

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 unvesting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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ELIZABETH (STRUBLE) TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

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SELF DEPENDENCE.

Weary of myself and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward o'er the starlit sea.
And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
"Ye, who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"
"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast, like you!"
From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rushing night air came the answer;
"Wouldst thou be as these, live as they;
"Unafrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.
"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.
"Bounded by themselves and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."
O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear;
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

Matthew Arnold.

BREATHING TECHNIQUE.

There are breathers and breathers and breaths and breaths, and if you happen to be one kind of a breather you might take a good many thousand breaths without doing yourself very much good. All because you force one poor little bit of a muscle to do the work of a great many large muscles.

Perhaps some of you don't know that you have in your throat the neatest little trap door ever was seen. You might not know it is there, and you may never have heard its name, but I'll warrant you have experienced several unpleasant sensations in your day from having left this little trap door open at the wrong instant. And you have probably missed a great many very enjoyable sensations by closing it up at unseasonable moments.

This neat little trap door, that works so smoothly you hardly knew you had it, is intended for just one purpose in ordinary life—the purpose of keeping anything more dense than ozone from getting into the air passage to the lungs.

But the epiglottis is a very intelligent and obedient little servant, and I have known singers to teach it to flap up and down very fast, and so help in producing staccato tones.

Then I have known other folks to impose shamefully upon this dainty little member of the human family, which is built for light, rapid motion and not for long strains.

Strange to say, it is the new thought people, the disciples of love, who oftenest abuse it. But they don't mean to, of course.

These new thinkers have got hold somehow of the notion that there is great virtue in holding the breath a long time. So they pump themselves full of air and batten down that poor little trap door and keep it down until they get red in the face, and their hearts thump tempestuously and then go pit-a-pat.

Have you gone shopping recently in some big department store, and had your ears assailed by a dreadful nasal wailing, the while your eyes rested

upon the legend, "Don't laugh—the pigs are dying"? And then you spied the pigs blown full of air and plugged up, or plug out and caterwauling themselves away. Whilst the pig is full and plugged up, the membrane of which it is made, is stretched to the utmost. Now take him up between your two hands and squeeze him harder and harder. If there happens to be a weak spot, he will burst. Or the plug may fly out. At any rate, you will stretch his skin, and it will take more air to make him plump again.

Now that is just the way the wrong kind of holding the breath acts on your lungs. You stretch all the tissues of the lungs, and batten down the epiglottis. Then, the natural, untrained tendency of the chest and abdominal muscles being to straightway expel the air, all these muscles contract about your lungs, just as your fingers contracted about the skin pig, and the entire lung tissue and air passage, as well as the little trap door, are strained severely. And this straining interferes with the circulation of the blood, reacting upon the heart, and, if there does happen to be a weak spot in the lungs, you invite a hemorrhage. To cap all this, you make the lung tissue flabby and lazy.

The lungs should never, in ordinary breathing exercises, be forced to hold air—not for one instant.

The lungs are a pair of bellows, which fill as the muscular walls are expanded.

It is not the forcing of air inward that expands the chest walls.

Expanding the chest and abdominal muscles draws in the air, making no more of a pressure inside the body than there is on the outside. This allows free circulation of both air and blood, and permits perfect oxygenation.

It is not the lungs that need training to breathe. They always receive all the air that the muscles will give them room for.

And they remain expanded and free just as long as the muscles will permit.

Correct breathing is correct muscling.

Breathing practices should be muscle practices, with the trap door wide open from start to finish.

When you practice breathing, never mind the breath. Just see how far, and evenly, you can expand your chest and abdominal muscles, straight outward; how long you can hold them steadily there, without pressure against the epiglottis; and how very slowly, evenly and softly you can contract those muscles again. Put your WILL into your muscles, where it belongs—put your attention into them—and you will get the knack of correct breathing.

Breathe always through the nostrils.

Don't try too hard. If you have to puff and blow after a long breath, you made the divisions of that breath (inhaling, holding and exhaling) too long, and you shut the trap door. Try again. Breathe easily.

Breathe with a PURPOSE. Did you know that the difference between a man and an idiot is the difference between a purpose and no purpose? The manliest man (woman included), is the one who has the deepest, highest, steadiest PURPOSE.

The idiot breathes in short, irregular puffs, never once entirely filling or emptying his lungs; and his short, erratic little puffs go to build the thousand and one short, erratic little notions which make up his expressed self.

Aimless breathing practices are, like any other aimless efforts, beastly. Will your breath-generated power in a chosen direction. Aim with it. And see you aim high and steadily.

You can do anything you steadily purpose to do. Only vacillation can defeat you;—unless you should happen ignorantly to aim at something which would enslave the free will of another. For instance, I had a man write me once to "utterly subdue to him his wife, and make her obedient to him in all things!" Now, his wife used to be that kind of a goose, but she had positively outgrown it and left His Mightiness. And this man might breathe and speak the Word, and hire healers till crack o' doom, and that is all the good it would do him. You see he didn't aim high enough. If he had aimed to be sweet enough to win a woman's devotion, he could do it, though it might take a few more incarnations in his case. But he could get there in time. Or if he had aimed to be a successful artist, or writer or business man, etc., he could do it without fail, if he kept steadily at it. But he wanted to boss other folks, and other folks had sense enough to boss themselves. * * * I returned that man's money, and told him I gloried in his wife's spunk.

Breathe rhythmically.

It is said a single dog trotting across a bridge, will do more toward shaking it down than whole droves of draught horses and heavy loads. There is no rhythm to the motion of the latter.

It is said a man with a violin could shake down Brooklyn bridge by keeping up a steady vibration of the note the bridge is keyed to.

A rhythmical heart beat makes a powerful body.

Rhythmical breathing communicates rhythm to the heart and brain and gives the entire man a good time. Breathing regularly and deeply brings the whole body and brain and soul and spirit into harmony of action.

Harmony is health. Harmony is power.

Did you ever see four men, or women, take three or four long, even breaths in unison, and at the last inhalation raise with the tips of their fingers, a heavy man clear above their heads? Without those long, even breaths, that feat cannot be done.

Rhythmical breathing generates power in the body. During sleep the breathing is even and deep, and the body recuperates.

Recuperates from what? From the irregularity of action caused by the waking, the surface brain. The breathing apparatus responds to every conscious thought. It gasps with astonishment, stands still with fear, or puffs with excitement.

In the long, quiet night it recovers its natural rhythmic action.

Our breathing apparatus is like a child's untrained fingers—full of infinite capacity for the expression of beauty, harmony, power. But, like the child's fingers, our breathing apparatus needs training to work steadily, intelligently, even if the brain does get flighty or lazy. Just as the child's individual fingers have to learn how to do each its own work without responding to the impulsion sent to its mates, so the breathing apparatus must be taught to keep coolly, evenly at work no matter what is going on above in the brain, or outside the body.

This can be accomplished by persistent practice.

Rhythmical action of the breathing machinery will keep the body full of power and prepare "a heart for any fate."

One who teaches his body to keep coolly, sweetly, harmoniously at work no matter what turns up, will cease to gasp and gurgle, faint and collapse at the very times he most needs power.

When you are "tired" or "discouraged" your

body is starved by short, irregular breath supply.

Lie down flat, with arms out from the body and eyes closed. Inhale slowly, but not too slowly; just easily; as you inhale, say mentally, with eyes raised under your closed lids, "I AM"—say it slowly and distinctly, and try quietly to realize that the Infinite is really *you*—"I and the Father are One." Keep the chest walls expanded for a moment, and the throat open. Then slowly and *very* smoothly exhale the breath, lowering your eyes as you do so, under closed lids always, saying softly, lingeringly, mentally, with downward inflection, "Love." "I—AM—Love."

Breathe rhythmically and as slowly as you can easily breathe, and fully always. Keep this up until your mind is quiet and you have forgotten all about being "discouraged" or "blue." Keep it up, dearie, until the I AM consciousness has gone with the breath into the lungs, and so into the blood, and with it into all the body.

It takes about two minutes for the blood to make the circuit of the body. But in order to change your "feelings" it must make the circuit several times, setting up a new *rhythmic* vibration of I—AM—LOVE—consciousness. Your whole being must "catch" the vibrations of that grand, peaceful, power-full I AM consciousness. Lungs, heart, solar center and brain must pulse together with the Infinite.

This is the best "concentration" exercise I know of—the only *sure* means I know of for becoming *conscious* of the power flowing outward from the "world I AM" into the "world I do." It is the only INFALLIBLE remedy I know of for discouragement, unrest, lack of interest, impatience, anger, malice, revenge, resentment, and the *hanging on* habit. And I believe it to be literally infallible for any human being who really *wants* to be cured of any of these negativities.

Repeat the dose every time you feel negative. At first it may take ten minutes or more to free you, but after a time, five minutes will do it. If you nip every little spell in the bud, you will soon cease to feel distinctly negative at all.

This same exercise used with the words "I AM money" is the finest treatment for opulence; or with "I AM Whole," for health. But use oftenest "I AM LOVE."

In-breathe the Infinite I AM; let it renew you, mind and body; out-breathe Love, Wealth, *all* you desire. Remember, you do not *take in* what things you desire—you press them *out of you*. You in-breathe I AM, Love, God.

NEVER MIND what the trouble is—just chop it square off with this practice. *Keep at it*. There is simply no end to the good you will get out of it. You will practice it until you get your consciousness right with the real pulses of your being—the I AM vibrations. In proportion as you live in that consciousness, you *realize* health, happiness, and SUCCESS.

Whatever breathing practices you use or don't use, remember to straighten up and take a few full, slow breaths, *whenever you think of it*—no matter where you are or what you are doing. There is LIFE in it and Joy.

SELF-ESTIMATE.

"It is now almost a year since I joined your Success Circle. I read your paper, the NAUTILUS, and like it, all of it. But success. I have had less in anything this last year than ever before. Everything has gone wrong, and I never was so hard up in my life. And I cannot think I am to blame. I neither drink, smoke nor chew. Attend strictly to business. Have no bad habits and never had. But I some way don't succeed. Why?"

You "cannot think you are to blame!" There is the key that deadlocks your success. The man who thinks he is the victim of circumstances—the man who is always casting about outside himself for the causes of his "failures," is a failure. He thinks he is so small and helpless that others can circumvent him. As he thinketh so he is.

"Success is the Realization of the Estimate which you place upon yourself."

Failure is the Realization of the Estimate which you place upon yourself.

The man who estimates himself as a great and glorious SUCCESS, the man who thinks it is "in

him" to do something great and do it well, will act upon that belief. And all the ups and downs imaginable, all the repeated failures, will only wake him up to greater effort.

And it is by our *efforts* that success grows. The Word only inspires a man to *make* the efforts. The Word alone grows simply nothing. Without the Word is not anything made that is made. The Word is the *cause* of the act. If a man can receive the Word of a high estimate of himself he will act upon that Word, that belief, and step by step, effort succeeding effort, he will *grow success*. If he still holds to that ornery, little, victim-of-circumstance, worm-of-the-dust, of-myself-I-can-do-nothing Idea of himself his efforts are aimless, half hearted, blind, stupid. He meanders in a treadmill and accomplishes nothing.

Andrew Carnegie is a specimen of the man with a high estimate of himself, his ability. When but eight years old his father died leaving a wife and helpless family of babies with no support but Andrew. He rose to the occasion. Most boys would have not even dreamed they could support such a load. Andrew hustled. Time and again, just as he had a few cents or dollars saved up to get a better start, something turned up to sweep his small capital away. But every "failure" stirred him to greater effort. The story of the gaining of his first thousand dollars is one long series of "failures," any one of which would make the ordinary boy settle down and wail "I can't" whilst his mother took in washing.

Why? Because the ordinary boy, though he may bluster and blow about his family and his great achievements, is at heart, in his own Estimation, an ornery, little, helpless cur. So he acts like one. And men are only boys a little larger grown. And women are, if anything, a shade worse, a degree smaller in their own Estimate.

Parents are to "blame" for much of this. And "race belief" is parent of us all. Children's ideas and rights are continually trampled ruthlessly, their faults exaggerated and harped upon, and praise withheld for their goodnesses, lest forsooth they forget to be humble and obedient. The wonder is that the self-estimate of the average boy or girl can be represented by anything but O—. If it were not for outside associations, the little admirations received from schoolmates, the merit marks he is able to get, by all of which his poor little parent-ridden Estimate is able to expand and grow and generate within him Self-confidence and Desire, the average child would die of pure inanition. Heaven knows how many do thus die. Children are slapped and sassed, and by force compelled to stand it, until they get the idea that all the world is able to slap and sass them, and *wants* to so treat them. The world is too big a foe to fight, so the average youth is terribly handicapped in the beginning with fear and race-induced paralysis.

The only cure is THE WORD OF POWER. The man who listens long enough will wake from his fear and come into his inheritance of success.

The man who wrote the letter at the head of this article is a bit of a Pharisee. I know the breed well, having only within a few years left their ranks. Pharisees are frills, furbelows and flat fizzles.

And they are made out of the same cloth with publicans and sinners.

The main difference between them is that the Pharisee thinks success consists in not doing certain things; the publicans and sinners think success consists in *doing* things.

Verily I say unto you, the publicans and sinners are nearer the truth.

The Pharisee refrains from tobacco, wine and women, and blames the world for not laying its wealth at his feet. The sinner may or may not refrain from the aforementioned things, but he thinks he will get what he hustles for.

The Pharisee thinks the Lord will supply his desires, because he is such a very good boy. But the Lord don't. So the Pharisee conjures up a devil to lay the blame upon.

The publicans and sinners think they can help themselves.

Now the Pharisee is a sinner inside, and the sinner is a Pharisee at heart. It takes trust in

God and a growing trust in MAN to grow success. The Pharisee needs to recognize the other side of himself, the POSITIVE, active, MAN side. The sinner needs to recognize the Pharisee side of himself. Then the two can join hands and work out the success which is within each.

The Pharisee has had recognition enough—let us celebrate the sinner. Let us look at these poor, condemned, damned—self-condemned and self-damned, race-condemned and race-damned, mortals—let us look *through* the damned part and see the God part, the good part, the Pharisee of them. Let us celebrate the Whole Man. Let us entuse him with songs of Man-Praise until he goes forth ready to do and dare and succeed.

Oh, he can!

And he WILL, when he hears that he can.

That is all he needs—just to *hear* that to him all he desires is easily possible.

* * * * *

Now, dearie, your year in the Success Circle is not up yet. Get UP and go in *steadily* to win. Success is YOURS.

You are "taking" more new thought than you think, and it is "chemicalizing" your business and you. But NEVER MIND—keep AIMING and you will get through that stage and grow more health, happiness and success than you have even hoped for. And *all these things*—that you have called adverse—are *working together to further your ends*. LET them work and go thou and do likewise. But do it with a smile in your eyes and in your heart the Song of Self-Praise. I AM with you.

—William received a letter the other day from a customer away out in Washington State. The writer said, "I think you are a judge of good books, so I send for the following from your lists," and there was an order for \$9 worth of books. William is not only a good judge of books, but he is most conscientious about the books he handles. Money is no inducement to him if the book does not come up to his standard of usefulness and honest value. This impresses his customers with his reliability for everything he sends out is impregnated with his aura of sincerity, and they buy books of him regularly. Not only that, but they ask his opinion of the books he handles, and they follow his judgment as readily as if he were not monetarily interested. I tell you I like William for that. I do love a man or woman who can be disinterestedly honest. And that is the kind which succeeds too, with a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool success—the kind of success that don't wear thin in spots and go all to pieces when you least expect it. One hears a lot of cant sometimes about a man being "too honest to succeed." Don't you believe it, Sweetheart—it's all rot. Truthfulness to one's self PAYS every time, and pays in solid gold coin too.

—That "new corset" is worse than Banquo's ghost. It keeps bobbing up in every mail. Everybody, man or woman, wants to know where to get it. Any store that isn't completely back-woods can probably show you half a dozen or more makes of straight front corset. I took the trouble to inquire in one of the Holyoke stores and was shown a number of them at various prices. The most promising looking one was a "Style 959," "W. B." make, price \$1.75. If it is not to be found in your city or town send to Weingarten Brothers, 379 Broadway, New York—the manufacturers. No, I never wore one, nor a ready made straight front corset of any make. And I am not paid for this notice. I wore W. B. corsets years ago and thought them good. But corsets have to be fitted, like dresses. And some of the new straight fronts I have seen are mighty crude affairs—not half *straight* enough and too long below the waist line. So if one make does not fit try another.

—"Eltka" is the queer cognomen of a neat, pretty little fifty cents a year monthly, published by H. C. Wright, 115 Marion street, Corry, Pa. Send five cents for sample.

—"Illuminating Lessons and Examples in the Art of Psychopathic Healing" is the lengthy title of a 25 cent pamphlet by "Daniel Sibert, Student, Author, Teacher, Healer and Publisher," Apple-gate, Cal.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**"Do you see O my brothers and sisters? It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—it is eternal life—it is Happiness."

WALT WHITMAN.

**The editor of the "Higher Law" is trying to drive Shelton and Elbert Hubbard tandem on what he considers the sure road to Heaven. Incidentally he is offering them some chunks of free advice on how not to lose subscribers, etc., etc. That which you get for nothing is usually worth nothing.

**Do you realize that all the thunder and roar of objective life, the screeching whistle, the straining engine, the rumble of heavy machinery, the clash of arms in battle, the noise of angry voices in fierce contention, are based upon the silence of eternal Principle? And that Principle is wholly and altogether GOOD. Whatever inharmony appears on the surface, whatever clash and discord may manifest in the objective life is simply the result of ignorance attendant upon our condition of eternal growth in knowledge of Principle or Spirit or the Law of Good. Back of all seeming discord dwells perfect harmony. This realm of silence is "the world I Am." I Am related to everything in the universe. I Am a unit of the Great Whole which has neither beginning nor end. But I do only that which I REGOGNIZE and REALIZE that I am. Development consists in recognition and realization. I can do only what I believe and realize that I have the power to do. The first step in growth therefore lies in recognition of my oneness with all that is, a recognition of union with "I Am that I Am." Next comes the necessity for making a practical application of this knowledge, in the world "I do"—in the most common and every-day affairs of life. It is when we thus make use of our knowledge that we often reach a point where it seems as if we were losing our grip upon what we are. The realities of life seem to be apart from that ideal "world I Am." But this is only seeming. Without the ideal "was not anything made that was made." Everything objective is based upon Principle. And the world of Principle is altogether GOOD. All things and conditions are friendly to us always.

**The law of life is *expression*. If you are disappointed in your efforts at self expression at any time, if some expected joy seems suddenly to have taken unto itself wings and flown beyond your reach, do not settle back in the harness and curse fate for having been unkind to you. You needed just this experience or it would not have come to you. You attract the very smallest atom of experience that comes to you. When disappointed you can, if you will, turn your energy into other channels. You can LET GO of that which you cannot change, and put your force into something useful to yourself and others. The Law *compels* you to adapt yourself to your environment or die. If you curl up and refuse to express yourself you are committing suicide by inches. The way to live eternally is by acquiring sufficient self control to LET GO whatever troubles you and turn to something else.

**The world at large is not seeking to-day for teachers and writers who belong to the "I am holier than thou" class. It needs earnest, honest men and women for its leaders, who express themselves in natural language, and who recognize the oneness of humanity and the goodness of all things. It has no further need of people who recognize evil in preference to good, and who seek to keep alive the lake of fire and brimstone for the especial benefit of those who do not measure up to some particular standard of conduct, said standard having been formulated by the self-righteous Pharisees who presume to sit in judgment upon their brothers and sisters.

**There was an amusing story in "Harper's Magazine" for January about a man whose home was in New York City. He went abroad for his health and visited London and the Paris Exposition. From the time he left the harbor until he came down the gang plank of the steamer on his return he did not spend a single happy moment for the reason that he was continually reminded, no matter where he went or what he saw, of the inferiority of everything to what they had in his beloved "Noo York." The majority of us are apt to be like this gentleman. We need to learn how to fully enjoy the present moment. This can only be accomplished by letting go the past and future. The secret of happiness lies as much as anything in living in the present tense so far as practicable. Nine-tenths of all our trouble comes from worrying either about that which is passed and cannot be helped, or about the future which we have not reached. The worry habit seems to be an instinct with large numbers of people. Like the gentleman in the story they look at everything through blue glasses from force of habit, even when they apparently have every reason to be enjoying themselves. One cause for this is that we get in such ruts of thinking and acting. Everything aside from the usual course of events upsets our nerves and arouses

the worry habit. If we only knew it the breaking up of habitual methods of living is the best thing that could happen to us. The Chinese Empire is a good example of what living in a rut will accomplish for an individual or a nation. The Chinese have so much reverence for the past that they will not raise their hands to repair or improve upon any piece of work done by their ancestors. They live without any of the modern conveniences of Western nations, simply because they make a fetish of ancient methods and institutions.

**If you want to be happy, let go of the habits of thinking which threaten to bind you in ruts. Become "as a little child" and live as one, to whom life is a continual tour of exploration. Then you will find new cause for happiness in all that you see, and touch and feel. If your work is of such a nature as to get your mind into a rut, you can avoid it by always keeping the mind concentrated. To be concentrated is to be interested. As soon as the fires of interest are kindled you are beyond the possibility of being harmed by getting into a rut. The injurious effects of mechanical work are due to lack of interest. The mind strays away from what the hands are doing, and the person becomes "a house divided against itself." If you are thoroughly interested in the present you will have no room for regrets over the past or fears for the future.

**Anent slang, I quote the following from the editorial columns of the staid and conservative "Springfield Republican": "It is too much to say, perhaps, that the prohibition of slang is an invasion of free speech, yet if all slang were forbidden one of the joys of life would disappear from ordinary existence." This writer had reference to the recent dismissal of Professor Ross of Stanford University, one of the charges against him being that he used slang in the class room.

—Once in a while I receive a card or letter asking me to stop NAUTILUS, and volunteering the information that the writer "doesn't approve" of editors "forcing their papers upon people." So I thought I might as well tell you that here is one editor who not only never forces her paper upon people, but who *don't want* subscription money from anybody who doesn't *positively* want NAUTILUS—want it so positively that he thinks it's a bargain at fifty cents a year. And if he isn't honest enough to *pay* for his bargain I don't want him on my list. But if he thinks he can't pay now I'll trust him. And I'll send my paper "on suspicion" to any man on earth. If he don't like it after a fair trial he can say so on a postal card. If he grudges even a penny postal card for the trial numbers he has had he can tell his postmaster or postman to have the paper stopped. But if he keeps on receiving it he lays himself liable, according to United States postal laws, for the subscription money, and he needn't be surprised if I send the sheriff after him. I send NAUTILUS on trial to as many people as Uncle Sam allows me. I keep strictly within the law and if you do the same there will be no hard feelings nor complaints about NAUTILUS being "forced" upon you. Many people *grow* to like my paper. I send you more than one copy in hopes *you* will grow. If you think you are "done growed 'nuff" *not* to like NAUTILUS, stand up straight and say so. Don't waste time finding fault. * * * P. S.—This is intended for folks who have received without paying, more than three numbers of NAUTILUS.

—More new journals! I can't begin to keep track of them, but here are a few of the newest. "Weltmer's" is the prettiest and has a fine list of contributors. Published at Nevada, Mo., price \$1.00 a year, edited by Prof. S. A. Weltmer. Then here is a live, unstilted new "Open Door" by my old friend, B. B. Phipps, Fort Worth, Tex. May he live as long as Harry Gaze expects to and have as many new subscribers as Fra Elburtus, at \$1.00 a year. Then here is "Let," a brand new and healthy looking resurrection of "Thy Light," both edited by W. Sidney Fertig, 1900 Washington avenue, South, Minneapolis. Sidney will "Let" you in for fifty cents a year. And here is "Realization," for fifty cents a year, by Evelyn Arthur See and Agnes Chester See of Kalamazoo, Mich., each of whom is sprouting a string of initials after her name. And they are cultivating a church too, and giving Annual Festivals. And last, but not least, bless him, is William Jennings Bryan and his "Commoner," which is published at Lincoln, Neb., and has more subscribers than

all the rest of us put together—according to reports. Free silver catches 'em I suppose and we must get along with gold and greenbacks and fewer subscribers. But just wait a while!

—A material scientist wants to know what I mean by "the world I AM" and the "world I do." The former is *potential*, the latter actual, or expressed.

—Yes, Thomas Jefferson Shelton, I think you are a bird; a morning lark and a nightingale all rolled into one and tintured with all the other kinds of bird except the loon, the turkey buzzard and the quack-quack. And I like your twitterings most as well as my own.

—I see that Thomas J. Shelton has changed his address to 1657 Clarkson street, Denver, and bought some new stationery which he proceeds to decorate with "milestones" snaked out of the Past. I'll expect to see his next new batch of letterheads decorated with two milestones—"Rev. Dr. Thomas J." "His Whole-ness Thomas J." would be more appropriate.

—The Magnetic Publishing Company, 156 Washington street, Chicago, has purchased the "Journal of Suggestive Therapeutics," formerly issued by the Psychic Research Company. This magazine is now consolidated with the "Journal of Magnetism," and the new magazine will be known as "The Journal of Magnetism," sold at ten cents a copy, \$1 a year. A large, well-illustrated monthly, devoted to physical culture, personal magnetism, practical psychology and health is the result. Mr. Lloyd Jones, manager of the Magnetic Publishing Company, writes that he will spare no expense to make this new magazine a great exponent of the New Thought. If you write at once and mention this paper you will be entitled to receive one free copy but no more.

—"Inclosed find \$1.00 for subscription to THE NAUTILUS, which is my inspiration on a cloudy day; my medicine, which saves doctor's bills; and helps me to cheer my friends, which is best of all." H. S. Evans, Ashland, Ore.

—"A Tower in the Desert" is a good story by that charming and progressive writer, Virginia D. Young, editor of the only paper on this continent run entirely by women. I mean the *paper* is run entirely by women. But recent developments in Kansas indicate that the women may run the continent too. Mrs. Young's story is published by the Arena Company, Boston, price 50 cents.

—"The Biochemic System of Medicine" is a big 444 page book, price \$3.50, by Dr. George W. Carey, 204 McAllister street, San Francisco. Dr. Carey is well known to mental scientists as well as to other folks as the discoverer of some very interesting ideas and the writer of some very interesting books and things. Here is an extract from a letter of his: "Mental Scientists are very smart people and altogether lovely (I am one myself and know all about 'em), but let me whisper in your ear very gently that I have not been able to beat into the mental science of but a select few that the so-called biochemic *Materia Medica* (the twelve cell-salts of the blood—the life currents that keep the bodily form *materialized*) is only the phosphates, sulphates and chlorides, inorganic constituents, contained in grains, nuts, vegetables and fruits that every dear, dull, sweet, stupid, lovely, foolish M. S. eats from three to six times (except us elect no-breakfast babes) daily, Sundays not excepted. 'System of *Medicine*' scares some people so they refuse to read a word in the book." After reading that letter I was too scared to have an opinion about Dr. Carey's book. But I have been reading a little in it and conclude that it beats ordinary doctor books anyway. It is reasonable and there are only twelve kinds of "medicines" for all the kinds of disease, and those twelve are extracted from ordinary foods. I see no objection to taking one's salts straight. But then—I must admit that I believe if a man's *thinker* is in good order his stomach will assimilate what salts he needs, and in right proportion, direct from those ordinary foods. But if his thinker is not just right he will probably appreciate the Biochemic System! He may even need Dr. Carey's Mail Course, advertised elsewhere.

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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. 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.

Bless your heart, dearie, you are doing better than I even hoped! Glory, hallelujah! That's the ticket. Just you go in to WIN and keep at it and all you desire will grow for you. Never mind ups and downs—never mind other people's ups and downs. Let nothing draw off your stream of thought force from the things you are aiming for. Keep cool, keep sweet, and AIM. Get interested in aiming. Steady now, steady. Your nebulous desires are forming in answer to the Word—the Word is moving upon the face of the deeps of you and order is coming out of chaos. Your mind is quieting, steadying; plans are condensing; force is condensing. LET the Word work. Keep sweet. Never mind ups and downs—ALL things will work for the furtherance of your desires. Daily I speak for you the Word which grows for you all you desire, and grows desire too.

—March!

—That's the way to get there.

—He who speaks no positive Word for himself is moved, is built up and torn down, by the Word of other people.

—When I think of all the money I've spent in the last two years I feel as if I owned a gold mine. No, I feel better than that. I feel that I AM a gold mine that's just getting into good paying order.

—Leroy Berrier's "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" is having the wide sale it deserves. The new edition is fine, rewritten and beautifully printed and bound, both in paper at 50 cents and cloth at a dollar.

—"Selections From George MacDonald" is just issued by the Purdy Publishing Company, McVickers' Building, Chicago, and will be greatly appreciated by those who feel the need of "Daily Lights on the Daily Path" and such like aids to lofty thinking. This little book of 93 pages is daintily bound in white and gold, price 50 cents.

—All I can tell you about the "Man from Venus" is that he wrote me some months ago that "an enjoyable clamour having arisen" for his journal he would immediately resume publication. Maybe he has moved to Venus and the "Psycho-Harmonic Scientist" is in transit. Write to him at Pueblo, Colo., if you want to know more—and drop a nickel in the slot.

—"Dear Elizabeth, Here's a great hug and kiss for you, to emphasize my thanks for the Success Circle. The week after I joined I felt the result of your spoken Word. You vital, sweet woman! From the first NAUTILUS I have loved you. * * I have read 'Dawn Thought,' and consider it a remarkable book. The author sees far and clear; the truth and power of many of his observations made my consciousness leap! * * You say each thing that happens is calling out our forces into expression. My Goodness, how true that is! Your faculty for saying just the right thing is astonishing. Not one stiff, automatic, meaningless idea ever fell from your pen. When Oliver Wendell Holmes said 'Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman,' he must have meant you. I wish I could tell you how I keenly appreciate you. I fairly eat up each NAUTILUS. Sometimes I sympathize with Charles Lamb. He was riding home from a dinner party and said he could not 'fully' express what a good time he had had, unless he hung his legs out the cab window. As I never ride home in cabs, I shall send you my picture by way of substitute. Continue the Word. Some day you shall be proud of your work. Ida Gatling Pentecost.

Ida Gatling Pentecost is the daughter of the man who invented a machine for firing hot shot, and she is the wife of Hugh O. Pentecost, who didn't need to invent such a machine. I've got their pictures in a row on the mantel, and I rejoice daily in such a handsome well-groomed looking pair of new thinkers. Hugh is a very independent young man who believes the world doesn't need teaching. But he likes to fire chunks of wisdom at it just the same. Ida is a girl after my own heart—and got it. She knows a Good Thing and joins it forthwith. And she is no rela-

tion to the young men who were too busy to return thanks, when Jesus spoke the Word for them.

—This issue of NAUTILUS has a whole column more space in it—and not quite such nice margins. But in a month or two when new stock is ordered we will remedy that. This is the third time NAUTILUS has been lengthened an inch. When I first began to publish it I used to shiver with apprehension that I might run out of things to say. Now I shiver with dead certainty that I'll run out of space. I've got whole volumes sizzling to get out of "I AM" into "I do"—out of the subjective into THE NAUTILUS. And the questions folks want answered! But maybe I'll get to 'em all after a while, I don't want to double NAUTILUS because I don't want to double the price—as Uncle Sammy commanded the Rev. Dr. Thomas Jefferson Shelton to do with "Christian."

—The Transcript Company is getting out for me a splendid new edition of my book "Constitution of Man." The new edition will contain the same twelve chapters in the old and three new ones besides. It will contain somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 pages in large type on good paper and will be beautifully bound in green and gold. And there will be a fine half tone picture of the author, taken from the photo which called forth so much praise from one of my friends whose letter was published in NAUTILUS. Last but by no means least, the price of this fine new edition will be but 50 cents. If I do say it as shouldn't these "Lessons on the Constitution of Man" comprise the clearest, most readable and understandable, comprehensive and inspiring statement of man's make-up inside and out, and his relation to the cosmos, that I have ever seen in print. I could fill whole columns with testimonials to that effect. If you want inspiration and aspiration, insight and outlook, and practical pointers for every day, send for my book. It will be ready for mailing on March 10, sure as sunrise. You may depend upon the Transcript Company. They are getting out also a new edition of "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus." The first edition of 2,000 copies lasted just three months and the demand is steadily growing. It has been criticised, and that is surest proof of its worth—and good advertisement in the bargain. But the praise that's come back from its readers!—would fill a volume.

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

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

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

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

—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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