

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. 5.

AN OBSTACLE.

I was climbing up a mountain path
With many things to do,
Important business of my own
And other people's, too,
When I ran against a Prejudice
That quite cut off the view.
My work was such as could not wait
My path quite clearly showed;
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load;
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.
So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit,
And let me travel by—
He smiled, but as for moving—
He didn't even try.
And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
The time was short, no other path,
The mountain winds were cool—
I argued like a Solomon,
He sat there like a fool.
And then I begged him on my knees—
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill will—
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!
So I sat before him helpless
In an ecstasy of woe—
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking low—
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.
I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair,
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—
And I walked directly through him,
As if he wasn't there!
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

THE RISING TIDE AND THE HOUSE OF SAND.

People wonder why they fail to make quick progress in the new thought; why they cannot "overcome" at a more rapid rate. It is for lack of consecration that they fail. Consecration is concentration, and one's progress in anything is governed by the degree of concentration, or consecration, he brings to bear. The half-hearted man attains success in nothing. The man who lives mental science at stated hours and lapses between times back to ordinary ways of living is no more "saved" than is the "Sunday Christian," who robs and oppresses his fellow creatures the remaining six days of the week.

Life is full of ups and downs, with more downs than ups, until the individual has experienced enough to give him an absorbing passion for living right. The "lord his God" is a jealous God who brooks no dividing of his love. Until he is ready to leave houses, lands, father, mother, wife, children and even his own ways of doing and

thinking "the lord his God" can do little toward "saving" him.

Why, dearie, it is his houses, lands, father, mother, children, wives and ways that he needs to be saved from. And his "lord God," the highest of himself, cannot save him until he is ready to be saved.

The trouble with us is that we want to be saved in our mistakes, not from them. We want the unseen powers, the Law of Attraction, or God, to work our way. We are not willing at all to give up our way and make a business, nay, make it the passion of our lives to understand the Law and live it.

Well, the time will come to every soul when to know the Law and live it will be the absorbing passion. In the meantime he is free to go in and out and find pasture where he pleases. In one thing only is he not free; if he goes out of the Law for his pasture he must feed on stubble and stones. And no amount of weeping and wailing, agitation or supplication will transform his stubble and stones into joy and health giving food.

And it is funny how blind we can be until we get our eyes open. We deliberately or ignorantly choose to go out of the Law for our pasture and, then when we find stubble and stones we lift up our voices and declare there is something wrong with the Law—"it won't work in my case"—"there are persons who can't be healed"—etcetera. When a cow jumps a fence she has good sense enough to get into better pasture, but a human being "can't see" why he can't jump any old fence and find better pasture. So he goes in and out—over the fence—and finds pasture more or less to his liking.

Until finally he gets his eyes open and burns an instinct for the right side of the fence.

To be happy, healthy, wealthy and wise a man must live according to the Law of his being, which is the Law of all beings and the universe at large. He is free to live according to the Law, or contrary to it, but he is not free to live contrary to the Law and yet reap happiness, health, wealth, wisdom, houses, lands, wives, mothers, fathers, children, "his own way," ten fold more in this present life, and in the time to come life everlasting.

If you can't get your way, if you have not the houses, lands and relations you would like, it is not a sign the Law is out of joint. It is only a sign you are on the wrong side of the fence. You are not living according to the Law of your being.

Every little unpleasant experience, every little curling of your solar plexus, is a shouting sign-board that says "GET OUT OF THE STUBBLE AND STONE FIELDS!" The farther you get away from the Law of your being the larger grow the signs—the harder the experiences and stony feelings.

Read and heed the signs, "Back again to the way!"

What is the Law of your being? Why, dearie, it is just love. "God is Love." The lord thy God is love. "God" is diminutive for "Good"—just as "Will" is diminutive of "William." The lord thy good is love. Love is good. Good is love. Love is the only good. Love is that which, when expressed, draws all good things to it. (Sounds like Mary Baker Eddy, don't it? But it is good sense just the same. Read it carefully—absorb it, and it will illuminate you.)

The Law of your being is LOVE.

If you want to be happy, healthy, wealthy and wise clear down to the little-est things, you must live Love clear down to the little-est things. To love one person devotedly is not enough. To love a dozen is not enough. To love a person and yet live in fault-finding with him is not enough. To love the whole world so you would give your body to be burned for it, and yet to live condemning it and exhorting it, is not enough.

To live love is to see no evil to condemn.

"O, but," you exclaim, "evils are facts. How can I help seeing them? It is a fact that my boy is wayward and my husband neglects me and I have not money enough to do with and my neighbor tells lies about me. How can I help seeing it all?"

Bless your dear, anxious heart, what are facts?

Nothing but children's sand forts on the beach, that the incoming tide levels again—ready for more forts and children. Facts are killing things; they are "the letter" that maketh not alive. Don't be a Gradgrind nor the son of a Gradgrind and you will not have such "Hard Times." If your son or husband or neighbor makes a crooked fort on the sands of time, what of it? Is there any reason for you to neglect your sand houses whilst you wring your hands over his?

Remember the rising tide, which will sweep all your forts, your "facts," to a common level and give you an opportunity to build better. The universal Love-tide is rising, rising, and you may safely trust it to sweep clear and clean everything which does not deserve immortality. And after your neighbor and husband and son and you have built enough sand houses; and lost them by the rising Love-tide; you will have learned better how to build, and where; and you will go away up and build on the rock.

Don't let "facts" get between you and the TRUTH. The fact of to-day is not the fact of to-morrow. It is a "fact" that blood circulates in the living human body. To-morrow or next day the fact may be that electric fluid circulates, instead of blood. Less than one hundred years ago it was an accepted "fact" that blood was stationary in the veins. So the doctor bled his patient carefully on both sides to keep the blood even!

Don't exaggerate the importance of "facts."

Remember the rising Love-tide of the universe

unpleasant recognitions passing through his mind, each giving a little pucker to his solar plexus. He has not noticed his thoughts as they passed. Only after each has made his little pucker until

This is refinement. It is true sensitiveness to the spirit within. The new sensitiveness leads to absolute freedom from puckers, because it is sensitiveness on the God side of us. The old

but an old Trader's Advice is to Worry until you have had enough of it and then do something Desperate."—From Modern Fable in "Century" for March.

and trust it to wash out all mistakes. I would say trust it to wash out all "evil," only there *isn't* any evil to wash out. The nearest approach to any "evil" is this habit of exaggerating "facts" until they get between you and the TRUTH of your being, and your husband's and son's and neighbor's being. You can hug a "fact" until it will shut out the entire universe; just as a dime held close to the eye will obscure the sun. And if you persist in hugging "facts" so tightly you will not see where you are, and the rising Love-tide may sweep you to a level with the sand house "facts." Thus is the Pharisee rewarded.

Tend to your own sand houses.

And when the Love-tide rises over your building, never mind. Just get ready and build again.

It is *building*, and building again, that draws out the wisdom which is trying to shine through you. The mere possession of the thing after you have finished it is nothing at all. No, it might even be a millstone around your neck, or a "fact" in your eye.

Just *rejoice* when the Love-tide sweeps things away, rejoice and go on building. Go on waking up and *utilizing* the new ideas gained from working on that last sand house. Become as a little child—dance around and shout for glee as the rising tide licks up your sand house and makes everything smooth for a better one and more fun.

The universal Love-tide is rising in every human soul—rising, rising, leveling, cleaning, making ready the soul for still wiser building.

Your business is to *trust* the Love-tide in others; affirm it when you cannot see or feel it; be still and *know* that it is working there just the same; and turn your efforts upon your own work, to the end that the Love-tide be not hindered *in you*.

The Love-tide rises through the sun center or solar plexus of you, and flows out into all your body, and still outward through your aura or atmosphere where it touches that which rises through other people.

You can do much to obstruct the rising—for a time—by simply *withholding* love. Your solar plexus can be puckered up or let out. When it is let out love flows unrestrained, you "feel good" and everybody who touches you "feels good." "Virtue hath gone out" of you—the rising Love-tide swells through you and sings and murmurs love-words in you.

But when you pucker your solar plexus ever so little you restrain the rising tide, which keeps *pressing* to come through. This contraction on your part and pressure on the part of the Love-tide makes you "feel bad." You are oppressed with the blues, and all sorts of emotional storms and electric displays are the consequence, proportionate in intensity to the degree of puckering you make. We speak of "oppressive weather" and then there is a thunder storm to clear it. Our personal atmosphere is subject to the same laws. An angry fit and then a "good cry" does for us what a thunder storm does for the earth's atmosphere—it *breaks up the puckering* and gives free action again to that rising Love-tide.

It is THOUGHT which holds the solar plexus puckering string. It is THOUGHT which draws it tight and makes you "feel bad." It is THOUGHT which lets out the draw string, admits the rising Love-tide and makes you "feel good."

LET-GO-thoughts release the puckers and free the solar center to its normal, happy shining. RESISTANCE-thoughts keep puckering, puckering—until it takes a thunder storm to make you let go.

If you think a thing is good you automatically *let go* and let your Love-tide flow—outward through all your nerves, on out through your aura to all the world. The reason for this is that you are good, clear through from center to circumference, and when you recognize another good person or thing you recognize your affinity and you just *naturally* shine—you *let* love flow unobstructed.

But you hate and are more or less afraid of all which is not good. Consequently when you recognize any person or thing which is *not* good you automatically pucker. You can't help it and never can—any more than you can live and not breathe.

To recognize a good thing frees you; to recognize a bad thing puckers you. And your feelings match to a hair's breadth.

It takes more than one evil recognized to pucker you to the verge of a thunder storm. Our thoughts in us are just like people in the world. A few people in the world have immense power to influence; a few thoughts that come to us have great power to influence us. A thought of fear has puckered a man until he died outright. Another thought of *great* good has opened so suddenly the floodgates of love that the man couldn't bear the joy, and died.

But the great mass of our thoughts are like the great masses of people; it takes a lot of them—a mob, or a caucus, or the whole lot at the polls—to make any perceptible impression.

The most of our emotional storms and bad feelings come from piling on, one after another, a great mass of these common every-day thoughts. Each one makes such a *little* pucker that we don't notice it; but after a whole mob of these little thoughts have collected we feel a very decided and ugly pucker right in the "pit of the stomach," back of which lies the solar plexus and all the puckering; we "feel depressed" or "bad," or "blue," or our "heart sinks." Then if just a few more unpleasant thoughts come and do each his little puckering, there is a mighty emotional storm—thunder, lightning and showers. Then we "feel better"—because we *let go*—had to—puckered so hard, with the Universal Love-tide pressing harder, that we *couldn't* stand it any longer.

(To be continued.)

—"If we will not and do not express in thoughts and acts our nobler passions we never become noble. Says Prof. William James of Harvard, 'Refuse to express a passion and it dies.' Do we wish to change the character of the motive-passions dominating our lives? The same author advises us to begin and 'go through the outward movements of those contrary dispositions which we prefer to cultivate.' Bain explains the value of so acting in order to induce noble passions in ourselves. 'By acting out the external manifestations we gradually infect the nerves leading to them, and finally waken up the diffusive current by a sort of action ab extra.'"—(From "Wisdom of Passion," by Salvarona.)

—"The New Age Gospel," or "What the new order of things the Twentieth Century is opening holds for Man," is a twenty-cent, fifty-one-page booklet by that popular and helpful new thought exponent, Dr. J. H. Dewey. His address is 117 West Eighty-fourth street, New York City.

—All unsigned articles and items in THE NAUTILUS are from the pen of its editor.

—Please do not send me articles for publication. I hate to say "no," and I have no space to spare.

A TALE AND SEVERAL MORALS.

I took a little journey the other day, and thereby hang so many pleasant experiences that I must tell you about it with a view to pointing several morals and inspiring you to go and do things.

First of all I must tell you that I have a handsome young daughter who takes after her mamma—in some things. Her name is Catherine Elizabeth Struble and she has spent all her life in Portland, Ore., until last October, when she came to visit us here in Holyoke. She is a quite highly educated young lady and I am rather proud of her. She has finished high school, learned short hand, and spent nine months in a business office. She can make a party gown or a Gibson shirt waist and wear them with grace. She can bake a cake or make penoche (I don't know whether that is spelled right or not) that'll melt in your mouth. She can travel 3,000 miles all alone and arrive safe and sound. And she isn't a bit affected or stuck up.

She knows enough to want to know more. So when I offered to send her to Wheaton Seminary at Norton, Mass., for two years or so, she promptly accepted the offer. She is down there now with over one hundred other girls, and thinks that Wheaton is just about the nicest place in the United States.

Norton, where Wheaton Seminary is located, is about thirty miles south of Boston. The most direct route for us is to go by way of South Framingham and Mansfield. And thereby hangs my little tale.

The spring semester at Wheaton begins February 6; so we decided to go down two days earlier and get acquainted.

One of our valued exchanges is the "Adept," published by Frederick White, 417 Fifth street, South, Minneapolis. Every month Mr. White prints "The Outlook" for the month, wherein each day is set down as "good" or "bad." I am curious about all this "planetary influence" business. I have read and watched such things enough to know that not only is there "something in it," but that there is everything in it. The only question is *how to get it out*; how to use our knowledge of planetary influences; or rather, how to respond to planetary influences.

What are "planetary influences?" This universe is a symmetrical Whole, and every planet as well as every person is a part of that Whole, and is moved by the Universal Spirit. The Universal Spirit controls, directs, influences each planet and person just as your spirit or mine controls, directs, influences each separate part of our bodies.

"The Universe is one stupendous Whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Just as you may stand close and wonder over the action of my fingers at some piece of work, or you may stand off and get a view of *Me*, the whole of me, as the general intelligence impelling my fingers; so you may stand close to the individual and his acts, or you may stand off and take him into consideration as a part of the "stupendous Whole" and thus understand better himself and his actions. If you watch my fingers too closely you cannot tell what they will do next; but if you stand back and watch me as a whole you can often tell from the expression of my face or the movement of my other members, or from my words, just what you may expect my hands to do next. You view me as a whole, and

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-

postage stamp) to anyone who may feel moved to ask for it.

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON,
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so gain an idea of the "influences" which I am sending into my fingers. The universe viewed as a whole ought to give some idea of the "influences" under which each person is moved.

Of course astrology, the science of the universe as a whole, is one thing; and astrologers are several other things. Just as two people may stand off and watch me and each have his own guess as to the nature of the "influences" I am sending through my members, and thus each have his own opinion as to what my fingers would do next; so two astrologers will watch the universe as a whole, and form each his own conclusions as to those influences and their result.

Dr. Parkyn thinks all mind reading is muscle reading. Astrology is a sort of universal muscle reading to get at the mind of the "stupendous Whole"—which includes all its parts.

Above all things in heaven or earth I desire to read the Universal Mind and "think God's thoughts after him." I want wisdom, as Solomon did. So I am interested in astrology as a sort of divine mind reading. And I am interested in astrologers and curious to know what each one reads, or thinks he does, of the divine mind.

But when it comes down to real business I place no dependence in any man's universal mind adding *except my own*. I am a part of this "stupendous Whole" and I continually receive its impulses. I *let go* purposely of every-thing, so as to be in condition to receive and "sense" these universal mind impulses, that I may respond to and understand them. In the words of the Methodist church, I am *consecrated* to God. I am given up to God.

God worked in me both to will and to do. Daily I am becoming more proficient in receiving and understanding the God-impulses which concern my personal acts. I am like a musician's finger which is learning by practice to execute readily and well its owner's will. I have no will separate from the All-Will, the will of the Whole. My joy I have found in being the Great Musician's finger.

I used to fight against this and imagine my pleasure came when I acted *contrary* to "His Will," but repeated attempts proved to me that it was these *contrary* attempts that made the crosses of life, *not* the pleasures. So I set myself to be what I was meant to be.

Did you ever read Kipling's "How the Ship Found Herself?" The author describes the first voyage of a new ship. He tells how every bolt wanted to go *this* way, whilst every nut squeaked out that it must go *that* way; the timbers groaned at their perverseness; the nails and screws shrieked out complaint and dire prophecy, whilst the planks cracked in sheer despair. But all the time the ship rode up and down, up and down, over the billows and on its way. And gradually each little complaining shriek and groan and squeak, voices of *personal* potest of bolt, screw and plank, grew lower and lower and finally merged into the long, swelling, contented heave of a ship at sea—the ship which has "found herself," her *Oneness*. Thenceforth each separate bolt and bar and screw and timber does his happy best as a *part of the whole*. Dear friends, that is just the way with the various parts of the "stupendous Whole," called the universe or "nature," or God's body." You and I kick and strain, strive and agonize to have *our* little personal way, but one by one we find our place and vocation as members of the Whole, which works in us to will and to do. The Universe is *finding herself*.

So much to explain why, after we had decided

to go down to Wheaton on February 4, I hunted up the February number of "The Adept" and looked to see what Frederick White had to say about the "influences" at work at that time. This is what I read: "February 4—Treacherous; ask no favors, be careful." So I was curious to see how things would come out. I couldn't think of anything "treacherous" that could happen except delay of trains. We had three changes of train to make going down, and I intended returning that same day.

Whenever I think there may be danger ahead my motto is "Walk softly." So I "treated" the railroad companies to be ON TIME; we had every scrap of packing done the night before, and we rose early enough in the morning to permit of our "walking softly" and getting an early, leisurely start, instead of the hustling, bustling one people are apt to have when taking an early train.

Well, every train was exactly on time. We arrived at South Framingham at 11:22, with an hour for dinner before leaving for Mansfield. We went to the Kendal and ordered dinner.

Then I made a discovery. *My purse was gone!*—with both tickets and \$50 in bills. And there we were in a town where not a soul knew us, and without a penny of money. I thought instantly of the "treacherous" in "Adept." Catherine said, "Telegraph for money." But that would have delayed us and I didn't intend to be delayed until I'd tried everything I could think of. So I did the first thing that came to me. I hunted up the telegrapher and told him that I suspected I had left my purse on the train that was just about getting into Boston by this time, and asked him to wire the people there to hold the purse for me—if it ever showed up. Then I asked for the agent at this station, South Framingham. The agent turned out to be a jewel of an Irishman. I know he is Irish because he is good looking and chivalrous and his name is Roger O'Brien. He didn't even wait for me to finish my tale or tell him my name—he laid a ten-dollar bill on the counter before me and asked me if that was plenty to pay our way to Norton and take me home again. It was more than enough, and we went on our way rejoicing. We paid for our dinners, went to Norton and I came home alone via Boston, where I found my purse intact awaiting me. But if I had never found it again I would have considered it well lost, since its loss brought me such a hearty response from a total stranger and added immeasurably to my consciousness of TRUST in the power that is running this world and me. And furthermore, it helped to prove to me that I need not fear anything simply because it is marked "bad" or "treacherous."

Here was a day marked "treacherous; ask no favors, be careful." The day was "treacherous"—I lost my purse; a thing I had prided myself on never mislaying. *But I got it back.* And the only favor I asked was granted so quickly it made my head swim and my face shine.

There are reasons for all things. For years I have been living on those two fundamental statements of mental science, "ALL is GOOD" and "My own comes to me." Six or eight years ago if I had lost my purse it would have staid lost, and if I had asked somebody for a ticket home he would have turned out to be some measely, weazened pessimist who would have looked askance and inquired "what I took him for." All because I lived on "just-my-luck," "everything-is-against me" statements. Because

I lived on those statements I attracted unpleasant experiences.

But I saw the point and changed my statements of life.

ALL is GOOD.

MY OWN comes to me.

Whatever comes to me IS my own, is attracted by me and IS GOOD.

I've been living for years now on those statements, and at last I am coming to realize them.

I stuck to those statements like grim death, up hill and down, feeling or no feeling (principally no feeling) for several years before I even began to realize. *I stuck to it.*

Now I don't have to stick to it. *Those statements of life stick to me.* They have taken possession of me and completely made me over; according to the process called by psychologists "apperception." That is, they became enthroned in my mind as King Thoughts, and so grand and good was their rule that gradually they won the allegiance of all my other thoughts. Thoughts are real, intelligent little entities governed by the Law of Attraction; just as people or planets are.

This isn't the only time I have had "good luck" on "bad days." Almost every day that Frederick White calls "bad" brings me something particularly nice or "good." Sometimes his "bad" days are my "red letter" days, especially if I *take pains* to "walk softly." At other times I can detect a *trace* of the "evil" predicted, as when I lost my purse. But always these traces of "evil" work out for me great and unexpected good.

The time was when I could not with impunity consult beforehand such a forecast as White's. The word "evil" would have so paralyzed my faculties that I could not have *let* things work together for good. For instance, when I was in that negative condition of mind, as regards good, I would have been *afraid* to ask any favor further than that of wiring for more money. I would have sat there in that station, dinnerless and waited a wire from home—whilst my train went off without me. I'd have lost a day—and worried over the lost purse!

The belief in "evil" paralyzes action of both mind and body. Therefore, until one is *positive* that *all* things work for *good* he had better let astrological forecasts, especially daily ones, *alone*. He had better set up in his mind the King Thought, "ALL is GOOD," and walk *every* day *softly*, that he may *feel* the universal impulses in his own soul. The true and unerring guide is *within* and the less dependence we place upon outside guidance the more quickly shall we learn to feel and be actuated by the *real* "astrological influences," with which we are One.

I tell you these things to inspire you; for "as I am in this world so are you," and "the things I do ye shall do also, and greater things than these."

—We went last night to see Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey in "Her Lord and Master." It was one of the best things we have seen. That means that it was exquisitely presented, true to life and that the play is based upon real new thought principles, instead of being the sentimental tommyrot that most plays are. We saw these same actors last year in "My Lady Dainty." This company and Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoynes present the highest thought plays we have seen. And Amelia Bingham's "The Climbers" company makes a good third. It speaks well for human progress that such plays are well patronized. They are splendid educators.

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but an old Trader's Advice is to Worry until you have had enough of it and then do something Desperate."—From Modern Fable in "Century" for March.

"MORE STATELY MANSIONS."

Last Thursday morning, February the sixth, I was sitting at my desk when the Spirit which is running this universe spoke to me in these words:

Make **THE NAUTILUS** an eight-page paper and call for
10,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

By the next mail came an order for \$156 worth of advertising to put in the new eight-page NAUTILUS. And here is the paper. You will probably be as surprised as I was when the Spirit of Growth spoke to me, and I know you will be as glad as I that the Spirit took it into my head to double NAUTILUS without doubling the price. NAUTILUS was already the largest new thought magazine published at 50 cents a year, and now it is larger than most of the dollar journals. That is, it contains more reading matter but not so many pounds of paper as some. This month I shall have to trouble each of you to do his own cutting and pasting, but the Transcript Company will put in a new machine for such work, and then THE NAUTILUS will come to you as neat as a pin, cut and pasted, and alive and glowing with doubled Good Will and Gumption. How do you like the prospect?

Now, dearies, I want your help in extending the Spirit's call for 10,000 new subscribers, and I've found a way to make it worth your while. The Spirit of Progress spoke again to me, this time through William, and this is what he said:

Elizabeth, publish a **NEW BOOK** and don't sell it at all, but offer it as an inducement for
NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

And again I said "Amen" to the Spirit that's running this universe. I have published a new booklet on "JUST HOW TO CONCENTRATE," which contains "Concentration Applied," "Memory Drills" and a new chapter which is really the best and most practical and inspiring thing I have written thus far. From this last chapter the book is named—"Just How to Concentrate."

I shall give a copy of this booklet to EACH NEW SIX MONTHS' or one year subscriber to THE NAUTILUS. Remember, 25 cents pays for a copy of this book and six numbers of the new eight-page NAUTILUS—provided you are a new subscriber.

IF YOU are already a subscriber to NAUTILUS you still may have the book without paying money for it; i. e., send me *three new six months' subscribers to NAUTILUS* and I will send the book to each of the three subscribers and a fourth copy to you; or send me *one new yearly subscription* and I will send a book with that and a second one to you. Send money with order in every instance.

I believe the Spirit of Progress and Good Will has shown me how to repay your kindness in helping me to gain 10,000 new subscribers. I have given you My Best in this little new book, and I believe it will please you. Let me know what you think about it and the eight-page NAUTILUS.

LET GO.

The only thing to do with a boy who does not want to "do right" is to loose him and let him go until he sees the error of his way. If he is dissipated all the treating in creation will not save him from the effects of dissipation. If he is wedded to his idols, all the treating in creation will not give him "moral strength" nor save him from "evil" deeds. Treatments *cannot interfere*

with a man's choice, nor save him from the effects of that choice. But if he *wants* to change, the WORD will enable him to do so.

On the other hand, many a parent simply imagines because his son is not staid as some old farm horse, that his son is "lacking in moral strength," or is dissipated, or on the wrong road; and the condemnation which such a father metes out to his son in his every thought brings sickness and even temptation to the boy—*provided* the boy is sympathetic enough toward the father to accept in a measure, either consciously or unconsciously, his father's judgments and condemnation of him.

Which of these fits your case? Or do they both fit? Or does your son really want to do differently but imagines he "can't"?

Are you, *in your thought* as well as manner, pulling your boy or girl *one way*, whilst "evil associates" pull him another way? Is it any wonder that between you the boy is not able to maintain an *upright walk in life*? The first thing for you to do is to LET GO of him. Loose him and let him do and think and feel exactly as *he* sees fit. *Be still and know that the God of him is working in and through him, and that whatever road he takes is a straight road to Self-knowledge and all the graces you could desire for him.* Trust him to HIMSELF, and *know* that he is GOOD. Trust him to the God-Power of the universe and KNOW that it is ALL-Power. Hands off that boy. Love him, trust him and *be a Sun* instead of a fault-finder. Shine on him, smile on him, and over him, and TRUST.

If you can't trust just ACT as if you trusted, until action creates *re-action* and you find yourself really trusting.

Steven Merritt, the noted evangelist, had a very "wayward" son, over whom he agonized, and whom he tried for years to pull into the "straight and narrow way." One day he was seized with an inspiration to leave that boy "to the Lord." He quit talking and went to smiling and treating the boy as if he were the best boy in the world.

At first the boy, who felt himself freed, plunged more deeply than ever into dissipation. But the father kept to his new attitude, and in less than a month that boy became absolutely nauseated with the old way and changed as suddenly as his father had. Steven Merritt is dead and his son still keeps on with the mission work in New York City, or did the last I heard of him.

Steven Merritt had force enough to free his son *completely*, and so his success was complete and immediate. If you can't free yours so readily your success will be less quick in manifesting. But the *principle is there*, and you can use it. The more quickly you use it, the more quickly will your son right himself. The more absolutely you use it, the more complete will be your success. Loose your boy even to the extent of cutting off his money supply completely, and *see you do it with a smile and unbounded good will.* Just let him experiment with life until he *wants* to live right.

Right living brings health, happiness and success. And *none* of these things can be had by wrong living. *Your son wants Health, Happiness and Success.* Let him experiment until he *finds* them. He will if he is let alone.

Don't get anxious because "time is flying" and still your son or daughter is "on the wrong road." Just see that *you* are on the right road and are enjoying it. Let your light shine. Let your face shine. Mayhap your boy will look upon your

shining face and see that your road is *good*. But a long face and doleful wail will not attract him to "the right way." And don't you know it is *Attraction* which governs us all?

"Time" may fly, for it is *all in your mind*. But *eternity* is what we really live in. Your boy has *all eternity* to learn in; *all eternity* to "get right in."

Don't get in a rush, dearie.

Let go and permit the Law of *Attraction* to work in your boy. He will recognize the good when he sees it. And when he recognizes it he will cling to it like a steel needle to a magnet.

Let go; and REMEMBER that *all* is good. That is why your boy clings to things *you* think are "evil." He thinks them good just now, and so they attract him. He clings to them as the needle clings to the magnet. By and by he will feel surfeited and drop away from the "evil" things. Then if you have made "the right way" a *pleasant* way he will be attracted to that. Trust the Law of Attraction to "save" your boy.

THE LAUGH CURE.

"Just a year ago a lady came into our office with a very disconsolate look; she came for consolation and advice; her face wore a sorrowful expression, she was 'down at the mouth,' as the saying goes; her husband was a drunkard. Knowing the power of the reflex action of all parts of the body on the brain, we advised her to assume the smiling attitude six times a day a few minutes at a time. She did it until she acquired the laughing habit. When her husband came home drunk she would laugh; when he came home sober she laughed; she laughed at her meals and laughed when she had no meals to eat; she began to see rays of light and sunshine in the house. Her husband became infected with the laughing habit. He laughed himself sober and they both laugh now because he drinks no more; he finds his home a veritable home, with a smiling wife, and now there is joy, peace and happiness in that home, and the lady declares the Phrenological examination and advice we gave her has been her husband's and her own salvation. Reader, try this experiment; assume the smiling attitude; the corners of your mouth will turn upward; the reflex action of these muscles will press the psychic button of Mirthfulness and your smile will develop into a laugh. Keep it up every day. Laughter starts obstructions and removes the impediments to the blood, improves digestion and will lift you out of the slough of despond. The remedy is scientific, it is—Phrenological. We charge nothing for this discovery, it ought to be introduced into every home, it costs nothing but the prescription will knock out the blues."—Human Nature.

Before you spend dollars on doctors or healers just give this prescription a thorough trial. The trouble with most people is that they really *enjoy* being down at the mouth. They are "more happy to be miserable than they would be to be happy without being miserable." So they drift along with their "feelings" instead of taking command of their bodies and compelling them to express pure happiness instead of miserable happiness.

The laughter cure is really a specific if *vigorously* and persistently used.

Be ye not a hearer only, but a *doer* of things. Curl the corners of your mouth up and keep 'em up. By and by you will *feel* like keeping them up. Action and reaction are equal—*act* a smile from the outside and it will *re-act* from within you.

—Write your orders to William on one sheet of paper, giving *full* name and FULLEST address; write your orders to me for NAUTILUS, Success Circle or my books on *another* sheet of paper, giving full name and address. Send money for both in one check, draft or order.

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-

postage stamp) to anyone who may feel moved to ask for it.

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON,
300 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.

Address DR. PAUL EDWARDS,
155 West 46th Street, New York City

INDIVIDUALISMS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE. Mr. Wilshire is a peculiar and interesting character. Perhaps you have heard of him. He is known as "the millionaire socialist," and what may seem strange to some, he has "ideas." He expressed these "ideas" pretty freely in a weekly paper called "THE CHALLENGE," which he published last year at Los Angeles, Cal., and as a consequence gained some 30,000 subscribers for his publication. Believing that New York City offered a better field for his work, he moved his "CHALLENGE" there and applied for admission for his Journal as second-class matter at the New York post-office. The post-office officials turned him down, upon the somewhat peculiar plea that he used his paper to "advertise" his "ideas." Now Gaylord is a persistent cuss, so he changed his journal to magazine form and again applied for admission as second-class matter. This time he received a letter from Mr. Madden to the effect that his application would be duly considered and a decision given as soon as convenient. By this time Gaylord had become suspicious that he would be turned down a second time, so he wrote to the Canadian Postmaster General at Ottawa, asking if he could secure entry for his magazine in that country. He received a prompt reply in the affirmative, and forthwith moved his magazine to Toronto. His first issue from there bears the following legend upon the title page:

"SUPPRESSED BY UNITED STATES
'I' BE NOW UNDER PROTECTION
BRITISH CROWN."

Since Wilshire's magazine is now duly entered at a Canadian post-office, Uncle Sam receives nothing for delivering it to his subscribers in the United States, while its editor pays just half as much postage as he would have paid had he secured second-class entry at the New York post-office. O, Prejudice, where is thy sting? O, Madden, where is thy victory?

Wilshire is first of all an egotist. He really has "ideas" and expresses them. His magazine is the most interesting one I have seen devoted to the subject of socialism. His methods of propaganda are unique, but most effective. Between the methods advocated by the ordinary socialistic agitator and the conservative masses a wide gap exists. Mr. Wilshire's work will be in the direct line of bridging this gap.

The trend of the times is undoubtedly in the direction of the government ownership of monopolies. But we must not go too fast. We must consider well every step which we take away from those principles of government which have stood us so well in the past. Let those who desire to investigate socialism begin with a few publications like Wilshire's magazine, and they will thus be brought in touch with the best features of the movement.

My own idea is that when the time is ripe for the government control of the great monopolies, men will arise out of the present political parties, who will be so impregnated with the new ideas that they will be able to carry them into successful execution without sudden or revolutionary action. All true growth is gradual. It comes as a result of inward unfolding rather than from outward agitation. So it is with the growth of the altruistic idea. Sooner or later it will bear fruit. Let it come by the orderly processes of develop-

ment, and not by any hasty or ill-considered modes of forcing its growth.

THE NEW ERA. Who says the people are not waking up to the truth expressed in the New Thought? I get many orders for books from physicians and druggists. One of my recent customers is an undertaker! I expected him to order Harry Gaze's book, "How to Live Forever," but so far he has not done so. THE NAUTILUS subscription list has hundreds of physicians' names upon it. One of the leading homeopathic physicians and surgeons in the United States is buying Mrs. Towne's solar plexus book at wholesale in considerable quantities, presumably for the benefit of his patients. Thus the light is spreading all along the line.

ABSOLUTE TRUTH. On the plane of Absolute Truth (or Principle) there is no sin, sickness or death. That these now stand to us in the place of realities is only a proof that our point of view needs changing. If a man had dwelt in a cave all his life, shadow would be reality to him instead of sunlight. Shadow is simply the result of turning away from the light. That the shadow represents reality to us does not alter the fact that the real light is shining all the while our eyes are turned away from it.

Sin, sickness and death are shadows, real enough to be sure, but only because our backs are turned to the truth.

Health and happiness are manifestations of TRUTH, and when they are recognized as such the shadows cease to exist.

ABSENT HEALING AGAIN. If, as the advocates of suggestion claim, all mental healing can be accounted for by the influence of the verbal or written words of the healer, how are we to explain the numberless instances where patients have been cured without knowing that they were being treated? Every good healer could probably recount many such cases. A few such might be explained on the ground that they were merely co-incidences, but how are we to explain away a hundred cases of cure without the patient's knowledge? Dr. Thomson J. Hudson, well known as the author of "Law of Psychic Phenomena," states in that book that he is able to verify his statement to the effect that he and one or two others, to whom he confided his theory, made over one hundred experiments in giving absent treatment to people who had no knowledge of the fact that they were being treated, and not a single failure was experienced in the whole course of experiments, save in two instances where the patients learned that they were being treated. In some of these cases third persons were engaged to watch the results of the experiments upon the patients, and improvement was found to date from the day the treatments were commenced.

What becomes of the theory that verbal and auto-suggestion (eliminating the possibility of telepathy) is responsible for the cures effected by mental scientists, in the face of such an array of facts as Mr. Hudson presents in his book? Isn't the evidence sufficient to warrant a sane mind in accepting a belief in telepathic suggestion? Do not the facts amount to a knowing on the part of the ones who have proven them in their own experience? It seems so to me. What do you think about it?

ANENT ANARCHISTS.

The word "anarchist" has two distinct meanings. The primary or proper definition of the word, according to the New Century dictionary, is "one who advocates anarchy or the absence of government as a political ideal." The secondary meaning of the word, and the meaning which is commonly ascribed to it, is "one who seeks to overturn by violence all constituted forms and institutions of society and government," etc., etc.

There is a wide distinction, as anyone can see, between these two classes of anarchists. The first class, who may be properly styled "philosophical anarchists," are prevented by their own doctrines from entering the other class, since carried to its legitimate and natural conclusion their philosophy culminates in the law of absolute non-resistance.

Of course the anarchists about whom we hear the most belong to the class who advocate force, and so far as the United States is concerned they seem to be a heritage from the old world and its institutions. Against this class, when they advocate or practice violence, society has the same right to protect itself, as in the case of any other class of criminals, but anything in the nature of special legislation against them should be so carefully worded as to leave no possible loophole by which those who belong to the philosophical class could be affected by it.

There are, no doubt, a considerable number of people in the United States, many of them native-born Americans, who hold to the doctrines of anarchy as an ideal state of society. They are, I believe, for the most part a harmless set, cranks if you choose to call them so, but not primarily dangerous elements of society so long as they do not promulgate the doctrine of force along with their philosophy.

It would doubtless prove a difficult matter to justly enforce special legislation against the anarchists in such a manner as to always distinguish carefully between these two classes. But legislation in one direction might be made effective to some extent, and that is in the line of preventing foreign anarchists from coming to our shores.

I believe the true and permanent remedy for anarchy, as for all extreme doctrines, is education and the dissemination of the altruistic spirit of universal brotherhood. Anarchy is the natural result of extreme tyranny in government. Neither anarchy nor tyranny of government are likely to gain any foothold in America.

With the spread of the altruistic sentiment we shall have political leaders and rulers who will recognize their true relation to the people, and who will transact their duties in such a way as to win the allegiance and willing support of all classes.

This state of affairs seems utopian, but it is surely coming. There are many signs of it already to be seen. Note the growing tendency of great corporations to give their workers a certain percentage of the yearly profits of the business.

Our friend Allen, the astrologer, has written a little book which proves that the planetary influences are extremely favorable for the next few years, to the growth of the altruistic spirit.

Study the signs of the times for yourself, and see if you, too, do not see something of these indications. Even the pessimists who thought the world was going to smash because of the imperialistic policy of the United States have not had much to say of late.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

unpleasant recognitions passing through his mind, each giving a little pucker to his solar plexus. He has not noticed his thoughts as they passed. Only after each has made his little pucker until

This is refinement. It is true sensitiveness to the spirit within. The new sensitiveness leads to absolute freedom from puckers, because it is sensitiveness on the God side of us. The old

but an old Trader's Advice is to Worry until you have had enough of it and then do something Desperate."—From Modern Fable in "Century" for March.

BRIEFS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Here is a society note from the Chicago "Tribune" of August 4, 1901, reprinted in the current number of "The Sun Worshiper": "A. H. Bliss, member of the Board of Trade, by conquering his appetite has reduced his weight from 264 pounds to 200. So pleased with his success was he last night that he treated himself to *twelve kernels of fresh popcorn.*"

Dr. Hanish, editor of "The Sun Worshiper," believes in observing one day (Friday) in every week as a day of fasting. On Friday morning his pupils take a drink of cold water with one grain of cayenne pepper. The period of fast extends from sunset Thursday until sunrise Saturday.

There is no possible room for doubt as to the inestimable benefits of fasting. The thousands who have been benefited by the Dewey method, for instance, stand as living proof of the hygienic value of abstaining from food for considerable periods of time. This fasting has been successfully carried out even by those who are daily engaged in hard manual labor. One instance I have in mind is that of a blacksmith, who worked at his forge daily during his period of fasting.

I am for any method, hygienic or otherwise, that will tend to promote harmonious relations between mind and body. If medicine had this effect (and it does in some cases, especially where the patient's faith is strong) I should believe in its use. Proper *breathing* and a proper regulation of *eating* do, without question, tend to bring mind and body into mutually harmonious vibrations. Elizabeth and myself are experimenting further in regard to fasting, and expect to get some useful knowledge of the subject.

There's another thing I believe in with all my heart, and that is sunshine. Bask in the sunshine as much as possible. Absorb its rays and respond to its warmth and brightness. The sun shines on the just and the unjust with absolute impartiality. Do thou likewise. Take breathing exercises in the sunlight, particularly in the early morning. The sun's rays carry with them powerful vibrations of life. Fill your lungs again and again with air that has been warmed by the sun.

Fresh air is a glorious thing also. Don't sleep in a closed room. Open your windows. Elizabeth is an enthusiast upon this subject. No stuffy rooms where she is, even in the coldest weather. We take to fresh air as ducks take to water. Healthy lungs mean health in other ways, and plenty of fresh air means good, strong lungs, provided they are properly exercised in breathing it in.

Do you say that all these things are material methods for keeping well and healthy? You can put as much thought force into them as you wish and make each exercise a lesson in concentration and self-control.

I believe in physical culture for those of sedentary habits also. It's a grand promoter of health. We use a Hercules club daily, and take other exercises without apparatus.

I also believe in a vegetarian diet so far as I am individually concerned. After nearly a year's trial I am more than satisfied with the results obtained. I believe it would prove a help to thousands who have weak digestion. Of course there are many people who are engaged in hard

manual labor and who have never yet received any education on the diet matter, to whom the vegetarian diet would prove impracticable. I do not believe anyone should force his desires in this direction.

Our friend Allen, of "AGREEMENT," is much worried lest the advocates of a reformed diet, breathing, physical culture, etc., lead the poor, dear people astray, and induce them to enter upon experiments for which they are not yet ready. For myself I have more faith in human nature and more faith in the Law which expresses itself through us than to suppose that anyone will be seriously led astray by a free expression of opinion on my part. Those that are *ready* to profit by what I may say will give heed to my ideas. Those that are *not* ready will pronounce my words foolishness and forget them.

The dogmatic person, the egotist, is the one who helps people most. Whatever statements of truth he may make carry conviction with them. Of course I use the words "dogmatic" and "egotist" in a broad sense. But even the little, narrow dogmatist is a power compared with the "mush of concession" who thinks he knows that he knows nothing. It takes all kinds of people to make up the whole. Each one has his place.

The physician had diagnosed his patient's case with great care, and his decision regarding a remedy was quickly made. "What you need, my man, is not medicine so much as exercise," said he. "You need to walk, walk, walk. You ought to walk miles and miles every day. By the way, what is your occupation?" "I've been a letter carrier for fourteen years," responded the patient meekly. Then the physician grew suddenly silent, lost in meditation.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

"I often meet a friend of mine whom I am pleased to call a nobleman. Not many years ago he was the possessor of great wealth, and through ill-advised investments lost all, at the age of fifty, an age when it is pretty hard lines for a man to commence all over again. He did not utter a murmur at his losses, but immediately sought employment, with a cheerful spirit, and securing a clerkship at one thousand dollars a year, began to work like a Trojan and regulate his expenses according to his income. He had a wife and two charming daughters, and fortunately they were sensible women, who did not mope and grumble at the change from a life of luxury to that of living on a sum which hitherto would have cut a small figure in paying their one item of expenses for horses and carriages. And not only this, but my friend and his noble women dependents so regulated their affairs that at the end of one year they had managed to save two hundred dollars. This was five years ago. The second year saw my friend earning twelve hundred dollars, and one of his daughters earning nearly five hundred, every cent of which she saved and gave to her father. Noble girl! To make a long story short, up to the first of last May my friend, through his energy, pluck and good sense, and the assistance of his daughters and wife, had accumulated the tidy little sum of thirty-five hundred dollars. With this sum he purchased a half interest in a small but well paying business, and he tells me he is now on the way toward rolling up a second fortune. One of his daughters has married an estimable gentleman, and the other one is engaged to a worthy man of considerable wealth. So you see what grit, patience, humility and utter forgetfulness of the past has done for my friend and his. It is never too late to mend and straighten out our affairs if we only go about it in the right way. People don't care a rap about what you have been, and it is utter folly for those who fail in an undertaking, or who lose their wealth, to idly sit around talking about their misfortunes. All legitimate work is honorable, and if you cannot be a pros-

perous silk merchant, you can be a clerk or run a peanut stand, and if you pocket false pride and regulate your expenditures to less than your earnings, you are making great gain, and will get to the top, and in getting there will be happier than the defunct millionaire who exists on what he once had."—Frank Harrison.

"All my life I have had something wrong with my stomach. I cured dyspepsia and indigestion by deep breathing and drinking plenty of water. Now then, I am neither a mental or physical coward, but if I meet with poor success, receive a rebuff or two, I have a sinking at the solar plexus that nearly paralyzes me, making me sick and despondent. I go home and in spite of God, faith and the devil I can't rally. Am unable to overcome it until it runs its course."—P. R.

The only cure for one kind of feeling is to *act* another kind. When your solar plexus curls up and you feel paralyzed just laugh at yourself—put your hands in your pockets, lean back in your chair and ha! ha! for five minutes. You need not laugh out loud, but laugh *hard*, as if you *had* to laugh or bust!—but the other fellow mustn't hear you. Then stand up *straight*, head up, corners of mouth up, chest out, and go about your business as if you owned the earth and bossed niggers. In ten minutes you will forget you have a solar plexus. If you do this *every* time you are tempted to run home like a whipped cur—if you do it promptly and *vigorously* you will soon find yourself complete master of your solar plexus and on the straight road to success. God; fate and the devil can't straighten out your solar plexus, but *you* CAN.

"Freedom" has been re-admitted to second-class mail privileges and has blossomed out in new type and style. When *right* is on our side interference simply stirs us up to new and better manifestations of life. "Persecution" adds to our success. It may make us feel badly at the time but we feel better than ever after it's over. I "felt sorry" when Helen Wilmans Post got into hot water with the postal authorities, but I remembered some experiences of my own and I KNEW all things work together for good to those who love and affirm good. So I congratulated Helen instead of "pitying" her. Government "parentalism" is growing success for her, and incidentally for the rest of us. By the way in "Freedom" for February 5—the first one in the new dress, Helen's editorial is splendid, and I wish every NAUTILUS reader would ponder it well. She answers a question: "Why is it that those who make the most self-sacrifices and are most patient, get the hardest knocks, and are least appreciated?" Send five cents for this number, to "Freedom," Seabreeze, Fla.

"Dominion and Power" is a beautiful new dollar volume of splendid thought from Charles Brodie Patterson, one of the editors of "Arena" and "Mind," and one of the most popular of new thought writers. Just the one chapter on "Breath" is worth many times the cost of the book. The two chapters on "Success" are a whole library on this subject, and the three on "Equality of the Sexes," "Marriage," and "Rights of Children" are a revelation that every man and woman needs. See ad. of this beautiful book on last page.

Last month Edgar Wallace Conable's address in his ad. of "Path-Finder" was given as Roswell, Cal., instead of Roswell, Colorado. So if you sent a letter to him you will understand why it is returned to you via the dead letter office. Try it again—you are sure to enjoy the "Path-Finder" trinity.

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-

postage stamp) to anyone who may feel moved to ask for it.
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON,
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Address DR. PAUL EDWARDS,
155 West 46th Street, New York City

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 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. Do not send one that must be returned.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Money is not the only one of the good things that come by the Word. My Word is with you constantly for all you desire. You want more faith. Well, use what you have now. That is the secret of more faith. Just as using your muscle develops it, so using faith develops it. *Act with your faiths instead of with your fears.* Now that does not mean you are to act with faith when you feel like it; it means you are to ask yourself what would be the full-of-faith thing to do, and then you are to do it whether you feel like it or not—no matter if your knees quake with fear—**DO IT!** Every time you do a thing like this you will succeed, and your faith will take a great leap upwards. See? Now go in to win and keep at it. If at first you don't succeed, try again, unnumbered times! Constantly my WORD is with you for success. You will fairly see yourself grow at times. Rejoice and know you are growing, even when you can't see yourself grow.

—I AM.

—Growing.

—“Your own will come to you, if you hold the thought firmly—and hustle.”—Fra Elburtus.

—Affirm your ideals, and know that all things work together to make them real.

—**NEVER MIND** what you have borne! As well fret about the dirty face you had when you were a ten-year-old! Wipe out the past, trust the future, and live in a glorious and glorified NOW.

—“Do that which fear dares you to do!”—“The world always welcomes the man with a laugh,”—are two bright, live Words from “The Word,” edited by Dr. S. A. West, Rock Port, Mo., price 50 cents a year; or 60 cents with Dr. West's “Illustrated Letters for Boys and Girls.”

—Do you want something new and nice for dinner? Then make some of my new soup. Clean and soak one small cupful of white beans, or a little more of lima beans. Cook them until very soft and mash them through the colander, with the potato masher or a large spoon. Chop fine one large onion and several stalks of celery, add to the mashed beans, with a full cup of tomato which has been crushed fine or put through the colander. Add water enough to make about three quarts altogether. Put on the fire and bring to a boil, then set it on the asbestos ring and stew for an hour, stirring once in a while. Just before serving add salt, pepper, butter size of an egg and a quart of milk. Stir well and let it boil up. If you prefer a puree soup add the onion, celery and tomatoes an hour before the beans are done, and put them all through the colander at once, let it boil up, add milk and seasoning, boil again, and serve immediately. This soup is delicious and nutritious enough for a whole meal. And you'd never guess from the taste what it is made of.

THE GLAD HAND.

—There is lots of good philosophy and wit in “The Reasoner,” edited weekly by J. K. Tuley, San Luis Obispo, Cal., subscription price \$1. And there is a “New Thought Circle” started in connection with it. “Circles” and “Centers” will be thicker than pusley after a while. I wish them all as much success as the original Success Circle is demonstrating.

—“Health-Culture” for February is a particularly fine number of this always fine magazine, edited by Dr. Latson, and conducted by Albert Turner at 481 Fifth avenue, New York. “Health-Culture” is a large, fully illustrated quarto monthly; price one dollar a year, ten cents a number.

—If you want more information about breathing, fasting and the Bible send for “The Sun-Worshipper,” a dollar-a-year monthly published by Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht-Hanish, “the worshipful Persian with the Irish brogue,” at 1613 Prairie avenue, Chicago. Send ten cents for sample copy and get enthused with breath, fasting and vegetarianism.

—Send for Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd's illustrated catalogue of flowers, Ventura-by-the-Sea, Cal. She has originated some gorgeous varieties. Try some.

—“Kneipp's Water Cure Monthly” has come out in a new form with a new name, and enlarged its scope. Good! It is called “The Naturopath and Herald of Health,” published at 111 East Fifty-ninth street, New York. Price \$1.00 a year; Benedict Lust, editor and proprietor. And there is a very interesting article in the January number on “The Dissection of a Dead Day,” by Edward Earle Purinton.

—If you want a particularly pretty new love song buy “Love's Daily Question,” by J. Max Mueller. You can order of him at West Chester, Pa. Send 30 cents. Then “Just You” and “Some Day You'll Remember” are two pretty new songs by John Kimball Reynolds, 50 and 40 cents respectively; published by Pacific Publishing Company, San Diego, Cal. Still another pretty bit of music is a McKinley memorial song, “Columbia Miserere,” by my friend, “Elaine.” This can be had for 50 cents of the Success Music Company, 343 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

—Wilshire has taken his socialist magazine to Canada where he can send it through the mails for half what he had to pay Uncle Sam, and Uncle Sam has to deliver it without any pay at all. Chorus of (some) journalists: “Oh, to be far from the Madden-ing crowd!”

—I mentioned some months ago a particularly good thing of Frank T. Allen's which he had got out on the mimeograph and sold for 50 cents—“Astrology and Socialism, or The New Era,” a “Review and Forecast.” He has now issued this treatise in print and it may be had for 25 cents at this office. He says of it that “it is a summary of the most important events in the history of the United States, showing the persistent repetition of certain classes, of influences under the regular

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