

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 unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

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—"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining.
And so I turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out,
To see the lining."
—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE ETERNAL CHILD.

"Will you kindly tell me what you think about the possibility of conquering old age and death? Probably you have done so in NAUTILUS many times; so have Helen Wilmans, Shelton and others; and two years ago I thought I understood them. I thought they spoke with a plain, unmistakable meaning. But now I am in a mist on the subject. Shelton apparently contradicts himself half a dozen times in the space of one article. Helen Wilmans, I am now told, looks her age, which is 80, and a friend of mine who two years ago was an enthusiast on the subject now gives me only this reply: 'What does it matter?—spirit is everything.' Now I want to know in a physical, every-day, mundane sense, *Can we do it?* Is there any use in trying to keep these bodies of ours young and strong and beautiful for an indefinite period of time?"

Here is a young woman who attached her thinker to somebody else's supply, which is now giving out, or seems to be. She does not *know* for herself whether or not death can be outgrown. She is inclined to stand, or topple, as Shelton or Helen or her other friends do. That is not the sort of conversion that saves. She that looketh upon the outward appearance has not arrived at *understanding*—a knowledge of that which *underlies* appearance. There are perhaps millions of "new thought" folks who think they believe in eternal life in the flesh, who are really hitched to somebody else's belief—hypnotised by somebody else. But this is good, for eternal life in the physical body is TRUTH and will prevail, even though one is sychologized into accepting it. He sort of gets off his guard—goes to sleep—and the truth enters, and finally takes possession. Then he KNOWS.

Yes, it is possible to retain a youthful, beautiful body *through all eternity*, without once laying it down or having any miraculous electrical or any other kind of changes happen to it. Furthermore, it is possible to remake an old, shrivelled and decrepit body into a young, fresh, beautiful one. I have no more doubt of this than I have that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. Nay, I no more doubt it than I doubt that I AM. Ponce de Leons and Brown-Sequards may come and go; Sheltons may shed beliefs or expressions as a snake its skins; Helens may preach and practice and—*die*; but I KNOW that all things are possible to those who believe.

If "Alpha" were to appear to me and say that "Zeus" bade him tell me that Mary Eddy and Helen Wilmans would remain here as the "Mothers" of "Christian Mental Science," and all the rest that he is reported to have told Shelton, I am sure "Alpha" and I would have an interesting session. "Alpha's" word is no better to me than Tom's or Helen's or Harry Gaze's, and not *half* so good as *my own knowledge*. I would probably tell "Alpha" that I am glad to hear it and sincerely hope it is true, but I shall allow TIME to prove to me whether or not he is talking through his hat. I should probably ask "Alpha" for "test conditions" and beg his permission to examine him as a specimen and stick pins in him to see if he is real or "only" ideal or imaginary. If he got mad I would think him quite human at least, and I'd laugh at him. At least I'd find out all I could about him without taking his unsupported word for it. But I would remember his words and time might prove them true. If

"Alpha" is as sensible as he ought to be and as I give him credit for being, he would not resent me as impertinent. He would recognize in me the healthy interest of a child and give me all the proofs he could. And if he hasn't forgotten how he used to do in Gallilee he would take me up in his arms and bless me and say to the gaping multitude, "Except ye become as one of these you will not enter heaven, where eternal youth is."

Then after "Alpha" left me I would publish what he told me just as Shelton did, and I would say, just as he did, that "Alpha" told me those things and that I have no personal interest in the matter. Whether time proves the prophecy or not I KNOW that eternal youth is possible. More than that, I believe that the time for its proof is at hand.

How do I know? My own soul, or self, or mind, or I AM, has mathematically demonstrated it. If I *know* that $7 \times 9 = 63$ I do not need to count out nine toothpicks seven times in order to prove it.

I KNOW that desire is the creator and that WHATEVER is desired will duly manifest. When I have lived 1,000 years of continuous identity, as I surely shall do, I shall be no more *dead sure* of eternal youth than I am this minute.

But I accept this truth "like a tailor-made suit"—one that *fits*. I do not write nor think much about overcoming death because I KNOW I am eternally young and need *never* know death of the body. So death does not affright me into trying to dodge it.

But let me whisper something to you—some day I may *want* to die. If I do I shall die, just as others do. Dying is often "the easiest way out of it."

It is DESIRE that kills, and desire that makes alive forevermore.

The only way to live forever is to be forever a child. So I am enjoying by the moment my eternal childhood. A child never thinks of dodging death. It is full of interest in the present and faith for the future. As to the past—it has *forgotten*.

A child is as old as anybody else on earth. It has come up through all the same previous stages. *But it has forgotten that it is old*. Therefore it is young, and interested and full of faith and joyousness.

An old person is just as young as the child. *But the old person remembers*. Think how horrible it would be if he didn't die often and *forget*; and come back as a child again to his eternal youth. It is *remembering* that makes man old—remembering his years, his pains, his responsibilities; yes, and his pleasures too. He becomes a moon and *reflects* the light of past things. Over and over, year after year, he *reflects* the light of things that are fled away. He gets tired of reflecting—it is cold business, this being a moon. Unconsciously he loses *desire* to keep on reflecting. He may be horribly afraid of death but he is tired of being a moon. He disintegrates; for *interest* in life, desire of life, is all that keeps him alive.

It is not death-dodging that will keep us alive, but *interest in life as it is*.

Life as it is to a child is not a moon life. It is a sun life—radiant. Everything is new and beautiful and interesting to a child because everything is *invested with the magic of imagination*. He *radiates*, shines upon, whatever he touches. People grow old because they cease to use the imagination as an every-day article. They draw a hard and fast line and say "this is only imagina-

tion," but "THIS is *reality*—a serious thing—a responsibility—something to be remembered and worried over." So imagination no more radiates and makes beautiful and *different* the "real," which dies and ceases to give joy. Imagination, *the source of all that is bright and light and beautiful* is shut away from the real. *And we live in the real*. That is why we get tired of life, even though we desire to dodge death.

"Except ye become as a little child." The life of a child is not in the real, but in the imagination. Mud takes on color, form and delicious taste under his manipulations. Dolls are what he imagines, and give joy in proportion. All he does is *play* because he *imagines himself a creator*. He imagines the truth.

Not until parents or guardians present work to him as a "duty" does he begin to hate it and withdraw from it his transfiguring imagination. Not until then does he begin to die more than he lives.

The child "plays lady" with joy, and joy is life. After a bit she forgets it all and is a natural, happy, irresponsible child again—a "tom-boy." And joy is added to joy and life augmented.

Her mother makes a serious business of "playing lady" and holds herself to it even when she'd "rather die and be out of it all." But she calls it "duty" and keeps at it. She wants to be a tom-boy or truant for a change, but Madame Grundy keeps her down to "duty." So imagination becomes divorced from daily routine, and it is easier to die than to kick over the traces.

After one has been in the traces a long time his desire is there too. It has been beaten with many stripes for casting an eye toward green fields and pastures new—beaten until it has not life enough left to kick over the traces, or even to walk out of them into the green fields that present on every side.

Desire is growing old and dying. It withdraws from the surface. The skin grows flabby for want of its life. The whole body begins to curl up as a flower does at night. It is easier to die than to live.

But this need not be. Desire has been crushed until it almost ceases to speak, but, like truth, *desire will rise again*—as the sap rises in spring-time. Desire has been scourged each time it called out. Turn about now and *encourage* it to speak. "Lay for" its lightest whim and *gratify* it. *Never mind* the conventional—encourage desire. *Be a child*. You can grow young just as easily as you have grown old. And it is real *fun* to grow young.

You have been growing old for forty or fifty or sixty or more years. You have paid little attention to the appearances of age *until you saw them manifesting*. But all these years you have gone on growing old, killing desire and imagination and faith, daily and hourly. You have piled on the burdens and clung to them and talked about them, and *prided yourself* on them. Yes, you have. You have taken pleasure in retailing to Mrs. Tom, Dick and Harry what an "awful time" you have had. I remember a great six-foot wood hauler who was brought up and introduced to me once as a shining convert at a country revival. I said I was glad he was happy, and with the most solemn look and a puffing of breath as if he had run far and just slipped in by the skin of his teeth, he exclaimed, "Oh, I had a *terrible* time a-gittin' thar'!" Oh, yes, we have gloried in the "terrible times."

And we have done it for forty or fifty or sixty years before our bodies began to curl up and

shriveled. It has taken a tolerably long time to grow old.

It will perhaps take a correspondingly long time to grow young. And we won't "git thar" by thinking about growing young, any more than we grew old by thinking about that. We grew old by *remembering* things until we were sick and tired of them and *wanted* to curl up and quit. We shall grow young by *being* children, not by thinking about being children, but by *being* children—by *letting go* the things that are past and *enjoying the now*; by forgetting conventions and consistencies and *being ourselves*.

Our *desires* are ourselves. Things we do *not* desire are things that are superimposed upon us from outside ourselves. They are the rubbish that choke our desire-spring of life.

Don't scold Mrs. Grundy for superimposing upon us. It takes two to make a bargain and *we*, individually, *accepted* her impositions.

And we, individually, can repudiate them and drop the whole thing. What is more, if we are ever to be children and live forever we have *got* to drop these burdens we have in the past accepted. We can do it. And we *WILL*.

We paid little or no attention to the signs of old age until they began to appear, after years and years of burden-accepting and flagging desire. Not by taking thought of the signs of youth will we bring them. And it may take as many years of growing young to bring the signs, as it took years of burden-accepting, to bring signs of old age. It may take longer, for to grow young one must stem the tide of habit-thought. It may take long, but it need not. Just as some people grow old fast, so we may grow young fast by putting heart and soul into the business of *being* young.

Forget appearances, which are deceitful and are also at the *tail end* of every procession, and *KNOW RIGHTLY* that youth is eternal and omnipresent *for you to respond to*.

But this does not mean that you are not to look as young and pretty and sweet as you can. It is only *old age* that does not adorn itself before the glass and joy in every pretty effect. Old age is burden bearing—it frets over the blemishes; whilst youth is full of faith and finds a way to beautify in spite of them, if it cannot remove them. But the new child, the eternal child, will find a way to transform them into beauties. Is not all eternity ahead, and *all desire* within?

What if Helen Wilmans does "look her age?" She *KNOWS* her youth. And in due time she will show it. I have never seen her, but I have heard all sorts of reports, according to the color of spectacles worn by the observer. But they all agree that her hair *is* yellow. She shows that much youth at least, and I consider that that alone would be a good showing for twenty years of new thought. That is about all she has had, and not all of that was directed aright. It could not be, for she is a pioneer. And she was "old" to begin with. But she is *growing young*.

"Can we do it?" YES. Be a child even as I AM a child.

POISE.

Here is a woman who says her relatives are all opposed to mental science, so she has to sort of sneak away by herself to practice concentration and is often interrupted into the bargain. She says she "knows this hinders her progress." Which reminds me of Bill Nye's remark about "knowing so much that aint so."

Do you know that the very top notch of concentration is *poise*? It is. Poise is that attitude of mind which enables one to turn his attention in any direction at an instant's notice. The attention has to sort of turn on a greased pivot so that when an interruption occurs it slides smoothly around and bears serenely on the interruption. Now you know that isn't the way one usually responds to an interruption. He says, "Oh dear!" or "Damn it all!" and quivers from head to foot, and his attention don't turn worth a cent. It flies around like the needle of a compass when you shake the compass. Usually we get "all stirred up" over an interruption.

That is all because we don't *let go* readily. The

new thing, the interruption, has to *pull* our attention loose from the thing we were "concentrating" on before. That's what shakes the "Oh, dears" and "damns" out of us.

Real poise is a quiet, steady shining that *lets* things come or go whilst it goes on forever.

That serene poise of being is worth more than all the "concentration exercises" one can crowd into half a dozen life times. Next time an "interruption" comes just see how steadily you can shine and *let* attention turn in the new direction. Then *let* it turn back again to the original subject. This practice is worth whole worlds to you.

Those interruptions, instead of hindering, afford the opportunity of lives for the acquisition of *poise*, the crowning attribute, without which all other qualities are useless in a *living*, changing universe.

Poise is the quality of adjustment to whatever arises. "It is a heart for any fate." It is the meeting of things in such a manner as to reduce *resistance*, friction, to a minimum, thus *conserving energy for the betterment* of condition. Practice "concentration exercises" when you can, but *practice poise* at all times.

Then I hear so often the wail that "I would get along so much faster if there were only other scientists in our town"—another case of "knowing a lot that aint so." You can't grow Indi-viduals in bunches any more than you can plant acorns touching each other and grow thrifty oaks. So THE LAW plants Indi-viduals wide apart to keep them from coming up lop-sided and twined together. Just you *trust* the Law, dearie, and *KNOW* that you are just where you belong until you can overtop environment, *free your own roots from the earth*, and walk into any environment you choose. As soon as you can exist in any other place you can go there. When you have grown a nice little backbone of your own, so that you are in no danger of using somebody else's, you will find it an easy matter to attract or visit other Indi-viduals. Until that time you can get plenty close enough to other Indi-viduals per Uncle Sam's mail bags and the new thought journals.

"Please state your views on the law of giving. The Bible seems to teach the giving of one-tenth of the income. I have managed to do it for a year, but the question is, *ought* I to do it when I can't pay my bills?"

I presume the giving of one-tenth of the income would prove as efficient a charm as a rabbit's foot. But it is slightly more expensive. Still, if you think it will make you prosperous you'd better keep on giving, though if I were the fellow you owed money to I'd probably think you "superstitious" and accuse you of "giving" without the consent of the giver, *myself*. See? That giving of one-tenth was first instituted by priests. It was simply a common tax on the people to *support the priests* and a gorgeous tabernacle with a mysterious inner room, where the priests concocted schemes for working the superstitions of the common people for more hoodle. This is the plain, unvarnished truth. But *the people got all they paid for*. The priests stood for all that was highest and best—the Ideals which lured on the people toward a higher civilization—Ideals which would have been lost sight of except for the priests who made a visible memorial to keep them in the people's view. If the writer of this query still needs a "church home" to keep him from forgetting his God, his Ideals, it is no more than fair that he pay his share toward its support. But for the sake of your own Upright Self and the self-respect of the preacher don't call it "giving." Stand up and *pay* for what you get and give the priest a chance to be something beside a cringing beggar. Don't call it "giving to the Lord." Call it paying for what you need—a preacher to keep you from forgetting to practice. My "views on giving" are that giving destroys the self-respect and backbone of the recipient, and cultivates the Pharisee and hypocrite in the giver.

Absolute rest on Sunday is another institution of the priests—one of the good things the common people received in return for the taxes they paid. In my opinion the race would have been wiped out of existence centuries ago had it not been for

the impetus gained from that regularly recurring rest day when they ceased from the "I do's" of life and praised the I AM *from whence comes strength*. Sabbath rest is an absolute necessity to him who needs a priest to remind him of things. But when a man has evolved to the point where the Law of Good is written on his heart, he rests every day and remembers his Ideal without ceasing. Then a seventh day of absolute physical rest is no longer a necessity. But a seventh day of freedom from routine is greatly to be desired, and the time will come when every workman will be allowed one free day in seven. And all the fine places of amusement will be open for his enjoyment on Sunday as well as Saturday.

—The first point in "controlling children" is never to *control* them at all. A child is a well-spring of energy that needs an outlet. If you can be a child *with* him and suggest interesting things for him to *do*, he will "be good" and blessed all the days of his life. If you say "must" and "must not" every other minute, you damn up his energies and they ferment and raise Cain. Be honest and natural yourself, and so lovable that the child *wants* to be like you. The way to control a youngster is to let him alone and *be something yourself*. If your boy gets into habits that are not the best, go when he is asleep, kneel down by his side and love him and whisper to him about good things. Tell him he *wants* to be kind and gentlemanly and manly, and that he IS. See you don't *breathe* a "must" or "ought not" to him. *Forget*, and let him forget. Keep on loving him and whispering Good Things to him whilst he sleeps, and *enjoying with* him when awake. *Trust* him and think no evil. * * If you can't kneel by his bed kneel by your own. Marconi's is not the only wireless telegraph. * * Then besides this, once in about two years, or a life time, it *might* be well to give a boy a sound thrashing. But before you do this be sure your cause is just and gigantic, and you can do it up BROWN. A real *good* thrashing at the proper moment *might be* the making of a man.

—Here is the first message received anent the new "Meals Without Meat": "It positively gives one an appetite. It teems with your own vibrations of harmonious magnetism, and I know it furnishes all the variety necessary for a satisfying, abundant table. Please send four more."

—Send 10 cents to 481 Fifth avenue, New York, for a copy of August "Health-Culture," and read Dr. Latson's "let go" article, "Relaxation." It is No. 5 of a series on "Physical Training as a Basis of Health, Strength and Grace"—a series that you will enjoy.

—NOTE the changes in the Success Circle heading and the "P's and Q's" items. You need to read them carefully.

—"Ruth, An Idyl of Friendship Between the Heavens and the Earth," is "Bibliot No. 1" of a series to be issued by Rev. George Chainey, Masonic Temple, Chicago. Beautifully printed and illustrated; bound in paper, 25 cents; cloth, 60 cents; leather, \$1.

—"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched" is the fooliest kind of advice. Good land! Would a chicken ever be hatched if it were not for the counting beforehand? Would even a hen sit for three solid weeks unless she expected something to come of it? And the fact that she counts thirteen and comes off with one is no argument against counting. The counting was all that kept her from staying off, with no chicks at all. Counting chickens before they are hatched is the only incentive to effort. It is the sap of a growing universe—the microcosm and the macrocosm. For evolution's sake, keep on counting. In due time you will hit the lucky thirteen and go it one better—maybe more.

—I have before me "Life's Great Healing Law," by Densie Herendeen, editor of "The Elevator," Washington, D. C. I've not had time to read it carefully as yet but in glancing through its pages I find many fine ideas lucidly and beautifully expressed. The book is bound in sage green cloth and sells for \$1.00.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

FREEDOM AND LAW. There is something about the study of astrology that seems to imbue many of its advocates with the spirit of fatalism. I believe that this is especially true where the student of astrology already possesses strong materialistic tendencies. And yet, many of those who openly avow their belief in fatalism find it difficult, at all times, to live up to their convictions. It is my opinion that modern astrologers are far more optimistic than their brethren of old were, and that with the increase of knowledge the belief in fatalism will gradually become obsolete.

This belief doubtless owes its origin largely (so far as astrologers are concerned) to the idea that those experiences which are ordinarily considered unpleasant, and which are directly traceable to planetary influences, are extremely evil in their nature and at enmity with man's happiness and well-being. Thus the idea of an inexorable fate as the ruler of the universe was gradually brought to life.

In the light of the New Thought, we see that those influences and experiences, which the old school of astrologers pronounced evil, are calculated to play an important part in man's development, and are no more evil, in a real sense, than an unripe apple is evil, when compared with the perfected fruit.

These experiences become evil in appearance when man refuses to cooperate with them and to learn the lessons they are designed to teach him. By this resistance to and denial of the Law of Good, its action is restricted until it sweeps away all the obstructions which man in his ignorance has set up. If, at this point, he learns the lesson, only good will result from the experience; but if he sees only evil in what has befallen him, he will probably conclude that the universe is governed by "fate," against which it is useless to rebel.

Right here is where the question of free will comes in. All the would-be fatalists affirm that man is *not* free. That he is hopelessly bound by inexorable fate. In proof of this they point with triumph to the fact that he is not yet able at all times to do just as he might choose to do. They might, with as much reason, affirm that a student of arithmetic is not "free" to become master of the science of numbers because he cannot grasp the entire subject in half an hour's time, or that an inventor of machinery is not "free" because he must comply with the law of mechanics in the construction of his machine.

The truth of the matter, as I see it, is this: The universe is governed by unchangeable Law. This much I concede to the fatalists, but I believe the nature of this Supreme Law is altogether good and beneficent, and that it secures to man the fullest degree of freedom which he deserves and can appreciate, and which he by his own efforts has merited. The more knowledge man gains the greater degree of freedom he enjoys and can appreciate. He is *free* to go on acquiring knowledge forever and ever, and to overcome obstacles to his progress as he encounters them. And when he enters into a full understanding of the nature of the Law, his knowledge will keep pace with his desires, which is a condition of perfect freedom.

The fact that no person now living apparently enjoys this degree of freedom is no proof that it is not possible of attainment. The Law of Being works only good, and when man comes into harmony with that Law he will desire to do only that which is good (founded on truth). He will desire this because the plan of the universe will have become unfolded to his understanding sufficiently to secure his cooperation. He will be as free as ever to set himself up in opposition to the Law, but he will have no more desire to do so than he now has to put his fingers in the fire. Whatever he cannot fully understand, because of his ignorance, he will nevertheless trust because of his knowledge that the Law is altogether good. He will have learned to preserve the proper degree of poise between the objective and subjective worlds, the world of matter and the world of spirit.

The more materialistic a person is the more firmly he believes in fate. This is because there is incomparably less freedom of action in matter than in the finer vibrations of spirit. The one who lives in the vibrations of matter sets up opposition to the Law of Being more frequently than one who is more fully conscious of the opposite pole of being, which I call spirit. This is because matter is constantly re-adjusted in accordance with the finer vibrations of spirit, and because it represents the opposite pole of truth, which is error. In strict truth there is no such thing as error, that which is so termed being simply a denial of truth, but matter is constantly being molded, and spirit is the power which does the work. If man identifies himself, therefore, with the substance which is being molded, he will find himself being acted upon by the finer forces of spirit. Unless he accepts this molding process as good, and learns the lesson which it teaches and seeks to gain an equilibrium in both the objec-

tive and subjective worlds, he is apt to fall into the belief that fate rules the world for evil, whereas it is only his own ignorance that is at fault.

It is only what the Christian Scientists term the "mortal mind" of man that ever goes astray in the material world, or *desires* to set itself up in opposition to the Law. It is because man has not yet grown to the point where he *sees* consciously that it is *for his interest* to cooperate with the Law that he errs in attributing evil to things essentially good. The *real* self always desires obedience to or harmony with Law, and this real self is gradually *growing* into expression. And the "mortal mind" is the medium of its expression. From the "mortal mind" comes the immortal mind. From the natural body comes the spiritual body. From error comes truth. From ignorance comes knowledge.

Outside the Law of Being there could be no freedom. Man's very existence depends upon this Law. Instead of curtailing his freedom the Law insures its perpetuation. Human laws are an attempt to conform to this Divine law, and as time passes the human law will come more and more into harmony with the Divine.

In all ages the truth of this matter has been known, but only the few have comprehended it, or had more than a brief glimpse of its far-reaching effects. The religionist who says "give your heart to God" means "set your desire in harmony with the Law," but he is able to give no explanation of the real method by which this is to be accomplished.

As the organs of your body are related to the whole body and must harmoniously cooperate with the law which governs it in order to maintain their own existence, so you are related to the universe and have your particular sphere to fill and your particular work to do. And just as any organ of the body would be cut off from connection with the rest of the body if it refused to perform its share of the work and cooperate with the whole, so that part of you which persistently refuses to cooperate with the Law of Being is cut off from the Great Whole until it learns the lesson.

YOU YOURSELF are responsible for everything that comes to you. On the unconscious plane man responds readily to every outside influence and is "ruled by his planets." You can remain on this plane or you can leave it. You can stand still and resist the Law (of which you are an embodiment and representative) or you can seek to understand it and thus come into harmony with it. If you resist, you are but resisting yourself. As well might one of your fingers rebel and refuse to cooperate with the body of which it is a part and from which it draws its life.

The Law IS. It does not arbitrarily compel obedience. If you stand still and resist, the act is your own, and the consequences are to be borne by yourself alone—the Law is GOOD—it works for good only. You have the power to deny and obstruct its action, but that does not alter the nature of the Law. Herein lies the power of the individual—he can identify himself with truth or with the denial of truth, which is error.

There can be no organization of matter, no existence of forms in any shape without compliance with Law. Therefore, the fact that man has to comply with this Law in order to exist does not militate against his freedom, as I have said before, but insures it.

Therefore, friends, take the responsibility for your own lives into your own hands. There are no "accidents of birth," nor any other kind. You chose the environment which should surround you upon your entrance into this earth life, and you are learning from it just the lessons you need to learn. You have been master of your destiny, within the limits of Law, through many incarnations, but you have not known that you were master, nor understood how to obtain and enjoy real freedom. The New Thought movement was born to teach you the way. Awake to a knowledge of your real self and of your true relation to the universe, and the clouds which have obscured your vision of truth will roll away, and you will stand in the presence of Good, a free being.

ABOUT SOME SLANG. A lady writes to me and wishes to know why Helen Wilmans, Thomas J. Shelton and Elizabeth Towne will all persist in saying "darn." It's more than I can tell. Perhaps the man who writes those fool conundrums such as "why does an egg-beater" could inform you.

This lady writes to me because she thinks I don't say such words as "darn." She is correct. When I feel like saying "darn" I use the masculine synonym for it, which also begins with d—.

But there is no doubt that the slang epidemic is assuming serious proportions among New Thought people. The other day Elizabeth received a letter from Eleanor Kirk in which Eleanor made use of the expressive term "gee." Now isn't that awful to contemplate? I hesitated long about putting it down in black and white, but Mrs. Kirk gave us permission to quote anything she had ever written, provided we gave

proper credit for it, so I guess it will be all O. K.

All this reminds me that the editor of NAUTILUS is soon to prepare an article on slang, and her opening sentence will sum up the whole situation in these words: "Some people are born to the use of slang, some acquire slang, and some (like a few of the over-fastidious readers of NAUTILUS) have slang thrust upon them."

WHY? "I seem to make no headway at present in the Science. I have come to a standstill and cannot understand why I do not succeed in getting what I want."

"Have been struggling for light on these subjects for a long time, and almost begin to think it is all a humbug."

We often receive letters containing expressions similar to those quoted above. The trouble with these people is that they try too hard and do not leave enough to the Law of Life. The Law knows its business. It doesn't need prompting at every turn. And life is a process of *growth*. Many students of the New Thought fail through lack of faith and patience. If results are not visible immediately after a cause is set in operation they get discouraged and declare it is all a humbug. This condition of mind at once places them in a wrong attitude towards the Law, and they consequently find themselves farther away than ever from the desired condition.

If you would succeed in all your undertakings, don't try continually to get away from yourself. Face yourself as you are NOW. You have a lesson to learn *right where you are*. Do not try to escape the lesson. When you are *ready* to pass on to the next class the way will open for you to do so. You try to absorb too much. You cling to the present with one hand and reach out to the past or into the future with the other. You plant a seed and expect a miracle. When the miracle fails to appear you straightway begin to doubt, and lack of faith is death to all progress. Faith is the water of life.

Says Charles Brodie Patterson in a recent article in "Mind": "We make a great many useless efforts to grow, but when we understand the laws of life and conform thereto, our growth is natural and without a struggle."

This is the keynote to the whole matter. Seek to *know the law*, and do not worry about the *method* of your growth. Let go of all that seems wrong, and affirm that EVERYTHING that comes to you is GOOD and for your well being. Affirm this until you can see its truth and feel it. Then you will find the old conditions dropping away from you like an outworn garment.

THE LAST CHANCE.

After October 1 no publication which offers premiums with subscriptions will be entitled to second-class privileges. After that no premiums of any description will be given with THE NAUTILUS. So I am going to celebrate by making a premium offer to expire with the month of September, 1901:—For every 50 cents sent for a year's subscription to NAUTILUS I will give a copy of the latest edition of "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," and to each one who sends \$1 for NAUTILUS and the Success Circle I will send with the book an unbound photogravure of the author. This includes renewals as well as new subscriptions. Mention the offer when writing, and remember—GOOD FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

—"How can I help my hearing to be restored? I lack faith in my ability to restore it."

Act as if you had all the faith in creation. You have. Act upon it. Affirm, AFFIRM perfect hearing, *present tense*. Take a long, slow, full breath. See how very slowly you can exhale it. Then stamp your foot vigorously and say "I hear perfectly." Then go about your work and *get interested* in it. Repeat this every time you happen to think you can't hear. One of these fine days you will *wake up* and HEAR. Anybody can do anything by pursuing this method resolutely and persistently.

—"Personal Magnetism, Psychic Influence" is a very plain and practical series of lessons by William Walker Atkinson, the witty editorial scribbler of "Suggestion." Lessons XI, XII, and XIII, on "Adductive Quality of Thought," "Character Building by Mental Control" and "The Art of Concentrating" are purest mental science well elucidated, and are alone worth more than the dollar asked for the book, which may be had of the author at 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago. Better send an extra ten cents for sample of "Suggestion." If you like FACTS as a solid basis for theory you will like "Suggestion." And Mr. Atkinson always manages to throw in plenty of fun for sugar coating.

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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. For obtaining best and quickest results read daily, night and morning, the letter to the Success Circle, printed below. 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. The fee for one year's membership is one dollar—fifty cents for registration and fifty cents for "The Nautilus," in which appears the monthly letter to the members. This must be paid in advance. Additional members of the family LIVING IN SAME HOUSE may be registered for fifty cents each. If at the end of the year you are not satisfied with your progress, upon request accompanied by a return of the receipt slip sent you when you joined, I will refund the fifty cents registration fee.

Be still and know.

Be still and know.

BE STILL AND KNOW.

Know what? Know that you are what you will to be. Be still and WILL success. Be still. Relax. Let go definitely of everything you don't want. Wave your hand and banish each one. Then let go each thing you do want. LET GO. You were tired and strained from hanging on. You were so strained that the life force could not flow through and fill you and forward your work. Now you are resting, all limp and loose, and life is pouring through your body and re-charging it with the magnetism that attracts to you what you desire. Now you are rested and filled with quiet, good feeling and WILL. Rise now and see how well you can use your fresh energy. SUCCESS IS YOURS AND I AM with you.

—In "Mind" for August are two particularly good articles; "Hearing and Doing," by Charles Brodie Patterson, and "Paradoxes of Life," by E. A. Pennock. Send twenty-five cents for them, 569 Fifth avenue, New York.

—"How to Enjoy Matrimony, or the Monogamic Marriage Law Amended by Trial Expiration Clause," is a pretty and nice little cloth-bound volume with picture of the author. And it is interesting. Price twenty-five cents. See ad column.

—THE NAUTILUS subscription list, which has grown so large as to need subdividing, is being transferred to new books. In this work mistakes may sometimes occur. If you find yourself receiving two copies, or a misdirected one, or none at all, I shall be thankful if you will let me know.

—From a literary point of view "The Christ of the Red Planet" is the finest thing Eleanor Kirk has yet written. This is because the book relates the deepest experiences of the author, who was so moved by them that she forgot all else. Her experiences are strange and wonderful and intensely interesting to the reader, who cannot fail to be enlightened and inspired. The book is bound in red cloth, with gold, and sells for \$1. Address, 696 Greene avenue, Brooklyn.

—Another new journal!—on or about September first, Edgar Wallace Conable, whose fine articles in "Freedom" have greatly pleased me, will issue the first number of "The Path-Finder." The name alone is enough to make a success of it. It will be a monthly of eight large pages; one dollar a year. Send in your names for a sample copy, and do it NOW. Mr. Conable did not authorize me to say this, but if you are really interested and will mention NAUTILUS I think he will send you a copy. And I think you will subscribe.

—If you have not read Kate Atkinson Boehme's "Seven Essays on the Attainment of Happiness" it is time you did so. Mrs. Boehme is one of those rare individuals who are highly cultured and yet perfectly natural and direct, and these essays are beautifully clear and uplifting as well as practical. The entire seven, separately and daintily bound, now sell for a dollar. Read them. And send another dollar for Mrs. Boehme's splendid "Radiant Center," which fills its own unique and indispensable niche among new thought journals. This idea that folks get that they "can't afford" more than one or two magazines is a foolish reflexion of the old starving, skimping slave thought of the race. Get out of it. You can

have what you want, and the more journals you take the broader and fuller your life becomes. Far better do your "saving," if it must be done, at the table, or on the conventional frills of life. Whatever journals you like you really need. Each editor helps you to round out some particular part of being that no other touches. Take all you want, but don't imagine you have to read conscientiously every line. As well eat husks, cob and all of your corn. Read what interests you and leave the remainder for those who like it. But don't skimp your mental table. And don't leave out Kate Boehme! She is the quail on toast of new thought—but she don't come high.

—"This is the first summer for a number of years that I have not been on the sick list during July and August. Thanks to you. I have gained so much in every way the last month."—C. C. * * "We three feel that we have received wonderful benefit from your Circle, and we wish to thank you very, very much."—C. J. * * "I feel sure we—my brother and I—have benefited by your Word. Our business is mostly trapping for coyotes and this last year has been much better than ever before."—S. B. F. * * "Your Word came ahead of your letter. We realized your power some four days ago. Can see its work particularly upon our son's health and business the past year. He is something of a musician—composes both instrumental and vocal music—and since your Word has been with us we can see a very marked degree of success, with his publishers and with his sales."—L. A. * * "I am healing from the center out, and my head is nearly all well. I am so thankful to you."—C. R. * * "When you commenced to treat me I weighed 117 pounds. Now I weigh 152½—quite a good advertisement."—E. B.

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