

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. 1.

IDEALIST.

Lo, I am Skeptic! neither bind
Science nor Bible on my mind.
All things I hold in flux; the Good,
Fore-running Dream paints to my mood.
The sweet Ideal is more to me
Than any man's philosophy.
The Books no man may surely know,
Science is changeable, doubtful, so,
Doubter, my faith is more than most,
My Dream of Best I give my trust.
In it I think Divinity
Speaks surest to the core of me.
By night clear fire, by day bright cloud,
Music of Sphere, soul-sweet, brain-loud,
Heart-thrilling, lures me on, the God
Floating before with smile and nod.
The best I dream, my faith tells me,
Will come to live as grows a tree,
As breaks a day, and life must hold
A fact each dream a hope can mould.
—J. William Lloyd.

MAN AND A POT SCRAPER.

"My wife has a pot scraper that is made of a large number of wire rings linked together, the whole forming a triangle. There is one ring at the apex of the triangle which, if you lift it by all the other rings fall naturally into place, but if you lift it by any other one or more of the many rings, it assumes a more or less misshapen mass. So with Man—the apex is the mind. Lift that and all his other parts fall into place gracefully and in order."—F. T. Allen in "Agreement."

Which sounds nice. But you see man is not by nature a pot scraper, and if he were, his chief end in life is not to be picked up by the apex and hung on the wall. If man were a pot scraper he would accomplish the most good if you grabbed him by any corner and used him. To "lift" him daintily by the "apex" is to make of him merely an ornament—of doubtful virtue.

Mr. Allen uses this illustration and sundry others to convince you that breathing exercises, diet, etc., must be let alone because by using them you try to "lift man" by something else besides the "apex," the mind. He had a "Cart Before the Horse" article in September number of "Argument" that tickled Helen Wilmans so she reprinted it all in "Freedom." And Allen's article is good and calculated to "deceive, if it were possible, the very elect."

Why, bless their little hearts, man is ALL APEX. You can't touch him anywhere that isn't MIND, pure and simple. Breathing and eating and digesting are all mental processes. But breathing as she is breathed ordinarily, and eating as she is practiced, are not half such intelligent processes as they will be after we have put a little more *thought* into them.

Breathing and eating are the *only two bodily functions that have not yet been turned entirely over to the control of sub-conscious brain centers.* That means a lot, sweetheart. It means that we have not yet learned all there is to know about breathing and eating. It means that we can by *conscious direction* better these functions.

Man must grow evenly if he would be useful and beautiful and happy. A narrow-chested pork eater is neither. He loads himself with pork and doesn't eat oxygen enough to permit him to burn half the refuse. So his mind is clogged and he can't think his best. He is all mind and his development is an all around one, whether it seems so or not.

Dr. English propounds an interesting theory in "Mind and Its Machinery." Our food is fuel, which is carried by the blood and stored in all

the little cell houses. Nervous energy, thought, is electric, and he says that as it comes into contact with the negative food atoms a tiny explosion occurs, burning the fuel just as wood is burned. Now if that thought spark were ever so bright and the fuel ever so good yet there could be no explosion without oxygen in plenty. This, too, is carried by the blood, being received by way of the lungs. You inhale oxygen to make this explosion possible, and you *exhale the smoke and soot of the burning.*

This constant burning of fuel within us is what keeps us warm and enables us to act. The more active we are the more fuel we burn and the more breath we take. As long as we live a free, active life, as animals do, we *automatically* adjust the supply of oxygen and fuel to the demand. As animals we have to *work* for our food, and this activity enables us to burn all the fuel we make.

But you see we are growing so intelligent we don't have to work for our bread. But we have set up in past working ages a *habit* of eating about so much, and we keep right along in the old rut. It is easier to *follow* habit than to use our brains to change it. So we take in far more food than we now need. We so gorge the blood with fuel that it cannot carry enough oxygen to feed combustion.

We breathe deeply and fully when we are active. When we are gorged with fuel, smoke and ashes our fires "*do not draw.*" They smoke, smoulder and go out.

Now do you imagine that, with this state of the "physical," it does much good to send mental impulses, nervous energy, *the electric spark*, into the fire box? The fires simply can't burn because they are clogged. They need just what a clogged stove fire needs—a good *shaking up.* And then they need the application of a little Common Sense to prevent more clogging.

Sometimes you can start the fire by getting down on your knees and *blowing* it. So you will help get rid of your physical clog by *using your lungs.* You will obviate future cloggings by applying a little Common Sense in the matter of diet.

As growing intelligence eliminates physical labor from our daily routine, it must also eliminate the fuel supply which afforded the basis of laborious action.

Shelton says we shall shortly draw all our sustenance directly from the sun's rays. Also he says that "at present roast beef, lamb chops, steaks, etc., seem to be essential" to himself and Blanche. I wonder if he thinks he will make a clean jump from roast beef to "sun's rays." We make no clean jumps. We grow and out-grow. It is not so far from sun-kissed fruits, cereals and nuts to pure "sun's rays." But even so, it will take a lot of fasting and a great deal of *intelligent* use of the lungs before we make the change. And man is so beautifully One that his brains will not get there ahead of his lungs and his stomach.

LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

People are eternally confounding love and sympathy. They have no more to do with each other than light with darkness. There is really nothing in common between them and just in proportion as real love is absent you will find sympathy present.

Sympathy is a moon, cold, dead, dark and *acted upon* by whatever has life, which is *light.* "Sym-pathy" means "same state," and describes the quality of reflecting. The moon is a sym-

pathizer. When the sun shines upon it, it is quite bright and useful. When the earth gets between it and the sun, the moon sulks out of sight or throbs in sym-pathy with the dark side of earth. Instead of *giving* light, or anything else, to the object of its sym-pathy, it *draws upon* its object and oceans of tears rise and seek to go out to the moon. All darkness throbs with pain and seeks to *attract* light.

The sun is the universal lover. It is positive and gives eternally. Moons, sympathizers, may come and go, may *receive* his ardent love-light or hide away on the dark side of some other sympathizer, but the sun loves on forever.

The sun, the lover, hath light in himself, which he continually *radiates.*

The moon, the sympathizer, waxes and wanes by the light of others, or in the absence of light-givers he vibrates and throbs with the darkness of the nearest moon, or with the darkness that is in himself.

Now isn't that just like some people? Of course it is. And sympathy is not the virtue it is cracked up to be.

But every human being is a universe in small type. You have heard of folks writing "The Lord's Prayer" in type so fine you could not read it without a good microscope. Just so you and I are the universe writ small. And nothing is left out.

Every human being is a sun and a moon too, a lover and a sympathizer. It is because we are only just beginning to read such fine print that we have confounded love and sympathy. We thought them one, and paraded sympathy as a great virtue.

So we have *cultivated* that faculty of reflecting the shinings or lack of shining (particularly the latter) of others, and made much of it. We have developed a sickly sentimentality about it, and *pretended* sympathy even after we were really becoming more at one with the sun, the lover, of us, and didn't really *want* to vibrate with all the darkness about us.

Sympathy is pure, unadulterated foolishness to the *lover*—the sun, who hath light in himself and *knows* it.

The sun of us sheds GOOD WILL alike upon just and unjust. It lends a hand wherever it can, but always with a smiling face.

The more conscious we become of the sun of us, the radiant center of us, the more smiles there are and the fewer tears and throbbings. The more conscious we grow of the sun of us the more we smile on the moons, and *laugh at 'em* and tell 'em to wake up and shine for themselves. Imagine the sun shedding tears because the moon got around on the earth's dark side! Why, Old Sol would smile and shine and *know* that the moon would come out again. Just so the sun people are doing. And they are rejoicing that *all* these moon people are universes in miniature, and *each is coming into a knowledge of his sun life.* Each is *forgetting* the moon life with its tears and fears and reflections.

Sympathy is a condition *reflected* from another. Love is *Good Will*, a real force which *goes out* to the assistance of another.

The sympathizer is too busy "suffering" with the other fellow—he has no energy left for helping him. I have seen a baby cry over a small hurt. Tears rolled down its mother's face as she held the child and "pitied" it. A sister came flying in, bright faced and cheery, and baby instantly stopped wailing and was ready for a frolic. Mother sympathized—the child acted upon her.

But sister was *radiant* and acted upon baby—the difference between sympathy and love.

Be sympathetic if you must, but at least have the grace to ignore it, and *wake up your sun-consciousness*—your Good Will, or Love, and do something for the baby. If that is impossible, go do something else. Don't sit around and add to the wailing.

THE LAW OF INDIVIDUALITY.

All growth is by *learning*.

All learning comes by the gratification of desire. Truly, experience is not only the best teacher, but the *only* infallible one.

The gratification of desire, good or bad, leaves always one imperishable residue of wisdom. The rest of the experience goes with the chaff for burning.

Desire points invariably according to the individual's intelligence. In proportion as this is faulty his desires are "bad."

What is a bad desire anyway? In the main "bad" desires are self-made or thoughtlessly accepted. Dancing is wicked to a Methodist and "good" to an Episcopalian.

But aside from these personal standpoints which are legion there is an immutable Law, to which intelligence is conforming all action and thought—the Law of Individuality—the Law recognized and expressed by Confucius and Jesus in negative and positive forms of the "golden rule:" "Do not unto others what ye would not they should do unto you."

Interference with the freedom of the individual is "bad"—that is, *it invariably brings pain* to the one who interferes, in thought or deed. Listen to this:

"You cannot know anything of the sources or causes of the crisis you are judging, for no one who knows will tell you, and you would not know if you were told. The depths of elemental immortality, of self-deceit and revenge, lie in our eagerness to judge one another, and to force one another under the yoke of our judgments. When there is the faith of the Son of man in the world, life will be left to make its own judgments. The only judgments we have a right to make upon one another is the free and truthful living of our own lives."—George D. Herron.

This forcing of others, in mind or action, under the yoke of *our* judgment is the only possible way we can break a *real* Law. To be *ourselves* and to leave others free is to "*be good*." Dancings will come and go, and come again; so will fashions of all kinds; conventionalities and creeds; but this Law remains an eternal chalk line to be toed. And eternal torments await him who does not toe it.

* * * * *

Take the case of a man who desires to "run away" with another man's wife. The one immutable Law of Individuality says *no man owns a wife*. Instead of this being a problem with two men and one man's property as factors, it is a case of *three individuals* with god-given rights of individual choice. You have heard it said that "*where two are agreed*" as touching anything it shall be done unto them." It takes two to make, or to *keep* made, a bargain. No matter what hallucinations in regard to ownership any man may labor under, *he does not own a wife*. He has no more "rights" over one woman than over another, or over another man, except as the *woman herself* gives him the right and *keeps on* giving it to him.

The Law of Individuality is absolute, and in due time husbands will know better than to imagine they own wives; wives will know better than to be owned; and the other man will not imagine he can gain great pleasure from "running away" with anything. Each will be free and leave the others so.

But "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Until a man *recognizes* the Law of Individuality his actions are governed by the Law he *does* recognize, and his desires act accordingly. When he desires to "run away" with anything his *conscience* tells him he is stealing. If desire is strong enough he steals a wife, and eventually suffers for it. For, though he may not have broken a real law, he *has* broken an imagined one and in his *own mind* he deserves punishment and in his

own mind he gets it. "As a man thinketh so is he," and what he is *determines what he attracts*.

Never was a deeper, truer saying than Paul's "BLESSED is the man that *doubteth not* in that thing which he alloweth." The man who *waits*, until he is "*fully persuaded* in his own mind" will be blessed in following desire, and he will grow in wisdom thereby.

The man who *thinks* his desire is "bad" and yet follows it, will grow in wisdom *by the scourging he gets*. He has transgressed *his conception* of the One Law and suffers in getting back to *at-one-ment*.

In either case he *grows in wisdom* and eventually he will desire only in accordance with the One Law of Individual Choice.

There is no question of "ought" about it. The individual is free to follow desire or to crucify it. And the fact is, *he follows desire when he crucifies it*. He *desires* to crucify desire, because he is *afraid* to gratify it.

The man who is not afraid follows desire and grows fast *in wisdom and in knowledge*. He may make mistakes and suffer all sorts of agonies as a result. But he learns from his misses as well as from his hits, and he progresses.

The man who is afraid to follow desire crucifies *his life* and stunts his growth.

It were better for the individual to follow his desire and afterward repent, than to crush his desires and repent for a lifetime under the false impression that the universe unjustly gives to another that which should have belonged to him.

There is just one kind of growth—*growth in wisdom*. We hear of children "who grow up in ignorance." We likewise hear that the earth is square and the moon a green cheese. Children can no more grow in ignorance than they can grow in a dark and air-tight case. All growth, mental, moral, spiritual or "physical," is by increase in intelligence; i. e., by *recognition* of more truth. All things exist in a limitless sea of pure wisdom waiting, waiting *to be understood*. As fast as this universal wisdom is used it becomes *in-told*—intelligence—*recognized wisdom*. We *breathe in wisdom* and grow in intelligence. All growth, mineral, plant, animal, man or god, conscious or unconscious—ALL growth is by this process. It is *DESIRE* that makes us breathe. Everything cries out for more, *more!*—it cannot define always *what* it wants, but it *wants*, with insatiable craving. It is *more wisdom* the whole creation groaneth and travaileth to get. "Give me more understanding or I die!"—the visible eternally cries out to the Invisible. Desire is the ceaseless life-urge of all things, from amoeba to archangel. Desire is "Immanuel"—*God with us*—*God in us* "to will and to do."

—"Four Lessons on Astrology, Exoteric and Esoteric," is by the noted authority, Alan Leo, whose motto is "The wise man rules himself in harmony with the stars." It is good. And low priced—only twenty-five cents for seventy-two pages. Purdy Publishing Company, McVicker's Building, Chicago.

—"Elsie's Little Brother Tom," is by Alwyn M. Thurber, who sets himself the difficult task of dishing up mental science for the small ones. The best book I have seen of the kind. There are 168 pages printed on antique paper, with stiff covers, price seventy-five cents. Universal Truth Publishing Company, 87 Washington street, Chicago.

—"The Value of Esoteric Thought and the Philosophy of Absent Healing," by Charles W. Close, Ph. D., 126 Birch street, Bangor, Me., is a reprint of four fine chapters from the late "Free Man." Price, ten cents.

—"Woman Revealed" is a fine, large, artistically bound dollar book by Nancy McKay Gordon. In this good book we get more than the title promises. Man as well as woman is revealed, and the way of regeneration made plain. It is a beautiful book inside and out. See ad on page 4.

—"The Temple of the Rosy Cross," by F. B. Dowd, has reached its fourth edition. It is in red and gold, 324 pages, price \$2; Eulian Publishing Company, Salem, Mass. In it Mr. Dowd "discusses with warm and vital touch nearly

every problem of the human soul, and at every point he is rational as he is radical." The book is logical and original as well as interesting.

—"Initiation Into God's Holy City of Light," is a dainty message in verse, by "Virtuzia," 506 North Central avenue, Austin Station, Chicago. Price, seventy-five cents.

—I have just issued a new book for the Success Circle. "How to Grow Success" is really a text book, a hand book—a bible for every day use. It contains all Success Circle directions, and will prove of great advantage to every member who will use it. The book is uniform in size with "Constitution of Man," contains a fine, new, three-quarter length engraving of the author, and sells for fifty cents. Each book will be signed and numbered in my own hand-writing, and the number therein will constitute your number in the Circle. Each new member, or renewed member, from now on, will receive one of these books. The price of admission to the Success Circle will not be advanced. The dollar will pay for NAUTILUS a year and the book, and your name will be enrolled for a year in the Success Circle, and I will speak for you the WORD OF SUCCESS *absolutely without charge*. If the Success Circle keeps on increasing at its present rate perhaps I shall be able not only to dispense with the entrance fee, but declare a dividend into the bargain! Who knows? * * Those of you who have joined the Success Circle *within* three months may send me twenty-five cents, half price, and receive a book now; or wait until you are ready to renew and then send one dollar for book and NAUTILUS. *This offer holds good only to November 30*. All others may receive the book by renewing subscription and year of Success Circle, to be extended one year from date of expiration of present subscription, whenever that may be. The new book is for this purpose only and **POSITIVELY WILL NOT BE SOLD ON ANY OTHER TERMS**. Note carefully the directions over the Success Circle letter on page 4.

—A lady wants to know "why the name 'Nautilus'—if you have a reason?" Yes, I have one. Every name has a reason for being. The original Nautilus (pronounced naut-i-lus) is a small rover of the seas, which has gumption enough to take advantage of favoring winds when there are any, to waft him in his chosen direction; when there are none he keeps cool and grows; if it storms he folds his sail and sinks down to still depths, there to keep on growing. He builds his own soul-mansion and moves in. He closes the passage to the room he leaves and which he has outgrown, and makes of it an empty air chamber *to help him rise to the top*. Each new chamber is larger than the last, and all are increasingly good and beautiful. He tends strictly to his *own* business of growing and learning and building, and thereby speaks louder than if he talked English. Oliver Wendell Holmes immortalized him in a beautiful poem, the last verse of which appears on the head gear of his namesake. For more about the original see poem and encyclopedia. For more about THE NAUTILUS see future editions. Back numbers all gone.

—William has just got out a new book that every NAUTILUS reader will want. It is a small book, with a corresponding price, but it is right to the point in name and fact. "Points on Success" is fine and *practical*. It contains William's best thought on success, illustrated by some of his own experience. There is more of *himself* in it than in anything else he has written. Look over on the last page of this NAUTILUS and you will see his ad. with a small cut of himself. The cut isn't half as good looking as he is but it will give you some faint idea of what he looks like. And the book will help you to win.

—"The Path-Finder" has arrived and it more than fulfills my hopes for it. It is handsome and full of interest. Send for it to Edgar Wallace Conable, Roswell, Col. Tell him I said he would send you a sample.

—Kate A. Boehme is one of the sweetest and most lucid writers I know. You should read her books and magazine.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

NOTE. Please address all orders for Mrs. Towne's books, also subscriptions for NAUTILUS to her, and all orders for other books to me, as we keep our financial affairs separate. If you wish to send us each an order in one letter, kindly write same on two sheets. A careful compliance with these directions will save us time and annoyance, insure your orders being filled accurately and promptly, and greatly oblige us. WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

I AM UNTRAMMELED. It sometimes occurs that people question as to whether my ideas are in conformity with the accepted standards of New Thought teachings. I wish to state plainly and positively that I do not claim to be the exponent of any school of thought, creed, sect or religion. I am an individualist, and as such seek only the fullest expression of truth as I see it and as the I AM reveals it to me through experience, without regard to its conforming to certain accepted standards. I am not allied with Mental Science, Christian Science, Divine Science, Theosophy, Spiritualism or the New Thought, although I see much truth in all of these sects as well as in the esoteric teachings of the Bible.

Whenever a man says "I am a Mental Scientist" or "I am a believer in the New Thought" he puts limitations upon himself which sooner or later will crystalize into a creed. The greatest sticklers for creed that I know of are people who call themselves free thinkers.

All of this reminds me of a story my father used to tell about an old negro, who dreamed he died and went to heaven. The angel who acted as usher was seating people according to their religion while on earth. Thus if the spirit said he was a Methodist he was given a seat at the left; if he was a Baptist, he was placed a little higher up, etc., etc. When the usher came to old Sambo and asked him what sect he belonged to, he replied: "O, I ain't anything, Massa." "All right," said the usher, "go where you please, take a seat anywhere or stand up, just as you choose."

Inasmuch as I see a great deal of truth in all the different schools of thought, I will not limit myself by shutting out any of them. When I discover a new truth, I do not want to be obliged to consider how it harmonizes with a certain creed before I accept it, but rather I prefer to

"Seize on truth wherever found,
On Christian or on heathen ground."

I believe in encouraging and coöperating with all works which tend to help mankind in his development, no matter under whose auspices those works are carried forward.

FABLE NO. TWO. Once there was a Wise Man whose faith in the Power of Mind was so great that he saw no sense in Hygienic Methods, which make it easier for the coarser and finer grades of Mind to harmonize. Said he, if the Mind be lifted up all else will follow it, therefore why should I reach forth my hand to seek health or wealth? I will sit me down and meditate, and lo, all these things will drop in my lap even as the ripened fruit falleth from the tree unto the earth. Now it came to pass that this Wise Man went forth in the fields one day for a walk—not that he believed fresh air or exercise were good, but simply because he wanted a change—and it came to pass that a rustic bridge lay in his pathway, and in crossing the bridge he stubbed his toe and fell. And it chanced that he fell upon a good-sized sliver, which penetrated his anatomy to the distance of an inch or less. Did the Wise Man remember to lift up his mind to the end that the sliver might depart from him? No. He ignominiously condescended to pluck it out between his thumb and finger.

MORAL. "All is Mind" and hence the body is Mind. The mind controls the body when it knows how, but to enable it to maintain that control at all times, there must be perfect harmony of action between mind and body. Since the body also is mind it may sometimes set up a thinking on its own account, which equals the thinking of the brain, as in the case of a broken limb. Until the supremacy of the mind is firmly established, whatever methods (hygienic and otherwise) tend to promote harmony between mind and body are desirable and good. "ALL METHODS ARE MENTAL METHODS."

HARMONY. Harmony is happiness. Harmony is power. To realize harmony you must learn self control. You must learn to let the storms of human passion and the angry thoughts which seethe in the psychic atmosphere pass by you without finding a lodging place. As the waves of the ocean beat about the mighty rock of Gibraltar, so break the psychic waves of anger, envy, greed and malice about the consciousness of the man who has developed the power of self control. Such a man dwells in an atmosphere of serenity where power is born.

If thou perceive evil in thy brother, look well to thine own mind to see if its counterpart be not found there. The strong man judges not, neither does he condemn. Few there are who can yet

stand up under this test, but more are growing to learn its importance than ever before.

A realization of the unity, the oneness of life, makes people self centered. We no longer seek to find that outside of us which shall transcend that which is within. Rather we "seek first the Kingdom within" and then rest assured that the counterpart from without will be manifested in due season. We do not worry so much about our neighbor's affairs, as we realize more fully that life is ONE. Why should we seek to debase another? There is no more reason for it than there is for the brain seeking to debase the body and belittle its importance. All this effort to set other people right only promotes further inharmony. Happiness and harmony cannot thrive or dwell in an atmosphere which is poisoned by condemnation of others.

The man who indulges in bitter criticisms of others, who is an habitual kicker and pessimist, is standing before the car of human progress, and unless he adjusts himself to the forces of evolution will find himself in hades.

Here is a brief extract from a private letter which I recently received from the editor of "Ve Quaint Magazine," Boston, Mass. It embodies some good, sound, common sense ideas, which I heartily endorse:

"If the metaphysical idea teaches anything, it certainly teaches that you should attend to your own affairs and let the other fellow do the same, and not be trying to yank him off his perch just because he does not conform to your idea. I don't pretend to know much, but I feel *almighty* sure that the *truth* of any subject lies at some middle point and *never* at either extreme."

Harmony reigns supreme in the silence. When the objective world is shut out there is a world of peace and almighty power open to your own consciousness. Here you see the folly of worrying about your neighbor's shortcomings. Here you feel your kinship with the tree growing before your window, with the street urchin across the way, with the horse standing at the curbing, with the human brothers and sisters dwelling near you, with everything your consciousness touches.

It is the LIFE in all these things which you recognize, and which creates in you that feeling of oneness. It is not necessary to be on intimate terms outwardly with those whom you touch on the subjective side. It is related of Emerson that he once enjoyed a day's visit from a man of kindred mind, and during the entire period neither spoke a single word.

The ability to recognize the Life in all things will bring you a consciousness of harmony. The knowledge that back of all the petty meanness, envy, jealousy and greed which men manifest, there flows the one Great Life, seeking ever to express itself in harmony wherever it can find a channel, will soften your judgment and allay your pessimism.

REASON AND INTUITION. He who follows the dictates of his reason alone is bound to have a hard time of it. Reason serves as a good balance wheel but, when it is allowed to appear as the Whole Thing it soon gets you into trouble.

Intuition speaks through the voice of desire, and he who follows it may sometimes find his reason rebelling. But reason is of the personal, limited self, while intuition is of the soul, that part of you which touches the Universal Life and unfolds its secrets to you. Reason is often misled and seeks to make laws of its own, but the soul through the voice of intuition and desire says: "Follow the Law which IS and it shall prove thy best friend. Though it seemeth now, to thy limited vision an enemy, yet it is so only because thou has set up resistance in thy mind. The Law is good, while thy reason often sets up a denial of good. Let the Law find expression through you and thou shalt know strength, joy and peace."

William Walker Atkinson has a very fine article in October "Suggestion" along this line, from which I quote the following:

"If you prefer to try to solve the Problem of Life—the Riddle of the Universe—by scientific investigation, by exact reasoning, formal thought, mathematical demonstration—by all means follow this method. You will be taught the lesson of the power and limitations of the human intellect. And after you have traveled round and round the circle of thought and find that you are but covering the same ground over and over again—after you have run into the intellectual *cul de sac*, the blind alley of Logic—after you have beaten your wings against the cage of the unknowable, and fall exhausted and bruised—after you have done all these things and have learned your lesson—then listen to the voice within, see the tiny flame which burns steadily and cannot be extinguished, feel the pressure of the growing Something and let it unfold. You will then begin to understand that as the mind of Man developed by slow stages from mere sensation to simple consciousness; from simple consciousness to self-consciousness (in its lower and higher degrees), so may there be a consciousness, higher than we have heretofore imagined, in store for Man, which is even now beginning to manifest itself. You may then un-

derstand that there may be an Intelligent Faith which *knows*, not simply believes. These and other lessons you will learn in time. And when you have reached the stage where you *feel* the promptings of the Higher Reason, and live in accordance therewith, you will say with Carpenter: "Lo! the healing power descending from within, calming the enfevered mind, spreading peace among the grieving nerves. Lo! the eternal savior, the sought after of all the world, dwelling hidden (to be disclosed) within each * * * O, joy insuperable."

—Success Circle, you will all have a special picture of me now, in the new book, and I wish you would reciprocate by sending me a picture of yourself, with name, address and *date of birth* on the back. I 'spect I shall have to build an art gallery to keep 'em all in, but I shall not mind if only I can see your faces. I already have photos from some of the members and they are such a handsome lot, and I am so proud of 'em, that I want more. Please don't be bashful.

—"Men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron without love; but you cannot deal with men without it, just as men cannot deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees you will injure them and will yourself be injured. And so with men. It can not be otherwise, because natural love is the fundamental law of human life. It is true that a man cannot force another to love him, as he can force him to work for him; but it does not follow that a man may deal with men without love, especially to demand anything from them."—Tolstoy.

—Dearie, if only you would come off your stilts and vibrate *with* a good, healthy, hearty "animal man" or woman! You think there is a "high" and a "low," and you are sick with straining after the high. You imagine a vain thing. There is *no* high and low—there is only Good. Let go, and have a natural Good Time with everybody and everything—like the other children. Your ideals will not suffer thereby. Only by vibrating healthily with the "animal" part of ourselves and others can we gain the physical force necessary to sustain the brain in its highest expressions. Except you come off your stilts and become as a little child ye shall in no wise *grow* up to the height ye desire to reach.

—I have here a letter from Mrs. E. B. Welch of Washington, D. C., but the street address is illegible. Will somebody please ask her to write again? And do for pity's sake see that you sign your own letters so they can be read. If you can't write legibly then *print* your name, and the FULLEST address you can possibly give. If you cannot put *thought* enough into signing a letter to make it readable, how can you expect to succeed at anything else? He that hath ears to hear let him hear and come again.

—Thought alone will not only not take you into the kingdom of heaven, but it will not take you even to the dinner table. It is thought *expressed in action* that takes you anywhere. You may "think health" till crack o'doom, but if you *act hog* and breathe little you will have sick spells and the undertaker 'll get you at the last. Which reminds me of a story of Eleanor Kirk's about a man and wife who were scientists. The woman tempered her "high statements" with common sense. She ate sensibly, exercised intelligently and was comfortable, useful and happy, and I haven't heard that she is dead yet. But the husband "followed desire" and made "high statements," sat in the house and read more high statements, ate beef three times a day and died of apoplexy. "Works without faith are dead," and faith without works is the grave digger's best friend. Go thou and Be Sensible.

—The beautiful poem at the head of this NAUTILUS is from the September number of "Free Comrade," a splendid little big monthly, edited by J. William Lloyd, Westfield, N. J. Price, twenty-five cents a year. Read the poem many times. Take it into the silence and absorb it.

—"He who sows the ground with care and diligence acquires a greater stock of religious merit than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers."—Zendavesta.

The Success Circle.

Do you desire to better your condition? Do you want to help husband, son or other relative or friend to better his? Then join us and **grow success**. Send \$1.50 cents for *The Nautilus* and 50 cents for my book, "How to Grow Success," and be enrolled as a Success Circle member for one year. Additional members of the family, **LIVING IN THE SAME HOUSE**, may join by sending 50 cents each for copies of the book. * * * I teach the Success Circle through "How to Grow Success," which contains full directions; and through the monthly letter to the Circle, printed here-with. And daily I speak for all members **the Word of Success**, for which I make no charge. * * * "How to Grow Success" is uniform in size 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, and is not sold except on the conditions above stated. * * * I have a real personal INTEREST in each member. In joining write me a full and TO-THE-POINT statement of your case, and if possible send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

You have SET yourself to grow success. The Word is with you. Your desire, backed by your expectation or affirmation, is the power that is growing success. Yes, IS growing it. What you desire IS growing. The phenomena of success-growing are not always what one expects. One may expect things to turn out one way and they go the other. What makes them? The Law of Attraction. The Law builds and tears down, and EVERY TEARING DOWN PRECEDES A BETTER BUILDING. Put that in your pipe and smoke it—meditate over it. Ruminate. Go over mentally what you have done and see wherein you could improve it if you had it to do over again. THAT KNOWLEDGE OF WHEREIN YOU COULD IMPROVE IS YOUR GREATEST CAPITAL, AND IT IS YOUR REAL GAIN FROM PAST EXPERIENCE. See? Now rejoice in it and set about USING it in the next thing that turns up. If nothing turns up cogitate a while and TURN something up. But waste NO time and energy thinking failure and regret. You CAN'T AFFORD IT. Now take your heels down off the mantlepiece, lay aside the pipe in which you have smoked out all this TRUTH, straighten yourself up and GO IN TO WIN. Daily I speak for you the WORD and SUCCESS IS GROWING. * * * You see, smoking that in your pipe has filled you again with RESOLUTION. You have inbreathed wisdom and your discouragement has gone up in smoke. Every time you feel a bit disheartened put this in your pipe and smoke it.

—"Growth, not suppression!"

—Look up to all desirable things and affirm them as YOU. YOU ARE ALL.

—Look down and see how much of what YOU ARE you can let out into what you do.

—I know a young man in Boston who is chained lightning at shorthand and typewriting. He wants a new position in that city, with not too long hours, that he may devote more time to music studies. If you need a first-class young man, address W. C., 434 Dudley street, Suite 3, Boston, Mass.

—"I can't keep my mind from dwelling upon disease. Even if I do not think definitely of it, it is in my consciousness. I am quite troubled about it."

The only way to keep the mind from running on one thing is to give it something else to do. The only way to quit thinking one thing is to think another. Of course it is easier to run along in the same old rut than to get out of it. It is easier to follow habit than to form a new one. But there is nobody so weak or foolish that he can't form a new habit. Think health instead of following the old habit of disease thought. SET YOUR MIND on health and reset it every time it flies the track—10,000 times a day if necessary. To do this is to create health. To let your thought run on disease is to feed disease and keep it alive. Affirm, affirm, AFFIRM, is the only mode of creation. Resolution and persistence in AFFIRMING will accomplish anything. And there are no short cuts.

—"Monstrous generosity" is just as foolish and "wicked" as monstrous stinginess, and equally as disastrous to the individual who practices it. Stinginess is centripetal, generosity is centrifugal. Only a balance of the two keeps intact the individual. Only the balance of exact justice is righteous. And the individual must first be just to himself. He may not look upon the apparent need of another, judge by that and thoughtlessly rob himself to fill that other need, real or fancied. Each soul must keep his own balance and fill his own needs. If he does this, if he is just to

himself, he will soon find his needs filled, and a sort of overflow of power and money and thought with which he can be generous without destroying the balance of himself. Each must find for himself this balance of forces. How? Just as he finds the balance, poise, of his body when he learns to walk. When he catches himself toppling one way he throws his weight in the opposite direction. Many times he goes over in spite of his effort. But at last he finds justice, balance, equity, and maintains it. Be not drawn away from your center by sympathy—sym-pathy—by getting into the same state with another. Be not sentimental. On the other hand be not drawn in through fear of poverty, toward the center. Be free and balanced. Use your common sense.

"I want you to know how much good you have done me since I joined the Success Circle in May. I note a marked difference in my condition."—C. * * * "I've made twice the money I ever made before in one year, since joining the Success Circle."—J. * * * "It was a year ago last July that I sent you money for my husband and son to join the Success Circle. I want to thank you again for it has been two of the best dollars I ever invested, for surely success is ours. God bless you."—P. * * * "My uncle, who joined the Success Circle this spring, has made the best crop of any in this section."—O. * * * "Have received wonderful benefit from your Success Circle, and many thanks to you for it."—J. * * * "I joined the Success Circle last year. You told us to go in to win, which we did. And in spite of having but one rain, we did pretty well—in fact we are the only farmers that got a crop of corn around here this year. When the neighbors ask my husband 'how is it that you have such a splendid crop of hay and corn when we got nothing at all, and our ground is better than yours?'—he answers, 'I can't say, unless it is that my wife had her mind and heart set upon it.' And my encouragement came from reading THE NAUTILUS and knowing you were speaking success for me."—Mrs. J. * * * "I did not think I could wait so long before writing you again, but you will have to blame the Success Circle. I was positively so busy up to July 1 that I neglected everything but my painting, and I want to tell you just how great my success is—I made on one sale of \$1,203, all china with the exception of a small oil painting, and I made \$65 one week in lessons alone."—A. * * * "I have had more value for the money than from any other investment I ever made. Everything is coming my way."—B.

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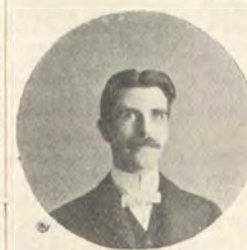
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