

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

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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. 4.

—“And I will show that there is no imperfection in the present, and can be none in the future, And I will show that whatever happens to anybody it may be turn'd to beautiful results.”
—Walt Whitman.

WILL AND WILLS.

In "Occult Truths" for November is an article entitled "What New Thought Women Say of the Will, by an Old Thought Woman," who fails to sign her name. This article is about as cross-eyed as anything I have read recently. It amuses me. And yet it touches a responsive cord of stored memories and I sympathize. That is, I am enabled for the moment to re-enter the *same pathy* or condition this woman describes. Every step she has passed through I too have experienced.

But I have passed *through* it all and emerged upon the spiral above, where I am enabled to understand the phenomena of will in relation to each other, and in relation to the whole.

If you wish to read this woman's article send 10 cents to Charles W. Smiley, May Building, Washington. Briefly stated her idea is that, "The will is a part of that delusive mortal mind. It is the executor of the world, the flesh and the Devil. 'God's will' is a fiction." "Devil" with a capital D, mind you. Then she goes on to tell how wilful she used to be; she dominated her relations, friends and enemies alike, and even the cats and dogs. "There was scarcely no way in which will can dominate that I did not work to its limits," she says; "I intended to marry without declaring my views, get the property and support, but refuse all sensuality," because she was "adamant against child-bearing." Decidedly a disagreeable person, I should say. I don't wonder that she was "cordially hated by those whom she hypnotized and outwitted"; I don't wonder "pain, anguish, hatred, suffering, disappointment followed in the wake of every triumph." Do you?

Then she grew sick of it all and "gave up all will." "In a complete loss of will, self-will, God's will, all kinds of will, there is a miraculous condition of affairs," she says. Then she goes on to preach Christ's teaching of non-resistance.

Every positive character, and probably every negative one, too, passes sometime through an experience identical with this woman's. The more pronounced the character the more definite is the change from self-will to self-abnegation. A negative character will *hang on* eternally to his self-will, and the *giving up* of his will causes him all the anguish this woman experienced as a result of *using* her will.

Now without pointing out to you the mistakes of this writer let me give you my statement of will, its nature and uses; after which I think you will see that this "Old Thought Woman's" understanding needs to grow a bit.

Will is the motive, electric force of the universe; the only force there is.

Will is the energy which forms worlds and swings them in space; which dissolves all forms and creates anew.

Will is attraction and gravitation.

Will is love, and will is hate.

Will is the passion, the active force, of the One.

Will is omnipresent and omnipotent.

Without will there could be only stagnation, death, annihilation.

But there is Will, and there are wills; there is all-pervading, all-evolving Will, and there are countless little tossing, warring wills. There is one great ocean, and there are countless little,

tossing wavelets, each taken up with its own aims to rise above its neighbors.

On the unseen side Will is one, the only One. On the seen side there are only wills, beginning and ending within the personal horizon.

Will is the executive of omniscience.

Will is the executive of universal, all-evolving Wisdom. "Will of God" is no fiction; it is the one immutable, inexorable FACT which personal wills ceaselessly and uselessly toss themselves against, to their undoing *and the increase of knowledge*.

All-Wisdom and All-Will are the one great ocean, from which personal wisdom and will are tossed, and to which all return.

Will and Wisdom are all there is in the universe; they are one and inseparable. Water is correctly formulated as H_2O , instead of H_2O_2 ; and every atom in the universe, seen or unseen, is simply Will in definite and varying proportion to Wisdom. The less Wisdom in the mixture the more foolishly will the Will be exercised.

Will is used commonly as a name for volition exercised by the conscious 5 per cent mind. The individual reasons from his own narrow view and sets his will to execute his finite judgments. For the time he sets his judgment up as infallible, grits his teeth, clinches his fists and drives through;—until he comes slam up against *Universal Will*. It is as if one of your hands set up a judgment of its own and attempted to force the other hand to move after his pattern. Your right hand sees and judges for a *right* hand, but not for a left hand.

Just so with this "Old Thought Woman"; she set up her judgment and attempted to bring relatives, friends, enemies, animals, under subjection.

Under subjection to what?—her will? *No—under subjection to her judgments*. Her will was simply the executive—the sheriff's posse. Having a strong will she had her way in many cases, where a less determined individual would have held just as severe judgments without having the will to execute them.

Was her will "evil," a "delusion"? No. But her wisdom was a minus, a *personal*, quantity and her will thereby misdirected.

I am a very strong willed woman and I glory in it. But the time was when I made all kinds of a chump of myself by setting up *my judgment* for other people's guidance, and sending my will to execute my judgments, willy nilly on the other fellow's part. My *will* was first-class; likewise my intention; but my judgment was exceedingly narrow and crude. I got into all kinds of hot water, just as this "O. T. W." did; and finally I couldn't stand it any longer.

I "went to the Lord." I prayed and agonized and humbled myself—as I needed to. The trouble with me (and with the "O. T. W." and the rest of folks) was that I had not learned yet that *my judgments* were not the best on earth and *my will* the only executive. All these failures on my part made me look at last for higher judgments and mightier will.

Among men I could not find them. Not a writer or lecturer or friend but showed me plainly that his judgments were as wry and his will as circumscribed as my own. So I turned to the unseen and unknown and unbelieving-in, but greatly needed and longed for God. I "gave up my will"—I said "Not my will but thine be done."

It was hard to do, but being a strong willed woman I did it and did it well. I lived daily with

Jesus in that sublime "Sermon on the Mount." Of course "I found peace." Having laid aside all personal aims and ambitions and given up all efforts to make myself or the world better, I found peace.

An Indian lying full length in his canoe, which is floating softly and surely down the broad Columbia toward the ocean, is an emblem of peace. The individual who wakes up at last to the fact that what he has been tearing himself in tatters trying to accomplish *is already being accomplished* by a broad river of Will of which his own will is but a wavelet, finds himself incarnating peace.

"He that loseth his life shall find it." *He that loseth his will shall FIND IT*—for the first time. I thought I was giving up my will, when it was only *my judgments* I gave up. And I gained in return *the entire will of the universe*.

I changed my point of view—that was all.

I had been seeing countless myriads of striving, tortured *individuals*, each warring in chaos to bring order according to his judgments.

Now I saw God as the animating *soul and will and wisdom* working in and through and by these striving ones.

From a formless wavelet striving to *get up*, I became the Indian, resting, *realizing* the mighty *Will* underneath me that carried me unerringly in the right direction *even when I did nothing*.

I rested and let the All-Will carry me and *everybody else*. At times it seemed I *must* spring up and *make* this one or that one go right or do right. But I *used my will on myself* and kept hands off. I could not see that the All-Will was bringing this out right; but I had made such a miserable failure when I was running things that in sheer despair I *determined* to resist nothing, compel nobody, but just *trust* that the All-Will will bring things out right.

I kept saying to myself, "Hands off—hands off—loose him and let the All-Will run him"—until I really learned to *let* the All-Will do it. Of course I thought just as this O. T. woman does, that I was exercising no will at all. But I was, and she is doing it, too. The only difference between the use of my will before and after this self-abnegation was this: After I "gave up my will" I *had the All-Will on my side for the first time*, and so *easy* did it seem to be to *let* the All-Will do everything, that I did not realize that the All-Will *worked through and by my personal will*. It was as if I had been trying desperately to lift something too heavy for me, and suddenly my efforts were reinforced to such an extent that it was easy. Or, as if I had been trying hard to shove open what seemed to be a door when along came one who showed me where the real door was and how to open it *easily*.

I had been using all my will to make myself and others "good" and suddenly I found the *All-Will* reinforcing my little will—as if a mighty power had been switched onto my circuit.

This was not really what happened, you know. It was this: My little will had been striving *against* other little wills—as if one finger strove to curtail the action of another finger. At last I, in desperation and without at the time understanding what I did—I *let go* my little attempt and I began immediately to sense the All-Will working *through* my will for the accomplishment of larger purposes I had not before dreamed of.

It was *hard* to strive against other wills—hard; and the outcome uncertain and fraught with suffering and disappointment.

But it was *easy* to let the All-Will *back* my will

—so easy I failed for some time to realize I was using any will.

Like Solomon I asked for wisdom, for understanding. As it came to me I saw that whenever the All-Will backed my will and made action easy I was on the right track; whenever I felt a sense of *pulling against* some other will I was on the *wrong* track and must let go and rest. Many times the thing I could not at one time do without that *pulling against* feeling, at another time I could do easily with that sense that the All-Will backed me. Sometimes the All-Will backed me in doing what *some other person opposed*, and yet I was not backed when I did the opposing.

At first all this seemed like the capricious "leadings" of a "spirit." But at last I began to see a principle in it.

I found the Law of Individuality. I found that when I willed to do anything which I desired, the All-Will backed me, *unless* I foolishly desired to *curtail what some other body desired to do*—not what some other body desired me to do, but what he desired to do *without interference with me*. Do you see the point? For instance, I desired to teach and heal; another desired me to cook and sew; and the spirit backed me. I serenely taught and healed. That other fumed and fretted, and yet, all serene, I *knew* the All-Will backed me. But that other smoked; I considered smoking wasteful and detrimental; and every time I expressed my opinions on the subject I felt that the All-Will was NOT backing me. This one had a right to smoke, because he was not thereby interfering with the free action of another. But when he tried to put me back in the kitchen he had to use his *personal* will unbacked by the All-Will; because the All-Will was backing my will to get out of the kitchen. On the other hand the All-Will backed his will to smoke; therefore when I tried to interfere I opposed not only his will but the All-Will as well.

Now that is just what gives us all so many hard knocks in the world, dearie. We fail to respect the other fellow's rights, and in so doing we run against not only his personal will but the All-Will into the bargain. No wonder we get some horrible bumps.

When you exercise your will against another's freedom of action you *shut yourself off* from your source of will supply, the All-Will. This is why you clench your fists, grit your teeth and contract your lungs and muscles. You are shut off from the source of will-supply and you *contract* in order to *force your will power against another*. Then you are exhausted, and have accomplished nothing. For if you succeed in "making him be good" this time he *hates* you for it. And he will break out with more force at the next opportunity—*because the All-Will is backing him* even in the actions you judge as "bad." Remember, the All-Will backs *every* personal will except when the personal will interferes with the free action (not *interference*) of another will.

Then, when you attempt interfering with the free action of another you *force out your will* upon him, just as you force out the breath from your lungs. Then you have to "catch your breath" and your will again. It takes time to fill yourself again with will, and whilst you are doing it you suffer all those horrible sensations of remorse and weakness and disgust that come over one after one of these tussles with another will. You have all these feelings whether or not you succeed in downing the other fellow. Oh, it don't pay, dearie. It don't pay to use your will except when you can feel the All-Will backing you.

What new thought people refer to as "cultivating the will" is simply cultivating acquaintance with and consciousness of the All-Will. It is simply *recognition* of will; recognition of the ceaseless, underlying urge of the universe which is working within and through the individual to express more and more of beauty and wisdom and good.

To use the little, personal will apart from the All-Will one must *contract* and thus *force out* his will upon other people and things.

To use the All-Will one must first know he is right, then *relax* and let will flow through him to accomplish according to his word or desire.

In using the little, personal will one recognizes himself a member of a *multi-verse*—a being separate and apart from all other beings.

In order to use the All-Will one must first have learned his relation to it and to all other persons and things; he must have recognized the *universe*, and himself and others as orderly, useful members of the universe.

Only as he recognizes Oneness is it possible for him to resign the exercise of the small, personal will and let the All-Will accomplish through himself and through every other man.

He that loseth his will shall find it one with All-Will.

And after all it is not his will he has lost, but his *beliefs about it and its use*. He has come up higher and caught a glimpse of the unity of things. He has hitched his wagon to omnipotence and beheld all things are done according to his word.

The All-Will backs the individual in *anything* good, bad or indifferent, which he wills to do; just so long as the individual does not interfere with other individuals. So you see, in any effort you may make toward self-development you have All-Will working with and through you. And if you will tend strictly to business nothing on earth or in hell can stem the tide of your will and so defeat you.

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul."

MEMORY DRILLS.

"Tell us how to cultivate the memory. I can not afford ten dollars for Prof. Whangdoodle's infallible method—or at least I don't want to."

Memory is the result of concentration. Not the kind that is manufactured by gazing unblinkingly at a black spot on the wall; but the real kind that results from a whole-souled *interest* in the thing to be remembered.

A child never forgets anything until it begins to sit all day in school with a dummy of a teacher who is too lazy, ignorant, unwilling or overworked to make study understandable and interesting to the child mind. So the child gradually loses the habit of entering whole-souledly into the thing in hand. Things are done "because we have to do it."

Here is where "duty" is born. As the child grows, "duty" sways him more and more; and in proportion as "duty" enters a life *interest* leaves it.

Interest is a soul-passion which goes out spontaneously to anything which can *teach* the soul.

Interest is love, attraction, *polarization*. But "duty" switches it off and paralyzes it.

The aim in teaching children should be to interest them in the thing to be learned. This trains them up in the way they should go.

But supposing you have grown up without the use of the faculty of interest, as most of us have, more or less. What of it? Suppose you have grown up without learning to dance; is that any reason for never dancing? You can learn to dance and you can learn to be interested.

And in proportion as you are *interested* in a thing in that proportion will it cling to your memory.

Interest is polarization. If all your attention is turned toward a thing it is *instantaneously* photographed on the memory. This is just as true at one hundred years of age as at ten. Just in proportion as interest decreases will the photographing process take longer.

Interest is *soul-light* for memory photographing. In memory pictures there are flash lights, snap shots and time exposures of various lengths of exposure. The difference in time required to impress the picture on memory depends upon the amount of *interest* flashed upon it.

Interest is a matter of cultivation and direction.

The great trouble with people is *diffused interest*—interest spread over a great area, instead of collected and turned at will, like a search-light, upon one thing at a time. When you do anything your thought is diffusing over a dozen other things. Stop short, *collect* your thought and turn it *all* on this one thing you do. Stand still a moment, take a slow, full breath and say to yourself, "I am do-

ing *this one thing* now, with *all* my mind and soul and interest." Then *do it* with *all* your mind in it. *You will remember it.*

Keep at this practice, no matter what you want to do or learn. See how much thought and interest and *time* you can put into each thing. Make a *business* of doing one thing at a time with your whole soul. Your interest in life will revive and increase and you will *remember* better and better. This is the *only* practical memory drill I know of, and I know it to be effective; furthermore I believe it to be infallible. If you *practice* it faithfully for a year or two you will prove its merits for yourself. If you *wont* practice, all the Whangdoodles on earth can't improve your memory.

One great cause of forgetfulness is the attempt to *stuff* memory with a lot of irrelevant facts. The memory is an *organization*, just as the body is. Indeed, I wonder if memory is not formed and reformed after the same pattern, and in exactly the same way that the body is. At any rate it is formed and reformed by the same law—the Law of Love, or attraction.

You can no more stuff successfully the memory than you can the body. When you swallow a dinner, the first thing that happens to the food is dissolution. Then *some* of the particles are taken up by the blood, carried to various parts of the body and *built in according to patterns already begun*. Much of that which is taken into the body is utterly rejected and ejected with the effete matter. Why? Because it does not *fit in*.

Just so with the memory. I have heard people lament because they "can't remember what they read." In the first place they insist upon reading something they consider they "ought" to know, but something which is *not* called for by the mental appetite. There is at best only a perfunctory interest in the reading, and after the matter is read it is not assimilated, for it finds no place where it *fits*. So almost the whole thing is rejected by memory.

One should never read without a distinct mental appetite for the thing he is reading. Then he will stand some show of assimilating what he reads.

"Oh," I hear some one say, "if I read only what I'd like to read, I'd feast daily on novels and read nothing really helpful."

Not so; unless you *surfeit* yourself with trashy reading. If one has an abnormal appetite for candy he can follow his liking until he makes himself sick and nature abhors candy ever after; or he can deny himself *all* food until he really *wants* bread and butter. A little judicious fasting will quickly *cure* the candy craving, which is abnormal, and *create* a bread and butter appetite, which is natural and healthy.

Mental and physical stuffing is at the bottom of every unnatural craving of the mind or body.

Mental and physical fasting will restore normal, healthy hunger for mental and physical food.

MIND AND BODY ARE ONE.

If your appetite calls for trashy reading it is ten to one a PHYSICAL FAST of a day or two, or five or six, will cause you to *hunger* for substantial reading as well as bread and butter. *Mind and body are one*. Your mind is written on your body in terms of bread and butter—and candy, alcohol, etc.

A lazy mind and an appetite for alcoholics will succumb to a little fasting. Try it, dearie. Fast every third day the first week, then every other day for the next week. "Eat air" in plenty; drink lots of water; and exercise *vigorously* several times a day. Then after the two weeks eat no breakfasts and live principally on apples and cereals—no meat. When *everything* else has failed to heal and wake you to childhood brightness this practice will help you.

This seems quite a digression from memory drills, but never mind. It is not so far as it appears at first glance. For *stuffing*, mental and physical, is often the prime cause of poor memory. Such living as I have described will clear your memory, as well as all your other faculties.

To live moderately, so that the body and mind, which are inseparable, shall not become clogged; and to do whole-souledly what thy hand or foot or tongue or *thought* finds to do; is not only a sure cure for loss of memory, but for lost interest,

beauty and youth as well. It is the dispeller of pessimism and grief, and the creator of eternal life and glory. It is the foundation of heaven and the life principle of gods. And it will free every faculty to higher self-expression.

Go thou and fast that thou mayst cast aside every weight; do with thy might each thing thou findest to do; and be kind to thy neighbors and thyself.

—If you are being treated, or if you are treating yourself, it is nobody's else business. Don't go around telling all you know. Say nothing and TREAT. Then if you don't happen to perform miracles the first thing nobody can look wise and say, "I told you so." If you do happen to turn the world upside down everybody will ask who did it, and how. Then will be *your* time to look superior and tell about how you did it with your little hatchet. Speech is silver but silence is gold and precious stones, *not to mention healing power.*

—The same admonition should be observed with regard to your aims, ambitions and desires. Keep them to yourself. Don't *give yourself away*, dearie. Shut up and *think*. When you can think right down to the point where your words will *tell*, then say a few. Just a few—the fewest number that will accomplish your purpose.

—If you go dribbling words all around over everybody you meet it is as if you kept your bucket of water joggling until the water all slopped out. When you get to your destination where you want to *use* the water there is none to use. Words are just that much thought force slopped over.

—Some people are bored when you slop your thoughts over on 'em. They may be too polite to tell you they are bored; but they go around the corner and tell John Smith, who never liked you very well anyhow, and is therefore rather pleased to hear that you are a bore. Some people yawn whilst you slop over; or change the subject; or slop some of their own thought force unto you; or openly resent your taking them for the policeman. Some folks let you slop until they catch your idea; then they go off and coin money out of it—whilst you go on slopping. About one fellow in a lifetime is really *interested* in your aims, ideas and ambitions; and if he knows beans he will tell you to shut up and *do* something.

—What do you *want* to tell all you know for? I'll elucidate. Thought force is welling up within you, a spring of life and activity. It is the Self of you pressing for expression, the divine energy with which, rightly conserved and directed, you can accomplish *anything you desire*. But your mouth is such an easy and convenient outlet! Why, you even sleep with it open! It is easier to you to let your thought force dribble than it is to hold your jaw up! And you never happened to think that you are *wasting* your force through your mouth.

—*Concentration* is the mode of all success. The first step in concentration is to *shut off the waste*. The first step in creating power to run all these Holyoke paper mills was to build a \$1,000,000 dam across the river. The water, held back from dribbling away, rose higher and higher, and was turned as a mighty power through definite channels, for the accomplishment of a *purpose*. The river in its natural state dimpled and flashed in the sun, an uncertain quantity. It still flashes and dimples, and accomplishes something besides.

—Dam your chatter and use the rising tide to *accomplish* the things you've been chattering about.

—In "Suggester and Thinker" for December is the best article on concentration I have seen outside the columns of NAUTILUS. Of course, the reason I think it is so fine is because it agrees with me, and is well stated. Send ten cents to Suggester and Thinker Publishing Company, Columbus, Ohio., and read "What is Concentration?" by Axel Emil Gibson. Or send \$1 and take the journal a year. It contains many fine things.

—Send ten cents to William for "Points," his new quarterly. You will surely like it.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

"BIBBY'S QUARTERLY." Mr. Joseph Bibby of Liverpool, England, has sent to THE NAUTILUS a copy of the Christmas issue of his quarterly magazine, which, in many respects, is the most unique publication I have ever seen. Although ostensibly a trade paper, designed for circulation among farmers and stock raisers, Mr. Bibby's magazine is got up in a style that would put to blush the "Ladies' Home Journal" or any other high-class American publication. It contains sixty pages (slightly smaller than the pages of the "Ladies' Home Journal"), is printed on the finest coated paper and illustrated with eighty-seven half-tone cuts and two colored plates. The main portion of the magazine is taken up with articles devoted to the interests of stock raisers, but there is a literary department occupying twenty-two pages wherein is presented a series of articles upon current topics and metaphysics. These articles are of a high literary quality, and especially prepared for the magazine. Mr. Bibby's journal sells in England for 6d per copy or about twelve cents American money. The next issue of his quarterly will contain an article by Elizabeth Towne and probably one by Adiramled. Any NAUTILUS reader who desires to see a copy of this unique magazine should remit not less than twenty cents, so as to allow for postage charges. Published by Joseph Bibby, Exchange Chambers, Liverpool, England.

MENTAL HEALING. There seems to be an idea on the part of some people unfamiliar with mental science teachings, that there is more or less magic, hocus pocus, etc., connected with it, and they class it with the astrology practiced by the cheap "professor," the "three star lucky box" scheme and similar palpable fakes.

This view of mental science has become more or less fixed, no doubt, in the minds of the officials of the post-office department.

Just how this view has become so prevalent it is not easy to understand. Suppose you have a friend who is despondent and "enjoying" poor health. You meet him each day and say positively and with assurance, "Cheer up; there is *nothing* to be afraid of; there is nothing that can harm you. You CAN ATTAIN health and success; you CAN BE HAPPY." Suppose you keep on saying this to your friend day after day until he does actually cheer up and take more interest in life, and ultimately outgrows his despondency. You have all seen instances where a positive, healthy person exerted a favorable influence in this way over one who was sick or despondent. Well, now, this is just what happens in mental healing. The *suggestions* of the healer, her positive statements of TRUTH, are *accepted* by the patient, he is aroused, awakened, quickened into new life until he ACTS upon the suggestions, or in other words is led to see and feel that the law of health and happiness is the Great Reality, while sickness is but a denial of the truth. Then his recovery takes place. He has simply been led by the healer to comply with the law of his being instead of obstructing its action by needless fear, hate, worry and doubt.

The same result is attained by the medicine doctor in a different way. The osteopath follows still a different method. The law of all healing is the same.

The difference between absent healing and the direct suggestive treatment is that in one instance the statements of truth are spoken by word of mouth while in the other they are spoken in the silence. The skeptical will deny that these silent statements of truth can be telepathically conveyed to a patient at a distance because they are unable to see, hear, feel, smell or measure the currents of thought. The practitioners of "suggestive therapeutics" assert that all absent healing can be accounted for by suggestion, conveyed in the written or printed words of the healer. They even assert that many of the Government officials at work on the absent healers' cases are aware of this fact, and raise no objections to absent healing where suggestion alone is employed, and so labeled. They say in effect that the Government will allow the healer to cure patients at a distance, but that the healer has no right to express her belief that she is able to send telepathic treatments to them!

Now these strenuous suggestionists are correct, I believe, when they assert that mental science is "only" suggestion. I believe that the law of suggestion lies at the bottom of all healing. But I would not draw the line at verbal suggestion. I believe in telepathic treatment and I see no reason why mental healers should not be allowed to cure by absent treatment without being obliged to label it by any name which they do not fancy, provided they are sincere and honest in all their methods.

And so far as I am aware no healer has yet been brought to trial on the simple charge of giving absent treatment. In connection with every case that has come to my knowledge there have been various charges of *fraud* pure and simple.

Because you cannot *see, smell, taste or feel* the electric currents which play about the receiver or transmitter of a telephone you do not doubt their

existence. You cannot sense the force which conveys Marconi's messages through thousands of miles of ocean, but you can see the *results* attained.

It is true that in this case the *method* by which the results are obtained can be closely analyzed, while in the case of absent treatment it is hard to say how much is due to the written word and how much to the silent statement of truth. But every day our knowledge of the subject becomes fuller.

It has been demonstrated that under certain conditions thought transference can take place. Because it is not yet an exact science shall it be suppressed?

"But," say the objectors, "even if thought transference is true, not one thought in a thousand which the healer sends out ever reaches her patients." Who, I ask, is to be the judge as to this? "By their fruits ye shall know them." If *results* are obtained, has not the healer a right to believe (and voice her belief), that it is due to thought transference as well as written suggestion, provided her experience has been such as to lead to such a conclusion?

Who can tell when a thought does and does not find a lodging place? A friend of mine spent his vacation last summer at a seaside resort. Next door to him in the hotel was a gentleman who owned a graphophone. My friend paid no attention to the songs and addresses which the graphophone delivered, although he heard them day after day. Some time after he arrived home, however, he suddenly found that he could repeat one of the addresses from beginning to end, word for word. Unknown to him it had found a lodging place in his sub-conscious mind and came to the surface of the conscious mind a little later.

I believe that the healer by making thought connections with the patient and assuming the proper mental attitude can convey to him suggestions of health. Others may say that the results obtained are due entirely to the written suggestions sent to the patient. Possibly. But I have as much right to my belief as the suggestionist has to his. If not, why not?

One thing is sure: RESULTS are obtained by absent treatment, whatever may be the cause. And I believe that healers who produce these results should be allowed to put their own construction upon the methods by which they arrive at said results, so long as they are honest in conducting their business. And while the Government officials may not take much stock in absent treatment, I do not believe it is their intention to prosecute save where they consider there is palpable fraud practiced. Of course they are human, and sometimes get "the wrong pig by the ear," but I believe they endeavor to give all a fair show.

THE SOLAR CENTER. Live at the center. Life radiates from the solar plexus. If you live in a consciousness of some one of the senses rather than at the center you lay the foundation for a great reaction some day, which may cause your death.

At the center dwelleth TRUTH. If you dwell in the senses alone you dwell in error, or a denial of truth, and unless you seek understanding this error will keep on accumulating until at last it is swept away by an influx of truth just as an obstruction is swept away from the channel of a mighty river when the water rises.

At the center dwelleth peace. In the realm of the senses there is more or less discord. The senses depend for their existence upon the life which radiates from the center. In proportion as they come into harmony with the center, peace reigns throughout the being. Discord is the result of recognizing the *effect* in place of the *cause*, of holding on to the shadow instead of realizing the substance, of mistaking an instrument for the hand which guides it.

Discord comes from holding on. Peace is restored by letting go. He who follows the evidence of the senses, holds on, resists, hates, envies, worries. He who dwells at the center learns peace, security, love, contentment, health.

—That soap advertised in another column is fine. Used according to directions it will greatly improve the complexion; and it is the only soap I have found that does not cause chapped skin in winter.

—"I received more special benefit from one reading of 'Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus' than I have during a period of twelve years with medicine chests and doctor's bills of over \$800. It is to man what gas is to the balloon, or steam to the engine."—J. F. Willis, Breckenridge, Col.

—"Tell us what to do when surrounded by persons who continually take the negative side of every question?"

Don't raise any questions. Or if questions raise themselves let them settle themselves without your assistance. Keep mum and think about something else. It is every man's privilege to be as negative as he pleases, and lots of negative talkers would be less negative if the other fellow wasn't so darn positive. See?

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 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, and is not sold except on the conditions above stated. * * * I have a real personal INTEREST in each member. In joining write me a brief 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.

"The great secret of success is laying by a nest egg and adding to your little store—never spending more than you make.

"A young man should command what he is worth, always keeping his eyes open to do better for himself.

"No one can follow in the footsteps of another. He must work out his own destiny.

"If you observe the rules of honesty, integrity and economy, and fear God, you have just as good a chance as any man that may be cited.

"Never allow a social obligation to interfere with a business engagement.

"False pride is an enormous obstacle.

"Never worry about to-morrow. To-day is the all important issue.

"Don't watch the clock. The man who does would probably never be missed by his employer."

—Collis P. Huntington.

Dearie, take these maxims into the silence with you every day this month. Get quiet and vibrate with them. Take slow, full breaths and absorb them. Then go out and live them. They are vibrations from a successful man. Receive them and grow. I AM with you for all you desire.

—This month begins the third year of the Success Circle.

—THE NAUTILUS subscription list has doubled in the past year. Let us rejoice, and re-double.

—"The Logos Magazine" took a vacation this last fall whilst its editor canned sunshine for winter use. But here comes the December number, crisp and good as usual. And Sarah calls for a new cook! That's right, Sadie—you can't do justice to too many things at once. If NAUTILUS readers want a position or a "Logos Magazine," address Sara Thacker, Applegate, Cal.

—The task of transferring THE NAUTILUS subscription list to new books is now complete. If your paper comes incorrectly addressed, or if you receive more than you have ordered, or if your subscription has expired and you do not wish to renew, please drop me a line. But if you receive an extra marked "Sample Copy" it is only a sign your name appears on some other editor's list.

—William Walker Atkinson has packed up his wit and wisdom and necktie, and shaken the dust of "Suggestion" from off his patent leathers. He has gone over to help Sydney Flower receive calls and run the "Journal of Magnetism," at the Auditorium Building, Chicago. The very first thing William did was to change the magazine's name to "New Thought" and start a "Success Circle." William Walker is a clipper and success is his.

—"Psychic and Occult Views and Reviews," 140 St. Clair street, Toledo, Ohio, is fine, and grows finer. Just the thing for busy people who want to keep track of things. Among the best articles in January number are, Lesson II. on "Concentration and the Acquirement of Personal Magnetism," by my bright and loving friend, O. Hashnu Hara; and "Science and Religion of the Stars," by "my friend the enemy," Karl H. von Wiegand, of dignified mien. But he can write just the same, and he isn't always mistaken.

—Thomas J. Shelton, 1657 Clarkson street, Denver, Col., has made a weekly of "Christian" and tried to get two other men to help him edit it; men who had the good sense to say, "No, I thank you." Good! "Christian" is Shelton and nobody else. Long may it wave—and weekly. Shelton is on the right track, with a clear road—and there won't be any rear-end collisions. The new thought has just two ways to go. It may formulate and organize and then ossify as a religious movement—a splendid monu-

ment to itself; or it may flow out into all the fields of human interest, seeping into every crack and cranny of every day living, losing itself but gaining the whole world. It may do either, but it will doubtless do both. Shelton is not building monuments, bless him.

—"I am more successful this year than ever before, and I thank you for the thoughts you send out."—B. S. * * * "I am getting every one I can to join the Success Circle. I have increased my business 50 per cent. Now that 'ain't to be sneezed at' when I was doing a good business before."—A. D., D. S. * * * "My business is booming, and I never was so serene in my life. Everything is coming my way."—M. C. * * * "My husband does not know he belongs to the Success Circle, and the other day he said, 'I declare, everything I touch now seems to succeed.'"—C. J. * * * "Have succeeded in everything undertaken since joining the Success Circle."—L. B. * * * "Please enter my daughter in your Success Circle. I beg leave to say a word in regard to your Success Circle, realizing the fact that an encouraging word for true merit never comes amiss. I joined your Circle in June, 1901, and while the year previous to joining was quite uneventful in a business way, business started on a jump the very day I got your receipt. Note that I am in the real estate business. I sold more land the very day I got your receipt than I had sold in the six months previous. And nearly every day since I have had all the business I could attend to. People marvel at my success."—M. T. R.

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—For particulars regarding the Success Circle see upper left hand corner of this page.

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