

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office
as second class matter.

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

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ELIZABETH (STRUBLE) TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

No. 7.

ACROSTIC.

Thou tiny rover of the seas,
Hearest thou voices in the breeze?
Eager whispered words like these?
Little Nautilus.

None can molest, make thee afraid,
At perils thou art not dismayed;
Unfurl thy pennant to the breeze;
Truth, the power that always frees
In "peace on earth, good will to men,"
Love thy fallen brothers, then—
Uplift the weary ones and weak,
Show the Way to all who seek.
Little Nautilus.

Portland, Ore., May 17, 1900.

THE WORD.

"Does the Word have to be spoken for every separate thing we want or desire? I seem to have a longing for a great many things I cannot define."

There is but one Word to speak. Its meaning is "I AM *what I desire*." When one *knows* this Word it is spoken spontaneously within him for each separate thing, and he is unconscious of the speaking. He simply "knows instinctively" that he will get what he wants.

When a man has little faith in himself and his desire he has to *consciously* utter the Word (or get some one to do it for him) for each separate thing he wants. He must *reiterate* the Word *every* time a desire comes into his mind—reiterate it until it sinks into his sub-mind and speaks itself. In other words, he must by conscious effort speak the Word until it becomes *habit* and he "feels" that what he desires he can attain. This is the road to *knowing* that "I AM *what I desire*" and "my own comes to me."

When you have once got the Word planted in your sub-mind you will find old desires that have been crushed out and almost forgotten bobbing up serenely here and there and *coming true*. One after another every blessed desire you ever held will come true for you—*every one*. And new desires will cease to scare you into anxiety. You will not *doubt yourself*.

When I was a child, a young girl and a very young mother I desired intensely ten thousand things. But not one of them had I ever realized. I wanted to sing in the biggest choir in Portland—I wanted to "go East"—I wanted to be an editor—I wanted to wear silk petticoats—I wanted—well, the list is too great. But everything seemed so impossible for *me* to attain. I gave them all up at last as utterly hopeless. Indeed I had never *even hoped* for them, much less set about to attain them.

Other aims grew out of the *necessities* of my life and I set myself hopelessly enough to make the best of them. I got to thinking on these new lines and set to work to embody truth as fast as I saw it. I learned that Desire is God, the Law of *Attraction*, and I set myself to work *affirming* the "I AM *what I desire*." I could neither understand nor *feel* it to be so, but I stuck to it just the same, up hill and down hill, in year and out. I felt just the same so far as I could tell, but I kept doggedly affirming "My Own *comes*—my own *has come*."

One Sunday morning I was listening to my thoughts. I sat in the choir of the largest church in Portland, Ore.—the largest choir in the city. Suddenly I *remembered*!—I had sat as a child in that very room and gazed at a lady who sat where I now sat, and my little heart swelled with a *hopeless* longing that I might sit in that same exalted station and sing so grandly. And there I was. *My Own* came to me.

Since then all the longings of those early days have been gratified and many more besides. And new and larger desires are shaping within me, and the Word speaks itself—"I AM *what I desire*." Not one iota shall fail of realization.

I KNOW it.

But the road that brought me to this place of knowing was traveled resolutely, steadily, *doggedly*, when there was neither hope nor feeling to make the way easy.

I say there was no hope, but there was—an *instinctive* hope, grounded mayhap upon achievement in previous states of existence.

Or perhaps it was fear or conscience that impelled me—fear of what *might* overtake me if I did not doggedly maintain a hope I could not feel.

Whatever the immediate cause of my blindly, steadily sticking to that statement through apparently fruitless years, down underneath it all was the ceaseless urge of the universe—I DESIRED my own to come to me, and I *could not* give it up. I reiterated "It is coming," to keep from killing myself. I *dared not* jump from the frying pan for fear of something hotter. Caution forbade me to seek annihilation.

Now I am realizing that the ceaseless, irresistible urge of the universe *is desire*. I know from experience that desire WILL fulfill itself—that nothing is impossible *to him who believes*.

And I know that by constant reiteration I can *make myself believe anything I choose*.

"As I AM in this world so *are ye*."

WHY, OH, WHY?

Here is a long letter from a woman (or maybe it's a man) away off in California, who says she has read everything in a mental science line for the last three years and yet she is poorer than ever. She asks me not to publish her letter, but says she knows I wouldn't anyway because she has noticed that none of the journals ever record the failures of science.

I don't know where this woman has kept her eyes. Such letters have been answered time and again in NAUTILUS and in other papers. In March issue of NAUTILUS one whole long article was devoted to answering such complaints from a man.

The reason for such failures is always the same—*lack of practice*. This woman blames mental science for not saving her. Why, *mental science never saved a man or woman and never will*. All the sciences in creation and all the writings and prophets and priests and Jesus Christs that were ever thought of never saved one soul from *anything*, and never will. As well expect Thomson's Arithmetic to make a mathematician of you.

The only power on earth or any-other-where that can save you is YOURSELF. Helen Wilmans and T. J. Shelton and Elizabeth Towne and Andrew Carnegie, et al, have saved *themselves* from poverty, unhappiness, etc., and have written down in books and papers their *exact knowledge* of how they did it. This is called "mental science."

If you have sense enough to understand what they say, and determination enough to *do as they did* you can save *your* self from poverty, etc. If you haven't sense enough to profit by their experiences, why, you will have to flounder around until you learn something by your own experiences.

A little mental science in your head won't do a

thing for you! You have got to coax it down into your *feelings*, your "heart," and out into your ACTS, and you have got to *keep at it* for months or years maybe, before you see much salvation. But what of it? Better keep at it twenty years, or forty, and get there at last, than spend a lifetime in aimless drifting and whining, complaining, fault-finding and condemnation. Why, *that* is HELL. And heaven is *right on top* of hell. All you have to do is to wake up and CLIMB, instead of staying down there with the weepers and wailers and gnashers of teeth.

This same woman says if my little Solar Plexus book "helps her any—the least bit, I may count on her as a stanch friend." My book won't help her the least tiny bit. Not an iota. But its teachings PUT INTO PRACTICE will *save to the uttermost*. The woman who would rather complain than breathe needs a little more hell.

Here is the recipe for saving one's self, boiled down to the quintessence: Keep cool and sweet; *aim*; FIRE; never mind if it missed; steady AIM; FIRE! Keep at it until you hit the bull's eye every clip.

—"Here I stand. I can do no otherwise; so help me God! Amen!"

You can do *anywise* you *please*! So there! What's more, you always DO as you please. So THERE! Remember that and then remember it some more. You are FREE and you never do a thing that you don't *choose* to do. That being the case you can choose what you rejoice in or you can rejoice in what you choose. It is your own fault if you don't and you needn't call on anybody to help you out for nobody can. You got yourself where you are, you *hold* yourself there, and you will never get out until you get yourself out. So if you choose to stay where you are don't whine. Just wake up and shake yourself together and make mud pies with all the abandon you *used* to make 'em with. You are just as much a kid as you used to be and there is no more serious duty in life than making mud pies. The one real object in life is to enjoy making 'em! Drop your self-imposed burdens and metaphysical theorizings and quibblings over what "ought" to be, and go play.

—"What of the doctrine of spiritualism? Do we retain memory after death? Do I not see my friends' spirits at the seance, or is it only imagination?"

I don't know whether we retain *conscious* memory after death, nor whether we can communicate with spirits, nor if there are any conscious spirits out of the flesh. And I *know* as much about these things as the next man. I am inclined to think there may be spirits near us but if there are they are too earthly to be of any more use to us than our embodied friends are. And you may always stake your last dollar that any spirit, in the flesh or out, who offers to "guide" you doesn't understand the first principle of individual growth and any angel who wants to "possess" you and "use" you is a snare, a devil and a hallucination. The one appropriate remark to make to him or it is, "Scat!" Another thing;—people skip nothing in the School of Being. No man jumps from mortal fallibility to immortal infallibility. Your friends "in the spirit" are just as liable to mistakes as are your friends in the flesh and not one of your friends in the flesh or out is half so sure a guide for you as *you yourself*. All spirits are limited and therefore liable to err. Only THE SPIRIT, which IS every spirit's *soul*, is a true guide.

—"The April NAUTILUS came two days ago, and as Elizabeth seems to be getting most of the praise I want to say that I highly enjoyed your 'Individualisms' and think your position entirely correct. The NAUTILUS is about the only mental science paper that I care to read through. I find I must take it in small doses, and it is full of meat through and through."—Albert Chavannes.

Now that is a mistake. William gets as much praise as I do. My daily mail has so much "William" in it that I sometimes suspect that *he* is the one who is attracting so many new subscribers. One girl away out West writes me that she "likes my writings, but she does love William!" Another lady to whom I sent his picture said she "always thought he was an elderly man with spectacles and a professor-ly air, and that she was delighted to find him just a very hugable looking young man!" Now what do you think of that? But I'll tell you something. William is actually bashful. He won't let me publish the nice things I hear or think about him. That little notice I gave him a month or two ago stood in type four months before I could get his permission to put it in NAUTILUS! And the coaxing I did! I 'spect there'll be another blush and war over this item. I just stole that paragraph from Albert Chavannes' letter and I mean to tell you the true state of affairs. I know you are all curious about the man that I came 3,000 miles to marry. It is a year this month of May since I came and I am well satisfied with him. I am proud of him and I want you to know that not only are his writings highly appreciated, but he is himself a nice looking young man in his twenty-seventh year. He is straight as a ramrod and has dark brown hair and blue eyes, with the most lovable little crow tracks around 'em when he laughs. His only failing is modesty. He was born November 20, 1874, and I was born May 11, 1865. So you see he is nearly ten years younger than I. Andrew Carnegie says young men should marry women at least twenty years older than themselves. Sometimes I think I am too young for William. And the worst of it is I am growing younger. After all I presume the Law of Attraction understands its business. And William Walker Atkinson of "Suggestion" says my paper "evidences a certain balance which was lacking" before William took me in hand. * * * There! I feel better now I have dragged William out of the dark corner he will persist in occupying, and shown him up a bit. Aint he nice? But, girls, just remember that he is married.

—La Rochefoucauld said: "Dignity is a peculiar carriage invented to cover up the defects of the mind." Which is true enough. The man who knows he is good through and through, all wool and a yard wide, isn't a bit afraid to say anything he thinks and say it just as it strikes him. He can afford to be natural for he doesn't have to "impress" anybody with his importance or the importance of his work. He is so certain of the TRUTH of himself and the power of truth to do its own impressing that he doesn't feel called upon to roll solemnly before the public in his "dignified carriage" in order to advertise his wares. "The chief end of man is to glorify good and enjoy it forever." The dignified man covers himself with gloom, casts shadows on other folks, and enjoys nothing. And eventually somebody gets mad and pulls him off his perch, to the great edification of the observer.

—"I am a singer. Have worked faithfully here in New York for eight months, with best of teachers. Must return home soon. Am troubled because I cannot command my high notes except at times. Can you help me?"

All you need is practice, time and confidence. I worked four years before I felt secure in my high notes, and then it "came to me" after I had quit "training" my voice. Sing in public only what you can sing easily and with real joy. Give your high notes long weeks of rest, but keep up your practice of controlled breathing, without vocalization. Do not fear to go whole months without singing at all. Too much vocalization, or vocalization when you are tired or "not in the mood," or when your mind is on something else, or after a fit or excessive emotion, is worse than no practice at all. Whereas every *free*, self-willed

action of your daily life and every loving, harmonious thought and kindly emotion, is adding to your ability to control your voice. For don't you know that *your whole body* is a musical instrument? What adds to the beauty, freedom and efficiency of any part adds to the beauty, freedom and efficiency of your voice. Your voice is produced by your entire body in harmonious action, in joyous action. If it is less than this it is not your best voice. All action is mind action. Psychologists say that 95 per cent of our thinking is sub-conscious. Fully that large a proportion of our voice culture has no direct relation to vocal gymnastics. Learn to *trust* this larger part of the work of voice culture, learn to *put your harmonious I AM* into all you find to do, and rejoice that each thing well and freely and willingly and beautifully done is a *vocal exercise*, an exercise which *IS* developing the full, free, self-directed voice you desire. Only he who so consecrates *all* himself and his acts to harmony will ever be a great singer. Only he who so sets all his actions to music, who puts his musical soul into all he does, will ever with his voice move other men's souls. True music does not consist of high notes or low, of trills, cadenzas, rapid runs or staccato. The music that wins lasting applause is that which touches the *heart*, the center, of the hearer—the music which suggests no desolate, strained, uncultured wastes in soul or body of the singer—music which comes from the entire *freely used* soul and body.

—"I am not quite clear about those breathing exercises yet. You say as you *exhale*, breathe life into all you desire—I have been saying to myself when breathing, 'Love, Health, Peace, Plenty and Concentration.' Should this be said when *taking* in breath, *holding it*, or *exhaling*? In the last year or two I have made several spasmodic attempts at deep breathing, but never did get hold of it thoroughly till I read the 'Solar Plexus,' and now I have been at it industriously for five months, and I do feel so sorry for you poor women too. Leaving out those blamed old corsets; how a woman is hampered and tied down by fashion and custom. It is bad enough with men, but poor women, how much worse. Air baths, sun baths, deep breathing, two meals a day will work wonders for anyone. I can't get my wife started on them, however—she won't see things as I do. Well, best wishes for your success, and may your vibrations get stronger and stronger for all of us! I declare I almost begin to feel like flying!" H. J.

Just experiment for yourself. Use few words, but say them over and over rhythmically with the breaths. You inhale the Uncreate; it is *formed* within you according to your Word, and you exhale it and the Word *upon whatsoever you choose*. Plants thrive upon what is exhaled from the lungs as poisonous to man. It is what you *give out* that grows all your environment. You breathe in God, or Love, or I AM. Your environment *breathes in YOU*. See? The more you inhale the better your exhalation, and the better your environment responds. Just get that fixed in your mind and then use the fewest, highest, most *positive* words you can think of. * * * By the way, don't be sentimental over us poor, hampered women. We hamper ourselves and deserve all we get. And we are learning, too, and crawling out of our corsets and trained skirts. Just bottle your sympathy and give us your admiration when we leave off our corsets and trails, and we'll get free sooner.

—"Our statement of Being is, 'God is life, love, substance, intelligence, omnipotence, omniscience.'"

I AM God. And I AM all these things. But I AM both Create and Uncreate. On my Uncreate side I AM *unconscious* wisdom and love. As much of Me as is create is *conscious* wisdom and love. Creation *is* consciousness. The uncreated is sub-conscious. *Conscious* wisdom is intelligence—it is wisdom in-told or "unfolded." Therefore "intelligence" is a misnomer when applied to the uncreate attribute.

—Crowell & Co. have issued "The Life Booklets" by Ralph Waldo Trine, in such a pretty new form—three dainty pastel-tinted volumes in a box, all for \$1. The books are "Character-Building Thought Power," "Every Living Creature" and "The Greatest Thing Ever Known," and they are

among the very best and most helpful of all Trine's writings. The first and second ones ought to be in the hands of every boy and girl in the land. The knowledge contained therein would save many a mistake and heartache.

—To every thinker, and to labor problem agitators in particular, I recommend a careful perusal of Henry Wood's "Political Economy of Humanism." If a man will open his mind sufficiently to *understand* this book (and it might take more than one reading for some men) he will quit fuming and raging over things as they are and rejoice that ALL IS GOOD, and all good "grows to better, best." He will cease fighting and work with the powers that be—"which are ordained of God." The book can be had for 50 cents in paper, or \$1.25 in cloth. Lee & Shepard publish it.

—"The Secret of Life, or Harmonic Vibration," by Francis King, 621 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, is a \$1.50 book, which contains some valuable information. Many breathing exercises and memory drills are given.

—"We thank you for the notice of the 'Hoosier in Honduras,' which appeared in your April issue. You made a slight mistake as to its author. The book was written by Albert Morlan of Indianapolis, instead of A. E. Morlan, United States Consul for port of Belize. It was the latter who organized the expedition, and who invited his cousin, the author, to accompany it as secretary. It was really a trading expedition, covering with its coasting trip, including the Bay islands, about 2,000 miles—almost entirely among the Indians of the interior, in a country and among people almost unknown, even now, in the States."—El Dorado Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

—When you order books don't send a search warrant by next mail. *All orders are filled promptly*, but Uncle Sam is not always prompt in delivering. For instance, a book was ordered sent to Morristown, N. J., only a few miles from here. It was mailed the day the order was received. Two weeks later the lady complained of its non-arrival and I sent another. These two books, mailed two weeks apart, *reached her by the same mail*. A man away out West somewhere wrote me that March NAUTILUS did not reach him until *after* April number. Of course these are extreme cases, but I have filled orders twice and had the extra book returned in several cases. Just keep cool and give Uncle Sam more time before you complain.

—"It would be a good plan to realize that we respire, aspire, perspire and expire, and that the less fuss we make in doing so the better bred and healthier we are. To that end Jowett had a few maxims which we can't do better than to quote. 'Never quarrel,' he used to say; 'never explain, never disappoint, never fear and never fret.' 'And,' with subtle cogence, he used to add, 'never tell a lie, but, if you do, stick to it.' There are the law and the prophets. The profits are serenity of mind and defiance of toxins."—Edgar Saltus in "Chicago American."

—"What do you recommend in the food line where there is not enough blood to nourish the brain?"

The only food that will remedy such a condition is the food taken by way of *lungs and brain*. Full, slow breathing and a quiet, loving *interest* in what you find to do are the ONLY KNOWN BLOOD PURIFIERS AND ENRICHERS. Good, plain food is necessary, but it is the very smallest consideration. Less and plainer food, and *more air, interest and exercise* is what anemics need. And the rest of us likewise.

—"Food Value of Meat" is the rather misleading title of a book by Dr. W. R. C. Latson, editor of "Health-Culture." It aims to show that meat is *not* "essential to mental or physical vigor," and it is just the scientific book needed by every new thinker on this line. Dr. Latson knows whereof he writes, and he has placed his book within reach of all. Price, in paper, only 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

—"Victory" is the name and spirit of a beautiful poem written by my dear Laura Smith Wood. It is the song of a soul. Printed daintily on a soft, sagey green card and sells for 10 cents. May be ordered of William.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

TO OVERCOME

FEAR AND DOUBT.

Many people who are students of Mental Science desire very earnestly to know how it is possible for them to overcome certain forms of fear which their reason tells them are utterly groundless, but which their feelings persist in recognizing. The feelings have no control over the real self except that which you permit by turning away from the truth of being and centering the mind on fear and doubt. If you constantly make your decisions either mentally or verbally in accordance with your feelings, then they will control you. If you will side with your real self, the I AM THAT I AM, and remember that your feelings are not you, but merely an expression of the real self which you permit and govern, it will become possible for you to grow into a condition of freedom where your feelings will be harmonious and responsive to your highest desires. It often happens that a person comes under the dominance of his feelings from some severe mental shock which leaves an indelible impress, apparently, upon the sub-conscious mind, and this impression rises into the conscious mind again and again under certain conditions, until the feelings control the whole body. As an illustration let us take the case of one whose pride has been very deeply wounded, and who feels an apparently unconquerable shrinking at the thought of meeting old acquaintances and facing the world in general. In such a case the sub-conscious mind may continue to impress the conscious mind with that feeling of fear long after the reason and intellect admit its foolishness, provided the person permits those suggestions to rise into the conscious mind. The conscious mind becomes HYPNOTIZED by that old Fear Thought implanted with such force by some sudden mental shock, and this Fear Thought (another name for Devil) is allowed to rule whenever conditions arise which bring it to the surface. Now the thing to do is to say "scat" to that old Fear Thought and then employ auto-suggestion to GROW an unconquerable faith and belief in your ability to do whatsoever you desire to do, and to keep that Fear Thought from rising into the conscious mind forevermore.

Fear Thoughts are the result wholly of adverse suggestions RECEIVED INTO the mind and allowed to take root and grow there. They are to be removed by refusing to CULTIVATE them, and furnish them encouragement and recognition. The feelings must not be accepted as expressions of the REAL self at all times, else the Fear Thought will thrive. The Fear Thought flies when the I AM is recognized as the true source of all power.

Before anything can be accomplished an effort must be made. The way to learn how to do a thing is to get up and DO it. Therefore, when the suggestion arises that you cannot do a certain thing which your higher self says you can do, don't listen to it. Just GROW by auto-suggestion and firm, positive affirmations a belief that you can do it. Then get up and make the attempt AND YOU WILL SUCCEED.

Now here is an important point in relation to affirmation and auto-suggestion. Affirmation from the plane of the intellect alone, or which has its basis in brute will power, counts for comparatively little so far as permanent results are concerned. Auto-suggestion must take root at the center, the I AM, and GROW into reality there. It will do this, after you have made your statement and spoken the WORD, provided you LET it. Having made your statement LET it rest and trust your own I AM to make it manifest. You have nothing further to do with the process save to watch your thoughts in order to see that the conditions are as favorable as possible and that no Fear Thoughts are allowed to prowl around and smother the growing giant which is to free you. Remember that it avails little to hold an idea by sheer force of brute will power. You want to let the idea hold you. When you hold an idea you exhaust yourself and prevent the very thing you desire from taking place. LET GO and give the idea you have planted an opportunity to grow. It can't grow if you squeeze the life out of it by mental tension. Trust ALL to your I AM. You have nothing to do, remember, with the growing process, directly. You don't have to strain and strive and hold on in order to make your idea manifest any more than you have to strain after a rifle bullet after it has left the gun in order to have it reach its destination. Trust in Eternal Law to do its part of the work, as you do when you plant a seed in the earth and trust the sunshine and rain to make it manifest. The first thing you know the Fear Thought will have disappeared, and you will hardly be able to tell how or when he left. He will have been ousted by NON-RECOGNITION.

CONCERNING PAIN. Pain is just as friendly as hunger. If you refuse to eat when you are hungry it only increases your desire for food. You may ignore hunger for a period, but eventually it will come up stronger

than ever. This is due to the individual action of the cells of which the body is composed. The mind may refuse to take cognizance of the desires of the individual cells, but they keep on desiring on their own account until they grow such a strong appetite as to react upon the mind and COMPEL attention. You can rule these little cells by cooperating with them, but not by refusing to recognize them or listen to their wants. Pain is the expression of some desire on the part of these cells—to deny it is simply to increase it eventually. The only logical method of procedure is to make a friend of the pain, and by seeking to cooperate with it remove as quickly as possible the cause of the pain, which will be found in some condition of inharmony in the body, due to congestion or some special need of the cells in the vicinity of the sensation. Seek ever to work in harmony with the Law. The Law seeks to express harmony, and when there is resistance pain results. Seek to remove the resistance as soon as the pain is felt, just as you alleviate your hunger with food. I once knew a man who had just passed the turning point of a severe run of fever. The doctors were afraid to give him food until his pulse should be lowered to a certain number of beats per minute. They waited for days, but still the proper condition was no nearer. Then, as an experiment, they gave him some food. The consequence was his pulse became normal in a short time and he improved rapidly from that time on. This gave the doctor a pointer, and he tried the same thing in similar cases and with the same result. This is one of the proofs that the creation of abnormal desires through the denial of appetites which are natural, does not lead to health. These little cells have life by themselves and they do as they blamely please to a certain extent until mind and body learn to work in harmony. To deny pain as a reality in itself is to create an abnormal condition and invite a civil war among the little cell lives which make up the larger life known as a human being. Pain is due to an effort of the cells to express harmony, and if it is accepted as a friend it will soon prove itself a real blessing instead of an enemy, as commonly supposed.

Harry Gaze, in his new book, advocates cooperation with the law of death in order that we may live forever ("He that loseth his life shall find it"), and on the same principle I advocate cooperation with the law of pain in order that it may be transmitted into pleasure. We all know how near akin are pleasure and pain. We know the restful feeling which always comes from relaxation after some great nervous strain due to mental or physical pain. This restful bliss comes by cooperation with the Law. When you let go, either for one reason or another, whether consciously or unconsciously, whether because some great crisis has passed, or as a result of intelligent recognition of pain as a friend, then you will experience this restfulness which comes from being at-one with all things, and from a recognition of the truth that all real life is harmony, and that pain is due only to a denial of life, that it is caused by a belief in the shadow of the Great Reality which lies back of all things, and has no life in itself, except that which you give it by your wrong conceptions concerning its cause and character.

SEND 50 CENTS NOW to pay for THE NAUTILUS for the year 1901, and I will remit all previous dues. If you want to join the Success Circle too, send \$1.25 and I will credit you paid until May 30, 1902, thus giving you 13 months in the Success Circle and 17 months of NAUTILUS, besides all the back numbers you have received, for \$1.25. I like to be generous and I don't want you to feel so hopelessly in debt that you can't pay up and come into SUCCESS. This offer closes promptly with this month of May, and is intended to even up matters for those who have been receiving NAUTILUS at some friend's request instead of their own.

—I have just finished reading a letter (too long to print) from a seventy-one-year-old boy down South, whose main occupation for thirty-five years has been suffering and swilling drugs. He was on his way for more drugs when he stopped at the post office and found there a February NAUTILUS sample copy which the Law of Love had sent him. Well, he got his medicine and didn't take it. He took "Concentration Applied" instead—took it over and over. And he feels like a new man. He says he is a skeptic. But he is the right kind of a one—the kind who tries it anyhow, faith or no faith.

—"A year ago, the first of January, I was without a paying position to provide for my wife, child and self. At about that time my wife became a convert to the science you live. My own faith in myself was weak. My wife had been reading your papers and believed your words. Constantly she was working (with little help on my part) to have me find a situation of con-

sequence. On the eighth of that month I received the position I have held ever since. The first few months found my earnings fair—receiving a regular weekly salary with additional commissions. But even at that I began to get on my feet. About July, my wife sent to you a dollar, asking for treatment for me to make more in my position and to gain a better one—a promotion. You replied to her to leave me to you, stop worrying about me, and let me rely more on my own abilities. Gradually I gained in the belief that I could do much if I willed, and from then till now, thanks to you and to my wife, my success has been remarkable. Last week I received the promotion of assistant superintendent."

I publish this man's letter because it illustrates so clearly the modus operandi of success treatment. The italics are mine and contain the key to all healing. My Word wakes a man's belief in his own power. The remainder is his work, and no healer on earth can do it for him. The Word's work comes first, but a man never gets there except by his own work. See? It is all easy as A B C when once you know how.

—My good friend, Rev. S. C. Greathead of Clifford, Mich., has gone the way of all flesh and started a paper. The first issue will appear June 1, will bear the title, "The Breath of Life," and the magazine is to be "an exponent of full Salvation for Spirit, Soul and Body." The subscription price is \$1 a year, but if you will send in yours before June 30, you may have it for 50 cents per annum. Rev. S. C. Greathead is the author of that little pamphlet on breathing that I advised you to send for, and of another pamphlet on "The Subliminal Man," each of which is fine and sells for 5 cents. He knows a lot of things about breath and breathing and I believe you will like and profit by his magazine.

—"I have just received sample copy of NAUTILUS, and I like your style; and while I have no great amount of faith in the efficacy of any outside assistance toward success, I do so thoroughly believe in the effect of a resolute will toward the attainment of one's objects that I think it entirely probable that the effort to employ outside help may be one method of exercising will. I therefore come to you. I KNOW that you are doing a good work, in your effort to awaken people to the efficacy of sustained resolution, and confidence in the old saying that 'God helps him who helps himself,' which in your estimation is literally true."

—If you want a delineation of your name send to Josephine Knowlton, whose ad. appears in NAUTILUS. She is good.

—"I have found that, in taking treatments, the healer does unconsciously dominate the will of the patient."

I have found that to heal the healer must WAKE the will of the patient. To "dominate" another is to put his will to sleep. I "dominate" nothing—not even myself.

—"Songs of the Unblind Cupid" by J. William Lloyd, is the dearest little edition of poems—all in dove color and silver, with initial letter and sketch in real hand-painted water colors, and all printed on hand-made, deckle-edge paper. It is a work of art, and the poems are in the author's best vein. The price is only 30 cents. A lovely gift booklet.

—"What the New Thought Stands For" is an essay by Charles Brodie Patterson, one of the editors of "Arena." Published by The Alliance Publishing Company, Life Building, New York; price, 10 cents.

—"The steady inflow of business has never ceased since we joined the Success Circle." This from Galveston, Texas.

—"Your last month's treatment has helped me more than ever." A. B.

—"This fall I sent for samples of the NAUTILUS. They are splendid. You and Mr. Towne talk about being somebody and something, which is character, and I like it. You keep sweet under difficulties, which is to practise what you preach. You talk fun and business, and I like that. Inclosed is \$1.00 for NAUTILUS, and you may place me on your Joss Wheel for business success." S. F.

—"I am a great sufferer from bad teeth yet I am too great a coward to go to the dentist. Can't I have these festered teeth renewed without having them pulled? How long will it take?"

About one hundred years. Go to the dentist P. D. Q. if not quicker.

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.

You have been applying yourself closely to business. You have been breathing out more than you breathed in. So you have nearly drained yourself of vital force. That is what makes you see things through gray spectacles, if not blue. That is why you feel like saying, "What's the use?" Whenever you feel thus you may know right away that you are expending more force than you are taking in. There is no need of this. The supply of vital energy is really and truly UNLIMITED for every one of you. All you have to do is to inhale it *with lungs and brain*. You can take in all the force you need for *anything* you want to do. But you can no more take in enough force in the morning to keep you running all day without that tired feeling than you can take in BREATH enough to run you a day or a week. Your brains are a pair of lungs that you have to USE. You have to take IN statements of power, and then turn the power upon your work. And you have to do it many, many times a day until you learn to be literally conscious of your power ALL the time. Whenever you get to seeing gray or blue just let go, straighten up, and use *both* pairs of your lungs. Face the SUN, with eyes turned upward, and take three of the deepest, slowest, fullest draughts of power that you can manage. Think "Power, power, POWER"—and think it emphatically and slowly. It is not necessary to face the visible sun always, but face the I AM SUN in you. And cast your eyes upward, because all power comes from above. See? * * * Now you feel like a new being and are ready to give out your power again—ready to put I AM into I Do. In addition to this, if it is possible change your kind of work for a time. When one keeps right at one thing he is very apt to keep on *breathing out*. His force gets to running out and it just keeps on running that way from habit. It takes THOUGHT to make any change. And with us highstrung people it takes a lot of very *deliberate* thought to get our nerves to keep open to *receive* as much vital energy as we give out. We keep on giving out until our nerves collapse, just as a rubber tube will from which all the water is sucked out. This is *literally* true. We start in to put our energy into some piece of work and the *attraction* of that work just sucks us dry and collapses our nerves. It takes THOUGHT to keep ourselves from being ruled by our work. And ruined too. But we CAN keep from it! Oh, yes! There is just nothing we can't do when once we see the point and go in to WIN. And we not only can rule these things, but we *glory in doing it*. We GLORY in our power and in showing it! When once we get the notion of using our power on *ourselves* we are on the high road to greater achievements than the world has ever before dreamed of! And we are on that road NOW. And we are making rapid progress. We rejoice in our growth, and our appetite is whetted for more Self-command and more growth. Oh, we are The People and we are inheriting the earth! And the sun too! Glory to the I AM in us!

—May.

—You may—

—Believe and be happy.

—Or doubt and be damned.

—Believe in whom or what?

—Believe in Yourself and the Other Fellow.

—"It is More Shameful to Distrust People than to be Deceived by Them."—Philistine.

—"Success was mine in a hurry" writes a girl just after joining the Success Circle.

—"I thank you so much for your spoken Word for our success. It started the tide in our favor as soon as my letter reached you."

—If you want breathing exercises galore along with some other things charmingly written, send for "Adiramled," Wyoming, Ohio, who, by the way, isn't so much of a man as I thought. "Adiramled" is \$1 a year.

—"I am proud of being a member of the Success Circle. I have been subject to a great deal of fear and worry in my life, but it is giving way. Please accept thanks for all the help you have given me."

A man can't keep in my vibrations and continue to worry and fear.

—"Here is 50 cents for your jolly, good paper another year. I do like you so well, Mrs. Towne, for you are so full of joy. You impress me as being the very personification of joy. A better world is rolling through space since you came into it. I have done well since I joined the Success Circle a year ago. I think I can do for myself now, thanks to your teaching, and can go to college and realize all my dreams. * * * And my mother! Mrs. Towne, you would not know her as being the same woman who began treatment from you a year ago. Our townspeople are amazed."—E.

P's AND Q's TO BE MINDED.

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

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

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

—If you want to subscribe for Nautilus a year; have special treatment for a month, with a letter; and join the Success Circle, all at once, send \$1 50.

—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. Order of ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

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