

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

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 unrevolving sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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{ ELIZABETH (STRUBLE) TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

No. 1.

DESTINY.

Caught in the Gulf Stream of some great desire,
Know that thy life-trend rhythms to the mighty
flow

And ebb of Life's full ocean. Also know
Each outreach of thy soul bears deep the seal
Of cosmic impulse, aeons old. That thing,
Heart-hungry, every fiber thrills to reach,
Hath sought thee down the ages, hungering, too;
In the birth-travail of this, thine ideal,
Dumb longing of the centuries finding speech.
Hunger is prophecy. Take heart, and fling
Doubt and despair forever from thy view.
Thy longing is the covenant cloud and fire
Forever faithful twixt thy goal and thee.
Fate follows faith. Desire is—Destiny.

—Esther Harlan in *Suggester and Thinker*.

MONEY MAKING.

—"Please treat me that I may be useful to the
world. I will trust the money to follow."

Alright; you will find the money following; but
it will follow such a long way off that you will
never see it except in some-other-body's
possession.

"Make me useful to the world" is the cry of
self-depreciation; it presupposes that you are now
a weak, useless piece of furniture.

As you think of yourself so the world thinks.
Just so long as you carry that prayer in your
heart, just so long will you remain weak and use-
less in your own esteem, which the world will
continue to reflect.

The world has an eye to the Main Chance. If
you think you are worth little to the world the
world will not fall over itself to lay its coin at
your feet. It will take all you can give and
when you've nothing more to give it will dump
the remains in the potter's field. —Possibly it
may beautify its parks and soothe its conscience
with a monument inscribed to you when you are
well out of the way. And it may hold memorial
services where it will congratulate itself on the
bargain it got out of you.

But pay you?—never! Not a cent will you get
beyond what you really think in your heart you
are worth to the world.

Ungrateful? Hard? Wrong? Not at all. The
world is governed by the immutable Law that
"as a man thinketh so he is;" and the world is
too wise to give gold for nothing.

Every man gets just as much gold out of the
world as he puts into it. All things are thought
made. Every man must think his own gold into
being. Or, to turn it around that we may get a
clearer view, there is money enough in existence
but each individual must stake his claim and then
work it.

The writer of those lines at the head of this
article has never staked her claim. She "trusts"
the world to give her money ready made in re-
turn for services which she thinks are of little or
no value, but which she insists upon giving.

This is the beggar spirit pure and simple, and
leads down to the depths of poverty. It is the
same spirit that rules India—the spirit of self-
depreciation, of self-effacement; the spirit which
regards the individual as merely a microbe among
teeming millions; the spirit of little i and big
YOU.

"Big I and little you" is not a pretty spirit, but
enshrined in the hearts of those starving millions
he would have risen up and demanded as his right

the sustenance which for centuries these poor
"little i" people have been denying themselves.
Not the British "big I" is to blame for these con-
ditions, but the Indian "little I."

In our own country it is not the "big I" corpora-
tions, trusts or individuals who are the cause of
squalor and wretchedness, it is the "little I" in
the working man. The only cure for poverty of
mind or body is to educate the individual "little
I" until he grows up. These pinched conditions
are necessary to wake up the individual to his
own I AM—his "big I."

* * * * *
Every man gets the mental claim he stakes,
works and sticks to.

Whoever heard of a rich man who never aimed
to be rich? Many a man aims and falls short;
stakes his claim and then gives it up because it
is "too hard work," or "fate is against him," but
not one ever "makes his stake" without first
settling his stake. This is all in his mind, but
what is in his mind may, by persevering effort,
come into visibility.

* * * * *
There are a few people in this world who seem to
be exceptions to this rule. But you may depend
upon it they only seem.

Every blessed accomplishment any human
being evidences came in the same way—by desir-
ing a definite thing and then putting forth in-
telligent, persistent effort in that direction. If
you find a man to whom things "come easy" you
may rest assured that in some prior state of
existence he has staked his claim and put forth
all the intelligent, repeated efforts necessary to
work it. He has served his apprenticeship and
mastered his art in some previous incarnation.
In this incarnation he does it easily and the
world wonders. This is just as true of a Carnegie
or a Rockefeller or Elbert Hubbard as it is of a
musical or an art genius. There is no royal road
to anything.

Somewhere, somehow, sometime, every man
must learn all things by his own persistent effort.
And financiering is one of the all things.

Yes, he MUST learn to make money—literally
to make money out of Himself.

Do you rebel at "must?" Well you might
if another compelled you. But it is the Law of
your being which says "I DESIRE it." And
Desire is the Law.

You DESIRE wealth—money—the ability to
gratify your desires.

But you want to cling to your old affectation
that money is "filthy lucre" and not as "noble"
an object of effort as "the good of mankind."

Oh, you dear dunce, money is the MEASURE
of the "good" you can do mankind. Without
money you can do nothing—but hire yourself out
to some other man for bread and duds.

With money you can do anything. What your
money cannot give to the world directly it will
enable you to give to the world. It will give you
Time in which to devote Ideas and Love to the
world.

If Desire for money has been born in the midst
of your poverty, bless it and cherish it and let it
grow up. Don't starve it upon such watery
sentimentality pap as "Oh, I wish we didn't
have to have money. I'd so much rather be doing

good to the world than working for money!"
If you were "doing good" that the world wants
of you it would hasten to pay you money.

That's the trouble with folks who are always
wailing to "do good"—they want to do good
their way, never remembering that the World
might object to their way. The World is perfectly
willing you shall do good to your corner as much
as you please but until you get your own corner
ship shape the World objects to your meddling
with it. If you do you'll find yourself on a
rocky road.

When you get your own corner cosy and pretty,
as an example of what you can do, then the
world will come and gaze and ask you to tell how
you did it. The World will even offer you \$1000
or so for a short magazine article on how you
did it or how you'd advise other folks to do.
The World wants the Ideas of a man who has
demonstrated something for himself.

No, this is not because the World worships
money at all. It don't. It worships Ideas and
it will give all the gold it has for Ideas exter-
nalized.

As long as Ideas remain in Imagination they
are not worth the second hand clothes and coarse
grub of the Imaginer.

Let that Imaginer get a move on and ex-
ternalize his thinks and the World shells out in a
hurry.

The money you attract is the exact measure of
value of the Ideas you have succeeded in ex-
ternalizing.

If you have invented something or other and
sold your Idea for a pittance to somebody else
you needn't grumble because he is getting the
money. He deserves it. It is as if you had
given away or sold your baby at the hour of
birth. He has raised your child. He has done
more than ever you did toward making useful to
the World your Idea. So he gets a greater
measure of money.

If you go about giving your Ideas—a literal
piece of your mind—to the World at every turn
you will never get beyond the second hand clothes
stage. Other people may pick up your Ideas
and make money on them. Well you needn't
feel robbed. You were too lazy to do anything
but talk.

Some people—the "I want to do good to the
World" kind—are prolific of Ideas perhaps, but
they let somebody else incubate them and send
'em to market.

Learn to think for cash. Keep mum. Value
your Ideas. Take good care of them. Keep your
mouth shut so they don't catch cold. When
you've borned a new Idea keep your eye on him.
Don't let him get away until he is fit to be seen.
Then present him to the World for value re-
ceived.

This is a fine art and one that repays care and
persistence and all the intelligence you can bring
to bear.

To make money you must make Ideas practical
to the world.

Making Ideas practical is *Self-expression*.
Self-expression is the mode of External life,
growth, health, success, JOY.

Go in to win. There isn't a greater, grander,
more God-like thing to do than to make money.

FITZ AND BREATHING.

When Robert Fitzsimmons came to this country, before his first fight with somebody-or-other out West somewhere, I saw in a newspaper a large picture of his "fighting face." I thought him the ugliest, orneriest specimen in existence, and hoped he'd get well thrashed. The other fellow was young and not bad looking, you see. But Fitzsimmons won. Since then he has won a number of other battles. Just the other day he beat Corbett, a man half his age and half a head taller than he. I wanted to throw up my hat and holler when I heard the result of that fight. It was a triumph of mind over matter, of I AM over old age and death as well as over youth and strength. Corbett's friends said, "Fitz is getting old—Jim will have a walk-over." Fitzsimmons isn't far short of the threescore mark, but he got on his "fighting face" and said, "We'll see." And we did. I hope we'll see more. I admire youth and beauty; but I glory in youth and strength and science and SUCCESS manifested by "old" men and women. I *know* an old man can be as young and success-full as a young man, and I glory in Fitz's demonstration of that truth.

I picked up a newspaper last evening and the first thing that attracted my attention was a series of pictures of Fitzsimmons and a few short and forcible remarks of his which I herewith reproduce, minus the pictures, for the benefit of NAUTILUS readers:

If you don't breathe properly you cannot be an athlete. More than that, if you don't breathe as you should you cannot hope to be even a healthy man or woman.

The air we breathe is the mainstay of our life. They say, "bread is the staff of life." Don't you believe it. If you have to you can get along for quite a time without food. But just try and see how long you can do without air.

This fact of itself is enough to give you a tip as to the importance of breathing properly. Anything which plays such an important part in our existence must necessarily be handled with the utmost care. And yet, strange to relate, there are few people who pay much, if any, attention to the manner in which they breathe.

Here's a rule for breathing which you want to write down on your memory in letters as big as a house:

Don't breathe through your mouth.
Your creator supplied you with a nose to breathe through. See that you use it for that purpose.

After you have learned that lesson thoroughly you can start out on a course of breathing exercises which will do you more good than all of the dumbbells, Indian clubs and rubber exercisers that you can stack in a gymnasium as big as Central Park.

If possible take your breathing exercises out in the open air.

You will get pure, fresh air, which is in itself a tonic. Fill your lungs with this tonic for five or ten minutes two or three times a day and you will soon commence to think that you've grown young again.

There is nothing in the world to beat it. And I've tackled everything on the bill of fare, and know what's what.

In the cuts which accompany this lesson I have attempted to show, before the camera, just how you should breathe so as to get the best results. It is hard to show this in a picture, however, and you can get a better idea of how to do the thing by closely following the advice which you will find with each picture.

Stick to these simple little exercises and I will promise that you will soon reap the benefits. You will find that your chest is broadening out, that you breathe with more freedom, and that you enjoy every breath that you take into your body.

Just try it; remember what I say about breathing through your nose; pay some attention to your breathing; force every breath you take deep down into your body and hold it there for a moment; keep your head up and your chest out, and you will be the "real thing" in less than no time.

Remember: Don't breathe through your mouth.

1. Before taking in a full breath stand erect, with shoulders square and hands clasped together in the front.

2. When you have assumed the position shown in No. 1 draw in the air slowly until you have filled your lungs.

3. Hold your breath and then force the air down into your lungs. This will tighten almost every muscle in your body. You are then prepared to go through various movements with the hands and body.

4. To develop the body and neck muscles, clasp the hands lightly, and move the arms above your head and then downward. Keep this exercise up until you become tired.

5. Now clench your fists as tightly as possible and move the shoulders up and down, still holding your breath. This exercise will develop the arm and shoulder muscles. But a few minutes each day will make a wonderful improvement in less than two weeks.

Breath is the stuff that life is made of. The lungs and solar plexus are the chemists who transmute breath into being. Fitzsimmons has the trick of transmuting breath into muscular tissue. He inspires "spirit"; his desire *directs* spirit; and behold muscle and muscle control. His desire determines what shall be made from the breath inspired.

The Law of Attraction IS the man's desire. "To him who hath more shall be given." His desire is the sub-conscious *attraction* of his

muscles for more muscle. And he works *consciously* with his desire—will and desire are ONE with him. His eye is single to the development of muscular power and its proper use. Hence his success in assimilating from the atmosphere, the real "staff of life," such immense physical power.

Every man's desires are the measure of what he may accomplish *if he WILL*; that is, if he sets about as Fitzsimmons did, *developing* himself in the line of his desires. If he puts his *will* in tandem with his desire—will *ahead*—he will get there. But most people's head-horse, the *will*, has doubled back upon the wheel-horse, *desire*, and there they are—facing opposite ways and getting nowhere.

All because the man is *afraid* to turn *WILL* with desire and go in to win.

Fear makes paralytics of both will and desire. To rid himself of FEAR is the problem of the individual.

Now let me tell you something on this line: If you've been trying and trying to think yourself free from fear and haven't succeeded, go to work with a will and

BREATHE
YOURSELF
FREE!

You can't *breathe* deeply and be scared at anything, here or hereafter. Now I shan't attempt to prove this statement. You can prove it yourself by practicing controlled, deep breathing. If you are too lazy to breathe, well, you'd better go off and not breathe.

Breath is God. God is uncreate until you in-breathe him and make him good for something.

You are good for mighty little except you breathe in plenty of God to re-create you.

You can inhale God and make out of him *whatsoever you will*. You may make muscle or brains or ideals out of God. Or you may make money out of him. Or *all* these. There was never anything made that wasn't made out of God by just this process of in-breathing him.

Helen Wilmans says breathing exercises are unnecessary. But I say unto you that breathing is a purely mental process which, consciously and correctly done, will not only *assist* what are commonly called mental processes, but will make possible still higher mental processes.

Did you ever hear of Tesla's idea of rejuvenation? He says death is caused by a clogging of the cells with atoms of foreign matter, and that the problem of eternal life in the flesh is the problem of getting rid of this dead matter. To do this he cleans his body about once a month by electricity. He subjects himself, by the use of certain contrivances of his own, to an immense voltage—many times the voltage required to electrocute. Whilst the electricity is playing through him, his body throws off the foreign substance in a fine shower.

The foreign matter is *dead thought*—fear thought—and must be eliminated or it will decay and poison all the body. But you have within you a better machine for throwing off dead thought than any Tesla ever dreamed of. And just as long as you *use* your machine you will live. In proportion as you cease to inhale life you fail to EX-hale death. The same electric current which carries LIFE to every cell of your body bears away the dead. The man who BREATHEs daily, deeply, will need no monthly cleaning out. Neither will he be weighed down with sorrow or burdened with doubt or paralyzed by fear. The man who BREATHEs never says "I can't." The man who breathes is the man who thinks, and dares, and does things."

Well, but—nothing! Prove it *yourself*.

—The kind of pride that goeth before a fall is the I-am-holier-and-better-and-smarter-than-thou kind; the I-am-at-the-head-and-you-are-at-the-tail-end sort. Then there is another kind of pride

that takes pleasure in every good and beautiful thing, either mine or thine. That kind of pride glories in what I AM and what I have done; but it never thinks of comparing it with what *you* are *not*, and what you have not done. The first kind of pride is the pride of the masses striving for individualization, the latter is the pride of a god among gods—the pride of one who has really emerged from the masses—the pride of the INDIVIDUAL.

—William's sale of odd books was the slickest clearance you ever saw. I believe every book was sold, and called for over and over, before October NAUTILUS reached the Western coast. Not a smell remains, but orders for them still come by every mail—which breaks William's heart. He does enjoy gratifying folk's desires.

—J. Howard Moore is a very witty and convincing writer. He even makes "Why I Am a Vegetarian" thrilling, and creates in the reader a strong desire for mo(o)re—vegetables and logic. The book is beautifully printed and daintily bound; 44 pages; price 25 cents.

—Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn, editor of "Suggestion," published at 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, has a lot to say in his October number about "Masked Suggestion." He derides "Divine Healers," etc., for covering health suggestions with religious or philosophic phrases. He forgets the bread pills or quinine he has masked many of his own suggestions with, and he loses sight of the fact that when he doesn't mask his suggestions he *does* mask his patient's intelligence before he can induce him to swallow the suggestions. What's the difference, my fault-finding friend, how you "mask" pill or patient so you get the suggestion where it belongs? The man who takes Universal Truth's suggestions probably thinks you are the very devil. At least he won't submit to your way of dosing him. But he gets cured just the same. It takes all kinds of suggestions and all kinds of "masks" for all kinds of people.

—"I have felt your treatment this month more than ever. I am beginning to recognize myself again."

—"Enclosed find \$2 for another month's treatment. We are improving and everything is coming our way, as you will see by enclosed clipping."

—"I asked you to treat my sister. Well, she seems much better."

—I am just getting warmed up to this healing business. It is glorious to transmute sickness, poverty and despair into health, wealth and happiness. And then to read the grateful letters that come back to me!—that is what is warming me up to business. I've a stack of the finest new "testimonials" beside me as I write, that would fill a whole NAUTILUS. After reading a dozen or two of them I feel as if I can heal anything and raise the dead. I will after a little. I am getting there, Beloved, and I KNOW there is *nothing* impossible to my Word.

—"You are making the Success Circle business count in my case at least. Business is booming. In fact I get surprised at myself every few days." J. V. Cotta, Nursery, Ill.

—"I am getting along finely—more and more opulent every day."

—Yes, if you will join the Success Circle and go in to WIN, *never minding* the aches and pains, health will follow right along with success. But you must get right up and boss your body, ache or no ache, and put it right into BUSINESS, along with the rest of your mind.

—"Here are dollars for more treatment. I am a surprise to myself every day. It is glorious to stand erect. I AM independent. I AM erect. I AM Love. I AM a perfect Woman. Will you go on helping this development? You are a power. Mrs. Towne, I acknowledge you."

—Help folks do as *they* want to do.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Don't waste your strength in hanging onto things. There is nothing which you *can* hold save a consciousness of the I AM, and *this* is sufficient for all your needs. Paul Tyner says in a recent article in "Freedom": "Nothing that is yours can be lost—nothing that is really essential to your happiness. Times change, but men change with them. What is your own will come to you (or you will go to it) if you don't fall out of the procession. The old order changeth and giveth place to the new. Let the dead past bury its dead; let your God be the God of the living."

Henceforth all letters which go out from the editor of NAUTILUS and myself will have "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly" eliminated. The cause for "this thusness" is found in the following paragraph from the "East Side (East Los Angeles, Cal.) News," which, by the way, is edited by a very bright and level-headed woman:

"To shorten labor and save time is to lengthen life. When, therefore, our contemporary, the 'Haberdasher,' proposes to reduce the burden of business correspondence by abolishing 'Dear Sir' and 'Yours very truly,' it is proposing a reform in the interest of longevity. Actual experiment has shown that it takes a typewriter one hour to write the formal words with which they are opened and closed in a batch of 500 letters. The 'Haberdasher' finds that on the estimated total annual letter mail of the world, which is eight thousand million pieces, the 'Dear Sirs' and 'Yours very trulys,' even if all written by machine, would take the time of one typewriter 6,750 years, counting 300 days to the working year. The cost of the typewriting thus needlessly done every year, allowing \$10 per week as the typewriter's wages, is \$3,350,000. Why not, it asks, drop these meaningless phrases and begin right off, 'John Smith & Co.' Say what you have to say and sign it 'T. Brown & Co.' Why not, indeed? Is a telegram less courteous or effective than a letter? But we never use any more words in telegrams than are needed to convey our meaning."

Immediately upon reading the above Elizabeth exclaimed in her most emphatic manner, "I'm going to DO it," and we forthwith adopted the plan. The only excuse we have to offer (and it is all-sufficient) for this departure is that it saves time, as demonstrated in the article quoted above.

Helen Wilmans is level-headed on political questions, as well as everything else. Of course she indorses the democratic candidates in the coming presidential election. Every friend of a progressive and liberal form of government should cast the weight of his influence for Bryan and Stevenson. Kate Atkinson Boehme, editor of the "Radiant Center," is likewise a friend of Bryan. It may interest you to know, however, that Elizabeth and Thomas J. Shelton have distinct leanings towards gold bug republicanism!

"I have related an experience to several persons and asked an explanation. Briefly the facts are these: I was in New York City at my wits' end. I was a teacher. I had visited a certain village fifty miles distant and *knew* that there was nothing there for me. In my distress (whatever definition may be made of prayer) I prayed. More or less than that (which?) I wept. After the storm a calm, and the words or thought came, Go to the village referred to above. I went, positive all the way that something would come of it. The first man I met in the outskirts of the village, a stranger, informed me that the teacher wanted for a few weeks a substitute. If such an experience is normal, the laws which apply to it ought to be explicable."

With regard to the experience referred to in your letter, I presume it does not differ greatly from the experience of many others in times of great need. Your desire, it seems to me, was strong enough at that particular time, and under those particular circumstances, to put a compulsion upon your intuitive faculties, with the result that the sub-conscious mind was stirred into action, and your faith (as evidenced by your prayer) made it possible for this *knowledge* to be reflected upon your "mortal" or every-day mind from your sub-conscious mind.

So far as I am able to judge, such an experience as you describe is abnormal to the ordinary person at this time. But normal and abnormal are only relative terms. What seems abnormal today may become perfectly natural to-morrow, and vice versa. There is no doubt in my mind but that the cultivation of the intuitive faculties might make possible for you more wonderful experiences than the one which you relate. The

action of the sub-conscious mind is but little understood, yet sufficient has been learned to indicate the possibility of marvelous development in this direction.

Thus far I have learned this much in relation to the law which operates through the sub-conscious mind. First, you must have a clear idea in your conscious mind of what you desire, and then ask for it *positively*. Secondly, you must *expect* to receive what you ask for, and have faith that your sub-conscious mind will bring you the knowledge you seek, and make possible that which you desire. Third, you must cooperate with the sub-conscious mind by carrying out into practical results whatever wisdom you acquire from that source. The science of auto-suggestion furnishes the means by which this interaction of the conscious and sub-conscious mind is effected.

There is another important point in relation to your experience which I wish to touch upon. After the storm, you say, there was a calm. In other words, you became *receptive* while still trusting, to a certain extent, that your desires would be fulfilled. The fact that you became still after having voiced your desires, and that you at the same time *trusted* that what you desired would come to you (because your intuition had enlightened and convinced your reason) was what made possible the ultimate result.

After having made a demand upon the universal self it is always best to rest in peace, believing that your demand will be met. At any other time, and under circumstances of less importance, you would have spoiled everything by worry or over-anxiety. In this instance there was a reaction from the unusual strength of your emotions which made you particularly calm and receptive, while the hope aroused by the mere act of prayer, coupled with your intense earnestness, kept your sub-conscious faculties active in the attempt to meet your demand.

The reason that you are not able at other times to get results from your intuitive faculties is that you have not learned to *depend* upon them as you did in that one instance. These faculties must be relied upon and trusted before permanent results can be obtained. Everyone will have to experiment with and test this for himself.

—T. J. Shelton, 1566 High, Denver, has changed his mind. He will publish ads now at five dollars an inch, no discounts for time or extra space, cash in advance and no grumbling allowed. He claims 50,000 monthly circulation. Good.

—Something next month about the old Stoic and the New Thinker.

—William has found another fine book on Magnetism. He is finding lots of good things lately, by the way. This new book is "The Theory and Practice of Human Magnetism," and was written by a noted French scientist, H. Durville, and has been excellently translated into English. Mr. Durville gives the most scholarly, reasonable and interesting presentation of the theory of human magnetism which it has been my lot to read. And his instructions for using magnetism for the alleviation of suffering are most complete and concise, and illustrated with numerous cuts. This book and Leroy Berrier's "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" are a complete library upon this subject. The first deals practically with the theory and use of magnetism; the latter with the personal cultivation of magnetic force and its direction in making the operator what he desires to be. The practice of Berrier's teachings will develop healing power within yourself; and Durville will help you to direct that force in healing others. See advertisement column for both books.

—I recommended you to read Rev. S. C. Greathead's "The Breath of Lives" in Suggestive Therapeutics. You couldn't get a copy. Now if you will address the author at Clifford, Mich., he will send you the article in a neat booklet for a two-cent stamp.

—All's well that comes out right; and everything does, sooner or later.

—There is to be a new "Journal of Magnetism." Lloyd Jones, who knows things about magnetism, as attested by numerous magazine ar-

ticles, is to be the editor and publisher. I wouldn't wonder if you would like this new journal. Mr. Jones says if you will send your name and say "NAUTILUS" to him—something on the principle of saying "Boh!" to a goose—he will send you a sample copy of the very first issue. Address him at 156 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

—Last month editors had a streak of absent mindedness. I saw "The Open Door" noticed in three journals, with address omitted. NAUTILUS was one. I also forgot to give Caroline Alphabet Norris's address in my mention of her "Self" and its lessons upon character reading from the name. "Self" is a mighty small monthly at a dollar a year, and Caroline's address is 1229 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Here is the way she sizes up William and me in her September number. She is alright, except that her sentences regarding my tendency to doubt my own ability should have been written in the *past tense*. I believe in all things. I have unwavering faith in my own Self. Here is Mrs. Norris' delineation:

"A person of ordinary insight would be able to read some, at least, of the characteristics of the writer from the above letter, but for the benefit of the many who are interested in NAUTILUS and its editor, I will give a brief delineation of character from the name Elizabeth Lois: The first vowel, e, is the center, and gives the keynote to the character. It indicates intellectuality, love of truth and progressiveness. It also indicates a calm exterior even under intense nervous conditions. The l's show love of justice, and the s following the two vowels o and i would mean that through concentration and love she would have the power to soothe, to heal; z and a coming together indicates great power, but it is difficult to fully realize, and is frequently manifested in restlessness. She is inclined, at times, to doubt her own ability, as indicated by t (doubt) before h (the window opening to the soul). She being an e center and William an i center, their union is one of great strength, as the combination completes the circle of life. She is morning, sunrise, and he evening, sunset. On the physical plane opposites are apt to clash, as they do not recognize each other in freedom, but on the spiritual, opposites make the strongest combination. Through the union of William and Elizabeth may their power so increase that individually and unitedly it may vibrate to the remotest parts of the earth."

—I have just finished and issued a new book which every one of my readers wants. And can have; for the price is but twenty-five cents. It is the best and most helpful thing I have ever written, and more inspiring and practically useful than anything I have ever read. When William finished reading it he said: "Why, that is FINE, Darling, and it is something entirely new—not in the least like anything else I ever read." And William is one of these calm, deliberate individuals, who never errs on the side of over-praising. My own heart, as well as my judgment tells me this little book is multum in parvo and a splendid thing, destined to make soul-shine in thousands of lives. Some of you remember two articles published in NAUTILUS over a year ago—"I Am the Sun of God" was the title. They attracted a great deal of attention at the time. These articles I have reprinted in my new book because they are a good basis for my new teachings regarding self-development and self-use. The title of my book is "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," and the latter part of it tells you "Just Why and Just How." Entirely new and original breathing exercises are given, new force-massing methods and new directions for using your forces in self-building, healing others and commanding environment. These directions are clear and concise and never before was so much of "the spirit" which "maketh alive" concentrated within so small a space. The book is inspired and the reader catches its vibrations. Read it and write me what you think about it. Read it daily; practise under its inspiration; and there is *nothing* you cannot accomplish.

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"During June we thought we were being benefited by your treatment as it was a great deal the best month we have had since going into business here. But since then business has been dull and A hasn't the faith in it that he did have. Does his lack of faith have any effect on your treatments of him?"

I don't care how much or how little faith he has, or if he has none at all. There are ebbs and floods in the pocket book of every human being who isn't a "hired man". Any millionaire will tell you his floods were always succeeded by ebbs. But each new flood rose higher. When the tide receded he hatched up a new scheme to make it rise again. Faith or no faith, if you will keep cool; keep sweet; keep your wits awake and GET READY for the rise it will come. I have spoken it and my word ACCOMPLISHES that whereunto I send it.

—Improve THIS shining hour.

—"Restful Thoughts" is a pretty little book of original verse by Mrs. Arthur Gustorf, 339 Wisconsin avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

—Brother Immortal-in-the-Flesh James Campbell Robinson keeps "The Open Door" at 1110 DeKalb avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—To get rid of Debt take more stock in yourself and use to-day what you have to-day, and no more. Practice makes perfect and the debts dissolve.

—S. Lincoln and Stella C. Bishop have folded their tents and migrated from Daytona, Fla., to Rico, Col., where they will resume and expand their work. Success to 'em.

—"Mental Science" looks like a nice fat ghost of Hugh Pentecost's late lamented "Positive Thought." It is a little beauty, published by Eugene Del Mar at 27 William street, New York, monthly, for one dollar per year, and it has some good things for stuffing.

—"When you come to my name on your register remember I told you this: 'Since becoming a member of your Success Circle more new patients have come to me than for the last year previously.' I am teaching and healing by the new thought all those I can so influence."

This is from a man whose name is known all over the continent as that of an M. D. and a writer. The initials are his. He is a new Success Circle and no relation to the nine who went their way without returning thanks.

—Rev. Henry Frank has come out from the church and set up a thinker of his own. "The Independent Thinker" is issued monthly at a dollar a year, from 30 and 32 West Twenty-seventh street, New York. Henry Frank is out of the Church but he hasn't quite got the Church out of him. He needs a good dose of Elbert Hubbard's thinks in October "Philistine," page 136. But Rev. Henry is on the right track and he is alive enough to get rid of the Church bacillus in due time. Send ten cents for a sample of his pretty and vigorous Thinker.

—And that reminds me that if you are not a subscriber to Fra Elbertus' "Philistine" you don't know what you are missing. His view of "Healers" in general and Shelton in particular, in the September number, is just the tastiest morsel I've had in a long time. His story of the life of Henry Ward Beecher, in October "Philistine," is true to the lives of more people than Beecher.

Fra Elbertus sees straight and describes like a true artist. Every line is alive. Hubbard is inimitable and I wouldn't forego the special treatments I get through his artistic little preachments—not for a farm. If you send for a sample of him be careful to enclose ten cents or he will take no notice of your letter. If you want to subscribe for a year send a dollar. Hubbard lives at East Aurora, N. Y.

—"You tell us to treat people but you don't tell us how?"

Good land! Have you growed up and don't know how to treat folks yet? Why, treat 'em to the very nicest things you can think of. Give 'em all they want. Open up your Imagination and pour out to them the fat of the land. Instead of saying to yourself, "How I wish I could give him money, or success, or happiness," just wake up and put your foot down and say, "I GIVE him money, or success, or happiness—I GIVE him whole slathers of good things—everything he wants." That's the way to treat folks and make yourself happy. And the more you give 'em the more you'll get.

—"Dr. Chrisman of Kansas raised a whirlwind that has extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by the statement that man is incapable of loving as woman loves; that the only thing that prompts him to care for wife and children is sex-passion and reason."

I hope, for the good of the Doctor's peace of mind, that it wasn't his whirlwind that did up Galveston. He should be careful to water his milk for babes—truth always raises a breeze. Man is dominated by passion and reason, but he is internally feminine and capable of "devotion;" that is, what the Doctor calls "love." Woman is internally masculine, reason and passion, but she is outwardly feminine, "love," "devotion." Some women have developed the masculine side; some men the feminine; hence the exceptions to the rule. But Dr. Chapman overlooks one fact: i. e., that all is love; that masculine passion and reason are just as truly love as feminine devotion is love; and just as pure and "divine" and necessary as feminine love.

—The NAUTILUS had only two paid-up subscribers in Galveston. They and their families were saved of course. If a few more Galvestonites had been in my vibrations there wouldn't have been such a calamity. I AM every day quieting more storms than you can shake a stick at.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

—The Nautilus, monthly, 50 cents a year. A postal card will bring it and you may pay the 50 cents when you want to; a postal card will stop it and no questions asked nor bill presented.

—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.

—One year's subscription to the Nautilus and the FIRST month's treatment for whatever you desire for one dollar. After that, each monthly report must be accompanied by one to ten dollars to pay for time consumed in reading and answering letters. For the treatment itself I make no charge. If you can receive my Word without writing letters and expecting answers, you are welcome.

—Do I publish books? For 25 cents I will send you a copy of "The Constitution of Man." In this book of twelve lessons I have made the origin, constitution and destiny of man so plain a child may understand and a wise man gain more wisdom.

—I have just published a new book for 25 cents—"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus." This gives original, clear, concise and most practical directions for developing Self, controlling the emotions and thoughts, and directing the energies for the healing of body, environment and purse; for yourself and others.

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