

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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THE LAW.

We build our future thought by thought,
Or good or bad, and know it not—
Yet so the universe is wrought.
Thought is another name for fate.
Choose, then, thy destiny and wait—
For love brings love and hate brings hate.
Mind is the master of its sphere;
Be calm, be steadfast and sincere;
Fear is the only king to fear.
Let the God in thee rise and say
To adverse circumstance—Obey!
And thy dear wish shall have its way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

EAT AIR.

George W. Patterson of Denver, Col., is a champion athlete and teacher of athletics who is now working to demonstrate that not only is meat a superfluous food, but all foods except air are entirely unnecessary. He is taking less food and more fasts, along with exercises that no common mortal could begin to indulge in, with a view to accustoming himself to living on air. Here are a few of his opinions:

"I believe in the evolution of science as applied to sustenance, and that we shall reach a stage—and the time is not far distant—where no food save that we get from the air will be needed by man. When we come to study and experiment with and on ourselves, and solve the problem of living, this is bound to be the ultimate result. I shall seek to demonstrate that by suggestion and air food man can live in a healthy, robust and active state and without loss of flesh. It will be done systematically, however. It is a foolish proposition to advance now, I know, because of our gluttonous age and system, but it must come I believe. It is the working out and development of our economic law—nature's law. The air has all the food properties, as Washburn proved by living on it forty-three days some years ago, and without even water. During my fifty-seven hour fast I have confirmed the theory in a way. I never lived and felt so well as during that period. I had a delightful taste in my mouth—never anything like it before. It was delicious, as if of pure, sweet blood. I felt tranquil and serene."

Mr. Patterson calls his fasts "feasts."

I know in my inmost heart this man is right. We shall *outgrow* all our dependence upon the earth's products.

We shall not suddenly be changed from material to spiritual, from beef eating to air eating. No. *Our desires* are re-creating us, and our desires must first encompass the change. As long as people don't want anything less material than beefsteak they will have beefsteak. When they desire to live on fruits they *practice* living on fruits until their beef and pork stuffed systems become refined and adjusted to the new diet. When people *want* to live on air they will *practice* living on it, until they can do it.

The seal used to be a fish and live in water. But he grew a desire to live in the air, so he poked his nose out of the water—and gasped—and slid back. But he tried it again and yet again. Gradually his *lung cells* expanded to the new environment. Man will accomplish an air existence in the same identical way.

There is no scientific reason against this. The air contains EVERY ingredient of the finest beefsteak or fruit. Water contains exactly the same ingredients as air. The proportion varies a little—that is all. That man *already knows* how to assimilate food from air is proved by the fact that he cannot exist without air—though he can exist indefinitely when deprived of any, or even all, other eatables and drinkables.

The human digestive apparatus is simply a mill for grinding and pulverizing coarse substances until they are *reduced back to their orig-*

inal elements, in which condition they can be carried in solution to all the cells of the body. These same original elements are *omnipresent* in the atmosphere. The only change man needs to make is to take his food first hand from the air, instead of grinding up in his internal economy the organisms of plants *which have themselves taken the food elements first hand*; or the organisms of animals which have taken theirs by grinding up plants or other animals.

Man hath sought out many inventions from which to extract the real Breath of Life upon which he has always lived, and in and by which he has always existed. Having arrived at the top notch of invention of roasts, ragouts, pies, puddings and such like hash, he is swinging back again to simple foods. Vegetarianism is a step toward a strictly air diet. A fruit and cereal diet is another step, raw food still another.

Dr. Carey and other scientists who claim that we shall eventually—yes, *must* eventually—extract our foods by mechanical means from the air, are all working on the same line. Their dreams will come true.

But as a finality man will do his own extracting of food from the omnipresent atmosphere. His entire body will become finer and more *active*. All his cells will be more like lung cells—where the walls are so fine that blood and air *commingle*.

When man has accomplished the feat of extracting his own food directly from the air he will be ready to leave his little mud ball and travel where he listeth. *Livitation and living on air will be achieved simultaneously*.

But, you will object, even if man could extract his food from the earth's atmosphere he would still be earth-bound, because the same elements do not exist 100 miles away from the earth. It is oxygen we must have, and oxygen is not omnipresent, you say.

But it is not oxygen we are going to live on. It is "ozone," or "vril"—pure *magnetism* or sun radiance; that etherial force in which oxygen exists, but which is *the basis of oxygen*. It is oxygen but oxygen is not IT.

Some scientists claim that at our present rate of combustion it will take less than 300 years to destroy all the oxygen in our atmosphere. I have a suspicion that there used to be a far greater proportion of oxygen than there is now. I fancy the earliest animal life on this planet breathed an atmosphere of thick vapor, such as we 20-th-centuryites would strangle in as we would in water.

The earth's atmosphere is constantly precipitating its heavier elements upon the earth itself, leaving a finer and yet finer atmosphere to be inbreathed by earth dwellers.

It is the action *within us* of the Breath of Life, which is refining and purifying us to more abundant life, power, wisdom, love. As the coarser elements precipitate upon the earth we inbreathe the finer and more powerful breath, which refines and heals.

We are eliminating from our Breath of Life not only pork and beef, but fruits and water, and eventually even oxygen itself. We earth creatures are learning to take our Breath of Life straight. The *sediment* we have been living upon is falling to earth, leaving us with our heads in the pure Breath of Life.

Man *does* "become what he eats." Only for the *air* he eats along with his animal foods he would become pure animal. For even as we act upon our food so our food reacts upon us. Ani-

mal foods bind us to earth. Heavenly food, the Breath of Life, *works in us to free us from earth*.

Thus does the New Jerusalem *come down from above*.

The time will come when earth's atmosphere will be as crystal clear and life giving *as are the interstellar spaces*. Then shall we move from one planet or sun to another by the power of the Breath of Life.

So let us eat air, dearies.

* * * * *

Several *Nautilus* subscribers have sent me copies of an editorial in the *New York Journal* of July 11, upon "Why We Eat Meat—Why We Must Continue to Eat It." The writer's reasons why we have eaten meat are good. His reason why we should not all suddenly cease eating meat is correct; though there is little danger of such a fearful calamity. But when the writer of that article comes to telling "why we must continue" to eat meat, he tells simply nothing at all. He even admits that "in time, undoubtedly, the eating of flesh will disappear among human beings." But he says "we are a long way from that happy state."

Don't you believe it. *The day has already dawned*—the sun of Life is rising. Already we can clothe ourselves without killing animals, and we have discovered chemical fertilizers for our lands. Our herds *never* tended to give us a "settled life." Did we not wander continually with them in search of pasturage? Do we not now raise most of our crops *to feed our herds upon*? Why not wipe out half our herds and crops, and live on the other half of our crops, and the Breath of Life?

Don't imagine for a moment that any such philanthropic considerations as that writer gives will keep people down to a meat diet one day longer than they *want the meat*. Man began to eat meat because he was too lazy to get his food other ways—and *too strenuous*.

There is the key note to the whole thing. As long as man prides himself upon conquest and strenuosity he will kill off every animal he can, from a Filipino or Boer to a wild duck, and *sell* what he cannot eat. But as he outgrows his conquering, military, strenuous ideals, he will *find* a way to live without killing.

The writer of that editorial is a liver of the strenuous life. He probably fishes and hunts to kill time—if a hack writer ever has any time to kill. Because he lives thus and enjoys it he has an almighty hankering after beefsteak, thick and red, and he cannot imagine himself giving it up. He judges the race by himself.

But he is mistaken.

Behold, all things, from vegetarian propaganda and McFadden fads to beef trusts, are working together under the Law of Love to grow new ideals of living and shut off the demand for dead things.

The dawn is NOW, and the sun of Life is fast rising.

"We *must* continue to eat meat?"—well, I guess *not!* Pass us the apples, please, and the nuts, and the Lust whole wheat bread, and open wide the windows.

—Two of our exchanges which always come in for perusal and blessings are *George's Weekly* of Denver, Col., and *Los Angeles News* of East Los Angeles, Cal. They are weekly newspapers published by real new thinkers who are not afraid to air their views to the general public. Three cheers and hand shakes for Herbert George and the Millers.

A MUSICAL LIFE.

Somewhere I have read the statement that the carnal mind is occupied with the differences, and the spiritual mind with the correspondences of life. This is another way of saying that the discordant mind vibrates to the discords, and the harmonious mind to the harmonies of life.

The fact is that the mind is *made* discordant by sounding discords.

Life is like a fair, white keyboard. All keys are there, each in its place, each in tune and *each silent*. There is neither harmony nor discord until the keys are struck.

"Nothing evil is, or low—
Each thing in it's place is best."

Whatever keys your fingers strike send out vibrations more or less harmonious with each other. In the same way whatever your *attention* strikes sets up vibrations after its kind—*vibrations in your consciousness*. The mind which looks for the *differences* of life—the *criticizing* mind—is continually vibrating to discords because its *attention* keeps striking discordant things. It is bent on seeing differences. If it sees a green apple it immediately pictures a ripe apple and dwells in the difference. If it sees a man do an "evil" thing it immediately sounds a "good" thing and revels in the discord between the two. If it sees a man perform a "good" deed it immediately praises the man and sounds a lot of "evil" things by way of contrast. The discordant mind, the criticizing mind, fills itself with differences just as a child fills the air with discord—by striking tones *not meant* to be struck together.

When the discordant mind does happen to strike a clear, true tone he immediately spoils it all by calling up its opposite; like the old lady who "always felt bad when she felt good, because she knew she was going to feel worse afterward."

The discordant mind lives on "the difference" between this and that.

The discordant mind is simply the child-mind which has not yet mastered the art of sounding harmonies instead of differences, upon the keyboard of life. He cries out for harmony, but goes on sounding discords because he does not understand the *correspondences* of things.

Every human being is a sweet song in his own right. He is a charming child and as he grows up he shows many loving and lovable acts. In his heart are the strong desires for all good, for love, health, wealth, usefulness, just such good desires as are in *your* heart and mine. He tries to realize these good desires, tries as persistently as *you* do, and I. Why shouldn't he? The same God which is *your* soul and mine, is *his* soul too.

And yet every once in a while he strikes false notes in his life song. Perhaps he has broken one of the ten commandments; possibly many times, even as Jane Toppan did; or as did Nero, who killed thirty persons including his mother, in order to reach the throne which to him represented the good he sought. Jane Toppan and Nero marred the harmonies of their lives—sometimes. Why should you and I *perpetuate* their discords in our consciousness? Why not let them rest in peace, instead of continually sounding their key?

Then there is our neighbor. She is no Nero but she does things *we* don't care to do and her dress is out of date. She is so different from *our* song of life. Well, what is the use of bringing *her* discords into *our* song?

Our mind is *ours*, and our song is self-made. Why mar it with the vibrations snatched from other lives? Our neighbor's dress and action just fits *her* little tune. Why snail them in and sound them alongside *our* song? She is *best* in her place. *We* are best in *our* place. Each of us revolves in his own particular orbit and all is harmony. The only place where discord crops up is in *your* mind. When you begin to sound *her* notes in *your* mind, choosing the ones in which she differs from you, then *you* raise discord in *your* mind.

Mrs. Jones, who lives on the other side of your neighbor, finds only harmony from association with her. But there is a neat little secret about this—the secret which is wrapped up in the

fine art of living. Mrs. Jones, instead of harping on the differences between her song and her neighbor's, simply sings *with* her neighbor where she can, and keeps still when she can't. So Mrs. Jones and your neighbor enjoy a delightful duet, with little solos interspersed; whilst you make hideous discord with your neighbor—not being willing she should enjoy her little solos where you cannot chime in. You see, Mrs. Jones has learned the fine art of keeping still when she cannot sing *with* another. Mrs. Jones, therefore, has a harmonious mind. She has the spiritual mind, occupied with the correspondences of life. Blessed Mrs. Jones. She lives the Christ Life.

What Mrs. Jones can do you and I can.

A little imitation is a good thing—when you have Christ and Mrs. Jones for a pattern. In imitating anything one must be careful to do it in detail. One must have a principle by which to work every little problem of detail. One must have a definite chalk line, and a will to toe it.

In order to have a harmonious mind and life—a "spiritual" mind and life—one must in all details toe the mark of harmony. One must sing his little solos where he can without strenuousness, without drowning out or discarding his neighbor; he must be *glad* to keep peaceful silence and *let* his neighbor sing *her* little solos in which he cannot join; and he must be ready above all things to *chime in with* his neighbor at every opportunity. This is the principle of harmony.

In order to develop the will and desire to live by the principle of harmony one must dwell often and long and lovingly with the truth that there is One great animating Soul working in and through us every one; that we are members one of another, each in his place, and each in his place unequalled, unique, impossible for another to improve upon. To realize that all people are God's singers, *under his direct tuition*, is to have faith in them. When a singer has faith in his neighbors and above all in his trainer, he heaves a sigh of relief and bends his unburdened mind and heart to his own particular part.

Every true musician knows the joy of expressing his soul in a beautiful song. But when he comes to that little bit of harmony where another sweet voice blends and swells with his, there is a joy and fullness and depth that is never reached by one singer alone.

In the harmonies of life the soul who insists always upon being allowed to sing the leading part never knows the depth of pure joy which comes to him who sacrifices just enough of himself to enable another to sing *with* him. At its highest perfection this sweet harmony is the ideal wedded life. In that the duets would be long and many and sweet, with just enough of solo to make the duets sweeter. But all about us on every side, and with every soul we touch there are possibilities of sweetest little duets, which we can see and use if we *look* for the harmonies instead of the discords.

ABOUT A GENIUS.

I have been reading "The Story of Mary MacLane by Herself." This story was published last April, and is having a remarkable sale and rousing the most extreme criticisms, for and against it. The book is worth reading but it is not a story at all. It is a "Portrayal," as the author herself calls it—a setting-forth of her impressions of life as she sees it, her philosophy, of her "own good peripatetic school," and her unsatisfied longings. She calls herself a "genius" on every other page, and likens herself to Marie Bashkirtseff and Byron, to the disadvantage of the latter two.

Mary MacLane is a real woman, a girl of twenty-one who has lived her life in frontier towns, last of which was Butte, Mont., of which she gives a most vivid and accurate impression. She says she has lived "nineteen years of damnable Nothingness," and is dead tired of it. She "wants a human being to love her." So she writes this little "Portrayal," puts a three-quarter length picture of herself in the front of it, and sends the book out into the world as an advertisement, in

hopes that it will bring her a human being to fill the "damnable Nothingness" of her life.

According to reports she is in a fair way to fill the Nothingness. Her book is bringing her a fortune in her own right, besides the offer of loans and gifts galore, and friends have cropped up in all quarters of the civilized earth. Besides all this she is reported to have had already sixty-five offers of marriage, and has journeyed from Butte to Boston. Surely these are results enough from one small book written by a girl of twenty.

Mary MacLane is a genius. But there are millions of other as great geniuses of all ages and both sexes who continue to dwell in that same "damnable Nothingness." Why, do you suppose? Simply because they *hide themselves in self-shame*. They hide themselves from the world, and worse yet, *from themselves*.

Mary MacLane is a very ordinary young woman. She is no more of a genius than you are. She has had no more "advantages" than you have. She is no better and no worse than you are, and no more "high minded," self-controlled or "spiritual." She loves rare beefsteak and green onions. She makes a whole plate of brown sugar fudge and eats it with her feet cocked up on the bureau, and a novel in her hand. She wears nine handkerchiefs to stuff out her dress front, and she pads out her too-slender hips. She hates the things you hate. She says damn when she is mad enough. She tells lies when they serve her purpose, and once she stole \$3 from a woman who trusted her to buy some trimming. She stole the dollars and bought with them six great chrysanthemums (not even grass grows in Butte) and gave them to a very poor, dirty, pessimistic crippled old Irish woman. Mary's conscience never even squirmed when she stole the money, and she did not pat herself on the back for taking the flowers to the old woman. It simply amused her to find out how the old woman would act. Mary calls her father names and cares nothing at all for her other relatives. The only person she ever loved was a high school teacher who was kind to her. She admires her "fine young-woman's body" and beautiful hair and she likes to be praised. She pities herself because she is "young and all alone." She *longs* to be happy—longs, longs, in that "damnable Nothingness"—wanders the hills, and longs—looks up at the cold stars, and longs. She would be Bad if she only knew how and it would make her happy. And always she wants a man. Not the kind that hang around Butte though.

Do you see what a very common, everyday affair Mary MacLane is? And yet she is a genius and the world is carrying her on its shoulders and laying its treasures at her feet.

Sometimes in her little book she says the crowning mark of her genius is that she *knows* she is a genius. Bless Mary's little heart, that is *all* that genius is. A genius is one who *knows* that she is the *only* thing of the kind that ever happened or ever will—who knows it and glories in it and makes the most of it; who is not ashamed of *anything* connected with her inward or outward life; who prizes *her* ideas and opinions and motives and impressions and little passing thoughts as the outcroppings of genius; who expresses herself and admires herself so much that if you are shocked or horrified or disgusted or contemptuous of her, or if you ignore her, she only looks curiously and pityingly at you as one who is too ignorant as yet to appreciate a genius.

Genius is self-esteem. When genius is half grown we call it "conceit."

When *you* tell a lie you hide it under blushes and lowered lashes, and you spend your nights conjuring up sentimental excuses and grovelling before Moses who said, "Thou shalt not lie." When you look at "good" people you think of your lie and shrivel—and exalt the "good" people. Or else you hate them for being better than you are. Then you hate yourself for hating them—and shrivel a little more. Then you tell and act more lies to hide your *own opinion of yourself*—and shrivel again. And so you go on *hiding yourself*—and shriveling. You go on trying to *appear* like somebody else and hating everybody

because you can't do it. Because you despise yourself for that original lie you told you go on hiding yourself, and you grow to distrust all your own opinions, ideas and motives. You are afraid to make a move that is not an imitation of someone's else moves. All your Indi-vidu-ality; all that wherein you differ from all other individuals; all that which constitutes your special value to the world;—all this is choked and covered by the rubbish you have taken from other individuals. You are cowering in a corner behind a screen of other people's passing fashions of opinion. You are out of your head. You are a coward and a sneak because you think you are not a genius. What a pity! I am sorry for you, dearie—the more sorry because you are really a genius. You are only out of your mind.

Mary MacLane says she is a genius at self-analysis. But you are ingenious at covering up yourself from yourself and others. Your kind of genius is the dishonest kind that is not valuable in dollars and friends and offers of marriage.

Here is what Haddock says to your kind of genius: "Never lie to yourself in the consideration of motives and consequences. If you must lie, practice on other people; but if you continue to lie to yourself, you are a lost fool. Remember always that the lie is the dry rot of will."

Mary MacLane esteems herself, lies and all. She accepts herself as she is and calls herself a genius. You deny yourself as you are. You cover yourself with pretences and try to make yourself over. You pretend to be honest and not a liar. You pretend to love your blood relations. You pretend to be "nice." You pretend that you don't long for praise, appreciation, money, friends, lovers. Always you are pretending to be the sort of person you think other people will praise and love and give money to. You are living lies in order to gain the very things, praise, money, love—the very things you pretend not to want.

But no, you are not a genius. A genius is one who knows the value of himself. He knows he is unique, peculiar, the only one of his kind, and therefore priceless in value. He is, therefore, bent on being himself, rather than pretending to be like somebody else. He does not try to be different from others—he is different.

He is different because he listens to himself. If he listened to other folks he would be like other folks. He would lose his value as a unique work of art in God's studio.

Most of us are machine made, turned out of the factory of Grundy, Ecclesiasticus & Co.

Mary MacLane thought herself a genius. So she would not submit to machine making. She was hand tooled all alone out there in the Montana deserts. Now the world is putting her on a pedestal.

Of course there will be imitation Mary MacLanes. Some of them will get into print. Thousands will achieve only the waste basket. But it will do them all good to catch even a few of Mary MacLane's vibrations of self-esteem and naturalness.

Every attempt to express one's self will add to one's ability to express it. Every attempt to set down what one thinks helps one to realize what he really does think. It is very easy to be dishonest and untrue to one's self in thought, or even in speech; but when one sets down a lie on clean white paper one sees it and is ashamed of it, and straightway tears it up.

So if you must imitate another, dearie, it were well to imitate "little Mary MacLane." Try to be absolutely honest with yourself and set down life as it appeals to you, leaving out nothing and using your natural language. If you can really succeed in expressing your own individual self you will certainly find a publisher—unless your English is simply impossible. In that case you will need to study grammar a year or so longer, tear up your first attempt and try again to express yourself on paper. To write one unpublished book is a better education than to read many published ones.

But whether you write a book or do something else, remember this: You are a genius. Remember, and listen to yourself.

SUCCESS VIBRATIONS.

—"What force least expected does the greatest damage to buildings? is the question which a representative of the Indianapolis News asked a well known architect. The architect's answer may be a surprise to those who do not understand that it is the regularity of vibration that makes it powerful. It is difficult to tell, replied the architect, but I will venture to say that you would never expect violin playing to injure the walls of a building. Yet it certainly does. There have been instances when the walls of stone and brick structures have been seriously damaged by vibrations from a violin. Of course these cases are unusual, but the facts are established. The vibrations of a violin are really serious in their unseen, unbounded force, and when they come with regularity they exercise an influence upon structures of brick, stone or iron. Of course it takes continuous playing for many years to loosen masonry or to make iron brittle, but it will do it in time. I have often thought of what the result might be if a man would stand at the bottom of a nineteen-story light well, on the first floor of the great Masonic Temple, in Chicago, and play there continuously. The result could be more easily seen there than almost anywhere else, because the vibration gathers force as it sweeps upward. A man can feel the vibrations of a violin on an iron-clad ocean vessel, and at the same time be unable to hear the music. It is the regularity which means so much. Like the constant dripping of water which wears away a stone, the incessant vibration of the violin makes its way to the walls and attacks their solidity."

—Youth's Companion.

Are you hedged and limited by walls of circumstance? Then repeat your vibrations until they give way.

Thoughts and words are vibrations. Breathing is vibration. Combine them to the same regular time, and repeat until they change things. Take full, even breaths, expanding the chest in all directions; and with each inhalation affirm I AM, hold the breath a moment, and with the exhalation affirm the thing you want—Love, Wisdom, Health, Success—any one thing at a time. Take I AM with the inhalation; hold a moment; sound WHOLE with the exhalation—mentally. Do it easily, freely, rhythmically, and keep at it. Fifty to a hundred such breaths and affirmations every day, standing straight before an open window, will accomplish something. The walls of your discontent will crumble and leave you free.

Anything desirable can be accomplished in this way if you only keep at it. It takes years for the violin vibrations to weaken walls of stone and mortar. It might take years for the vibrations of your breath and words to shatter the walls of your circumstances, but the probabilities are that it would take only months, or weeks, or even days to do it. It all depends, first, on the solidity of those walls, and, second, upon the vim and persistence of your vibrations.

Of this rest assured: "There is NO THING thou canst not overcome" by persistent rhythmic vibrations.

All activity is vibratory. A lot of cattle walking across a bridge causes great vibration. But a single St. Bernard dog by trotting across that bridge will cause a greater vibration and do far more toward shaking it to pieces.

All violin notes are vibratory. It takes years for a violinist to weaken the walls of a building with his scales and exercises; but let him sound one tone rhythmically, for hours each day, and the walls would go down in no time.

Why? The walls have not the tensile strength for rhythmic vibration, so their atoms separate, instead of springing elastically as do those of the violin string. The walls are likewise so heavy that they do not at first catch the full degree of vibration, and if the tone is continually changed as in playing a tune on the violin, the walls never catch the full vibration—they never get to moving as far, nor as quickly, in proportion, as do the violin strings. But one tone harped on the violin will keep the walls swinging farther and farther in an attempt to catch the full vibrations. Lacking the elastic quality they must eventually fall.

Power is not great in proportion to dead weight, nor to weight of impact. It is great in proportion to number and regularity of impact.

A tone repeated has greater power than several tones alternated. Two instruments repeating the same tone in the same time have double the

power. Therefore I tell you to use breath and affirmation together, in the same rhythm, that you may exert greater power for desired ends.

All activity is vibratory, and its degree of power is multiplied by rhythmic repetition. Read the following item clipped from Youth's Companion, and see how one man by continued vibration demolished the walls that hemmed in his soul. Then go thou and repeat thy vibrations until thou hast accomplished thy soul's desires. Listen:

"A year ago three prominent physicians told a certain New Yorker that he was afflicted with locomotor ataxia, and beyond the power of cure. Thereupon this man, who, even when he used two canes, floundered around wherever his legs chose to take him, went to a gymnasium. He took exercise in ten-minute instalments. It was torture, but he persisted in it, and when he was not exercising he stayed out-of-doors. Presently he began to ride a bicycle, too, although he could not stop his machine except by putting on the brake and falling off. After seven months of hard work his legs were 'still wobbly,' but he began to play handball. Through the winter he kept up regular practice in the gymnasium, gaining all the time, surely though slowly. This spring he had the reward of a year of prodigious and painful effort. He could take forty-mile rides on his bicycle. The doctors say he has perfectly recovered. He says he never felt better. Here is inspiration for invalids. Many a man might cure himself of 'incurable' disease, as this man did, if he would only make a fight for health."

A MYSTERY.

"I desire to come face to face with the person or persons who are controlling and influencing my husband against his home and children and myself. He has been estranged from us all for several years, although sleeping under the same roof. Once I can find out the person or cause of his actions I can remove the effect, for I shall know just what to do. I want to solve the mystery."

The chances are you will never find that out, and if you did it would do you absolutely no good. Your husband is no dumb fool to be "influenced" this way or that by two women! He is a man with ideas of his own. If he was disappointed in you as wife, he has possibly turned to some other woman. If so the more you pry and suspect and hint around, the more positively he will turn away from you. If you "found out" and made things warm for him or another he would simply hate and despise you and be the harder set against you. This is the Law.

The thing for you to do is to recognize your husband's RIGHT to make and answer for his own mistakes. Then drop the whole thing from your mind and calculations.

Then treat your husband as you would any man who came to visit you. Make yourself as attractive and cultured and agreeable as possible, and look out for his comfort, but never get in his way nor question his doings. Stand square up on your own feet and be as fine a woman as you know how to be—as gracious a one. If he does love some other woman it may be but a temporary infatuation and if you are attractive and kind and sensible and independent enough he may return to his first love in his own good time.

If not, why, no matter. Just you get interested in life on your own account and let him do as he will. If he does care for another woman he deserves credit for not deserting you, as many a man would have done. Just respect and honor him for the good that is in him, instead of condemning him mentally because the good does not show just according to your ideas of how it should.

Love does not stay put, no matter how hard folks try to keep it put. All we can do is to be as lovable as possible and thus do our part to attract love.

It may be that you are simply a sentimental goose who imagines her husband is "influenced" away from her, because forsooth he does not pay her the attentions he used to.

I was once that kind of a goose myself, and it widened a breach that did not then exist except in my mind; widened it until at last it became a real breach—my husband went elsewhere for his companionship. I was too morbid and finicky and exacting for a healthy man.

Just as the husband of the woman in "Confessions of a Wife," in Century did. I read that

serial each month and feel like shaking that little simpleton!—she is just the kind of a sentimental hair-splitting little idiot that I used to be! Instead of getting at her husband's point of view and enjoying *with* him, at least sometimes, she insists on acting the martyr because he will not dawdle around and gush at her feet.

Whatever is the cause of your trouble the only cure for it is Common-Sense. Live your own life, cheerily, happily, and enter into your husband's life so far as you can. Take all the good things that come your way and rejoice in them, but don't moonaround and fuss because you can't have the sort of love-life described in some sentimental novel. Your business in life is to LOVE, not to be loved. The latter is a secondary matter and the first is the thing that brings happiness to you. Go in to win now, and you can develop within yourself the full Life that you really desire. All you desire is yours and you will realize it in due time. But every moment you set your thought on straightening out Some Other body's life you are delaying your own realization and happiness.

TO ORGANIZE OR GO IT ALONE.

I think William has in this number of *Nautilus* touched the top notch of expression regarding the subject of organization. The "new thought" will not effectively organize for the reason that every leader in it has had too much of a taste of Individuality to want to sink it in some other body's organization. Catch Helen Wilman's becoming a "reader" in Mary B. G. Eddy's Church!—or Ursula Gestefeld or Weltmer organizing a "Temple" under Helen Wilman's!—or both of them trotting obediently after Horatio Dresser! They are too smart to be anything but *Individuals* organizing for *themselves*—just what you and I can be if we have self-esteem and gumption enough.

And did you ever notice how all these people who want to organize sing the same little coon song about "sinking your little differences of opinion for the good of the cause?" But not *one* of them will sink *his own* "differences of opinion." Why? Bless your heart, his "differences of opinion" are what make him an *Individual*. To sink them is to become a component part of the "mush of concession."

A real *Individual* will organize but he refuses to be organized—though he will often allow his name to go on the Board as an honorary something-or-other. Which amounts to this: The "Board" is well smeared with the 'lasses of Individualist names, to catch unwary flies for the organization gruel.

Now, mind you, I am not exposing an organization, but *all* church and society organizations.

And I am exposing a good thing. Organizations have done wonders in "spreading the gospel"—and making heterodoxy respectable. But the *Individual* at the *head* of the organization is really the whole push. The others of the organization are parts of the *Individual's* machine for spreading his gospel.

If you want to spread a gospel and don't know how to do it, then go and be organized. For my part I'd rather have a few good friends who are so embued with my gospel that it becomes their own and they go spread it around among their friends in *their own* way, than to have the best organization in existence. I don't want anybody to "sink his differences." I want him to express them. I will not sacrifice myself to the "good of the cause"—why should I ask others to sacrifice themselves? And pay dues for the privilege of doing it—in money, time and Individuality.

Business organizations are alright. There a business man organizes to spread his little gospel of soap or soup or kerosene; he asks you honestly to come in and work for *him*; and he makes at least a pretence of paying you for your time and energy.

But the social or religious organizer plays on your sympathies and coaxes you to work for the "good of the cause." Now I don't mind working

for the good of the cause, but if that is all the pay I am to get I shall do the work in my own *Individual* way.

If you are not *Individual* enough to *have* a way of your own then you might need to be organized. In which case I'd advise you to join Helen Wilman's organization. Hers is the least binding and she is the biggest *Individual* I know of who wants to organize. And I believe she is as free from mercenary motives as any organizer can be.

Now let's talk about St. Swithin.

JACK SPRATT'S WIFE.

—"What I most wish to know is how can this new thought be used to reduce flesh?"

The only successful way I know of is to apply new thought to the reduction of the food supply to the real and scientific *needs* of the body.

A few months ago I answered in these columns this same question, and incidentally I asked my readers to let me know if they had ever-known of a case of permanent and decided reduction of flesh by thought alone. *Not a single answer has reached me.*

Too much flesh means too much eating, and it *never* means anything else.

Now don't point at your skinny neighbor who eats twice as much as you do. He manufactures motive energy whilst you manufacture fat, and he does not assimilate his food as you do. Most of

ONCE MORE!

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Is my latest booklet. Practical, illuminating. Tells how to restore memory and other faculties and return to youth, happiness and success. A copy will be given free with each NEW six months' or yearly subscription to THE NAUTILUS.

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Or send *THREE NEW YEARLY* subscriptions and I will send each one a copy of the new book, and to you I will send a copy *each* of "Just How to Concentrate" and "The Constitution of Man," or one year's subscription to THE NAUTILUS.

his is simply thrown out as waste matter, whilst all is blood grist that comes to your mill.

It is a matter of "temperament." Temperament is the sum of the settled habits of thought. You are a "negative," open to receive and enjoy new ideas. All foods are *mental* foods. Just as you are "open to receive new ideas" and use them, so your body (your *mental* statement) is "open to receive" and use and store up food.

Not so with your skinny neighbor. He is active, positive, set in his way. When you present a new idea to him he smiles sarcastically, looks it up and down and will have none of it. He accents one new idea to your fifty. His food is served the same way. You might stall feed him until he died from accumulated refuse, but he simply *can't accept*, assimilate, enough food to get fat on. He must first change his temperament before he can get fat—and that is only done by the slow forming of new mental habits.

Your dominant physical function is the digestive. That means that it is easier for you to digest and assimilate food than to do anything else. Haven't you seen women who were so fond of crocheting new patterns of lace that they would sit around at all hours in a dirty room, with untidy dress, and crochet lace? I have. Your body has grown so fond of that particular sort of assimilative activity that it will keep on crocheting until it clogs your body up to the fatty degeneration pitch—or lack of pitch;—*if you don't choke it off.* Use your "new thought" to command your food supply and your "natural tendencies." Keep choking off the fat producing foods and using your *energies in active physical exercise* until you get your body into a healthy, beautiful shape. Begin by living a whole month on *absolutely nothing* but raw, unsweetened and un-creamed fruit, and

water and AIR and exercise, and you will have made a rapid stride toward your ideals. Fruit, water and air are the great eliminators; and the first thing you need is to have all those stagnant fat cells dissolved and eliminated.

If you use plenty of vigorous exercise whilst reducing your weight your skin will never become wrinkled or your flesh flabby. The dumb bell exercises I gave in August *Nautilus* are splendid for making the flesh firm.

—We have just had a delightful visit from Dr. Paul Edwards of the *Mental Advocate*, 151 West 45th street, New York. Such a fine looking and pleasant man one rarely meets, nor one so well informed and agreeable in conversation. He is an ornament to, as well as a substantial helper of new thought propaganda, and I wish I could tell you some of the practical ideas we gained from him, but time forbids for the present. *Nautilus* is already in type and must close.

—"I want to be a *tonic* to everything that breathes."

The woman with that desire is a *tonic*. The sanguine, optimistic temperament largely predominates. She is not invulnerable by any means, but she is irrepressible. And by the law of opposites such a woman would be sure to attract to herself as friends the lame, the halt and the pessimistic. Her sanguine vibrations are what they need; and their pessimism is good for her. Without something adverse she would be *too* comfortable, make less and less effort, eat, drink and be merrier—and die of fatty degeneration. With a few forlorn relations and friends to call out her energies in their behalf she will be less comfortable, perhaps, but she will develop her possibilities and gratify her desire to "be a *tonic*." In her natural state such a woman is a creature of ups and downs of feeling, uncertain and not *always* a *tonic*. As she tries to be a *tonic* she develops a steadiness of purpose, kindness, sympathy and a deepening *faith* in the all-pervading GOOD which makes her a real fountain of perpetual youth to herself and others.

—Shelton says his September number of *Christian* will contain an article by Elizabeth Towne, along with a full page new picture of her. And I believe *New Thought* for September is to contain another article by that same Elizabeth, sandwiched in between William Walker Atkinson and Sydney Flower, where it will be in bright company. I shall feel decidedly omnipresent in September. *New Thought's* address is The Colonades, Chicago.

—So many people write for more directions or explanations anent the Solar Plexus book. Every one of these letters betrays the fact that the book has not been half read, nor the exercises persisted in. One man wants to know if breathing will make a man whole and strong, why *he* is lean and stoop shouldered and sickly as a man, when as a boy he breathed deeply, etc. The boy cannot breathe for the man. *Breathe with a PURPOSE* is the key note of that Solar Plexus booklet. Read it every day for a month, and *practice* it every day for a month, and you will be able to answer your own questions about it.

—"In going into the silence do you stop breathing? If so, for how long a time is it safe to do so?"

I have heard that East India adepts make a blank of their minds and stop breathing for half an hour at a time. I see no reason for *trying* to stop breathing. Take a few full, even breaths and then let your breathing take care of itself whilst you are "in the silence."

—Do you know that *fruit* and water and AIR, with plenty of exercise, will cure anything but a mind diseased?—and they will go a long way toward curing that. All diseases are due to a stuffed condition of the body; to the lack of elimination of waste matter, which decays and poisons the system. Fruit and water and air are nature's aids to elimination, and whoso revels in 'em shall have a clean body, inside and out. Cogitate this well, and whilst you cogitate don't forget that *body is mind*. Whatever cleans the body cleans the mind—as well as *vice versa*.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

MARY MacLANE. I have recently been reading a true story—"The Story of Mary MacLane," written by herself. The author of this book is a nineteen year old girl, living until recently in Butte, Mont., and she starts out to give a perfect portrayal of her life with all its lights and shadows, with all that the world calls good depicted, and with all that the world calls bad likewise uncovered with an unsparing hand.

This book interests me very much, because it possesses the rare quality of *truth*, because it is so *human*, and because the author is a *genius*, as she herself informs us many times in the course of her story.

The world at large will consider her unduly egotistical because she calls herself a genius, but it seems to me that she is too impersonal to be egotistic as the term is commonly used. She is profoundly introspective and she stands back and analyzes herself as impartially as she would analyze another person.

In some respects this story resembles the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," chiefly, perhaps, because both writers are "young and all alone" at the time they take the public into their confidence. But the genius of Mary MacLane is much superior to the genius of Marie Bashkirtseff. The former is less conventional, a much deeper analyst and of greater mental caliber.

I suppose that there will be two classes of people among the readers of Mary MacLane. The first class will throw aside the book in disgust, draw aside their skirts in self-righteous indignation at this naked picture of a human life and wonder how such things ever come to be printed. Another large class will read the book carefully through and close it with a sigh as they murmur, "Poor Mary MacLane. She is a creature to be pitied." A few there may be who will really understand in some degree the motives, thoughts and feelings of this girl.

Mary MacLane appears to be a very peculiar person. She has a strong and healthy body, with all the animal instincts highly developed. She has a brilliant mind and strong materialistic tendencies, but in addition to these tendencies she has an extremely sensitive spiritual consciousness which she is afraid to trust but which nevertheless torments her at times with a longing for that which seems beautiful and good, but which her mental faculties pronounce a lie. She seems gifted with the ability to see beauty and truth and spirituality but to her it is like a picture and she is not yet able to believe in its reality. All her life she has possessed strong introspective tendencies and great individuality. As a result she has grown to womanhood without coming into fellowship with her kind. She feels the sting of isolation, the longing for companionship, the desire to be understood, but she is like a person in a dream. When she would come in touch with other people something seems to keep her within herself and she meets with no real sympathy and gives no real sympathy to anyone else. Of course she is morbid—intensely so at times—and she develops distinctly original ideas. Yet deeply underlying all her unhappiness is a gleam of hope, and it is this hope which finally induces her (though perhaps she was not conscious of it), to give her story to the world. In this story of her life she finds an outlet for her pent up, distorted emotions. For the first time she gives an adequate expression of herself to the world. Through this expression of her inner self she will, I am sure, find great relief. Her book will make for her some real friends, and through these friends her sense of isolation will be dispelled to a great extent.

Mary MacLane was nearer to the light of human sunshine and happiness than she herself could know at the time of writing this book. She thinks herself damned to eternal nothingness, but that is only because she has been *facing the darkness* instead of *letting* the light of her soul shine and *trusting* its life giving vibrations. In one place she says: "There is Something—I do

not know it intellectually, but I feel it—I *feel* it with my soul. It does not seem to reach down to me. It does not pity me. It does not look at me tenderly in my unhappiness * * * * but even while it hurts me it seems to promise—Ah, those beautiful things that it promises me."

These promises, her *intellect* tells her, will never be fulfilled. Here is the point where we all fail and always *must* fail so long as we look to the intellect only for guidance. The one way out of the darkness is to let go and LET the Principle of things manifest itself, which it will do independently of the intellect. The soul becomes the savior of the entire being, and only through the soul can happiness be reached.

The soul of everyone clings always to the idea that somehow and somewhere the Light will appear. Even the soul of Mary MacLane is never without an atom of hope. Here is a fragment of conversation which she had with her soul one day:

"My soul said to me: 'I am sick.'

"I answered: 'And I am sick.'

"'We may be well,' said my soul. 'Why are we not well?'

"'How may we be well?' I asked.

"'We may throw away all our vanity and false pride,' said my soul. 'We may take on a new life. We may learn to wait and to possess ourselves in patience. We may labor and overcome.'

"'We can do none of these things,' I cried; 'Have I not tried all of them sometime in my short life? And have I not waited and wanted until you have become faint with pain? Have I not looked and longed? Dear soul, why do you not resign yourself? Why can you not stay quiet and trouble yourself and me no more? Why are you always straining and reaching? There isn't anything for you. You are wearing yourself out.'

"My soul made answer: 'I may strain and reach until only one worn nerve of me is left, and that one nerve may be scourged with whips and burned with fire. But I will keep one atom of faith. * * * The years—a million of years—may do their utmost to destroy the single nerve. They may lash and beat it. I will keep my one atom of faith.'

That atom of faith will yet grow to be a great shining Light, for the soul of Mary MacLane is indelibly touched with truth. Her intellect denies it. She thinks she is bad. She says that good and evil are without meaning to her. She thinks she courts ruin, even, to relieve the nothingness of her life. But still that spark of faith that one ray of Light lives on in the midst of the darkness, in the midst of her loneliness, underneath her sense of damnation. And no one who is so fully conscious of that Light can really go far astray. Mary MacLane is a far better woman than she herself believed at the time she wrote this book. Her one great need was self-expression. Those tendencies which she thought were evil were simply *turned in*. They were not evil at all.

Her life is an exaggerated type of many other lives, and what applies to her applies to all in some degree. We are all nearer to the Light than we dream. We all possess stronger tendencies in the direction of that which seems right to us than we are aware of. Our intellects falter. They do not give us a clear perception of the truth.

This is the one great lesson to be learned from Mary MacLane's story. She is blinded by the intellect and the sense-life, and this condition has become fixed and exaggerated by her peculiar temperament and habits of introspection. Her soul consciousness is keen, however, and will never give her peace until she listens to its promptings.

Mary MacLane is right when she says that her peculiar genius consists primarily in her aloneness. But in that condition of isolation great wisdom is born. It will need in time to be translated to the world of action.

The pangs of isolation are the birth pangs of spiritual knowledge. All great minds come into a knowledge of truth in this manner. It is the period of germination and darkness. It is just as good as any other period.

Happiness never comes through the medium of the intellect alone.

Through the unfolding of the soul faculties all darkness is wiped out, and there remains only the Light which is ever shining at the heart of all things.

NOTE.—"The Story of Mary MacLane" is published by Herbert Stone & Co., Chicago, Ill. I do not know the price. May be had at bookstores.—W. E. T.

ORGANIZATION The New Thought papers are still discussing the question of **AGAIN.**

organization with a good deal of energy. *The Pathfinder* and *Christian* have shown up the true nature of organizations so clearly that there is little need of my saying anything further upon the subject. I wish to say, however, that it is the *principle* of this organization business that I feel is wrong. I have no reason to wish other than good to the promoters of the movement. Organization is a good thing, I admit, for those that want it. At the same time I am interested in setting forth the truth of the matter as I see it.

No outward organization can be a success unless it is based upon a unity of mind. Successful institutions are supported by people whose minds are a unit regarding certain fundamental doctrines. So far as I can see there is no such unity of thought and feeling prevalent among the heterogeneous mass of people who are roughly classified as believers in the New Thought. Among the scores of publications devoted to this movement no two stand for exactly similar ideas. This is because all these people are individuals and have learned to *express* their individuality in print. The members of Mary Eddy's church do not express their own ideas in print. They reflect the ideas of Mary Eddy. The various church papers each give expression to the particular doctrines of their particular denominations, and there they stop. If they *have* ideas of their own they keep them in the background. The same principle holds true with the laymen of all the various organizations.

Now I believe that the very life of the New Thought movement is dependent upon the full and free expression of individualism. That which would have to be sacrificed to make organization possible is the vital principle of the movement itself. Individualism is always frowned down by the institution.

I received a letter the other day from a gentleman who took the ground that while organization might not be a good thing for us when we were further advanced, yet it would be helpful just at the present time. To me it seems as if too much would have to be sacrificed to gain the temporary benefits—admitting that there would be any real benefits. After you have once entered an organization it is not so easy to let go of it, even after it becomes dead, and it begins to die as soon as it is effected. The first work of an institution is to prune down all individual thought, and turn it into certain prescribed channels.

I prefer to do my own thinking.

I prefer to act as my own conscience dictates, and not according to the prescribed rules of any organization.

I prefer to go direct to the fountain head for truth, and not have it doled out to me by an institution.

I prefer not to be labeled with a tag.

I desire to have the privilege of changing my mind as often as I please and as fast as I grow.

I desire to render tribute wheresoever I may think it due.

I desire to be true to myself, which I could not be if I were a member in good standing of any organization.

If you feel drawn to organizations, why join them by all means. If you think you are better off as an individual, then stay out as I do.

There are many good reasons for the existence of the various churches and religious organizations which do not apply in any sense to the New Thought movement.

W. E. T.

—"Ballads and Poems" is a brown and gold book by Wesley Bissonnette, 306 Pike's Peak ave., Colorado Springs, Col. No price given.

BRIEFS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

*** A great many readers of *Nautilus*, I find, are interested in the diet question, and it is a question which the most strenuous advocates of mental science would do well to investigate carefully.

*** The mind must have certain material to work with in order to accomplish its purposes. Why is it not a good plan to study to give it the best possible instruments? Even if mind is all powerful is that any excuse for wasting energy? Is there any use in forcing water up hill by hydraulic pressure when it is just as easy and convenient to let it run down hill?

*** Diet and sound hygienic measures always ought to go hand in hand with right thinking.

*** In *Health Culture* for August a lady whose family adopted the vegetarian diet four years ago reports that since her husband stopped eating meat he has become entirely cured of a severe case of stomach and liver trouble of fifteen years standing. This lady wishes to know what foods she shall eat in order to insure a sufficient supply of proteid daily, and states that she drinks 1½ pints of good rich milk every twenty-four hours. Dr. Latson says in his reply that no one who drinks 1½ pints of rich milk daily will ever suffer for proteid matters.

*** *Occult Truths*, published by Charles W. Smiley, Takoma Pk Station, Washington, D. C., is an interesting monthly magazine devoted to Divine Alchemy and occultism in general. Ten cents a copy, \$1.00 a year.

*** *New Thought* for August (published at Vincennes avenue, Chicago, Ill.), is especially interesting. Flower and Atkinson are very live people.

*** Too much starch in your diet will cause trouble with the digestive organs. To offset this add more good, ripe, fresh fruit to your bill of fare, and eat less of the starchy foods.

*** An entire change of scene and occupation, if only for a few hours, will accomplish much in preserving good health. Sameness of vibration is what causes dis-ease. Change of vibration is literally re-creation.

*** One of the objects of the proposed organization of New Thinkers is to enable them to successfully oppose the M. D's. As I have frequently stated, I have no quarrel whatever with the doctors. They are very useful members of society, and will be for a long time to come. Some of them are bigoted, but in this respect they are no different from other people, mental scientists included. On the other hand there are thousands of liberal physicians who are extremely friendly to the New Thought. Let us save our breath and energy for better things than opposing the doctors.

*** There is just one source from whence all healing comes, but it comes through many channels. Some people can receive the healing force through drugs better than in any other way, because they have more faith in drugs than in anything else.

*** I have more faith in nature than in any intermediate means of cure. I believe in going direct to nature for the healing vibrations, and in trusting nature's processes.

W. E. T.

—Health, happiness and success are yours for the using. They are within you and must be worked out. You cannot sit still and be "treated" into health, happiness, success. You must draw them from within you by ACTING them. All any person's treatment can do for you is to wake you up to this fact and inspire you to ACT. ACT happy, whether you feel so or not—keep on acting it until you feel happy—smile and keep at it. ACT health until you feel it. As you practice this and begin to really feel it you will become attractive to the people and things you want. Nobody and no thing wants to come to a sickly, dissatisfied man or woman. And nobody and no

thing is fooled very long by your assuming health and happiness a little while at a time for appearances! You must act health, happiness and love until you really are healthy, happy and loving, before you become really ATTRACTIVE enough to draw what you desire.

—It appears that "Mary MacLane" has made quite an impression on this household. William and I were independently moved to write articles about her. We did not read the book together, nor discuss it, nor know the first thing about each other's articles until they were written. And as you will see for yourself we were impressed by quite different and yet harmonious phases of little Mary. And Catherine was so little pleased with the book that she would not finish it. A matter of taste, you see, and Catherine is Mary MacLane's opposite in many essentials—though she likes brown sugar fudge.

—In August *Views and Reviews* is a splendid article on "Clothes Bondage," by M. T. C. Wing. Oh, what fools we mortals are anyway, to wear such dead loads of useless duds.

—"Have you noticed," said a lady to a friend, "how pretty Annie Holt has grown lately? She used to wear such a sad, woe-begone expression that it always gave me a fit of the blues to look at her. She may have had those fine dark eyes, and that sweet rosy mouth always, but, somehow, I never noticed them until recently." "Yes, I have remarked the improvement in Annie's looks," replied the other, "and I know the secret of the change." "What is it?" queried the first speaker, eagerly. "Well, Annie was convinced that her life was particularly narrow and devoid of brightness, and she was growing morose and bitter about it. A friend who had tried the plan herself, persuaded her to keep a diary, and to put down faithfully each day every little pleasure that came to her, and also every opportunity that offered to brighten the day for others. In a short time, she was surprised to find how many records of this kind her diary contained. By taking note of the pleasant things, she gradually formed a habit of looking for them instead of the gloomy ones, and—well, you see the result." "Who would have thought that it would have made such a difference in her appearance!" exclaimed the other. "Now I think I understand what Emerson meant when he said,—'There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain.'"—*Success*.

—Let your subjective desires rest and put all your energies into BEING and DOING the thing you decide to do NOW. One thing at a time. Your own is with you NOW; whatever is yours in a year or two or three from now will come to you without straining on your part. And it will come the sooner, and be the better, for your WHOLE SOUL interest in what is yours now. Putting your whole soul into things develops your soul!—and it matters not so much what you put it into, only that it must be a thing of NOW.

—"Some er de loudes' talkin' reformers," said Uncle Eben, "makes me think of a bald-headed man goin' 'roun' sellin' hair restorer."—*Washington Star*.

—Many thanks to *Nautilus* subscribers who have so generously responded to the call for back numbers for the Congressional Library.

—William's *Points* is prospering. The September number will come out as a pretty little magazine full of good things. And no increase in the subscription price of ten cents a year. Be sure you subscribe.

—In June *Nautilus* I referred to Guy Stone of Ashland, Ore., as a credit to the ranks of vegetarians. In a recent letter he says: "We have one of the finest and strongest little girls you ever saw for two and a half years, and no meat food flows in her veins. We are often complimented as being such a healthy looking family. No one need talk meat to us." Guy Stone took to "grass" to keep himself from dying of consumption. Just now he lives by consumption of Southern Oregon peaches, the finest in the world.

—Here is what the La Luisa Plantation people say of *Nautilus* as an ad medium: "Most pleasing returns we have had through your medium. Although we have been advertising with you but two short months, the advertisement has paid for itself many times over."

—"In August *Nautilus*, page 6, second column, Mr. Towne reprints from *Health Culture* as follows: 'All food primarily comes from the plant kingdom. The only question is whether to take it direct in the form of wholesome and nutritious fruits and grains, or second-hand in the form of the putrefying carcass of some unfortunate fellow-creature.' As a practical vegetarian I wish to applaud the sentiment. But, does food come primarily from the plant-kingdom? It seems rather that the plant draws its sustenance from the mineral kingdom, the earth, and from the atmosphere. The earth, in turn, seems to pick its nourishment direct from the atmospheric field of energy. So the air, or atmospheric ether appears to be the primary source of food supply; and when we eat meat, we get our food not second-hand, but fourth-hand. I think that through gradual development the human race will some day be sufficiently refined to consider only the original source as a proper food element. Already we hear that Tesla and Edison have found the chemical elements in solution within the electrical atmosphere. Moreover practical experiments are now being made with a view to extracting nitrogen from the air for the purpose of fertilizing land. This looks as though there were really no necessity of making graveyards and garbage patches and swill barrels of our stomachs by stuffing into them whatever they will hold, thus overtaxing the system and wasting valuable energy in throwing off again all this bulk of useless matter, which the system does not need and cannot assimilate, and of which but a very small portion is retained to be turned into blood and vital energy. If we will eat less, especially of coarse, heavy foods, but exercise more, breathe more, and think more, we will soon realize that a day is coming where we will have less stomach and sluggishness, and more brain and vitality. *Nautilus*, the Solar Plexus booklet, *The Pathfinder*, and other such literature, are bringing that day rapidly nearer."—Mrs. A. Z. Mahorney, Fall River, Kan. (This letter is interesting as a commentary upon what I have already said in another column. E. T.)

—We have been reading "The Kentons," by William Dean Howells. Howells is so sweet and clean and humorous and human, and this is the latest and best of his stories. It left me with a kindly glow at the sun center and a clean taste in my mouth, as if I had used my favorite listerated tooth powder.

—"Should one in exhaling empty the lungs entirely every time? Or should this be done only when taking special exercises?"

Whenever you think of it take two or three full breaths and discharge them completely. Then breathe easily.

—No, breathing exercises will not make you nervous. But living in a mental stew without physical exercise will.

—Desire is creative power, and it creates what it wants, not what it does not want. Trust it.

—"Make friends with your creditors but never make creditors of your friends."—*Boyce's Hustler*.

—"Andrew Carnegie, in a speech a short time ago made the following observations: 'There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in money as a competency.' 'Be good humored: there is little success where there is little laughter.' 'There is no rule a man can adopt that will bring him greater reward than this—abstain absolutely from alcoholic drink.'"—*Boyce's Hustler*.

—"Not until we are ready to throw our very life's love into the troublesome little things can we be really faithful in that which is least, and faithful also in much. Every day that dawns brings something to do, which can never be done as well again."—*James Reed*.

—"Men give me credit for genius, but all the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject on hand I study it profoundly. The effect I make they call the fruit of genius; it is, however, the fruit of labor and thought."—*Alexander Hamilton*.

—Col. Oliver C. Sabin, 1800 Belmont avenue, Washington, D. C., has a large 50-page booklet called "Christologie," which he wants to give away to German people who are in need of Christian Science literature in their own language. Send direct to him, and mention *Nautilus*.

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—In my last letter to you I said: The social, physical, mental and spiritual ideals are the root ideals; whilst business ideals are the branches—where hang the fruits, "by which you shall know them." The fruits of life, of "the spirit," are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, goodness, faith, temperance." If one is sheltered and provided for in a pleasant home it is hard enough to bear always the fruit of spirit. Will anyone then deny the crown of highest accomplishment to the man who can bear these fruits in his business life? Surely not. By his fruits shall he be judged, and money is the least fruit of a successful business. Therefore I say to you, beloved, look well to your fruit-bearing; not merely because by your fruits you shall be known, but because you shall know yourself by your fruits—yourself and all the world. How much love are you bearing for your work, and for those associated with you? Love, you know, is *Good Will*—a real force, like electricity, or sun energy—which comes from within you and is radiated as the life-giver, upon your world. How much joy do you bear toward your work and associates? Joy is the glory of love—the overflow of pure Good Will. How much peace do you spread among your co-workers. Blessed are the peace-makers, the children who see good. Do you bear the weeds of arrogance and loud mouthed bossism in your business? Or do you bear the fruits of a kind, kingly spirit whose subjects love to please him? Ah, FAITH!—do you bear faith in your work; faith in its outcome; faith that each thing works for good, for the desired end; faith in the motives (not always in the schemes or words, though), of those about you; faith in your judgments and decisions as the only right ones for your actions? Do you bear the fruit of goodness—of seeing good in all things? Do you bear the fruit of temperance, not only as to what you drink; but temperance in eating, in working, in playing, in resting? Do you bear the "Golden Rule" in your heart and business? Then your days are a succession of successes.

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THE GLAD HAND.

—Here comes another new journal. *The Anvil* is an 8-page, 50 cts-a-year monthly published at 26 Upson street, Bristol, Conn., by Milo Leon Norton. It is bright and tasty, "a progressive, eclectic and philosophical journal for today." Success to Milo's new paper. The following item from the first number makes me feel like a sort of godmother to *The Anvil*:

"Of all the journals devoted to New Thought (and they are springing up like toadstools), none is better in my estimation than *Nautilus*, published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. When I first saw a copy of *Nautilus*, its vibrations struck me like a young cyclone. I joined her Success Circle, and have grown more self-reliance, and grit and vim in two years than I ever did before. Elizabeth is a hustler. She slaps right and left like a sojourner in the mosquito flats of New Jersey, and something drops at every slap. The printers who set her copy have no snap, for she slings in caps, small caps and italics unmercifully. And slang! When she says, 'I AM God, I AM the whole darn thing!' it makes the cultured eastern reader fairly catch for breath. She's from the wild and woolly west. God bless her."

—Speaking of godmothers reminds me of a delightful little visit I had the other day from Mistress Elizabeth Smith, aged seven weeks, who was born in Holyoke and named after the only and original Elizabeth of *Nautilus* fame. Mr. and Mrs. Smith reside at the Hub of the universe, Bosting, where I know Elizabeth the New will feel at home. She is a bright, good natured baby with big hazel eyes and fine hands, and she isn't afraid of anything. She is a success from the start, and I am proud of her.

—"Fragments of Song" is a pretty little green and red volume of verse by Laura Varner Reed, Harveysburg, Ohio. Price, 25 cents.

—"Currents and Undercurrents" is a new novel by Sara Elizabeth Browne. It is as good a new thought story as I have seen, and is handsomely got up by the Abbey Press, 114 Fifth avenue, New York. Price, \$1.25.—"The book shows how seeming trifles affect the growth of communities and describes the evolution of a town from such a trifle as 'A Rolling Stone That Gathered No Moss.' Pictures of society, business and rural life are shown: The different theories of advanced New Thought are touched upon; love, society, city and country life and what comes of it,—all are depicted."

—Adiramled is a charming writer and what she doesn't know about symbology is not yet revealed. She is issuing a new set of twelve lessons on "The Art of Alchemy or The Generation of Gold," which are most interesting and original. There are six of these lessons already out, which may be had for 25 cents each, or \$2 for the complete course of twelve.

—You have heard of Dr. Hanish, the "worshipful Persian with the Irish brogue," who has for sometime been the fashion in Chicago. He is a remarkable and interesting man with very advanced ideas and practical solutions of the most difficult of life's problems; sex, for instance, and breath. His new book called "Inner Studies," deals successfully with most vital matters. It is a most interesting study and will certainly prove worth its cost, \$10, to the earnest student. Dr. Hanish's address is 1613 Prairie avenue, Chicago.

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