—"Why  
Solitary thus and silent,  
Solitary places haunting,  
Like a Dreamer, like a Spectre,  
Like a thing about to die?"  
Wamik answered—"Meditating  
Flight with Azra to the Desert;  
There by so remote a Fountain  
That, whichever way one travell'd,  
League on league, one yet should never  
See the face of Man; for ever  
There to gaze on my Beloved;  
Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing  
Grew to Being Her I gaze on,  
She and I no more, but in One  
Undivided Being blended.  
All that is by Nature twain  
Fears or suffers by, the pain  
Of Separation: Love is only  
Perfect when itself transcends  
Itself, and, one with that it loves,  
In undivided Being blends."

Translation by Fitzgerald.

## CASTLES IN AIR.

I sat down to write about castles in air and instead I picked up a small purple-covered booklet that came last evening, and read some things about imagination—some that interested me and some that I don't believe in at all. The little book is "The Lost Word Restored," by Carrie Darling McLaughlin, 1325 Twelfth street, N. W., Washington, price 30 cents. She thinks the "lost word" was God and I think if that is so it might just as well have staid lost. However, I am glad Carrie found what she was looking for, and I am gladder that my Word never gets misplaced. I AM the same yesterday, to-day and forever and I AM always on deck.

But it was not Carrie's word that went hide and seek that interested me. It was her peculiar views about imagination. She says imagination is the only and original devil and is located in the solar plexus. If any of you who have been "waking the solar plexus" have unwittingly raised the devil I shall be interested in hearing about it. I suspect that Carrie's solar plexus is in good working order. At least her theories indicate a wide-awake imagination, as well as an aptitude for analogic elucidation, and I read every line of her book before I proceeded with my article. Now I will, without tearing her views to tatters, give you my ideas of imagination and its use.

For there is nothing that was, is or will be, that has not its uses. Even the serpent, the adversary, came from the One Source by which "all things consist"—are held together.

Yes, I wouldn't wonder if imagination has its seat in the solar plexus, for, like the latter, imagination is "the point where life is born—where the Uncreate becomes Create; the unorganized becomes organized; the unconscious becomes conscious; the invisible appears; that which is dimensionless becomes measurable."—(Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus, page 5.)

Imagination is neither devil nor angel. It is the entrance to heaven, the mirror of earth and the gate of hell.

Imagination is nothing but the original stereopticon show. The pictures that are thrown on imagination's screen are the innumerable host that "hang on memory's walls"—photographs in original colors of all the things seen in past and present states of being. None are ever lost. There they hang ready to slide into position when somebody or something touches the button. Sometimes two or three buttons are touched at once and imagination shows a composite of several

things, resulting in a mental picture entirely different from anything preceding; as when one has a dream mixed up from various unrelated happenings of the day.

Ideals are built on the canvas of imagination, much as these idle stuffed-stomach dreams are. The quality of a dream is determined by the predominant mental state. If one is worried he touches buttons for a lot of unpleasant "slides" in "memory's hall," the composite of which he may or may not recognize. If his mental state is peaceful he touches the button for peaceful things—if he touches any. If his mind is focussed upon some problem he brings up "moving pictures" that perhaps solve his problem—pictures he could not see whilst in the light of objective consciousness. Only in the "dark" of sub-consciousness can the x-rays get in their work. As we learn to shut out at will the objective "light," objective vibrations, we can use at will the x-ray vibrations and thus penetrate farther into the depths of memory for pictures, the composite of which will be the solution to our problems. All these pictures, good, bad and indifferent, idealistic or devilish, are single pictures or composites from memory's gallery, thrown upon the screen of imagination.

All inventions are examples of this, each being a composite of principles already seen somewhere else—a new combination of old ideas stored in memory, the "button touched" by some newly noticed fact; the composite picture flashed upon imagination, and then worked out. When one reflects that man is an epitome of the universe it is easy to understand this. Nothing can exist for a man which has not first been stored within him. Imagination is the creative chamber of the soul, the holy of holies where affinities meet, blend and become One, and conception occurs.

When good and evil enter imagination then is error conceived and a new picture, terror-inspiring, is stored in memory.

Reason classifies and pronounces judgment upon all things. A crude, unintelligent reason pronounces the judgment, "evil," upon whatsoever it has no present use for—it condemns because it lacks understanding, lacks knowledge of the underlying oneness of all things.

As reason epitomizes more and more it bridges the chasms and finds the oneness. Then it outgrows the dictum, "evil," and thenceforth pronounces only "Good."

Evil was conceived originally in imagination, but before evil was, GOOD was conceived. At first all was good—each experience as it came. Then present experience was compared with something flashed from memory upon imagination, and the past was seen to be not so good. Comparisons continued until the poles of judgment grew wider and wider; the connection was eventually lost and "good" and "evil" held as diametrically opposed in principle instead of relatively opposed in degree only.

All this took place first in Imagination.

Ideas are conceived, born and grown in Imagination until they are clothed with the Word and so become flesh.

In other words, if you just imagine anything long enough it becomes visible, real.

Our imaginary conceptions draw real flesh and blood from our thoughts. Attention is the umbilical cord by which our imaginary children draw thought sustenance. We pay attention to our children of imagination until "gazing, out of gazing grows to being her we gaze on."

ALL IS GOOD—if we think so. In other words,

if I touch the button for pictures of good and feed them through attention they will finally manifest. If I imagine evil and give it my attention, then in due time evil manifests for me.

"Evil" is the devil, the adversary—simply the mental picture, the "imagination," of a "power against" me or my desires. If in imagination I hold a picture of anything against the desirable—if I feed this by attention and the Word, the affirmation, the statement, then I am creating something which will eventually manifest as something working against me. It is my child—I conceived and nourished and brought it into being. Incidentally it is silly of me to blame the adverse condition or person when it or he appears.

An adversary, a devil, may be conceived in imagination; and I may seem powerless to break my attention loose from it; but I can starve it to death just the same. How? By denial. Attention is the umbilical cord but affirmative thought, YEAS, are the sustenance. Any imaginary conception which I deny its yeas will die. It is agreement with the imaginary picture which gives it life.

Feeling hasn't one earthly thing to do with the process. The imaginary evil, devil, may scare me into fits, but if I keep saying "No! No! NO!" to it, it will in due time shrivel and pass away.

And it will shrivel all the more quickly if I call up a good imagination and say "Yes! YES!" to that. If I fall in love with the good imagination and gaze frequently and long upon it I shall wake up some fine morning and find that the old devil picture provokes smiles from me, instead of the old fears.

Nothing manifests except as it is fed by conscious or unconscious YES.

Every adversary imagination is a false conception. Out of nothing it came, its destination is the bottomless pit, and the WORD NO is the toboggan slide.

Every desirable imagination is a true conception. Out of Truth it came and its destination is CREATION. Attend it with joy and feed it with Yes's.

Whatever is within is working out. Or else it is sliding downward into oblivion. All desirable things are working out. The ceaseless urge of the universe is pressing, pressing, "Yes"-ing, to that end.

Trust the Law's urge and say "Yes" to all you desire.

Build beautiful air castles. Stretch imagination that there be no cramping of estate. Touch the button for the most beautiful, the most desirable things you can call up. Over all let your love-sun shine.

And rejoice, dearie, that day by day this beautiful conception that is within you is growing, filling in, and working out.

That which is without shall be as that which is within.

## MIND AND MEAT.

Helen Wilmans has recently been giving a lot of space in "Freedom" to an attempt to prove that, since mind is master one can put most any old thing into the stomach and make good blood of it. Or possibly she thinks it doesn't matter whether blood is pure or impure if only one thinks hard enough.

Helen herself is always logical and her editorials are good reading. But logic sometimes fails to hit the mark because it doesn't go far enough. I



suspect Helen *feels* that her logic on the diet question doesn't go quite far enough, and so she falls into the race habit of trying to prove her logic by other people. So far does she go on this line that in "Freedom" of June 19 she published a letter from "Mrs. Blank," whose logic falls over the fence and proves that *meat*, and not mind, is master.

Heley believes in following desire. She says "eat meat if you want it." She likewise says the time is coming when meat eating will be obsolete. I believe the latter and I know that following desire is the only hope of progress.

But there are always two kinds of desire; desire engendered by habit, and desire generated by the ideal. The following of habit desire leads to satiety and frees desire to rise. Desire for the ideal is the active, positive, growing principle. Habit-desire is inertia. Gratifying it simply reinforces inertia upon its own plane. The man who gratifies a habit "vibrates with" the habit—with the less-alive portion of his intelligence.

The meat habit and the gorging habit are habits contracted in past states of being when the intelligence conceived eating to be the object of life. The man or woman who has developed intelligence far enough to perceive that meat is not a desirable diet, and yet eats meat, does so because he is too inert, *un-will-ing*, to make a way to live ideally. There is meat, meat everywhere and not a decently cooked vegetable in sight. It is easier to take the gifts the culinary gods provide than to demand that said gods pay more attention to products of the garden.

A year ago I'd have patted Helen on the back for—yes, even for "Mrs. Blank's" letter. For years I've known meat eating would pass with other barbarities and I desired to let it pass. But I desired meat too. And I believed in following desire. Meat was set before me day after day—the only really decently cooked thing that appears on a boarding house or hotel table, as a rule—and I ate it. Then we furnished this flat and became lords of our own table. Last February we took a notion to *try* meals without meat. We found the meat *desire* disappeared with the meat and *stays* disappeared. We "vibrated" with the ideal and behold, the old desire vanished. If we had seen the meat daily, even in mind (as "Mrs. Blank" undoubtedly did, for she was only trying to "prove" to her husband that *she needed* it) we'd still be "vibrating" on *two* planes, "a house divided" and thus weakened. As it is we "*wholly follow* the Lord our Good." Desire, by the aid of a little *positive action*, was freed to rise. So much for the following of desire in the eating.

Meat is a stimulant, like coffee, tea, tobacco and whiskey. It holds one just as the whiskey habit does, and must be conquered in the same way—the way just outlined. That is, a man must *live so positively* on a free plane that for a time he gets entirely away from the thing itself. As he grows more positive on the free plane the old stimulant ceases entirely to appeal to him.

Eleanor Kirk lives on vegetarian diet, but she says that once in a while the old meat desire rises within her. When it does she gets some beef-steak. We have not once had this experience. If I do, and can't "scat" the desire instant, I shall gratify it and forget it. But I believe if one resolutely sets himself to follow his ideal, and *thinks nothing about meat*, he need never develop a meat desire strong enough to require gratification.

Meat being a stimulant, is quite apt to be missed for a few days. One may feel "under low pressure" for a time. He may even have a "bilious spell." All these things come to a man who stops whiskey. Is that any argument against giving it up? As the system gets rid of the heat and spur of any stimulant it sets to work to free itself from the effects of past stimulation. It "cleans house." That is the nature of these "acute attacks." Such an attack very frequently follows when one begins mental treatment, or comes home from a pleasure trip. Anything which stirs up the being and makes it more positive, i. e., *active*, manifests *first* in a housecleaning, afterward in "better health." The leaving off of the breakfast for a time may result in such a puri-

fication. But what of it? "Mrs. Blank" consults a doctor who calls her "My dear" and prescribes meat. "Mrs. Blank" cuddles contentedly down with the doctor's statement of the case—because she *wants* to. Where is the vaunted master, "Mind," now? Taking a nap, whilst meat bosses the job. "Mrs. Blank" is where she *desires* to be. Let her be.

—Girls, I've written a new cook book that will be out August first. It is all about "Just How to Cook Meals Without Meat," and is the result of our experience of five months wherein *mind* has mastered the art of preparing delightful dinners without the aid of meat or lard, and without spending hours in the preparation. I have conned vegetarian cook books galore in these months, and found them like any other cook books with the meat recipes left out. The things I really needed to know were not even hinted at in any of them. So my book is designed to fill the void and make easy the passage from the "animal plane" of diet for those who *want* to get beyond it. And what new thinker does not want to?—only somehow he doesn't just know how to go about it. I set myself to work out the "*just how*" and one day it occurred to me to make straight the way for others by giving my own methods before I forgot how I evolved them. So here they are, in a 25-cent-booklet, uniform with the "Solar Plexus" book. There are a dozen menus with directions for preparing—just *every day* menus such as we live on. Not a fanciful "company" bill of fare in the lot. This new cook book is—well, it's just like me, and it doesn't leave *too* much to the reader's "gumption." It is distinctly explicit where other books are decidedly mum. And the meat cooks, too, will find lots in it that will help them.

—"The Prophetic Messenger" deals in futures, and is edited at 417 Fifth street South, Minneapolis, by R. Hollingsworth. He says the "August number will come out in a new coat." Mr. Hollingsworth is good looking, but I've got my opinion of a man who will condemn even a newspaper to wear a coat in August.

—"Thought Waves" is a new and attractive magazine published by Hobart Caunter at 153 Enmore Road, Enmore, Sydney, Australia. Price, four shillings a year. Long and loud may it wave. Here is a ripple from June number: "Business is the useful exercise of one's innate energies to support himself and administer to the people their requirements. It is a vehicle for the building of character and reputation."

—Send twenty-five cents to Rev. S. C. Greathead, Clifford, Mich., for a copy of "The Breath of Life." It contains a lot of information you want.

—"Selfishness is to live one's own life at another's expense." So says J. William Lloyd in the noble little "Free Comrade," July number. Send twenty-five cents for a whole year to this little magazine—to J. William Lloyd, Westfield, N. J.—and come into touch with a "red heart" and warm hand, as well as a free mind.

—"Noticing in NAUTILUS the ad of the 'Florence Oil Company,' I write to ask you if it is a perfectly safe investment."

Did you ever hear of a "perfectly safe" speculation? I never did. But I use my best discrimination and judgment, taking care to invest only what I can easily spare. Then I do *not* settle back and waste my time teetering up and down with the stock market. I keep steadily *expressing myself*. I advise you to follow the same plan.

—Is the world bad, the universe contrary? Know, oh soul, that world and universe are *all in thy mind*. Form thou in thy mind a good world, a just and beautiful world in a benign universe, and thou wilt behold its outward reflection.

—If you are interested in California oil, send for the "Weekly Report," edited by B. A. Stephens, 175 North Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal., and take your oil mixed with metaphysics at two cents a number or fifty cents a year.

—At the head of this number of THE NAUTILUS is one of the most beautiful poems I ever read. Someone has said there was never anything said

in poetry which could not have been better said in prose. I must say that I agree with him, at least as a rule. But this little poem, by Jami, a Persian, translated by Fitzgerald, is well nigh a perfect expression; i. e., a natural, easy expression, without superfluous words, of a lofty idea. So great a principle could scarcely be expressed in fewer words. "All that is by nature twain (or *thinks* it is) Fears, or suffers by, the pain of Separation." *Supposed separation from the desirable* is the cause of every pain. *Realization of oneness with the desirable* is the cause of every joy. To flee from the undesirable; to gaze upon the face of the desired until gazing "grows to being her I gaze on" is to find "she and I no more" exist, "but in *One* undivided being" we blend and enjoy. This is the basic principle of all growth—to dwell mentally with the desired until it blends in *reality* with our being. \* \* This poem is quoted from July issue of "Realization," published at 1540 Howard avenue, N. W., Washington, by Joseph Stewart, L.L. M. Bimonthly, twenty-five cents a number.

—"To blame your parents for your faults or appearance to-day, is like attributing soiled fingers to the work of years ago." What an apt illustration!—from Harry Gaze's "Postal Card Journal," Los Angeles, Cal., June number; price, five cents.

—The majority of a man's acts are the natural sequence of his temperament, his constitution. He acts thus because he is what he is. Temperament is habit, pure and simple. A man's temperament is the sum total of the habits of thought formed in his past lives. Of course it is easier to act from habit, but it is not compulsory. A man may be habitually grumpy, but he knows, and we all know, that he CAN act bright and cheerful if he will. And we all know that acts repeated often enough form habit, and that what we do from habit we *feel* like doing. So you see that feeling comes away along at the tail end of the procession, and when we act as we "feel" we simply act unthinkingly from habit. Which is alright if it happens to be a good habit. All our life and all our experiences are for the one object of forming within us good habits. And as they are formed we have only good feelings. But the more we indulge bad habits of thought and act, the more bad feelings we grow for ourselves. So you can readily see that the only sensible and safe thing to do is to ACT GOOD every blessed time you *feel bad*. When we feel cross we need to look pleasant—take particular and elaborate pains to DO it. If we feel like saying something real sharp and ugly it is not enough simply to shut our lips and think the ugly thing. We must take particular pains to say a NICE thing—we must just hunt around in our craniums until we find a nice thing to say, and then see how very beautifully we can express it. That is a peg in the coffin of the old habit. Every blessed thing that comes up to make us feel ornery is just a blessed chance to ACT GOOD and form a little more of the sort of temperament we WANT. No matter how ornery we feel, we WANT to feel good, and repeated good actions result in good feelings. To act ornery because we feel so is downright silly. To excuse ourselves by saying "we are built that way" is no excuse at all. WE BUILT ourselves that way. Are we to continue building by the same plan, now that we know it is an undesirable one? Perish the thought and scat the act! Let's be good. We can. We rule our own roost and perch where we *choose*.

—If you want your letter to reach me without first wandering all over New England and through parts of New Jersey in search of other Townes of the same initials, then address it plainly to Elizabeth Towne. It won't do any harm to put "THE NAUTILUS" in one corner of the envelope.

—How do you like the size and kind of paper this NAUTILUS is printed on? It is "fifty-pound book," made by the Albion mill of this city, which receives a higher price for its "book" than any other mill in the United States. The paper has been ordered a long time, but the recent strikes here delayed its delivery.



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**PECULIARITIES OF CORRESPONDENTS.** Did you read the waste-paper basket in "FREEDOM" of June 26? If you did I am sure that Mrs. Wilman's humorous account of the idiosyncrasies of some of her correspondents must have caused a wide grin to illumine your countenance, especially if you ever have had much dealings with people through the mails. I recognize as old friends many of the types which Helen describes. I also have in mind a few which she does not mention. For instance, there is the person who writes a long letter of inquiry and religiously encloses a two-cent stamp, presumably for return postage on the answer to his letter. In most cases this stamp will be conspicuously glued to the head of the letter in a manner which defies anything less than steam, or moisture in some form, to loosen it.

Then again, there is the person who has not yet discovered that printed matter travels more slowly by mail than first-class matter. He orders a book, gets an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, and forthwith writes to say that said acknowledgment has been received, but the book has not come to hand. Will Mr. Publisher please send it by return mail, etc., etc.

Still another type (which I have never met among New Thought people, I am happy to say) will order a five-cent book, and if for any reason it fails to arrive promptly, will write a long and not very complimentary letter to the dealer, winding up by saying that if the book is not forthcoming within one week from date the case will be laid before the third assistant postmaster general.

Of course, every mail dealer gets a considerable number of letters in which the address is incomplete in some particular. Sometimes the town is omitted, more often the State, and occasionally, while these details are complete, the letter will be without signature. If the letter is from one of my established customers I am sometimes able to supply the deficiency and fill the order, if it contains one, otherwise there is nothing to be done but pigeon-hole the document and wait for the party to write again.

There is one other type of humanity which is apt to try the patience of all publishers. It is the fellow who changes his address without giving due notice, and about two or three months afterwards writes in an injured tone, saying he has not received his paper since he moved, and wonders if it has discontinued publication!

I am sure, however, that the general publisher or mail order dealer has ten times more to contend with along this line than does the New Thought publisher. It is rare, indeed, for us to receive a letter which even remotely borders on discourteousness. I note that Brother Smiley of "OCCULT TRUTHS" complains of the general crankiness of New Thought people—editors in particular. I have had more or less dealings with the great majority of editors and publishers along these lines, and I have found them to be uniformly prompt and courteous in answering letters, and generally "white" in a business way.

Once or twice, to be sure, I have waited longer than seemed (to me) absolutely necessary to receive a reply to a business letter. I recall one which I wrote to William Walker Atkinson of "SUGGESTION," and which must have been pigeon-holed for a time. But then anyone with half an eye knows that William Walker must work overtime and lay awake nights besides in order to produce the frisky editorials which grace the pages of staid old "SUGGESTION." So he is excusable.

Within the past few months our foreign mail has rapidly increased, and I am pleased to record the fact that our friends across the water, especially in England, are very pleasant people to do business with. I find that English people are much more particular about little things than Americans, as a rule. They give attention to the minutest details in writing out their orders, and expect you to be correspondingly careful in filling them. They are very conscientious in meeting all obligations.

All in all, I believe the New Thought people are the best people to deal with of any class on earth.

**A DIVIDED MIND.** If you think one thing while doing another you waste force. There are no two sides to this proposition. Possibly your work may be well done and still done mechanically—without conscious thought having been put into it. But in the meantime, if you have allowed the mind to run on other things you have established a poor mental precedent, and laid the foundation for a *divided mind*, which like the house divided against itself cannot stand.

This is good. It will teach you in time, to "walk with an eye single" to the work in hand.

The WILL should be put into every act, however simple, and not allowed to wander until the act is completed. Some people complain that they are unable to perform what they term "drudgery" and give it all their attention. They are building glorious air castles while the hands mechanically perform the work. If such people

would make it a point to *cultivate* a liking for their work, to *put themselves*, their WILL, into every act, and not continually *allow* the attention to wander castle building, they would soon find themselves learning to really like what had heretofore been distasteful.

All acts performed mechanically are to a greater or less extent uncontrolled acts. And mechanical movements dissipate force. When the WILL is present in our work the greatest conservation of force is assured.

All the books on Personal Magnetism advocate as a means of obtaining self control and developing magnetic force, exercises which require the closest attention to the most uninteresting details. For instance they will advise you to take some simple object like a paper weight or pen knife and examine it with *interested attention* for a half hour or so, taking pains to record mentally every detail possible concerning the object. The performance of such work as washing dishes or baking bread would be extremely fascinating in comparison with such exercises as the one mentioned above.

And so the woman who feels that she is tied to dish washing and must perforce find an outlet for her mental energies by building air castles in the clouds while at work, will find abundant material for thought nearer home if she will only *cultivate attention* with PERSISTENT WILL. And the process of cultivation will develop far more power than the castle building will be apt to do.

I have written this brief article, which is largely a repetition of what I have said before, for the benefit of several lady correspondents who find it hard to give up their day dreams while doing housework, and the common duties of life.

My idea upon this point is that whatever one does, whether it is thinking or working, it should be done with "an eye single," and the attention WHOLLY centered upon the one object to be attained.

All the great workers of the world, those who have accomplished things out of the ordinary, have been people who did *one thing at a time*. The ability to keep the mind *steadily* centered on the work in hand is what distinguishes a *practical* person from the dreamer. The power of sustained concentration is an indication of practical ability to accomplish whatsoever one desires to do.

**A NEW COOK BOOK.** Elizabeth is writing a new Vegetarian Cook book. It is going to be the best cook book ever published.

I know it is going to be the best because she is writing it.

But there are several other reasons why I think it will be ahead of anything else in this line. For five months we have been living on a vegetarian diet, and experimenting with substitutes for meat. We have perused several vegetarian cook books, but the trouble with most of them is that they give only detached recipes and do not tell you *how* to get up a *whole meal* on the vegetarian plan. This is just what Elizabeth will tell you in her new book. She has the matter fresh in mind now, and can tell you *just how* she solved all the problems which presented themselves when we began to go without meat.

I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said he would not give a picayune for a book unless the author's feet grew cold while he was writing it. Elizabeth not only manifests that degree of inspiration in regard to the cook book, but even more. She lies awake nights planning menus and dreams about recipes when she sleeps. She even stops in the midst of writing letters to patients in order to put a new recipe on paper! Oh, you can just bet the book will be a good one. WATCH FOR THAT COOK BOOK!

**WHEELING.** Nearly every pleasant afternoon, about five o'clock, we start out for a little wheel ride. We go straight out from the center of the city, a distance of about a mile and a quarter, to Northampton street, which runs across the outskirts diagonally and is level and smooth as a floor for quite a distance. It is a favorite resort for cyclists and people with automobiles. The street is lined most of the way with large shade trees, and apple orchards and meadows are plentiful. When we have plenty of time we occasionally follow for a distance some of the country roads leading off from Northampton street.

We have only to go a short distance in order to get into the country pure and simple with no suggestion of city life about it. Sometimes the road grows so narrow and stony that we dismount to avoid falling off, and walk for some distance. The way homeward is chiefly down grade from this point, and we usually come by a road which is bordered on one side for some distance by a pine woods.

There is no more healthful and pleasant exercise for a sedentary person than wheeling. And we enjoy it greatly. Elizabeth is fond of trying to ride with only one hand on the handle bars of her machine, or even with *both* hands removed. Sometimes, too, she develops slight symptoms of scorching.

We find that even on the hottest days it is far more comfortable riding a wheel than it is sitting still.

—"Since writing you I have tried several healers, but without success so far as I could see—so I began experimenting with myself. Seemed to be doing wonderfully well, and oh, how encouraged I did feel. Then the middle of last January I came down with grip—without a word of warning. I couldn't believe it, but it worked away in spite of my declarations to the contrary, and in May I was taken violently ill with appendicitis and had to send for a doctor, who told me that I wouldn't have had it had I called a doctor when I came down with the grip. My family make lots of fun of me, as a matter of course, but I'm glad I have sense enough to feel that I am to blame in the matter—not the truths that I am trying so hard to understand."

Oh, that doctor makes me tired. Ask him what the trouble is with the countless folks who DID send promptly for the doctor and yet "are never the same since having the grip?" Let me whisper something in your ear, dearie. People who have the grip have first a MENTAL grip—resistance, fight, hanging on, coveting, greed. What folks call the grip is really the *un-grip*. It is the life in you simply compelling a let-go and clean-up, a relaxing of mind and body that the old may be cast out and a new life enter. It is GOOD and puts you in far better condition than you were in before the attack. So much for the grip. Now folks don't have "violent attacks" of *anything* unless they have themselves violently attacked something or other! Mentally. Violent emotions of any description under the sun are liable to be followed by violent efforts of life to *relieve you from the effects of war*. Violence is war, and war always leaves a host of dead and wounded to be got rid of, or the whole community dies of pestilence. See? A "violent attack" of anything is just such a happening in the body as occurred at Galveston after the late devastation. There was hurrying and scurrying and more violence to get rid of the dead. Don't you know that violent emotions leave millions of dead cells to be cast out or burned up? Such things are always painful and strenuous, and the more "awful" and "bad" we think them the more painful they are. The cause of any disease is due to failure to LIVE the truth you are "trying so hard to understand." And your "understanding" keeps exact pace with your *living* of the truth. Truth! What is it? Nothing more or less than LOVE, attraction, faith-ful-ness. BELIEVE in your attractions, your loves; live them; THINK THEM; and you will soon forget that there ever were "grips" and "violent attacks." But if you do fizzle once in awhile and have violent attacks, what of it? Bless 'em, cooperate with 'em, and do better next time.

—"Perfect Health, How to Get It and How to Keep It," by "One Who Has It," is a distinctly interesting and useful book by Charles Haskell. It advocates "True Scientific Living" as first expounded by Edward Hooker Dewey, M. D., and gives in direct, easy language the personal experience of the author and several others who were absolutely healed and *kept* healed by this method, after years of health-seeking by other isms and ologies. Mr. Haskell gives the mental as well as physical directions necessary for perfect health, and I am convinced that if the "chronics" who go wandering around the country from one healer to another without gaining the health they seek, would take the first healer who comes handy and then read and *practice* the teachings of this book they would get well in no time. The book is only a dollar and gives all the reasons as well as the rules that are contained in Dr. Dewey's lengthy and expensive volume, and it is entertaining reading beside. Its teachings should be in every home and heart. They will save aches and money galore.

—"The Only Good, and Other Talks" is a fine, new twenty-five-cent booklet by "Leo Virgo" (I suspect his real name is Charles Fillmore), one of the clearest writers I know. Published by the Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo. "Wee Wisdom Library," Vol. II., comes from the same source, price 25 cents. This is the only firm I know of that publishes new thought stories for little folks. Try them.

—"From Poverty to Power," or "the Realization of Prosperity and Peace," is the suggestive title of a well-written book by James Allen, Elm Croft, St. Saviour's Road, Bath, England. Price, bound in art green cloth, \$1.



## 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.*

Wake up now, drop the burden of feelings, symptoms and responsibilities and get interested heart and soul in the thing you decide is the work of now—the best thing to do under existing conditions. Do it as a child does things—with no thought beyond, or before either. See how much fun and freedom you can put into it! Then do the next thing you want to do, and do it with a will. Put your imagination into your work and play at it! Ditto when you rest. Relax your body definitely and all over and rise into the realm of imagination. See what wild and happy flights you can take. Picture yourself as you desire to be—stretch your imagination in this direction! Then affirm all those happy things for yourself, in the present tense—say "I am all those things!"—and by thunder I'll prove it!" Then go in to win some more—to prove some more—to work out some more of the delightful things that are within you. Don't you know your imagination is within you? And whatever you see in imagination is within you. And anything that is within you can be worked out. And I'll whisper something else to you, dearie—imagination is the only source of power or not-power. An imagination filled with desirable things is inspiration—the real thing that enables you to do anything. And an imagination filled with undesirable things is a paralyzer. Think about it now and see if it is not so. And imagination is the one place where you can do anything. You can imagine good things or bad things at will. So be sensible, dearie, and imagine good things and then work them out. It is fun to work out good things! If you find working is not fun, just stop short and see how far you can stretch your imagination again, in desirable directions. That's where the power comes from. Go often into your power house.

—“About a year ago I sent you a dollar for the Success Circle. I want to renew, so here is another dollar. I can assure you that myself and family have felt the benefit of your Word. Never in our lives has there been such a very prosperous year, thanks to your knowledge of the Law.”—L. A. G. \* \* \* “Please note my change of address. This is since I have come within your vibration. I now have the home I so long desired, and other things are coming to me.”—M. G. \* \* \* “Business is much better since we have all joined your Success Circle.”—E. H. \* \* \* “The Judge had to acknowledge the past year a successful one, and asked me to send you a dollar for another year.”—S. K. \* \* \* “I joined the Success Circle about a month ago and have already had my salary raised without my asking for it.”—F. C. \* \* \* “I am sixty years old; joined your Success Circle last January and am very thankful. It is a clear success. A year ago I hardly had clothing for comfort, and now I have a good supply and am saving for a \$60 organ. I am succeeding better than anyone else in the neighborhood engaged in the same business, i. e., poultry raising.”—E. A. \* \* \* “I wish to testify to being successful since I joined the Circle. Everything has steadily improved.”—F. M. \* \* \* “Inclosed please find \$1 for NAUTILUS and Success Circle another year. I do not want to miss a number of the former or be excluded from the latter, as I have had greater prosperity the past year than ever before.”—H. D. \* \* \* “You surely have helped us, for we are out of debt for the first time in fifteen years.”—C. R.

I keep promising myself that I will not publish testimonials in next issue, but when I read a stack of such letters as the above I feel like a bottle of “extra dry Mumm” that just has to be uncorked and passed around. Such news is too good to keep mum, and the Success Circle always has room for more members. And that reminds me that I never told you about the first member of the Success Circle. Whilst I was writing that article, “Success for All,” that appeared first in

NAUTILUS of February, 1900, the postman came. Among the letters was one from a man in New Orleans, which contained “a dollar for a year's subscription to NAUTILUS.” A subscription being only fifty cents it occurred to me to make this man the first member of the Success Circle. I wrote him to that effect. Soon after I received from him a letter, accompanied by a good, generous bank bill, in which he stated that the very next day after receiving my letter he had picked up on the street, where some other man had thrown it away, a Louisiana lottery ticket, and had received for it at the drawing \$10,000 in cash. This man is middle-aged, with a large family, and the \$10,000 enabled him to gratify desires held for years. I did not publish this little story at the time because I have no use for lotteries and did not want to suggest to success seekers such a means of “getting rich fast.” This man did not buy his ticket—it came to him as he pursued the even tenor of self-expression. He had held for years the idea that “Pluck wins at last.” The WORD I sent him opened the door “at last.” Many success seekers plod for years, all the time putting off mentally the day of recompense. To such the WORD brings sudden riches. The way in which money comes to a man depends upon his mental build and his desires; not his fleeting wishes, but his ingrained desires. To every man it comes when he knows he has earned it, when he knows he deserves it; provided he knows the universe is absolutely just and pays every cent it owes as soon as it is due. “As a man thinketh so he is.” Then a man's success keeps step with his faith in himself, and in the underlying principle of the universe. The only way he can grow faith in himself and the universe is to stretch his imagination until he can see himself as worthy and the universe as just.

—Just at noon on one of those recent tropical days we received a telegram. As a result our hearts went pit-a-pat, we bolted our strawberry shortcake, dressed in a rush and hurried down to the railroad station. The train from New York whizzed in, we saw a streak across the platform and clasped hands with Hugh O. Pentecost. We all chattered together for a minute, and away went the train again with Hugh aboard, leaving us with a warm feeling around our solar plexuses and an impression of steady eyes, beaming countenance, good will and looks. We felt as the young lady is supposed to when she says, “Oh, sir, this is so sudden!” But it tasted like more.

### P's AND Q's TO BE MINDED.

—The Nautilus, monthly, 50 cents a year. A postal card will bring it and you may pay the 50 cents at your convenience. If, after a fair trial, you do not like it, a postal card will stop it.

—A year in the Success Circle, including one year's subscription to the Nautilus, one dollar. None but paying subscribers to the paper are admitted to the Success Circle, except where two or more members of a family living in one house want to join. In which case each additional member may join by paying 50c. for enrollment.

—I speak the WORD for health, happiness and success and I charge nothing for doing it. You may come to me in the silence and receive what you will and welcome. But my time is money. If you want me to read your letters or answer them you must pay for my time, stationery and postage stamps. See that your letter contains at least one dollar and it will be promptly attended to. If it is the FIRST dollar you have sent me for this purpose it will pay for the answering of your letter and for one year's subscription to the Nautilus. After that each monthly report must be accompanied by at least one dollar.

—If you want to subscribe for Nautilus a year; have special treatment for a month, with a letter; and join the Success Circle, all at once, send \$1.50.

—You will save me, and perhaps yourself, a lot of trouble if you will state whether you are renewing subscription, and how many copies of The Nautilus you have had, if any.

—If you want me to acknowledge receipt of sums less than one dollar send self-addressed and stamped card or envelope.

—Give FULL name and FULLEST address IN EVERY LETTER.

—Do I publish books? For 50 cents I will send you a copy of “The Constitution of Man.” In this book of fifteen lessons I have made the origin, constitution and destiny of man so plain a child may understand and a wise man gain more wisdom.

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