

# 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 TOWNE,  
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

No. 12.

—I hear it is charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions;  
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,  
(What indeed have I in common with them, or what with the destruction of them?)  
Only I will establish in the Manahatta and in every city of these States, inland and seaboard,  
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel, little or large, that dents the water,  
Without edifices, or rules, or trustees, or any argument,  
The Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades.  
—Walt Whitman.

## THE SPIRIT LEADS.

Did you just notice that a button is off? It was THE SPIRIT that showed you that. Sew it on this minute.

Have you discovered that your hair looks greasy and will not do up nicely? It was THE SPIRIT called your attention to it. Go wash it today.

When you took off that green skirt you noticed a stain and a number of wrinkles. It was THE SPIRIT telling you not to hang the skirt up in that state.

Did mother ask you to return your library book on your way to Mary's? It was THE SPIRIT that spoke through her.

Did you think last evening of your music? It was THE SPIRIT telling you to practice then instead of waiting for the usual hour today.

But you read a story last evening, instead of following the spirit. You did not take the library book on your way to Mary's, though you had plenty of time. You were impatient to reach Mary. When THE SPIRIT told you about that green skirt you answered back, "Oh, some other time will do—I don't need it tomorrow anyway,"—and you hung it up. It hangs there yet.

And for the same reason the button is still off. And these are not all the things that are still undone. You have just received that hoped-for invitation to visit Nathalie, and she asks you to come on the nine o'clock train tomorrow morning. THE SPIRIT, and incidentally a few other folks, are taking occasion to remind you of a dozen undone things that might just as well have been done, the aggregate of which will seriously interfere with your preparations to go away. Your music practice of course must wait. If you go at all the library book must wait until you come back, when a forfeit must be paid; or else mother, who has her own leadings of the spirit to look out for, must make up for your *not* minding that same spirit. Then there is the green skirt—the *only* one really suitable to wear with your only clean shirtwaists; and your hair *must* be made fluffy and sweet; and oh, those buttons and things. Altogether Jordan's a hard road to travel, and the way well lined with the thorns of regret. And after you do get patched up somehow and go to Nathalie's you will feel all the time an ugly little undercurrent of regret that you are not looking *quite* as well as you might have.

It was to save you all this hurry and skurry to get ready, and this needless regret and self-condemnation, that THE SPIRIT prompted you to do each one of these little things in its proper place. You see, you don't know what is coming, but THE SPIRIT *does*; and if you pay attention the spirit will lead you to do things in just the right time and place, so that you will be ready for anything that comes. Then there will be no regrets, no hustle and strain. There will be instead, the "Well done," of THE SPIRIT in your own heart, and in the faces of those you meet.

Now this is exactly the way the spirit shall lead you in green pastures and beside still waters, and into all truth. There is nothing too small for the spirit to neglect. To the spirit there *are* no small things. Observe the wonders of microscopic life and you will begin to realize this. Just as the infinitely small details of a fly's wing are worked out in perfection, so the infinitely smallest detail of your daily life comes in for the spirit's perfect work.

In your smallest ways acknowledge the spirit and you will be directed in paths of pleasantness and peace and plenty; plenty of *time* as well as of all other good things.

Helen Wilmans calls the spirit the "Law of Attraction." Principle of Attraction better expresses it. Her idea is that each thing and each person is drawn into place and held there just as the stars and suns are drawn and held, by their attractions and counter attractions.

The attractive power of each depends upon its nature. A planet all of gold would have a different attractive force from that of an all-iron planet. Just so persons of varying degrees of intelligence manifest various degrees and qualities of attractive force. It is the same with animals and things. As the character of a planet or person or thing changes its attractive power changes. Gold once went through the same stage with iron, diamonds were once coal. So people change in nature, and as they change they attract different friends and environment.

The principle of attraction, or what the Bible calls "the Spirit," permeates and acts through everything in creation. This spirit is above all things *orderly*. As fast as a planet, person or thing changes in character the spirit moves it to a place where *it fits*; or draws away from it all which no longer is in order with it. This it is which keeps all creation eternally changing. Everything is growing in intelligence and environment is being readjusted to fit.

Your *attention* is subject to attraction, just as the needle of a compass is subject to the attraction of steel, or as a planet to other planets which hold it in place. *What* your attention is attracted to depends upon your *in-tention* in life—upon your character. If your aim in life is to "have a good time" your attention will be attracted by all sorts of *things of the moment*, aimless and unrelated things which interfere with each other and end like a falling star. Your orbit will be erratic and will interfere more or less with the orbits of others, and eventually you will be pulled to pieces by *conflicting* attractions; and end as does the falling star, by being absorbed by other and more purposeful creations. Your attention continually veers from one direction to another as *things* attract it; you follow for a time; and there is no *center* of rest to come back to.

A *purpose* in life is the center of rest for the magnetic needle of your attention. "Having a good time" is an unstable center. Almost any steady purpose is better to come back to. A purpose focalizes your attractive power and thus draws to you the sort of things you need to accomplish your purpose. Without a steady purpose you dissipate your attractive power and become a light thing whiffed about by the attractions of others. It is because we *feel* this truth though we may never have thought it out, that we call having-a-good-time people "light-minded" and "light weight."

A purpose concentrates a mind and it becomes compact, steady, *attractive*, and a firm center for a good, hair-trigger attention.

Everything grows by accumulation, concentration and organization. A small purpose, say money making alone as an example, gives room for an immense amount of accumulation and concentration, but there is not scope enough for *organization*, for the complex, all-around accumulation and concentration which unfolds a man as "an infinite little copy of God." There is not in money-making alone scope enough for a life time, let alone an eternity, of accumulation and concentration of power.

We must have an infinite purpose, as well as a finite one; even as we are infinite as well as finite, divine as well as human.

Now this infinite purpose no finite being is able to comprehend. And yet we must have it. Consequently there is THE SPIRIT to lead us step by step in the working out of this infinite purpose which IT knows in its fulness, but which we can only grasp in detail and work out in detail.

Remember, THE SPIRIT is the all-pervading and all-animating wisdom and power of the universe; that soul from which the body of all creation its form doth take. THE SPIRIT in action is the principle of attraction.

Since we need an infinite purpose and yet cannot mentally grasp one we must adopt one on trust. "It doth not yet *appear* what we shall be"—only a few details of it have appeared. But since a few details *have* appeared; since this much of us has appeared without our knowing exactly how it got here, or whence or why; and without our having seen anything of the plan except a few *specifications*; would it not be reasonable for us to adopt the rest of the infinite purpose on trust? This will give us the purpose we need around which to organize our life-times of accumulation and concentration.\* It will give us an eternal, indestructible and solid, even if uncomprehended CENTER upon which to rest the needle of our attention.

Let's adopt the infinite plan which *is being* worked out in us; let us adopt it, rest in it, and trust the spirit of it to guide us in the *very small* details by which any plan is successfully worked out.

When once we have really adopted the infinite purpose, and our hearts are fixed upon it and upon working out our part of the details, the rest is an easy matter. Immediately you give your attention this solid center of rest it ceases to be jostled about by your *running after things*. Having a settled purpose you grow quiet. You keep still so as to know what next is to be done.

As soon as you do this you can *trust* the guidance of your attention. When your attention is drawn to a missing button, or a soiled dress, or the errand to be done, or the music practice, you will know THE SPIRIT is leading you and that NOW is the accepted time to follow. These are the details the spirit NOW calls to your attention. *Do* each as it comes, and your attention will instantly return to its position of *rest*. This is the peace which *passeth understanding*—it comes from doing as the infinite spirit leads, instead of doing according to your finite understanding. It *passes* understanding and *accompanies faith-full work*.

When you first adopt the infinite purpose as your purpose all the excitement and hurry and strife will die out of your life. It may seem even a tame sort of living compared with the old erratic life. But there will be in it something you never felt before—that quiet, steady *peace*. From every act and from every little emotional and mental excursion you will come back to your in-



finite purpose to do the will of the spirit, and there you will rest in peace.

And as time passes and you become more familiar with the life of obeying the spirit it will "grow on you." Your peace will deepen and widen until it swells to a tide of JOY which will bear you gloriously through all things. And you will find this joy is *strength*—power and wisdom in all things.

You will find that by losing your having-a-good-time life you have really gained it; by laying down your own way for the spirit's way, your finite purpose for the infinite purpose, you have for the first time been able to have your own way. The spirit's way and your way have become consciously ONE; where before they were *really* one but you denied the wisdom *which would have enabled you to have your way*.

Don't you remember how hard and often you *tried* to do things and *something* prevented? And how often you did things and then wished you had not? You see *your* understanding was at fault. But the spirit, which is the soul of us *all*, *knows* all, and would have showed you how to *really* have your way without bumping up against all those hard experiences. We are all members of *one* spirit you see, and if we are all guided by that one spirit we shall work together for the joy of all. But if we fly off at all sorts of tangents according to our short-sighted judgments, it is as if the great Whole had St. Vitus dance and every separate member were twitching and jerking *away* from all the others, instead of moving *with* them. None of the members can really get away you know, and neither do they enjoy themselves.

The cure for St. Vitus dance is to *be still* and let the spirit of the Whole direct the parts.

"Lean not unto thine own understanding, but in *all* thy ways acknowledge" the spirit of the Whole, and "he shall direct thy paths." And be sure that all the spirit's ways "are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace." Whenever you are *not* in pleasant and peaceful ways it is because you have set up a little St. Vitus dance of your own.

*Be still.*

### THINGS TO BE MINDED.

Please read carefully the "P's and Q's To Be Minded," and the Success Circle directions, all on page 7. There are some changes which may prove to your advantage.

It will likewise be greatly to your advantage as well as mine if you will all try to *observe* these necessary directions instead of trying to crawl around them. There are some folks who spend more energy and time and postage stamps in trying to "jew down" prices or substitute something else for the thing offered, than it would take to pay full price twice over. These people are only a drop in the bucket compared to the thousands of generous, prompt, business-like people who deal with us and whose *good-willed* orders it is a pleasure to fill; but they are the same sort of a "drop in the bucket" that a "thorn in the side" is! They hurt my feelings to the extent of taking away all my natural pleasure in serving them.

And it not only "hurts my feelings" but it hurts *their own success in life*.

It does this in two ways: First, by checking the flow of *Good Will* toward them. When I receive an order for even a 25-cent booklet from one whose words are kind and to the point, and whose money comes *willingly* it awakens a generous glow in me and I take *pleasure* in giving him my best book and BEST WILL. My good will goes out to him spontaneously.

Now I want to emphasize the fact that the Good Will of *those with whom he deals* is any man's most valuable business asset. It is worth a thousand times more than dollars and it is the *source* of free circulation of dollars in his pocket book. Any man who *attracts* my Good Will has gained something far more valuable than money—he has added to *his* will the power of *my* will. Henceforth my will and Word are his for SUCCESS. He has augmented his own drawing

power for good things. He could well afford to pay me ten times over for every single thing he receives from me, just for the sake of gaining that *spontaneous* flow of Good Will.

But let me tell you right here that he could not *buy* that Good Will by paying a thousand times the price of an article; for after all it is not the amount of money which attracts the Good Will—it is *the Spirit of Good Will* which comes with the money. The widow's mite found favor because it was given freely and with joy. The rich man gave for effect, or from a sense of "duty."

Things which are done from a sense of duty are dead things. Good Will actions are alive with psychic power which *z-motes* from the soul of man. It is like this: The Good Will action flows outward from the soul, the emotional or life center, of the actor; whilst the duty action proceeds coldly from the brain alone. The Good Will action proceeds warmly from the Sun of Life; whilst the duty action proceeds coldly from the moon, the brain. Just in proportion as sunshine has more life and warmth and power than moonshine, so has Good Will action more life and warmth and power than duty action.

And as sunshine warms into life and activity everything it touches so a Good Will action warms into life and activity the soul of him it touches. Good Will is as real, and a mightier force, than is sun radiance.

If a duty action is a dead thing with no power to warm to life and activity the soul it touches; or rather, *never* touches; what do you suppose a really *stingy* act is? It is not only dead but rotten. Stinginess; that which is not only ungenerous but unjust; that which would take not only the pound of flesh but the blood and life itself, to keep from *giving* something;—stinginess is a withering, crawling blight to the soul as well as to *all that surrounds it*. The stingy man shuts off completely the Good Will which is the life of his flesh and his purse as well. Shutting off by stinginess his *own* soul supply he becomes eventually a mere blood-sucking parasite, living off what he can manage by hook or crook to extract from the life and sympathies and pocket books of others. This is a true picture of the end of him who "jews down" prices, and tries to get something else for the thing offered, or something "thrown in"—anything, anything, so it's something for nothing.

And the duty doer is on the same road with the stingy man—the road to rotten parasitism. He needs saving, *not* from poverty, but from *himself*. He needs to reverse the currents of his being and work *out* his own salvation; instead of grasping, grasping after salvation from without—where it never exists.

I told you that when a man sends me a Good Will order for even a 25-cent booklet my own Good Will goes out to him *spontaneously*. I do not have to "treat" him—he has attracted his own treatment. His action brings joy and added power to both of us. His Good Will action has set in motion mighty forces which work for him. When a man sends me 15 cents when he should send 25; or hints for two books instead of one; or sends 24 cents in stamps to save himself from putting in 26; or puts in the exact amount along with a woeful tale about how hard times are, or how much we new thought folks charge for our reading matter; then I *feel* the grudging, stingy spirit of that man through his act. And do you suppose he attracts from me the same spontaneous Good Will the other man gets? No. I have to stop and carefully *force* out my Good Will to the stingy man. He gets my *duty will*—my *head* will, my moonshine instead of my soul-shine. He makes such a tightly curled hedgehog of himself that I cannot give him what I *want* to give him, my real, spontaneous Good Will. Instead of soul-shine I give him *Good Affirmations*—which are good but not really satisfying. However it is the best thing I can give to the stingy man, poor thing—along with his book or paper or whatever it was he asked for.

Now this is really what "hurts my feelings"—this sense of impotence on my part to give spon-

taneously, abundantly, that which I know to be more valuable than all the gold in the world, my own joyous GOOD WILL, to work with *his* will for all he desires. You see, the reason is that *his* will is turned wrong side out—it is Ill Will instead of Good Will, unjust will instead of just will, ungenerous will instead of generous will; and Good Will *cannot* work *with* it. He is making a cross for himself by crossing Good Will with his own Ill Will.

I wonder if you realize that I AM writing this?—that I am speaking impersonally. What is true of me is true also of every human being. The only difference is that what occurs sub-consciously with the majority of people is with me a matter of consciousness. I *feel* my own oneness with Universal Good Will, and I see the crosses people make by their puny Ill Wills. I feel and see this in the little matter of exchanging 25 cents for a booklet, just as truly as I do in larger things. And whether a thing is little or large, you know, is all a question of point of view. It is like the "day as a thousand years and thousand years as a day" matter. Nothing is really little or low, and even an idle word brings to the speaker its exact returns; not according to the letter but *the spirit* of it.

A stingy, haggling spirit will kill you, body and soul. It will kill off your friends and your good looks, and empty your purse. And above all things it will kill off your own self-respect and make a cowardly beggar of you.

And you need not try to excuse yourself by saying you are poor and have to cut the corners and make ends meet. You do *not* have to be stingy and haggling. You do it because you *choose* to, and every choice of that kind simply sinks you deeper in the mire of poverty. The reason you choose to haggle and be stingy is the same identical reason that makes your neighbor steal; *you have no faith in yourself*; you think you are such an undeserving piece of baggage that you must grab all you can get hold of, and hang onto it like grim death, or be left without anything. Instead of recognizing your *own* power to *give out* and thus increase your income, you think you must *reach out and rake in*, or be left naked and hungry. So you not only squeeze the 25-cent pieces until the eagle screams and the Goddess of Liberty gasps but you squeeze your own solar plexus until you shut off your own power and life.

Let out, let out! Let go—let the 25-cent pieces go without skinning the eagle and swiping the liberty cap. Wing them with faith and Good Will. Verily they shall be as seed planted and a hundred fold crop sure. He that intelligently, Good-Willingly loseth his 25-cent pieces shall find *plenty* more.

And this brings me to the second way in which the skin-'em buyer hurts his own success. Every *half-done* thing is a detriment to success. Every time he violates his ideal of doing a thing he robs himself of the joy of well doing and also robs himself of the *power* gained from every well done thing—the power to do the *next* thing *better*—the riches of increased capacity and intelligence.

No man on earth really aims to be stingy and mean. Every man's ideal is to have unlimited capital and spend like a prince, freely, for whatever he desires. Every man really wants to pay well for all he gets—wants to be *free* to bring a smile to the face of everyone who does anything for him. Every man in his soul is a free prince.

But he doesn't know it, so he goes on violating his ideal self at every turn. He does not know that HE IS his ideal—that he *is* a free prince with an endless bank account in the unseen. So he goes on violating his real nature, trying to gouge a bank account out of the seen—out of his neighbors. He looks into his purse and beholds 25 cents. He looks into his heart and beholds desires that a thousand 25-cent pieces could not gratify. Then he tries to squeeze that 25-cent piece out thin enough to cover all those desires; which is as if he spread a bushel of fertilizer over ten acres of ground, instead of making it cover generously a few square yards of well tilled earth. The bushel of fertilizer spread over ten acres would make no impression on the crops;



whereas the field would exact as much care as if it bore well. But a bushel of fertilizer on a few square yards of earth can be *easily* worked and result in magnificent crops, even though small. And it is the *quality* of crop which determines the returns from it. Now a 25-cent piece spread Good-Willingly, cheerfully over what it will *easily* cover will bring the spender a splendid crop of enjoyment and Good Will.

Joy and Good Will, as well as time, are *money*. Joy is strength, power to do; and the more Good Will you get from the other fellow the better price you will get for the next thing you Do.

If you never Do anything for that particular person to whom you paid the 25-cent piece yet you will gain; for you set in motion not alone his personal Good Will, but the Good Will of the entire universe. Occult forces work for you, the really great forces. The Good Will you moved with that little 25-cent piece will find you in most unexpected ways and places, between which and the little 25-cent purchase you may never be able to see the connection. But it is there. The universe is One, and the nerve impulse of Good Will you set up in one corner will flash back to you in many another place. In the same occult way your Ill Will and stinginess and haggling and half-done things will flash back to you. As you sow you will surely reap.

Time was and not so many years ago, when I did not know that I AM a gracious princess with an unlimited bank account. I had many desires and few 25-cent pieces. I gazed from desires to quarters and tried hard to make the quarters go around. I squeezed 'em hard and harder. I spent my time "managing." And the harder I squeezed the harder I had to squeeze, and debts grew into the bargain. Then one day I got tired and quit. I quit trying to make my quarters cover *all* my desires. I said to myself, "When I have a 25-cent piece I will pick out a desire it will *easily* cover and I will enjoy that and let the rest of my desires go hide themselves." I quit squeezing and stretching. Well, it was only a few months when I began to realize that no new debts were forming, the old ones were dwindling, just a little, and all the strain had disappeared from my life. Not only that, but all that mental effort I had been forcing into the "managing" business—into making a 25-cent piece cover a dollar's worth of desires—all that mental energy being *freed* from the "managing" strain was now flowing naturally and without strain into channels which began to double and treble my quota of 25-cent pieces. I learned from experience that the same amount of mental effort as well as physical, required in the *vain* endeavor to make one quarter do the work of four, will, when *freed* from this burden bring you four quarters where you had before only one.

And this was only a beginning. One's ability to make money increases by arithmetical progression just as soon as one quits pouring his efforts down that endless rat hole of "managing" to cover the family desires with the family 25-cent pieces. It does not hurt anybody to go temporarily without things which can be bought with money, but it *does* hurt him to waste his energy in *half* doing utterly impossible things.

I date my success from the hour I swore off on "managing." Prior to that time I never spent a 25-cent piece, no, nor a five cent piece, that I was not conscience-smitten over. I could see a dozen other things for which it "ought" to have been used, and I saw 1,000 others for which I "ought" to have money that I couldn't get. After I swore off trying to make 25 cents do the work of a dollar I spent what I *did* have to spend as a child does—with no sense of ought or ought-notness, with no thought of the things I could *not* have, but just with a quiet, unstrained *thankfulness* for the one thing my well spent, Good-Willed quarter had brought me.

I learned to keep my desires within my means. This has the three-fold effect of reducing mental strain; leaving energy for other things besides making ends meet; and deepening one's desire.

It is to make the ends of our desires and our pocket books meet that we strain so. We keep thinking about our desires and they keep multiply-

ing. They spread out like a stream without a bed; and no matter how elastic our pocket books may be we can never stretch them quite far enough to make ends meet.

When we quit stretching and let our desires take care of themselves whilst we make the best possible use of our quarters, it has the same effect upon the stream of our desires that making a channel would have on a shallow stream. Our desires grow *deeper* and gain power, and the useless, little, frothy desires sink out of sight—as Ben Franklin's desire for a stick of red striped candy did. It is our frothy, useless, *momentary* desires which take most of our money. By the time we have succeeded in confining our desires to the ever deepening channel of our purses we shall have more steady, deep, *real* desires as well as more money; and less of the frothy, erratic little *wishes* which tap our energies and reduce our power.

This same law works in the business world. The man who lets his expenses increase faster than his income is reducing his power. He is letting his desire, his real power, overflow its banks. If he keeps on it will *sweep away* the banks (I wonder if this is where we got the name, "Banks," for our money repositories?)—it will sweep away his money and leave him simply a *swamp*.

(And then we say "he has swamped himself!" Truly, language is wonderfully expressive when we are inspired enough to catch its full meaning. And our slang terms are fresh from the source of all inspiration.)

Desire is creative power. We have only to give it firm enough confines, to make a mighty power of it.

The time to begin is NOW.

The place to begin is right where you are.

The power of God is backing you.

Go in to win and stick steadily to it.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I began to write I meant to make a short item calling attention to those changes, but the spirit led me into a lot of things I had forgotten or never knew before and I let it lead. When I lived in Portland, Ore., I used to hold a little meeting once a week; and when the spirit side-tracked me, as it did in this, and I just spoke out the thing as it came, some of the listeners would come up to me afterward with shining eyes, (sometimes a little tear softened the shining) and say, "Oh, what you said has helped me *so much*." And the words were like a benediction; or like a still evening in summer, with the work done, and green trees, and a quiet stream, and the stars coming out, and God over all. I love to *help*.

### REASON ENLIGHTENED.

Here is a man who, in this sunlight century, reiterates that old cry of the dark ages, "The Bible is the only enlightener of reason—intuition is not a safe guide."

What is the Bible? Simply a collection of the best thoughts of many men who spent their lives puzzling over the whence, whither and why of human life. Every book in the Bible was written long years after the events recorded occurred, many of them by persons who only knew of those events by word of another's mouth. These writings were made independently of each other and with no more thought of their becoming a Bible than I have of my writings becoming a Bible. After these writers were all dead and gone their old letters became valuable, just as any dead man's letters become valuable, and there was a Society formed to collect and preserve these old letters, which enhanced in value with antiquity. The Society for the Preservation of Old Letters, otherwise The Church, waxed great in proportion as the letters grew more venerable, and gradually its business became that of dignifying and enforcing upon others the ideas set forth in these old letters.

All this time Evolution was quietly evolving. People grew more intelligent and began to criticise the old letters. Even the Society itself began to see that some of the things set down in some of these ancient writings were rather more than

they could expect to make people swallow as "inspired." So the Society sat in secret conclave, carefully re-read all the old letters and retired the worst of them from public view, giving out to their adherents that those particular letters "did not bear the marks of inspiration." Several times they went through this process before they dared to let anybody who wanted to have a look at these old letters.

For a long time this satisfied the people, who were content to bow down to the Bible, or rather to the Society's exposition of the Bible.

And Evolution kept on evolving.

Then some of the people grew discontented and demanded the Whole Thing—all the old letters. So they were, reluctantly enough, brought into the light, and now anyone who wishes may read the so-long-hidden ones in the Old and New Testament Apochraphas.

If you have not read these I advise you to do it forthwith—after reading the Bible as well. Much of the matter set forth in these hidden books is the merest rot and deserved to be thrown out of any well-regulated collection for popular use. But much of the Apochraphas, especially the old, is born of a higher understanding than that which prompted any of the writers in the Bible proper.

How do you suppose those old fathers who fixed up the Bible for popular consumption came to discard the very best of it along with the worst? I will tell you how. It was because the Bible is *not* the enlightener of reason at all, and can only be understood by a mind *equally* as inspired as were the minds of the writers. The old fathers of the Society for the Preservation of Old Letters did not know the meaning of that which they were preserving.

But Something was enlightening not only the old fathers but all the people, and as their intelligence grew the old fathers recognized the *foolish* old letters and discarded them as "not inspired." But their intelligence not having grown far enough to enable them to understand the *wisest* of the old letters they called those too "uninspired," and retired them. So the best and the worst of those old letters have reposed side by side whilst Evolution kept steadily evolving to the point of inspiration required in writing or reading the best of them. Only so can they be understood and appreciated.

All that means simply this: In ancient days only one man in millions *as-pired* and *in-spired* enough to give him understanding of a high order; whilst in these latter days such men are common. The world is being peopled with wise men, whereas in those dark days a wise man was exceedingly rare.

We of this age do not bow down to Paul, or even Esdras, as "inspired," because we ourselves are equally inspired. We clasp hands with them as One with us. When we read the splendid things they said we recognize them as brothers in wisdom. We say, "You are great, Paul and Esdras, *for you see things as we do*. You are inspired as we are. You are sons of the same Shining One from whence we come, and we rejoice in you." When we read some of their *un-inspired* sayings (you know Paul himself says that not *all* his words are God-words) we smile, and remember our own slips, and think all the more of Paul and Esdras for being human as well as divine.

The Bible is no more the enlightener of reason than is Emerson or Helen Wilmans or Theodore Roosevelt or Elizabeth Towne. The writings of any man are the *results* of his personal enlightened reason; but the enlightener of his reason is *not* another man's writings, but THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH, which is the soul of all people and things. If this Spirit witnesseth not with his spirit all the Bibles ever writ are but utter darkness to him. If his spirit be not *directly* inspired by the Spirit he has no capacity for discerning the inspired sayings of another. Only spirit can see the things of spirit.

The Bible is enlightened but it is not the enlightener. "There is SPIRIT which lighteneth *every* man that cometh into the world." With-



out the light of spirit, or "intuition," in you the Bible has for you nothing at all. With that light of intuition you know more than all Bibles contain, even though you never saw a Bible.

Moses and Isaiah and David and Esdras and Paul had not the Bible to enlighten them. Were they then ignorant? No!—they had within them the only enlightener of reason, the spirit.

Perhaps they were better off for having no Bibles. Lacking these their sole dependence for light was upon the true light itself. They turned their souls to God instead of books; to the Enlightener instead of the enlightened. So they lived in the light—and wrote Bibles. We are more apt to live in Bibles and write slop. Not because the Bible is slop, but because the farther away we get from the real light the greater the dilution. To live in the reflected light of Bibles is to dwell in shadows with our gaze on the moon. Moses and Isaiah *et al* lived in the sunlight.

Why not you and I?

We are afraid—that is why. We want something to measure our acts and thoughts by, to be sure they are cut bias with frills on like our neighbors'. We are afraid to let the light lighten us—we are afraid to be inspired on our own account, lest we be not approved by Mrs. Grundy and the minister. So we all club together and institute a Bible to cut our thinking by.

But we took good pains to choose a Bible by which we could cut almost anything in the line of thinking or doing—anything from "Be ye perfect" to "Hang all the law and the prophets"; from the never-married Jesus to the muchly-married David. This leaves us a chance to change our patterns as often as we can gain Mrs. Grundy's and the minister's consent. We have to change sometimes, you know, for we are always outgrowing our little pinafores of thought and action and making ourselves larger ones. And sometimes the need of larger ones is so great that we burst the bands and defy Mrs. Grundy and the minister. But as a rule we are afraid. So we stick to our Bibles and ignore the light that lighteneth us as well as our Bibles.

It is the fraidie-cat who leans on the Bible instead of the spirit—the man who is afraid the devil, or his neighbor, or a cold blooded devil of a God will catch him if he doesn't watch out. Poor fraidie-cat—I know how to sympathize, for I used to be him.

But at last I gathered courage to take a long breath, make a spring-board of my Bible and take a cold plunge into Spirit. It was a case of sink or swim and I swam. As I gained confidence I kept still and let the Spirit bear me as it would. I let go everything, Bible included, and trusted the Spirit to bear me into all truth. It is still bearing me, and I am glad. Having tried all enlighteners of reason I am able to say I KNOW intuition is the only true light.

And I know how to find it. First of all, one must DESIRE the kingdom of spirit, of Love, and to be right with it—must desire it until all else is as nothing.

Then one must consecrate himself to it—must say, "Here am I, Spirit; all I am or ever shall be I give to thee; fill me, think in me, move in all my emotions, guide every act." One must make this act definite and determined, burn his bridges behind him, and forever after REMEMBER that he is God's, and not his own.

Then last and always he must TRUST his thoughts and desires, emotions and acts as God's thoughts, desires, emotions and acts; and he must never presume to sit in judgment over himself.

Desire, consecration, faith; are the three steps into heaven.

When one first takes these three steps he must do them consciously, and even then he will find it hard to believe he is in heaven. The same old emotions and desires and thoughts will crop up and he will be strongly tempted to think God is not accepting and working in him to will and to do. But if he keeps on trusting God a little while, he will find the old things dropping away and all things becoming new. And he will find God, the Spirit, Love, Wisdom, the Law of Attraction, whatever you choose to call it, opening his un-

derstanding. His reason will grow more and more enlightened; and the deep peace which marks a real consecration to God, or Good, will grow into sweetest joy of Being and Doing.

### HARMONY AT HOME.

"I have recently married for the second time. My husband is a splendid man but his grown up children are not in harmony with me. Good people, but a different point of view. I make no pretensions to perfection, of course, but I do try to do the best I can."

This is the gist of several letters I have received from as many different women. I will answer them together.

When you enter a new home the matter of importance is not whether your new relatives harmonize with you, but whether you harmonize with them. It is for you to do all the adjusting.

This may seem hard, but it is not. It is an easier matter for one person to readjust her living than for a whole family to change. The family has not only its individual customs to hold each one, but its family customs as well; whilst you have left your family and have now only your individual self to readjust. If you refuse to adjust yourself, for no matter what reason, you will act upon this family you have entered, as a red hot iron would act upon a pan of water—there'll be boil and bubble, toil and trouble and the family will fly to pieces. All because you came in with

### ONCE MORE!

#### JUST HOW TO CONCENTRATE

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.

To every old NAUTILUS subscriber who sends me three new six months' subscriptions, or one new yearly subscription, I will send a free copy of the book, besides the copies sent to the new subscribers.

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.

sugar into a glass of water you will all, in time, melt together and the whole family will be the sweeter and better for your coming. Whatever there is in you which is better and sweeter than their own ideas and customs will in time be absorbed by the family; for what is good is ever positive to the less good, and has a power of its own to convert; and every human soul if left positive notions of your own which you insist upon enforcing.

But if you come into the family like a lump of free will eventually choose the good.

The only danger lies in your tilting your nose at their ways and ideas, and insisting upon your own. That rouses the sense of individuality in them and they then fight for their ways and ideas—then there's boil and bubble and sputter and flying apart.

Learn to vibrate with people where you can and keep still when you can't. Look for the little things you can enjoy together, and make light of the others. Recognize their right to differ from you, and REMEMBER that "all judgment is of God"—their judgment as well as yours.

All this differing of judgment among the people of earth is simply God reasoning out things. All the brains God has are your brains and mine. Just as in your brain you reason things for and against, wondering which is right and waiting for time and experience to decide; so God reasons one way through your brain and another and opposite way through my brain, and then rests and observes until the "logic of events" shall show him, and us, the point of real harmony. Just be still and let God think through your brain, and don't kick up a muss because he thinks out the other side of things through my brain, or your new relatives' brains.

Toleration is a great thing; but loving willing-

ness to let God think out all sides of a question through all sorts of brains, is a glorious thing. Let's stand for our point of view when it is called for, but don't let's insist upon it. Let's remember always to use God's "still, small voice."

Do I need to tell you that what I have just said applies to you whether you have just married a second time or not? The whole world is our family, you know. Let's respect it and be kind to it, and trust it to recognize and appropriate our point of view just as far as is good for it. Let's be more interested in getting at the other points of view than insisting upon our own. That is the way we shall grow in wisdom and knowledge. And, too, that is the way we shall all get close enough together to really see the truth about things.

—Someone wants me to explain "Karma." "What ye sow that shall ye also reap" is the whole thing in a nut shell. If you want the shell off read "Karma" by Annie Besant, price 35 cents.

—Here are inquiries how to make that unfermented bread we mentioned last month. I don't know. We buy our whole wheat bread of the Lust Hygienic Bakery, the ad. of which appears in this Nautilus. We do not use this bread because it is "good for dyspeptics," but because we like it best of anything in the bread line we have ever tasted. It just hits the right spot—a spot which seemed to be created after we boycotted the butcher, and which white flour stuffs never even touched. Nor did common baker's whole wheat or graham. We saw the Lust bread advertised and sent for it "on suspicion." Now we are certain we cannot live without it, so we order four or five loaves every week, all at one time. The bread is not "heavy" but it is solid, and does not dry out. When it does grow stale I hold a loaf or two under the hydrant a moment or two and re-bake it slowly for 40 or 50 minutes, which makes it perfectly fresh again. A loaf weighs two pounds and will go as far as four small baker's loaves, and contains about 10 times as much food value. We pay 40 cents per week expressage, on anything from 8 to 15 pounds. This makes 20 cents a loaf for the bread when we order only 4 pounds, and seems expensive, but it really is not, as we have found by six months' trial and comparison. Those who wish can, for 50 cents, buy of the Lust Company the recipe for making this bread; or the recipe will be given them with the purchase of a certain amount of their goods—I think \$1 is the amount, but am not sure. We buy not only our bread but our strained honey and peanut butter of Lust, and everything we have had from them is the best of its kind—and therefore the cheapest. If it were not for the Transcript Company, which does our printing so promptly and well, I think I'd be tempted to move to New York just to be near our base of Lust supplies.

—"There is flying through the world the story of a builder, a foolish eye-servant, a poor rogue. He and his little ones were wretched and roofless, whereupon a certain good Samaritan said in his heart, 'I will surprise this man with the gift of a comfortable home.' So, without telling his purpose, he hired the builder at fair wages to build a house on a sunny hill and then went on business to a far city. The builder was left at work with no watchman but his own honor. 'Ha!' said he to his heart. 'I can cheat this man. I can skimp the material and scamp the work.' So he went on, spinning out the time, putting in poor service, poor nails, poor timbers. When the Samaritan returned, the builder said: 'That is a fine house I built you on the hill.' 'Good,' was the reply; 'go move your folks into it at once, for the house is yours. Here is the deed.' The man was thunderstruck. He saw that instead of cheating his friend for a year, he had been industriously cheating himself. 'If I had only known it was my house I was building!' he kept muttering to himself. But in a deep sense we are always building our own houses. Each one dwells in the heaven or hell of his own making.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,

One thing holds sure and fast,

That into this fateful heap of days and deeds

The soul of man is cast."—Edwin Markham.



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**ANENT "EATING AIR."** One reader of *Nautilus* is sorely troubled over the item on "Eating Air" which was quoted in the August number from *Medical Talk*. Methinks our fair correspondent has taken Dr. Carr's article too literally. He is somewhat of a humorist, and when he advises us to open our mouths and "take in great hunks of air just as if we were eating Johnny-cake or gingerbread," we must seek to follow the spirit of his advice rather than the letter.

Of course I believe in breathing through the nose on all possible occasions and I dare say Dr. Carr does also. Ditto Eleanor Kirk. What my correspondent says on the subject is worth quoting here: "May I remind you that, occultly, breath taken through the mouth is the breath of death, and physiologically dries the mucous membranes of the mouth (causing receding gums) and throat, and the unfiltered dust particles go down to the bronchial tubes and lungs. The nose has little dust-catchers (hairs) and is the organ of breath. We get into trouble when we try to make one organ do the work of another as in 'eating air.'"

**EXCEPTIONS TO ALL RULES.** How true it is that there are exceptions to all rules, and how necessary it is that each person should use common-sense in the application of any established principle.

In my article on personal magnetism in a recent issue of *Points* I took occasion to emphasize the benefits which accrue from a cultivation of habits of repose. Yesterday I received a letter from a gentleman who says that I should have stated some of the exceptions to the rule. For instance, he went up on a mountain the other day, and encountered a nest of yellow jackets. Although he had been reading the directions in regard to cultivating repose, he says that he lit out down the mountain as if the Devil were close at his heels, and he is of the opinion that the most strenuous advocate of repose would have done the same thing under the same circumstances. And he is right. Let us make an exception to the rules anent repose right here, and let it run thusly: "Don't monkey with buzz saws nor yellow jackets." Whenever you discover that any part of your anatomy is in immediate danger of being invaded by either of these things, throw repose to the winds and git.

Speaking of yellow jackets, let me tell you something strange concerning wasps, bees, and hornets. You can handle any of these insects without their stinging you, provided you hold your breath while you have them in your hands. I learned this many years ago, and have tried the experiment dozens of times without a failure. Hon. W. P. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, vouches for many similar successful experiments on his own account, in an article published in the *Youth's Companion* some months ago.

One explanation of this phenomenon is that by holding the breath the pores of the skin are closed so that the wasp cannot insert his stinger. I have always been inclined to accept this explanation as true, but Mr. Harris is of the opinion that holding the breath has some effect upon the circulation through the capillaries near the surface of the skin, and that it is possible the poison is prevented in this manner from reaching the blood.

Whatever may be the true explanation of this interesting phenomenon, the phenomenon itself is a fact.

**ANENT STRENGTH.** Here is a man that is very anxious to know wherein lies the strength of a strong man. So far as I can define it the foundation of a man's strength lies in his *potential capacity to recognize strength*; his muscles, his nervous system, his will power, his lung capacity, his blood, are only the *instruments* by which the real self expresses or manifests strength.

Physical culture improves the quality of the instruments by which strength is manifested, and hence makes the manifestation more perfect.

Auto-suggestion can be made an aid in the development of strength provided sufficient attention is paid to carrying the suggestions into action.

To gain physical strength, or anything else, right *thinking* and right *acting* are necessary. To become strong it is necessary to exercise and to put *yourself* into your exercises, to be *interested* in them and not perform them mechanically. Recognize the real self as the *source* of strength, and the body as the *instrument* by which you express that strength. Every night, before going to sleep, say to your real self, "I desire to express strength." Then take some simple, all around system of development, such as you will find described in the magazines devoted to physical culture, and *carry it into action*.

To all who desire to become strong I would recommend the reading of such publications as *Physical Culture*, published at 25th street and Broadway, New York city, and *Health Culture*, published at 481 Fifth avenue, New York city.

**THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.** Nine people out of ten are very susceptible to suggestion, especially if appealed to at a time when their minds are not concentrated. As an illustration, take the class of people who answer advertisements. Nine out of ten people will read an advertisement of a book, and no matter what the heading of the ad. may be they will give it as the name of the book when answering the notice. They do this notwithstanding the fact that the real name of the book is given in the ad., and often printed in display type.

One of my advertisements of the Solar Plexus book is headed "Eat Some Air," and hundreds of people who answer the ad. request me to send them a copy of the book called, "Eat Some Air." My ad. of Dr. Latson's book on diet in *Nautilus* is headed, "The Meat Trust," and forthwith I receive orders for my book by that name.

Realizing something of the mighty power of suggestion, we ought to be careful how we employ it. It is so easy to get into the habit of gossiping about other people and hashing up all the scandal that is current, and yet this form of amusement may lead to results which are most unpleasant. Then think of the continual suggestions offered to his friends and family by the man who is always looking on the dark side of things; also by the person who never sees any good in another, who is always predicting the downfall of his neighbor, etc., etc. How true it is, in a scientific sense, that we must give an account of every idle word that proceeds out of our mouths.

**THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.** The fruits of the spirit come to him who has learned to draw upon the universal source of all things. They come in the silence. Entering the silence is not an intellectual process. The intellect is a hindrance here to a clear perception of truth. Not until one learns to *let go* of things so far as the conscious mind is concerned is he in a position to enter the silence and receive benefit from so doing.

The one who prides himself upon his reasoning powers and the strength of his intellect will find only a blank wall of darkness when he tries to enter the silence. To the one who has learned to *listen*, who has reached the point where he sees the futility and utter absurdity of trying to grasp truth by purely intellectual methods, the silence is teeming with vibrations of such wondrous beauty, strength, sweetness, repose, joy, that no pen can begin to adequately describe them.

By becoming conscious of this world of reality, this world of true substance which is the basis of all created forms, one learns to partake of the "fruits of the spirit," the true manna of God, the philosopher's stone of the alchemists.

It is only possible to hint at the manner in which this development proceeds. It cannot be altogether formulated in words, and no one except those who are *ready to receive the words* could understand them after they were written. To many who read this article it will seem like sheer nonsense. I speak only to those who are *ready* to hear my words. I am not very far advanced on the path to wisdom myself, but I intend to

tell you nothing but what my own experience has justified.

The commencement of harmonious vibration is at the point of absolute physical relaxation. As you progress in the ability to relax physically, the soul awakes and you begin to come into harmony with nature and to make of yourself a fitting medium for the manifestation of the divine forces within. All intense mental action, all forms of worry, all the emotions interfere with this manifestation. All desires of the flesh must be subordinated to this one great desire for unity with the Source of Being.

None of these desired results can be obtained by forced methods of growth. Do not attempt it. Only those who love truth for its own sake can enter the inner door of the real self. If you have an earnest aspiration to come into harmony with the reality of things, if you find the outer world unsatisfying, however delightful it may be to your objective self, then that desire, if faithfully followed and trusted, will bring you to the Place of Light. But the mere curiosity seeker, the vulgar skeptic, the seeker after signs and wonders will look in vain for the key to the hidden wisdom. Such people have not yet learned to seek enlightenment from their own souls. They do not even know that they have any souls. They are lost, overwhelmed, submerged in the world of sense. They will be released finally through suffering. This condition is merely a phase in their growth. There is no evil connected with it. There is no cause for sorrow over their situation. *The unseen reality behind all things is good*, and they are learning needed lessons.

I believe in re-incarnation. I believe that what we learn during one life is carried forward into the next incarnation. I believe that we are all storing up knowledge for future use, and in everyone the *fruit of the spirit* is ripening. It could hardly begin to sprout in the brief span of one earth life. When it reaches full fruition *death will be no more*, because both birth and death will have been merged into the regeneration, into conscious union with the Eternal ONE.

*"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."*

You may say that all these things seem very unreal, impractical and far away to you. I assure you they are near at hand. They are near to everyone who loves truth for truth's sake. No matter how far your outer life may be from conforming to these ideals. The outer life is an *effect*, and will change in time to correspond with your growth on the inner, or unseen side. And do not fail to at all times preserve a balance between the outer and the inner forces, do not neglect your daily occupation, do not allow yourself to become impracticable, do not become hypnotized by *your ideas* of the inner powers. Go on your way serenely as may be, avoiding the strife and discord of the outer world by seeking the Light within when trouble approaches, and sooner or later you will experience the feeling of inner peace which is an indication that you are on the right path and beginning to come into harmonious relations with the One Life.

W. E. T.

—Now, dearies, DON'T waste your time and postage writing to me for advice as to whether you are to invest in either or both of the companies whose ads appear in this *Nautilus*. To the best of my knowledge and belief they are both good investments or I'd not print their ads nor invest with them. But *you* must make your investments on *your own* judgment and belief, not on mine. This habit of taking advice is pure cowardice anyway. Instead of finding out all he can about a thing for himself and acting upon his own conclusions and then abiding by them; a man asks "advice," follows the other fellow's judgment, and then, if he *should* happen to lose, he spends the rest of his lazy days seeking sympathy because he has been "betrayed" by the other fellow. Just brace up and use your own backbone.



## BRIEFS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\*\*\* Do you sometimes find it rather hard to keep from wanting other people to do things your way? Do you know that when you persist in feeling disgusted because other people do not do things in the way you think they should be done you are cultivating the habit of *hanging on*, which is a difficult habit to break and one which will cause you heaps of trouble?

\*\*\* The successful, happy person is the one who *lets go* of everything easily, if he finds it does not seem inclined to come his way. He *lets go* and turns his attention wholly to some other thing equally as desirable.

\*\*\* A very large proportion of all diseases are caused by *hanging on*. It is this which causes waste matter to accumulate in the system. It is this which causes all forms of nervousness, and all unhappiness.

\*\*\* *Let go*, and give yourself over wholly to the promptings of the Spirit. This is living in harmony with Nature. "Nature" and "Spirit" are terms used by different classes of people to designate the same thing, viz. that Universal, Vital Principle which animates the universe.

\*\*\* The Grape Nuts people have an interesting quarter page ad. in the September issue of *Physical Culture*. It is a picture of Sanford Hubbard, aged 15 years, who weighs 176 pounds and is quite an athlete. His diet is said to be mostly Grape Nuts—no meat.

\*\*\* "The advocates of a meat diet received a blow not long ago from which they will have grave difficulty in recovering. In the recent 125-mile race between Dresden and Berlin in which there were thirty-two entries, twelve being meat eaters and twenty vegetarians, the race was won by a vegetarian nearly eight hours in advance of the best meat-eating competitor. Out of the twelve meat-eaters only three succeeded in finishing the race within the prescribed time of forty-five hours, though there were ten out of the twenty vegetarians who accomplished the feat."—From editorial in *Physical Culture*.

\*\*\* It is customary for those who defend meat eating to point triumphantly to the fact that Mrs. So and So lived to be 99 years old, was sweet, refined and gentle, yet ate meat all her life. On the other hand they will refer you to Mr. Blank, the vegetarian, who is notoriously weakened, cranky and cross. These isolated cases are worth nothing as evidence, either one way or the other. Because one man is successful in running a farm in exactly the same way his grandfather ran it, dispensing with all modern labor-saving machinery, is no proof that every other farmer can be prosperous and happy by following his methods. Environment, individual temperament and natural capacity are all important factors in the meat eating problem. One person may succeed in living to a ripe old age in spite of the fact that he has absorbed into his body a goodly amount of uric acid (poison) derived from the meat which he eats. Another person, starting out with a less vital organism, may fall by the wayside, whereas if he had dispensed with the poison he would have prolonged his life.

\*\*\* It is an easy thing to criticise another person, but how seldom the one who does the criticising is in a position to even remotely understand the motives and actions of the one he finds fault with.

\*\*\* Fred Burry has adopted the plan of writing everything himself that appears in his magazine. The September number, just received, is much improved over preceding issues.

\*\*\* If you are troubled with constipation try eating one or two oranges in the morning on an empty stomach.

\*\*\* Here is the testimony of a man who has received great benefit from eliminating meat from his diet. His statement was published in a recent article in *The Housekeeper*: "I naturally or by heredity had an appetite for liquor, but since I left off using meat, tobacco, tea and coffee, and began to live largely on fruits and grains, I have little or no craving for intoxicants."

\*\*\* Edison, the great inventor, lives upon

fruit and grain, believing that such foods aid in keeping his mind clear and his body strong.

\*\*\* We are going to start tomorrow for a three days drive through the New Hampshire hills.

\*\*\* Speaking of New Hampshire reminds me of a pup that I owned when I lived up there quite a good many years ago. When this pup was about half grown he was like a beginner in the study of the New Thought, i. e., very enthusiastic. One day he went away from the house with me about half a mile after some cattle. Our neighbor's sheep were in the pasture, and the pup insisted on chasing them. I tried to call him off, but in vain. He chased the sheep until his breath gave out, and then we started for home. Before we got half way there the pup was so tired that I had to carry him. Now, friends, don't let your enthusiasm run ahead of your breathing capacity if you want to succeed. Enthusiasm is a very good thing, a very necessary thing, but common sense in the application of energy is also necessary to health and well being.

\*\*\* Concentration is economy in the use of energy.

\*\*\* Concentration is not nervous tension.

\*\*\* Mrs. Boehme sends out a fine cut of herself with the current number of her magazine, *The Radiant Center*, published at 2016 O. street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Mrs. Boehme is one of the most generous and large hearted women I have ever come in contact with in a business way. Sidney Flower thinks the average New Thought woman is a rather uncertain quantity when it comes to business dealings, but if Kate Boehme is a fair example of the species I shall have to differ with him.

\*\*\* The season of sticky postage stamps has passed, and the clear, cool, mellow days of September are at hand. W. E. T.

—Why do new thought people ask so much for their literature? You could answer your own question if you would stop and think a bit. But here is the answer: It costs new thought people a great deal more to get out their literature. Not only in printing the books and papers, which is the smallest part of getting them out. It is placing things before the public that costs. New thought literature appeals to a very limited class compared with the reading class as a whole. An ad. in *Ladies' Home Journal* costs something like \$70 an inch for one insertion. Such an ad. of some current novel would bring perhaps 3,000 replies, while the same ad. of a new thought booklet would do well if it brought 100. That would mean a cost of 70 cents to sell each book, whilst an ordinary book would sell at the rate of 30 for 70 cents worth of advertising. Among new thought papers it is the same—where a good monthly magazine reaches 1,000,000, an equally good new thought journal will do well to reach 20,000. I doubt if there are 100,000 separate subscribers to new thought journals in the whole United States, while there are millions and millions of subscribers to all the other journals. All this raises cost for production to us. "It is the first 1,000 which costs," the printer will tell you—everything beyond that lowers the average cost of production. If I had even 100,000 subscribers to *Nautilus* I could sell it for 25 cents a year and yet make more on every subscription than is possible now. So don't grumble over the cost of new thought literature. Walk up and pay like a little man for the privilege of getting *advance* thought. Every store keeper charges you extra for *advance* styles, and then when the things grow common you can get them for a song. The reason and principle are the same—it costs more to manufacture *advance* goods for those of critical tastes, than it does to duplicate the same thing later for the "common herd." Don't expect to get *advance* thought at sweat shop prices. And don't doubt that we are getting there. A few years ago new thought "courses" sold for \$25 that are now sold for \$5 and even \$1. Prices are shrinking and papers and booklets doubling all along the line. This all indicates that the new thought ranks

are swelling, bless 'em, and the time is coming when you can get "Science and Health" or "Constitution of Man" as cheaply as you can get Dickens or the Bible. But don't wait for *cheap* things. Be a self-and-the-other-fellow-respecting *advance* thought-er.

—After all why shouldn't the postal inspectors and the prosecuting attorneys get after us? We are all members of one body, all parts of the great whole, and however much we may wish we could be let alone to mind our own business in our own way, it is yet impossible for one of us to live or die unto himself. The whole is affected by the actions of its parts; and is therefore more or less responsible for them; and has at least a degree of right to call its parts to account, and even curtail them a bit. Otherwise some of the parts might get so far ahead of the whole procession that they would lose all connections with it and set up little processions of their own, all in opposite directions. When a part of the procession goes too fast and gets called down by the whole there is nothing to get mad at, or be afraid of. Evolution is evolving, and right rules. The calling down may result in making the parts of the procession go a bit slower, but it also wakes up the whole to stepping a bit more lively. And thus our Oneness is preserved and the progress of the whole race advanced, even though some of the parts may feel that they are defrauded of their right of moving ahead as fast as they please. It is as if the superabundance of energy of a few of the parts was tapped and spread through the nerves of the whole, thus hastening the progress of the whole a bit, instead of the parts a lot. Let us not fail to remember our Oneness, and the working together for good of the whole. \* \* P. S.—If the whole should happen to call me down for trying to go too fast, I'd be very apt to *feel* like doing the Taurus act! And I *might* do it. But I shall try to remember that we are One and working *together* for good.

—The only permanent soft snaps there are in this world are those we make by *adjusting ourselves* to the enjoyment of things as they are. All other soft snaps result sooner or later in our getting kicked out to hustle.

—A soft snap is all in your mind. The man who *likes* what he has to do thinks it a soft snap, even though he works hard. The man whose mind and will is not in his work has a hard time of it even when he is holding down the softest snap in town.

—Blessed is he that maketh for himself a soft snap by inflating his work with Good Will. And herein rules that mysterious law—whoso loseth his soft snap shall find it.

—A man's work is either a soft pneumatic cushion, saving him from the jolts of progress, or it is an *empty rubber* through which he gets the full benefit of every stick and stone and kick on the road. Which it is, depends upon himself. To make of his work a soft snap, a pneumatic cushion, he has only to inflate it with plenty of *Good Will*.

—"Is there anything in dreams?"

Of course there is. There's mental or physical indigestion in every dream. There is likewise encouragement or discouragement. If you have a good dream take heart and go in to win. If you have an unhappy dream snap your fingers at it and go in to win. A little hearty outdoor exercise will exorcise all the bad effects of the worst dream that was ever conjured. The next best thing is ten minutes of *vigorous* exercise before an open window—and before you put any clothes on.

—In making up the file of *Nautilus* for the National Library I find we still lack one number—that of Vol. 1, No. 4, February, 1899. If some one can send me that number I shall be very glad. And thank you all again for helping me with this file.

—"Some analysts here have found Grape Nuts to be a fraud—just ground, dried bread."—H.B.L.

Why is "ground, dried bread" a "fraud"? Is there anything in the cooked cereal line any better than hard toasted and coarse ground *entire* wheat bread?—with cream. Try it and see.



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Do you desire to better your condition? Do you desire to help relative or friend to better his? Then join us and GROW SUCCESS. Anyone who sends me \$1 for my books or subscription to THE NAUTILUS, is entitled to one year's membership in the Success Circle. To get best results you should have THE NAUTILUS, each number of which contains a special letter to the Success Circle; and a copy of "How to Grow Success," price 50 cents, containing full directions to the Circle members. Other of my books may be substituted for the above mentioned, but NOBODY'S ELSE; and money sent for DELINQUENT subscriptions will not count on this offer. Additional members of your family who wish to join the Success Circle AT THE SAME TIME YOU JOIN, may do so by sending with your order, 50 cents for books or paper to that amount. Unless these orders come in one envelope each member of your family is privileged to join only upon sending \$1 for my books, or NAUTILUS, to that amount. NOTE TERMS CAREFULLY. There will be NO deviations. \* \* \* I teach the Success Circle through "How to Grow Success," which contains full directions; and through the monthly letter to the Circle, printed herewith. And I speak for all members the Word of Success, for which I make no charge. \* \* \* "How to Grow Success" is uniform with my other 50 cent book, contains a new three-quarter length engraving of the author and each copy is signed and numbered in my handwriting. It is a text book for the Success Circle. \* \* \* I have a real personal INTEREST in each member. In joining write me a brief and TO-THE-POINT statement of your desires, and if possible send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back. Do not send one that must be returned, and see that postage is fully prepaid.

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—I am giving you this month a little lesson from Andrew Carnegie, who began at the bottom and reached the top; and his words are a splendid treatment for success. Live with them every day for a month and you will have taken a long stride in the desired direction. In his "Empire of Business," he says:

"The concerns which fail are those which have scattered their capital, which means that they have scattered their brains, also. They have investments in this, or that, or the other, here, there and everywhere. 'Don't put all your eggs in one basket' is all wrong. I tell you, 'Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket.' Look round you and take notice; men who do that do not often fail. It is easy to watch and carry the one basket. It is trying to carry too many baskets that breaks most eggs in this country. He who carries three baskets must put one on his head, which is apt to tumble and trip him up. One fault of the American business man is lack of concentration."

"To summarize what I have said: Aim for the highest; never enter a barroom; do not touch liquor, or, if at all, only at meals; never speculate; never indorse beyond your surplus cash fund; make the firm's interest yours; break orders always to save owners; concentrate; put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket; expenditure always within revenue; lastly, be not impatient, for, as Emerson says, 'No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourself.'"

## Schools of Success. Magnetism.

To purchasers of "Power of Success Through Culture of Vibrant Magnetism," I offer: Name on Cover, Correspondence, Examinations, Constitution for a School, List of the Best Works Studied in the Various Departments and Personal Supervision and Suggestion,—for the one price and postage. The book: four divisions, twenty-seven lessons on the New Thought and Practical Magnetism; 6x9½; cloth, royal purple; a superb volume. Postpaid, Ten dollars, including all above. Discounts to schools of ten or more. Not so many words, but the truth. FRANK C. HADDOCK, 319 Boston St., Lynn, Mass. [References.]

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## THE GLAD HAND.

—"A Key to Success, or The Power of Silent, Concentrated Thought-Force," is a dainty little paper bound volume which sells for 35 cents. The author is Anna M. Pennock, 1348 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio. A helpful little book.

—Another book by the same author is "Creative Force in the Vegetable, Animal and Human World," a larger volume in stiff board cover, all gilt edged and white and beautifully printed and illustrated, which sells for 75 cents. This book is really intended to be read by mothers and placed in the hands of young girls and boys who are approaching the age when they must be enlightened to save them from being darkened by what they learn and feel of the creative force. A good book.

—"Mental Healing Made Plain," by Kate Atkinson Boehme, is well named. It is really the clearest, sweetest presentation of the principle and application of mental healing I have ever seen. The best thing extant for beginners, whether they come from the church or the great out-doors. Price of the book is \$1, cloth bound in green and gold, 104 pages. See ad.

—"Realization," by Loraine Follett, is a helpful and well written 50 cent book, published by J. C. F. Grumbine, 1285 Commonwealth ave., Boston.

—"A Series of Meditations," is a handsome little volume by Erastus C. Gaffield, published by J. C. F. Grumbine, 1285 Commonwealth ave., Boston. Price, \$1. Interesting and helpful.

—"A Book Relating to the Art Work of the Fire, and to the Method by which the City that needs no Sun may be Built Up," is the lengthy and synoptical title of a 50 cent pamphlet by Adair Welcker, 587 Mission street, San Francisco.

—"Paths to Power," by Floyd B. Wilson, is one of the best books I have seen in a long time. The writer really shows you the paths, and makes them tangible. Besides this, he inspires you for steady, quiet walking in those paths. More than this no man can do. The book is well-written, free from cant, and will prove a blessing to thousands. Price \$1. See ad.

—Fred Burry's Journal for September comes out with every page filled by the editor himself. Good! I am sure his readers will appreciate this. Fred Burry's address is 799 Euclid avenue, Toronto.

—In Eleanor Kirk's Idea for September there is a fine practical article which I specially commend to every woman who expects to become a mother.

—I am in receipt of four pretty pieces of music by D. O. Evans, 11 Central Square, Youngstown, Ohio. If you sing in church you will like these. "Thy Kingdom of Love," is a duet arranged for both high and low voices. Another duet for tenor and bass is "Angel Voices." These are 60 cents each. Then there is "Christ at the Door," for mezzo voice, 75 cents; and prettiest of all is "The Voice of God's Creation," price, 60 cents, or 85 cents, with violin obligato, or \$1 with violin and cello. Arranged for high voices or low. All these songs and duets are of "medium difficulty," and very good.

—The City Fathers of Holyoke are giving our street a new dress of "Warren's Bituminous Macadam Waterproof Pavement." I should think it would last for centuries, and it is not like any western "macadam" pavement I ever saw. First, the "gang" excavated the street about six inches, and made it level as a floor. Then they gave it a smooth layer of very fine crushed rock and earth packed solid and smooth with an immense steam roller. Then a thick layer of coarse crushed rock was raked smooth and rolled flat. After that along came the men again with enormous, long-handled dippers of hot black soup with which they watered the rolled rock until it was all wet and glistened black in the sun. But it dried immediately and then they dragged onto it two great flat black mortar boards. Along came two dump wagons which drove over these boards, canvas covers were removed and a sort of coarse stiff

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black mush was dumped onto the boards. This appears to be steaming hot and composed of crushed rock finer than the last layer, mixed up with some of that black coal tar gruel. The men hustle this onto the street in good big spoonfuls, where it is raked smooth and immediately and untiringly goes that great steam roller back and forth over it all, until it is solid and smooth as cement, and much harder. Just now the men are coming along over this with more dippers full of that black mixture which they pour on and brush over and immediately cover with all the fine earth the coal tar soup will cling to. It looks exactly as if the street were a bar of shiny black licorice candy being "dipped" in melted chocolate and "rolled" in dark brown flour. I fancy this pavement will last longer and wear more evenly than cement, and it would not be so cruelly slick for the horses, in wet weather. I shall be glad to see this new pavement extended, but I am glad that pesky steam roller will not have to chew-chew under our windows until midnight again, as it did last night.

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