

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 unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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ELIZABETH (STRUBLE) TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

No. 3.

"The worlds in which I live are two—
The world 'I am,' and the world 'I do.'"
Harper's Magazine.

NEW CORSET GOSPEL.

Dear ladies, when I see you on the street I feel that the whole Universe of Beauty is calling me to go out and preach to every creature of you the Gospel of the New Corset. I even feel stirring within me impulses which might, with a bit of encouragement, do honor to evangelists of other times and climes—evangelists whose gospels the hearers must accept or get off the earth. Dear girls, when I descry you waddling down the street I feel that in spirit I am one with the W. C. T. U.s and the X. Y. Z.s, who want to Prohibit other people from using what they themselves do not enjoy.

In other words, ladies, I'd like to burn every old style corset in the land and behead every son of a corset maker that dared manufacture another.

The old style solar plexus constrictor corset belongs literally to the dark ages, the ages when woman was content to be a toy for cavaliers to fight over and carry off; it is a form for the Clinging Vine.

Take it off for a minute, girls, and look at it. The back is perfectly flat—just the shape of the baboon's back. I don't believe in being ashamed of one's relations, but I would like to see my sisters outgrow the flat back of our Grandma Baboon.

The flat back is unbeautiful. If your back is flat your abdomen protrudes most ungracefully.

The old style corset makes allowance for this. There are divers gussets set in over the stomach.

The only place that the old style corset fits snugly is the only spot on the human body that can't stand much pressure—the Solar Plexus, the Sun of you. Pressure here has the same effect that a black hood over the sun would have upon vegetation. Squeezing the solar plexus is death to the body and prevents growth of the brain.

The old style corset is a perpetual Fitzsimmons knock-out to the wearer. And it literally knocks her silly, for, with a cramped solar plexus, she can't think straight.

The old style, flat back, solar plexus constrictor is the shell of outgrown ideals.

For pity's sake, ladies, for Beauty's sake, for your own sweet sake, drop it into the bottomless pit of non-use.

Some day we shall outgrow entirely the use of corsets. For the present we need not discard them altogether.

It is not the corset in itself which injures womankind, physical culturists, M. D.s, etc., to the contrary notwithstanding.

A properly made corset, properly worn at seasonable times, is not injurious. Furthermore it is in many instances a positive help in standing properly, i. e., with an inward curve at the small of the back.

To stand properly is a great thing. It adds grace and beauty to the world, poise to the individual mind and body, and conduces to quick observation and accurate and rapid thinking.

The New Straight Front Corset does all that.

Do you wonder that I am called to preach its gospel? And I know its gospel and its benefits, for I have worn the straight front corset in the new way for seven or eight years.

I AM she who has evolved the New Corset and set the new fashion.

Oh, yes, I AM.

And all the world is being converted.

Here is how it came about.

There were several of me scattered around over the earth who began to Wake Up. We became gradually conscious of Ourselves.

As consciousness became more keen it centered in the Solar Plexus and the old knock-out pressure there became intolerable. Because our Sun Center was expanding and demanding more room for its operations.

We were THINKING more, and the Sun Center had to supply more energy for the brain.

We hated to be out of fashion, but we simply had to do something or die.

A kernel of corn dropped into a cranny in a great rock, expanded and grew and burst asunder the rock.

So our developing Sun Center expanded and spoiled the old solar plexus constrictor.

We tried letting out the laces and pulling our corset a-way down in front, which relieved the pressure somewhat, but left an unsightly bulge at top and bottom. So we took darts at top and bottom.

This made the front of our corset straight and brought the pressure down across the abdomen instead of across the solar plexus, where it used to be.

The pressure lower down gave us an inclination to bend in the small of the back and stick OUT the solar plexus region and stick IN the stomach.

This threw us, in standing, upon the balls of the feet.

Now you who have not yet followed the new fashion have no idea what a relief this was to us who had Waked Up.

But we had to pay a price for our freedom. Our acquaintances stared at us. Our sisters remonstrated with us for not pulling our corsets up and cinching them in. They told us with sisterly tenderness that there was no sense in our disgracing the family by making ourselves look so. Our good old family doctor inquired solicitously after our health and asked if we ever experienced sharp pains in the pit of our stomach. As we hadn't the customary depression there he suspected tumor or cancer had filled it out.

We were humiliated and sorry, but, honestly, we couldn't help it. We had to stand straight—that expanding Sun Center compelled.

By and by we found a corset maker with gumption enough to see that the Law of all Growth was really evolving a New Form, whose needs must be met.

This corset maker with gumption was a woman of course. She experimented upon herself. She kept her eyes open and her thinker lubricated.

By and by she saw the point. She took her gores out of the front and put 'em in the back of her corset.

She made a New Corset for the New Woman—

a corset calculated to help the New Woman into existence.

You may scoff at the New Woman if you like, but she is a species which is going to inherit this earth. You may as well accept her gracefully and keep up with the procession. If you don't, you will go the way of all chumps down through Obsolete Alley to the crematory. You won't even have the satisfaction of being food for the worms.

The New Woman has arrived.

The New Corset is here.

For heaven's sake don't be a back number.

Brace up, girls, and demand a new straight front corset. Look like a New Woman, even if you don't quite feel like her. Trying to look like a new, true, free breathing, straight walking woman will help you to BE one.

To be a New Woman is to be the sweetest, neatest, brightest, nicest thing that ever happened—except a New Man.

* * * * *

Now, Sweethearts, if you want to know more about this new corset and how to wear it—which is most essential—you can find it in "The Secret of the Straight Front," in "Harper's Bazar" for October 27, 1900. If your news dealer is out send ten cents to Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York. I wish that article could be read by every woman in the world. It gives the minute directions I cannot give space to in NAUTILUS. My men subscribers might blush if I did. Indeed, some of them are already blushing. Never mind, my dear boys, the new girl is a lot nicer than the old and it won't hurt you to know how she is corseted. Ignorance is not bliss, but it is the mother of blushes.

* * * * *

Speaking of blushes reminds me that there are occasions when I blush for my sisters who used to blush for me in my early straight-front days. One occasion was the other day when there happened to be about a dozen of us waiting out on High street for a car. We all happened to back up pretty close to a building to get out of the way of passers by. I was at one end of the line and as I looked down that line, upon my word, girls, I fancied myself at a "Looking Backward" party. Ever attend one? Everybody does her back hair over her face and puts a mask on the back of her head. As I looked down that line of a dozen backs that were as flat and straight as the front ought to be, and then moved forward a step and glanced down that row of fronts that looked as if each had just been punched in the pit of the stomach, or as if the owner had suffered an absent minded fit when she put on her bustle, why, I did blush for my sex. And I surmised that these sisters of mine were really "Looking Backward" over the ages for their ideals and their corsets. I longed to let them see in a glass how they looked and how suggestive of Grandma Baboon and pork chops they appeared. I long to turn 'em around and wake 'em up to the Gospel of the New Corset.

But that was one of my bad days. Some of my sisters are already converts to the New Corset. These sisters are a joy forever, bless 'em.

And their example is the loudest kind of preaching of the new Gospel.

ALL MEANS EVERYTHING.

—“In reading Lesson Nine of ‘The Constitution of Man,’ where it says, ‘It is natural to respond to the stimuli of environment, etc. All environment is good, etc.,’ I cannot forbear to ask a question. Do you not consider that much that constitutes one’s environment is only of a transitory character, and, therefore, possibly not adapted to one’s needs. But you say ‘Man responds readily to all stimuli which he recognizes to be good.’ In that case we are to extract only so much as satisfies our needs and pay no attention to the guise in which it comes. It seems to me that much pleasure in one’s life is spoiled by external appearances. At least it is so in individual cases.”

Environment is both visible and invisible. The current of Life, Love, Joy sets *outward*, from the invisible into the visible. Life, Love, Joy, are the Invisible One.

When a man lives *with* his life current he is undisturbed by any portion of his outward environment. His thought flows lovingly *out* upon all things and behold, all things show forth beauty and wisdom.

But, as a rule, man tries to live *against* the stream. He thinks all the things of his visible world should *give to him*. He tries to *reverse* the current of Life and live from without inward.

Never does joy come from outward things.

It is the *giving out* of the love-life-current which causes the sensations of pleasure and joy. The more man gives out the greater his joy.

Man is a battery, charged to overflowing with Love-force. When an outward person or thing makes a connection with him this Love-force immediately leaps out and charges the new “wire”—exactly as electricity leaps from the battery into and through the wire when a connection is made.

This *out-moving* of the Love-force is what gives sensations of pleasure.

No matter how full a man-battery may be of Love-force, he only *enjoys* what *goes out* from him. *What remains within gives him no sensation.*

“The stimuli of environment” are simply the points of contact through which the man-battery gives out his electric energy and gains, thereby, Joy.

In a state of *conscious* All-Goodness man will respond naturally, freely, to All Things outside himself and so live in a state of what to us now is ecstasy.

Walt Whitman came the nearest of anybody I know of, to living in this state—came the nearest to *enjoying* all people, things and experiences. His soul was great enough to very nearly glimpse the All-Good.

I am getting there and I know how I am doing it. Whitman was born there. He tells us what he saw but not how he came to the state of seeing. Whitman heard a whisper in his soul, “*All is good*,” and took instinctively himself and all the world for granted. *I am learning the processes by which that instinct becomes implanted.* I am speaking the Word of Good until the *spirit in me learns to sing it evermore.* I am LEARNING that ALL IS GOOD.

Whenever you *recognize* a thing as *positively good* you respond to its stimulus—you make the connection and your Love-current flows *out* to it. And Joy results.

Now do you see why you do not respond to all points of your environment? You think some things are “only of a transitory character and, therefore, possibly, not adapted to your needs.” In other words you don’t like the look of things and you *shut off the connection* and refuse to let Love-force flow *out* to it.

Result, no Joy. Result, if persisted in, pain and unhappiness.

The first step, the last step, and all the intermediate steps to heaven, are to BLESS

EACH THING that turns up, or down, as POSITIVELY good, gooder, GOODEST, and to send *out* upon it all the blessings you can think of.

I said all you can THINK of. The blessings you *feel* are the result of past blessings you have *thought*.

Because a thing is “transitory” is no reason for thinking it is “not adapted to one’s needs,” nor is it a reason for withholding from it the soul-shine of Love, which *ripens* it into newer, higher forms.

Did you ever hear of a Thing that was not transitory? All things on the visible side of environment are changing ever. But there is nothing tiny enough, or useless enough, or erratic enough to have come unbidden into your environment. YOU, and nobody else, bade it come.

Then welcome it treat it civilly and decently. *Commune with it lovingly.* Have heart to heart talks with it. Let it *touch* you that you may *give* to it and learn from it.

And Joy shall be with you.

And you will see that it is a *genii* of your own conjuring—a *genii who is working to bring about all things you desire.*

Entertain your angels, dearie.

IT PAYS.

GOD.

Somebody wants my definition of God. Here it is: “God” is the name of a purely fictitious Big Man supposed to reside on a Great White Throne in the middle of nowhere; said to have created out of nothing all things that are, as manikins and puppets to dance to his fiddling and tickle his abnormal Bump of Approbation. One of his manikins was man enough to revolt against such a life and God cast him and his sympathizers into a bottomless pit of fire and brimstone. Then he dared them to walk to and fro in the earth and see if they could tempt anybody else to have an opinion of his own, or a desire to do anything but tickle the divine Bump of Approbation. Most of earth’s inhabitants tired of their God-appointed job and went to hell. Then God was mad. So he spends eternity devising means of torturing his enemies.

There is my definition and it fits to a T the beliefs of tens of millions of men and women, most of whom are dead, thank God. And the rest of them will be if they don’t get their noses out of the dirt at God’s feet and look up long enough to see that there *is* no such fetic.

The dictionary always gives several definitions to the same word. As I AM the dictionary now I will give you a second definition, in the words of the inspired Pope, who used his own eyes and thinker upon the God of my first definition. Thus saith Saint Pope:

“The Universe is one stupendous Whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the soul.”

There you are—God is the soul of things.

But when you get to the state of evolution where you really *see* this truth, you somehow discard the name “God” as inadequate and inappropriate.

“God” conveys the attribute of personality, limitation, plurality. Every man is a God more or less alive to his godship.

But the *soul of things* is One; the same yesterday, to-day, forever: invisible and indivisible.

Therefore it deserves a Name without limitations.

“God” is not God, but LOVE. I AM the dictionary which defines the “soul of things” under the names “Love” or “Law.”

—I have just read “Words That Burn,” by Lida Briggs Browne, 34 Columbia street, Utica, N. Y. It is an interesting and refreshing interlude to the symphony and cacophony of modern psychological and metaphysical romance issuing from

divers and sundry presses. Never before in one story did writer corral so many interesting couples who got married and squabbled not; never were so many difficulties so cheerfully solved by friends in the body and out; never so many folks converted to a belief in spirit life and communication; never so many deserving poor folks set on their feet nor so many blessings breathed on their benefactors. The tone of this novel is tonic, with a fine half-tone of the author on the first page.

—Harry Gaze’s new “Postal Card Journal” is little, but, oh, MY! It is neat and sweet and will live forever. You can have it a sample year for 25 cents, but if *you* mean to live forever better send Harry \$20 for a century subscription—to Oakland, Cal.

—Fred Burry’s Journal has telescoped into a dainty magazine form, and Fred makes a graceful bow before the curtain and announces that he has moved to 673 Queen street, W., Toronto, and having laid in a new supply of printing traps is prepared to please us better than ever. This late number looks like it. Frederick seems to have gained fizz by being bottled up for a month, and Hugh Pentecost’s article on “Infinite Power” is a classic treatment for the bump of sublimity. If you are not a subscriber to this Journal you ought to be ashamed of yourself and repent and send a dollar by first mail. Don’t get off the race idiocy about “can’t afford it.” You can “afford” anything you want, and if you *want* anything you need it and ought to hustle around and get it.

—“True Metaphysical Science and Its Practical Application Through the Law of Suggestion” is a name that’s as long as the book isn’t. It is well written by my friend, Dr. F. W. Southworth of Tacoma, Wash., and is a judicious mixture of mental science and hygiene. For particulars write the author.

—“I enjoyed December Naughty-lass very much. I don’t like slang, but somehow when you sling slang it hits the mark every time. Want to say that I am succeeding right along. I am thinking success, believing in it, and it comes. Not only business success, but what may seem silly to some but serious enough to me, I have found the one being in all the universe tuned in perfect harmony with my own nature. I inclose a quarter for your new book. If you don’t know ‘how to wake’ one and keep him awake then I don’t know one who does.”

—My new book, “Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus,” is selling faster than ever and meets with universal praise. It *is* good, and what is still better, it is concise and *practical*—just fitted to the needs of busy people. And the price, 25 cents, makes it easily available.

—If you want to know more about my ideas of God and what he is good for, read my book, “Constitution of Man.” Dr. W. R. C. Latson, editor of “Health-Culture,” whose letter appeared last month in NAUTILUS, has just read this book of mine, and here is his opinion of it, taken from November “Health-Culture:” “This is a remarkable book—a great book. One of the very few great books I have ever read. Man is studied as a microcosm. The work, therefore, is practically a statement of cosmogony. The writer’s philosophy is pantheistic—a pure pantheism of the lofty Brahminical order—not the universe is God, but God is, Brahm sat. To this book no mere review can do justice. To all interested in problems of life and mind—to all who desire greater knowledge of self and the universe, I recommend not only a perusal, but a careful study of this little book.”

—Do you see the Success Circle widening? Its vibrations are felt clear around the world now. I knew by faith nearly a year ago that this would be the biggest and mightiest Circle on earth, and the books, as well as a deluge of grateful testimonials, are proving it. The Success Circle is a growing SUCCESS.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * That haughty Imperialist, Thomas J. Shelton, is evidently taking lessons in etiquette, presumably from Lady Blanche and Helen. He no longer believes that the day of forms and ceremonies is passing. I should not be surprised if in the near future the Rev. Thomas J. again became a member of the church or some similar institution, notwithstanding his emphatic declarations to the contrary.

* * Apropos to the discussion aroused concerning the omission of "Dear Sir," etc. from our correspondence, I print the following extract from a private letter written to Elizabeth by Mabel Gifford, Needham, Mass. Miss Gifford, who is well known as a writer and teacher along new thought lines, says: "Now it does not 'chill' me a particle to receive the most abbreviated note possible. I see several others are practicing the same thing. It is excellent. Polite forms are not in the least warming. Everyone knows they are only forms. They are no sign of good feeling. But when they are done away with we shall have more reason to 'suspicion' that any kindly or hearty message comes from good-will and real human interest."

* * Once upon a time I made the statement that neither man nor woman could reach the highest possible state of development alone—that is without the other. A lady (presumably unmarried) questions my statement and wants to know if we are not each perfect in ourselves. It seems to me that while we are potentially perfect, yet we can only manifest that perfection by working in harmony with others, by cooperating with things animate and inanimate. All life is complex—interwoven. All life is one, and the greatest good can come only where this truth is recognized. All life is dual, having a positive and negative pole, and the highest development is found where the dual principle is most pronounced. As we need to partake of food in order to show forth a perfected physical body, notwithstanding our innate and potential perfectness of form, so we need to come into association with those persons and things whose polarities are opposite to our own in order to show forth our innate perfection of being. The association of male and female in relations of love constitutes the highest blending of positive and negative principles, and hence is capable of producing more joy and harmony than any other relation in life. On this point Harry Gaze in his new book, "How to Live Forever," says: "Whatever may have been taught in days gone by, it is written in unmistakable letters in the gospel of to-day, that no 'single tickets' are issued to Heaven. It is from a center of demand in which the male and female principles are in unison, that the positive demonstrations of continued youthfulness will spring." And so I say that man and woman must work together and tread the pathway of eternity hand in hand, if each is to unfold to the fullest extent his own individuality.

* * Did you ever try the effect of positive auto-suggestion when you were in danger of becoming hypnotized by some unpleasant idea? It is an effective and simple method of keeping yourself free from inharmonious conditions of any sort. For instance, if you are getting into some unpleasant rut in your thinking, or your mind persists in running in some particularly inharmonious channel where the idea of disease or pain predominates, just face about mentally and affirm the perfection of the Principle of Being, upon which your life is based. The inharmony is simply an idea of negation which you allow to dominate you for the time being. It has no existence in truth except as you give it life by the creative power of your thought. The Principle of all Being is health, joy, harmony and love. The denial of Principle is disease, pain and inharmony. Affirm truth by positive suggestions to your subconscious self, and you will reach a mental state where pain and disease cannot gain a foot-hold in your consciousness.

—How hath the mighty Shelton tumbled off his perch and gone to teaching formalities and things, and, as with other masculine tumblers, we are tempted to suspect there is a Divine Feminine at the bottom of it. Never mind—as the honeymoon wanes he will gradually revert to the original type of happy-go-lucky, irreverent Shelton. Even now his natural, uncereemonious irreverence crops out—"Betsey," indeed! Thomas objects to the elimination of "Dear Sir" and

"Yours truly" (or maybe it is Blanche who demurs) and asks, "Are we going to get into such a roar and rush that we become rude and forget all about common politeness?" You see he is slightly mixed. He has forgotten that *real* politeness is *spirit* and lives not in dead forms. Real politeness cannot be learned from books of etiquette, nor from "Every Lady Her Own Letter Writer." Real politeness lives in the souls of Some People and expresses itself in ever-changing forms. It is Love in action and love does not tend to crystallize in forms. But the unloving person is a great stickler for ceremony. Forms are shells, and effectually mask either the absence or the presence of the Real Thing. No ceremonies for me, thank you—not even church ceremonies or "Dear Madams." I prefer that all correspondence be "Eye to Eye." And that reminds me that what Thomas says in December "Christian" about regeneration and immortality is just to the point. Read it. And that reminds me that William Walker Atkinson, who writes for "Suggestion," edited by Dr. Parkyn at 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, has a level head. I know that because his head agrees with mine and disagrees with some of Thomson J. Hudson's deductions in his great book, "Law of Psychic Phenomena." Mr. Atkinson's "Law of Mental Control," Article I, on "Functions of the Mind," is splendid and I am ready for the next. Send \$1.00 for "Suggestion" a year.

—There is just one thing in the world which we have a right to be proud of, and that is *what we can do*. A good kitchen girl has a right to be proud of her work. A bootblack has a right to hold his head up and look you square in the eye if he has given an extra good shine. And that is just when he feels like doing it. But the man or woman who shirks work in order to maintain his or her "position in society" generates only shame and all manner of dis-ease for self and others. Sweetheart, you must learn that you do not "come down" to doing the things you CAN do—you are never above what you can do. See? That is your level, no matter how much money you may have had or how "high toned" your relations or yourself may have been. Then be honest and set yourself to do what you can do, if it is only washing windows or shining shoes. Instead of "lowering" you in anybody's estimation it will raise you. Yes, in spite of all our artificial standards of society it will raise you. Folks will say, "Well, there is something in that fellow after all." I'd rather have a man say that of me than to be able to say I inherited all the wealth of the Rothschilds, or am first cousin to all the rulers of Europe. You never were higher in the world than are the things you can do, and doing any one thing well fits you for doing something "higher," which means something more delicate, complex, "refined." Continue to let "pride" keep you from doing what you can do and you starve out what little "respect" the world or you now have for yourself. And not only that but you effectually block your own way to better things and open wide the door which leads to every crime in the catalogue.

—"You say in your paper, 'It is glorious to transmute sickness, etc., into health, wealth and happiness.' We all reap what we sow, and to my mind to transmute these conditions is really putting off the day of judgment. The financial conditions that I am in were brought on by my not asserting myself, and could have been avoided. I knew the right thing to do but did not do it. Consequently I have to take the consequences."

A certain Man had a piece of land. Neighbor Smith advised him to sow it to wheat. Neighbor Jones advised corn. A traveler passing by told what wonderful fortunes he had seen made by planting sugar cane. The Man himself was inclined to plant rye, as his fathers before him had done. But he listened to everybody and was in-

fluenced by the most plausible talker. He planted sugar cane and had a mighty poor harvest, for his land was too far north. Now what did that Man do? Fold his hands like a chump and wail, "I must reap what I have sown—it is Karma"—and continue year after year to let that measly cane possess his land? No! He got up and hustled that cane out of there and sowed another crop. And he called in a Specialist, who had supervised the fallowing and replanting of his own land, not to mention other people's, to give him pointers on the best and most expeditious way to get his land into bearing condition. The Specialist didn't do the Man's work for him, neither did he interfere with the Man's "will." The Specialist said to the Man, "If you will do thus and so you will get what you want." The Man did thus and so with a WILL, and got results. Did the Man "put off the day of judgment?" Of course not. He hastened the day; met it with a WILL; reaped what he had sown, getting all he could out of his crop; *destroyed the roots*; and got ready for a new harvest and a better day. Go thou and do likewise. * * * People compel *themselves* to reap a long and painful "Karma." They are either too lazy or too vindictive to get up and hustle Karma off their hands. Of course ignorance is the root of both laziness and vindictiveness. The lazy man shirks his responsibility off on the gods or somebody else, and his energy goes with it. The vindictive person would mete out dire punishment to another for a similar ignorant mistake—it is his idea of "justice." So he gets back his mete as he would measure. *Real* justice is LOVE, pure and simple—no "eye for an eye" about it. "Eye for an eye" is pure vindictiveness. Love never punishes—it simply leaves a man free, and the first minute that man finds out he has made a mistake he wants to correct, Love is right there to help him out to the best of his ability.

—We have just furnished and moved into the very nicest new, steam-heated flat imaginable. We had lots of fun buying pretty things and we have lots more fun enjoying them. And you needn't get out your pocketbooks, dearies!—everything is paid for. One thing I particularly enjoy is a beautiful new quartered oak, piano-finished desk with a patent arrangement in the left pedestal for my typewriter, with a roll front. Then there is a roll top besides. The desk is made by the Fred Macey Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., and for beauty, neatness of arrangement, finish and reasonableness of cost can't be surpassed. This company sells direct to the user at the lowest rates. The time is coming when we shall buy most of our goods that way. It saves money, and then it's fun to put our heads together and make our choice over a fine illustrated catalog in our own little cozy corner. And it takes less time and shoe leather and nerve wear and tear.

—Rev. George Chainey, in early life a Methodist minister; afterwards a Unitarian, and later the well-known lecturer for a large Liberal and Ethical Society in Boston, after a retirement for ten years subject to illumination similar to that of Swedenborg, is about to publish a work called "The Unsealed Bible or Revelation Revealed," disclosing the mysteries of life and death, and to found a school of interpretation in Chicago during the winter months, with a summer season at Lake Geneva, Wis. For further particulars, address Dr. William C. Gibbons, 1021 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

—For tricks that are neat and ways that are right up to the scratch for promptitude, the Transcript Publishing Company of this city gobbles the whole bakery. They print NAUTILUS, and are as certain as times and tides, and a whole heap surer than trains. They don't want the earth for pay either, and they are obliging.

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.

"I did so well last month and month before, but this month my receipts have fallen off in spite of all I could do. How do you account for that?"

I don't try to "account" for it. What's the use? Why use thought force in accounting for things you don't want? Thought is creative force and should be used to build what YOU DESIRE, instead of being allowed to waste itself meandering around in the endeavor to "account" for something past and gone. NEVER MIND what you did or didn't do last month or month before. PAY ATTENTION to what you are doing NOW—this minute. Focus yourself steadily NOW and let results alone. And see you focus yourself upon SUCCESS. I account for nothing. I AM no conundrum cracker. I AM speaking the Word of SUCCESS and my Word accomplishes its work for every man who focuses upon it. Wake up wider; get more interested in improving your methods and work. Success is GROWING.

—1901.

—January.

—Any doubt about this being the 20th century?

—A New Year of Growing Success to you, and lots of fun thrown in.

—"I wish to thank you for benefit already received, which is very evident to me."

—"I have noticed your power from the first. Money has come in from unexpected sources."

—"My sister had not been in the Circle three days when she went into business and is doing well."

—"I shall soon quit printing testimonials; not because it is "unscientific," but because I have other use for the space."

—"I was a mental and physical wreck, but, thanks to you, my health and courage are better than they have been for many years."

—"I can see results from your treatment for health, success and happiness, and I have done things I would not have dared undertake before."

—"I wonder how it is I always feel happier and brighter after reading anything of yours."

Because I AM the source of happiness and light and my words radiate what I AM.

—"Adiramled" is the name of a man and a new dollar-a-year journal hailing from the town of Wyoming, Ohio. Send for a copy of the latter and form your own conclusions of both.

—"Don't talk so much about "being free from your conditions." Quit talking and BE free IN your conditions. Make the best of them and so fit yourself for better ones. They will come when you are ready, never fear—or you will go to them."

—"The whole and sole reason why people make such poor progress in applying mental science is that they will not bless and accept each thing as it comes. They say "All good" glibly enough but they sputter and fret at every other thing that turns up. Only ACTING as if "All is good" will ever get you anywhere."

—"Science is "exact knowledge." Anything which is true is scientific, and anything which is scientific may be published for the benefit of mankind. Therefore the publishing of true testimonials is "scientific," Shelton to the contrary notwithstanding. ALL IS GOOD. Thomas, it is not polite for you to perk up your nose at others for doing what you don't happen to want to do."

—A reader wants to know how to "teach children the idea of opulence." A child lives the law of opulence instinctively. It is the fool teaching it gets which later inculcates penury. The only way to bring up a child in the way he should go is to go that way YOURSELF. And it's never too late to get onto the right track. Less preach and more practice is what children need from parents.

—"Evolution of Immortality" is splendid. It is written by "Rosicrucian," and on the dark blue cloth cover is a fine treatment—a gold triangle within a circle and in the center in letters of gold the single word, "TRY." To try is to succeed and to succeed is to evolve. Continuous evolution is immortality. Rosicrucian's book is logical, well written, prophetic and inspiring. The price is one dollar. See ad. in another column.

—I have just received from Charles C. Haskell and Son, Norwich, Conn., one of "the Dewey books"—a large 225-page book on "The True Science of Living." Haven't had time to read it carefully yet, but I know enough of its teachings to enable me to recommend it heartily. In a nutshell, Dr. Dewey advocates less eating as a preventive to disease and no eating at all as a cure. Sounds queer like, but his \$2.25 book will convince even the most skeptical. And if you will just try his no-breakfast mode of living for a few months you will wonder why you ever fooled away time and money on breakfasts. William and I haven't eaten a breakfast since we were married, nor for sometime before. We are both convinced that breakfast is not only a superfluity, but in many cases an actual outrage to the system. And then the delight of being free from that old style hustling out of bed to get a hasty breakfast. Housekeeping seems actually reduced by half, if one leaves off this superfluous "morning work." And I believe this no-breakfast plan of living will cure any case of "blues" or indigestion extant, besides reducing the universally disliked routine work of housekeeping. Blessings on Edward Hooker Dewey, and may his gospel spread.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

—"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 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 special treatment for whatever you desire, for one dollar. After that, each monthly report must be accompanied by one dollar 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."

—"I will answer your letter by mail for one dollar."

—"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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