

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. }

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GOD'S KIN.

There is no summit you may not attain,
No purpose which you may not yet achieve,
If you will wait serenely, and believe
Each seeming loss is but a step to'd gain.

Between the mountain-tops lie vale and plain;
Let nothing make you question, doubt or grieve;
Give only good, and good alone receive;
As you welcome joy, so welcome pain.
That which you most desire awaits your word;
Throw wide the door and bid it enter in.

Speak, and the strong vibrations shall be stirred;
Speak, and above earth's loud, unmeaning din
Your silent declarations shall be heard.
All things are possible to God's own kin.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE RISING TIDE AND THE HOUSE OF SAND.

(Concluded.)

Recognition of not-good puckers the solar plexus and we "feel bad."

Recognition of good lets out the puckers and we "feel better."

From this you will see that if we want always to "feel good" we must recognize only good. You will never "feel good" and BE a good mental scientist until you have swallowed and digested this idea: "EACH thing in its place is best." Until you can bring all the happenings and people of your every-day life into this thought, and until you know that "each thing" IS in its place, you will be more or less of a not-good scientist, and your feelings will match.

There is no use in my trying to reason you into knowing that "each thing in its place is best" and each thing *is* in its place. Tones have been written upon this subject, and tones more might still be written, and still you would neither understand nor apply the truth. One man's reasons are not the enlightener of another man's reason.

And yet the whole world recognizes that reason needs enlightenment. That enlightenment must come from the Universal Spirit witnessing with the individual spirit that any given proposition is true. Take those statements, "each thing in its place is best," and "each thing *is* in its place,"—take them into your consciousness and live with them. Hold them up before your mental eyes and wait patiently for the Spirit to illuminate your understanding. Set them up as King-thoughts within you, and let them rule until all your being, every tiny cell and atom, is converted and cries out *in spirit*, "YES! I see, I see—each thing *is* in its place and *is* best!" Just "hold the thought" and wait patiently until its spirit illumines you. *Those words are spirit and they are life.* LET them witness with your spirit and bring you to life. This is spiritual digestion.

Be still and know.

This is the only way to arrive at the stage of all-good recognition and all-good feeling.

The uneducated eye sees masses and misses details. It sees a mob as a mob, not as a collection of individuals. It sees a man as a two-legged creature; not as a collection of separate and distinct motives and purposes acting more or less in concert. So the person whose mental eye is not educated sees his thoughts only as they gather in mobs. His individual thoughts and attendant feelings entirely escape his notice. He doesn't know that there is almost a continuous stream of 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

there has aggregated a great big pucker at his solar plexus does he notice that there is anything wrong.

Until we have arrived at a certain stage of development we *live* in a pucker and never know it. But we wonder why we don't feel good and why we don't enjoy life.

Do you know that little feeling at the solar plexus is our highest conscience and an infallible guide to all good. It is the "Urim and Thummim" of intuition, the enlightener of reason and all objective life.

A little pucker means *think the opposite thing*. A big pucker means you have been thinking a lot of mistakes until a whole mob has gathered.

Sometimes a mob can be dispersed quickly, as when there is a thunder storm, but generally it slowly disperses, one pucker at a time, as you deny the thought that made the pucker. As long as you affirm the thought the pucker stays.

Remember, it is *always unpleasant thoughts* that pucker. Now there is nothing in all this beautiful world which is essentially unpleasant. It is the individual's point of view which makes him say one thing is pleasant and another is unpleasant. The point of view is always in himself. For instance, a reeking compost heap is a pleasant sight to a good farmer, but a city dandy steps gingerly past it with tilted nose and curling lip. The farmer sees latent possibilities and rejoices—lets out a pucker. The dandy sees only a reeking fact and curls his solar plexus a little tighter.

Everything and everybody has two points of view, the real and the ideal. We can see the real only, and either expand or pucker ourselves over it, according to whether we want or don't want it at this particular time and place, or we can see the person or thing as a potentiality of beauties yet to manifest, and thus find in it cause for expansion, rejoicing—cause for loving.

If we cannot always feel with the potential side of him, we can at least try to feel with it. And we can *always AFFIRM* it.

And every one of these little affirmations lets out a pucker in our solar plexus. We have only to repeat the affirmation times enough to let them all out and stand forth FREE, a veritable glowing sun of love, a joy to ourselves and to all others.

It takes a tremendous pucker and a thunder storm to turn the heedless or ignorant one from the error of his way. And then he is only turned for the moment. Back he goes onto the same old track.

But he learns. And when once his attention is turned in the right direction, when he lets all the puckers out and sets himself to "walk softly" and guard against even a tiny new one—when once he realizes the joy of free loving of all things and people—it becomes the passion of his life to keep his light shining. It becomes the passion of his life to consult and obey the "Urim and Thummim" oracles of good in his own solar plexus—soul-ar center. Where it once took whole mobs of unpleasant thoughts and consequent puckers to call his attention to the mistakes of his thinking, it now takes but one little false thought to make pucker enough to call him back to the way of right thinking. He is learning to "walk softly" before his God, and take notice of little things, of details, instead of tearing heedlessly along until little things aggregate in some great "evil" of depression or emotional storm.

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

sensitiveness led to innumerable and multiplied puckers, because it was on the outside of us and made us cringe and curl back upon ourselves.

Keep letting go, letting go, and affirming GOOD, until you get every last pucker out of your solar plexus.

Then you will be sensitive to its intuitions. "Walk softly" and you will detect and deny every mistaken thought as it presents itself, and thus will you live always in soul-shine and joy—instead of puckers. And gradually these old mistaken race beliefs of evil will disappear from you and all your environment.

It is the only way. Eternal consecration to good is the price of freedom and joy and life abundant and eternal.

Pucker not over thine own or another's houses of sand, but remember the rising Love-tide. Let it into thine own soul-ar center.

Be still and know the I AM GOOD in every-thing.

Is your solar plexus curled up and you don't know why? Never mind trying to find the particular mistaken thoughts that made the puckers. Just set to work and loosen the puckers. Perhaps there is someone who is particularly trying to you, or some work particularly distasteful. You may safely guess it is the things you've been thinking about *them* that have shriveled you so. Now call them up before you and remember their good points. Enumerate them to yourself, one by one. Hunt for them—even if you have to use a microscope to find them. Then lump them all together in your thought and say, "You are good—you ARE. I love you. I LOVE you. I LOVE YOU!" Say it hard, and say it over and over. Do this at night and go to sleep on it. You will be amazed at the good will you will feel toward those people and things in the morning. You will wonder how you ever managed to see so many faults in them yesterday, and you will feel as kind and loving as can be. Furthermore, you will find all your work go along as smoothly as can be. All because your sun is shining.

After you have gone to sleep this way a few nights you will find it become easier and easier to do, and all your work and daily relations will be easier and easier. Not only your soul-light will shine, but everybody's else will begin to peep out, from sympathy.

Your solar plexus is probably stiff to begin with, like any long-contracted muscle. That is why you can't loose all the puckers with a word, but must *rebeat* your statements over and over, with vigor, and then go to sleep into the bargain, before you can feel the soul center expand. But as you keep practicing you will find your solar plexus respond more and more readily, until you can let out the puckers almost with a word and two or three slow, full breaths.

And always remember that an ounce of prevention is worth whole pounds of cure. Be kind, and puckers won't come. Walk softly. Handle things gently, lovingly. Try to feel with them. Remember that all eternity is before you. There's plenty of time.

There's the Love-tide, rising, rising.

Let it rise.

—All the Apostles of Repose and the Mental Scientists tell the Business Slave to avoid Worry; 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.

A LITTLE INSPIRATION.

In a recent number of "Christian" Shelton published a long letter from a woman who does not believe in breathing exercises or fasting, and who says she gets her best breathing exercises when reading "Christian."

She likewise writes: "Mrs. Towne says Dewey believes in fasting and breathing exercises—I can't believe it!" Evidently she is not aware that there are two Deweys—Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey and John Hamlin Dewey, who writes for "Christian."

But Shelton takes the cake in his article with Emma Beedle's letter as a text. He likewise takes her cue and pulls the wool in truly Sheltonian style. What he says is true, but it is only part of the truth, and a part of truth pulled over the eyes is as bad as no truth at all. He advances not one argument against breathing exercises, nor does he puncture one of mine in favor of such exercises.

Furthermore, he misapplies Jesus' injunction about fasting, "to appear not before men to fast—of a sad countenance," etc." Jesus referred to the Jewish custom of parading a fast as a matter of great merit. The same words apply to those who parade their *not*-fasting or their *not*-breathing, that they may be seen and admired of men. Those who have practiced and proved fasting and who teach such things as a means of attainment do not say, "Behold Me, how I have acquired merit!" They say, "I have done thus and so and found it an aid in unfolding; what I have done ye may do also, and greater things ye may do." I don't know a man or woman who has paraded fasting any more than Thomas J. Shelton has paraded *not*-fasting. Do you?

Shelton admits in his article that breath is life and deep inspirations are life giving. He pats Mrs. Beedle approvingly when she says she breathes deeply over "Christian," and intimates that she gets at such times a peculiar quality of breath that she cannot get by "breathing exercises." She may never have observed, and he did not take pains to remind her, that the reading of anything which appeals to us as a sublime truth will cause us to breathe deeply. A splendid article or a splendid lecture will literally *in-spire* the reader or hearer. "Christian" and "Freedom," and before that "Unity" and "Universal Truth," used to make me walk on air. They were like wine to me. I read and re-read them for that peculiar inspiring effect. But gradually all these papers lost their effect on me, though there is nearly always something in each one which affects me more or less in the same way. Why do you suppose they are losing the old, potent effect upon me? Because I am realizing within myself all that the editors of these papers realized as they wrote. Their articles in general fail to change my breathing because I am already *in-spining* on the same plane with the writers. The articles convey no NEW truth for me to be *in-spined* by. It is new truth which inspires us—which causes us to breathe deeply and fully. Wherever we perceive new truth we receive inspiration. By *in-spining* we receive the new truth. Shelton calls it being "inspired by the spirit." "My words *they* are spirit," said another. Words of truth which you are able to see as new truth have this peculiar, electric, *in-spining* effect upon you. Whatever writer or talker has this effect upon you is one you *like* and should cultivate.

Shelton is apt to electrify you pretty thoroughly and long—if you like him at all—because he is himself *in-spined* so fully. He catches glimpses of the Universal, and just lets himself swing with it and breathe with it and enthuse over it. He don't care a dam whether there is any sense in it or not, or whether it fits in with anything else he ever said or not. He just lets her go Gallagher NOW just as the spirit moves him. Most writers stop to *think* before they write. They want to weigh and measure their breaths of inspiration—they want to be "consistent," and be sure they won't shock somebody. Inspiration is the *en-lightener* of reason. All writers who are worth a row of pins write from inspiration, but most of them won't put down their inspirations any faster

than *reason* will approve them. They sort of filter the light of inspiration through the sieve of reason. Shelton denies reason and gets it out of sight. He is irrational and inspirational. That is why he makes you gasp for breath. Helen Wilmans uses a mighty fine *sieve* to let her inspirations through. Consequently when you read her statements of new (to you) truth you take such *slow, even* breaths that you hardly know you are taking breathing exercises. But you are. I mention Helen in antithesis to Shelton because they are exact opposites, while equally inspired; opposite in that, whilst Helen never forgets her *sieve*, Shelton never forgets to get his out of sight.

And Elizabeth Towne? Oh, she uses sieve or no sieve, just whichever comes handy. She has more *thrills* and gasps when she don't use the sieve; but she blesses the sieve for reducing the wear and tear of thrills and gasps. And she couldn't be happy with either were tother very far away.

Shelton admits and explicitly states that you *must* breathe to live, and if you live forever you must breathe mightily. He pats you approvingly for letting him inspire you. He says in effect, "Behold Me how I unfold! Verily, the East Indian wizard tricks you read about are not in it with Me! Behold Me and be inspired!" But there are difficulties he forgets to mention, probably because he left the sieve out. You can't live forever on the inspirations of another person. And even now, whilst Shelton has power to inspire you, there are times and occasions when you can't fly to him and be saved from your blue devils and dumps. When you read a copy of "Christian" you can't *in-spire* enough to last a whole week. It would not be handy to carry a copy with you to practice breathing by. You need breath every moment and you can't devote every moment to reading Shelton, thrilling as he is. And then there are nights when you can't sleep and it wouldn't be kind to wake your other half whilst you lit the gas and caught inspiration enough to enable you to sleep. It may be delightful to "hitch your wagon to a star" and be kited along without effort; but it becomes quite another matter when you have to get up nights to make fast your hitching strap, lest forsooth you be left far astern.

No, no; this hitching your breathing apparatus to Shelton is not what it is cracked up to be.

Therefore I say unto you do your own breathing; make your own affirmations of oneness with the universal, until you have fixed for yourself the *habit* of being *in-spined* by the universal spirit of truth.

When your attention is turned toward "the world I do" your breath is expired. Your electric energy goes out to your work or your worries.

When your attention turns to the universal, the source of all power, then you *in-spire*—you receive power and wisdom.

When you have "worked hard" or worried harder your expiration exceeds your inspiration, and you grow "tired" or "depressed" or "blue" or "discouraged." Which means simply that the flow of "divine breath" or electric force—the flow of this *into* you has been cut off, and you are in a state of literal asphyxiation. Then the tendency is to keep right on "vibrating" on that plane. You keep saying to yourself "I am depressed—I am tired—I am blue—I am discouraged"—and all the time your breath is short and shallow.

You need anything which will *rouse* you and make you *in-spire* power. Fly to "Christian" or "Freedom" or NAUTILUS if you will. Not one of you but has experienced the phenomenon of being "healed" of that tired feeling by "new thought" reading or talk. Fly to "Christian," "Freedom" or NAUTILUS et al if you will—and can—anything to arouse you to *in-spire*.

But in my "Solar Plexus book," that called out Emma Beedle's letter to Shelton, I have given you the scientific, easy and practical method of rousing *yourself* to inspiration. Thousands of people are testifying to the efficacy of this method, and glorying in the self-knowledge and power gained from *its use*.

There's the rub—people who do not under-

stand prefer to fly to somebody else for thrills, rather than to *use any method for self-awakening*.

Here is another self-arousment that will be a joy forever and anywhere to him who will *use it*: Stand, sit or recline *straight*, keep lips closed and look pleasant; take a slow, full breath with slow, distinct mental affirmation "I AM"; hold breath a moment; then gradually exhale with slow and distinct mental enunciation of "POWER"—"I AM POWER." Keep breathing fully and affirming distinctly in the mind only; and gradually quicken the breathing until you are breathing as fast as possible and affirming to match. Keep taking *full* breaths, clear down to the bottom of your lungs, and faster, faster.

Get enthused over it! When you think I AM, try to realize the ALL as *yourself*. When you have got your breath to flowing fast then let go and "catch your breath." Repeat the performance with "I AM JOY." Other affirmations may be used as you think of them. The thrills accompanying the vim-ful use of this exercise are warranted fully equal to Shelton's best brand, and you have the satisfaction of knowing they are *your* thrills, self-evolved in time of need.

TO DO OR NOT TO DO.

"I look at your face and say to myself, 'When I have the *courage* of that woman to *act* what I KNOW, I shall have what she has of home and happiness.'—S.

Right! But you *have* not only all the courage I have, but you have *all* courage. Courage is free as air, in fact it is *in* the air—the very essence of it. Anybody can *develop* courage in himself. He can't leap into it any more than he can leap into six feet of stature. But he can *grow* courage by deep breathing and affirmation and *exercise*—grow more of it than he can ever need.

A woman who wants to be courageous needs first of all to leave off corsets. You *can't* be anything but a cringing coward if you wear corsets all the time. They *bind* you, and a bound woman is a slave—to *custom*. She is a coward.

If I were a slender woman I would *never* wear a corset. Featherbone, easy clothing and a good dressmaker are all that a slender woman needs to keep her looking well—*after* she has by proper exercise developed and poised her figure. But I am large in form, and so far I am unable to devise a graceful street dress in which I look well without corsets. Consequently I wear a corset when in street dress. But I *live* in Empire gowns and mighty little else.

You can develop courage by *using* it. Use it first in getting out of corsets. Wear them on the street if you must, but when you are at home give yourself a chance to take in courage, power, wisdom, *life* from the air. Fire corsets and BREATHE and exercise your muscles. Take deep, full, slow breaths and AFFIRM courage. Keep it up every day and hour. Along with this, exercise your courage when ever and wherever you *can*, and don't call yourself a coward when you can't be courageous. You *are* growing up to it. By and by you can do *anything*. Just now do what you can and rejoice.

Courage is an inherency of power. The more *power* you realize the more courage you will manifest. Therefore develop power. Power is developed by use. Free your body and *use* it, that you may develop its power. Imagine a great, fat, laced and be-trailed pork eater in the face of physical danger. She would simply collapse from sheer cowardice. Why? Because she has *bound* her power instead of *using* it. So she is a helpless coward.

Now take off her trammels and teach her to use her muscles. She grows conscious of her power. Consequently when she finds herself in physical danger she faces it and comes out unscathed—and more powerful and courageous than ever. By freeing and using her body when there is no danger she develops power and courage to meet and survive a strain.

Now let me lay down a law. I will not try to prove it. If you have ears to hear you will hear; if not, no argument will convince you. Here it is: *Development of the physical MUST come before the mind can be freed to its highest expression.*

No tight-corseted, flat-chested, big-stomached woman *ever* made her mark, nor ever will. Body and mind are one, and body must be freed and used before it is *fit* to express the "higher thought" of mind. You can no more skip physical use and be a grand mentality, than you can skip the "three R's" and be a scholar. Physical use *helps* mental development, and vice versa.

Did you ever notice that every pugilist of mark, as soon as he thinks he has *made* the mark, immediately feels himself possessed to write a book or go on the stage? Physical use has *waked* his mind and he goes to *teaching*.

If the sleepy mental scientists who write me that they have been "in the new thought" for years and are still unhealthy, unhappy and poverty ridden—if these sleepy ones will let their minds alone for a time and unbind and use their *bodies*, they will quickly find their *minds*, too, unbound and useful. Dr. Loeb's new discoveries prove one significant fact I must mention right here: *It is the negative which wakes the positive to action.* We are fond of descanting upon man as a magnet, the positive pole being the mind and the body the negative. Dr. Loeb and Professor Matthews show that the application of *negative* energy stimulates the gray nerve matter, whilst the application of *positive* energy has *no effect*. Remember that, ye positive ones, whose sole aim is to apply positive energy from the "positive pole" of yourself. *Negative energy draws out the positive.* Activity of the body *draws down into the body* the positive energy which is ever seeking expression. More of this anon.

I am not advising you to follow pugilism as a mind awakener. But I am advising you to use your bodies, your hands and feet and lungs and common sense to *prove* your power, to the end that you develop more power of mind as well as body.

I am telling you that since you have tried "purely mental methods" and failed to realize power and courage, it would be sensible for you to try *using* what power and courage you have, as a means to the end of realizing *more* power and courage.

He that *doeth* shall know more.

You may think as hard as ever you want to or can, but if you send your thought all out of the top of your cranium, *instead of downward and outward through your body*, you will not manifest a beautiful, harmonious, power-full body. And without such a body you might just about as well die. It is by sending thought force *into and through* the body that health, power, courage, happiness and wealth are manifested.

Physical exercise, or work of any sort, performed whilst the thought force is vaporizing out at the top of your cranium, will not develop you or your environment. The following item clipped from "The Reasoner," San Luis Obispo, Cal., will explain scientifically the wherefores of this. Here it is:

"We learn from a scientific source that 'the flow of blood to the head in concentrated thought was shown several years ago, by Professor Mosso of Turin, by means of a balance for the body.' But a more sensitive apparatus has been arranged by Dr. W. G. Anderson of the Yale Gymnasium. This he calls a 'muscle-bed.' It is a 'couch balanced upon knife edges and capable of adjustment by rolling from one side to the other as necessary.' The student being placed upon his back upon this couch, the effect of his thought upon his center of gravity may be accurately measured. The mental effort necessary in producing an original composition in writing shifts the center of gravity in some cases to the extent of two and a half inches. Dr. Anderson has also made studious experiments in the development of the muscles. By a careful system of weighing, he has demonstrated that an exercise in which the student takes little or no interest has a small value in developing the muscles, as but little blood is carried to the parts being exercised. But if the student is interested in his work and consciously directs his 'thoughts' to the parts, then there is an increased flow of the blood and a corresponding increase made in the weight of the muscular fiber.

"Another interesting fact developed by this experimenting with the 'muscle-bed' was that the student, without moving, but merely by directing his thoughts to his lower extremities, could cause a flow of blood to them which would shift his center of gravity. Now, it seems that it would require about as much mental effort to send the

blood coursing into the feet as it would to compose an original sentence or solve a problem in algebra, and that, consequently, one result would counterbalance the other and the body would remain in equilibrium. But actual demonstration proves the contrary. Another interesting fact that I have noticed, but for which I cannot just now produce the authority, is that of a man who by an effort of his will could, while standing on a pair of scales, cause a difference of some pounds in his weight. One does not need to be at all observant to have noticed the large number of advertisements in magazines and newspapers dilating upon the wonderful virtues in certain 'systems' of physical culture, by means of which the inventors agree to make a wonderful improvement in the muscular development in a very short time with only a few minutes' practice each day, or each night just before going to bed. They have testimonials to back them up, too. Weak, debilitated, nervous wrecks of men have become Sandows in a little while. The ten dollars which they have paid for instructions in the 'system' they consider an insignificant outlay for such wonderful results.

"But the exercises in no two systems are the same. This fact has a tendency to shake our faith in the systems. *There is one thing, however, which runs alike through all these systems, and that is that every exercise must be gone about with deliberation—the mind must be used in the direction of the movements.* * * * I give away the whole secret here, and it doesn't cost the reader a cent. The science is not in the 'system,' but in the mind of the person who practices it. Any old system is good enough. Put your 'imagination' to work. Put a lead pencil on the floor, pick it up with both hands and 'imagine' that you are lifting a hundred-pound dumb-bell. Carry it up above your head, as high as you can reach, then lower it again—slowly, deliberately, just as though it were a sure-enough dumb-bell. Never for a second let go with your 'imagination.' If you cannot carry through the make-believe as though it were a reality, stop the exercise and try some other time. Take the pencil first in one hand and then in the other and exercise with it, giving it a certain specified weight in your 'imagination.' Take two pencils, one in each hand, and exercise with them as dumb-bells or Indian clubs. Begin with five-pound weights and increase the weight as your muscles become warmed up. Direct your thought as strong as you can to the particular muscle that you wish to develop. Hold first one muscle then another in your mind. You may invent as many exercises as you please—this is only a hint, and a hint to the wise is sufficient. There is absolutely nothing in any of these systems better than can be invented by any sensible man or woman."

It is not *what* you do, but *how* you do it, that counts for development. A woman may do the hardest kind of housework and grow very little stronger for it. Why? Her thought force, *which is the real power*, goes out at the top of her head instead of downward *through her body* and thus out into her work.

All expression comes by this route. The entire body is a thinking machine. To think *through* the body is to strengthen and beautify it, making it fit to convey into expression yet higher and finer thought. To think out at the top of your head, leaving your body inert, is simply switching the power off the circuit it is intended to run. Then everything comes to a standstill, even if it does not go to wrack and ruin.

What Mr. Tuley describes and explains in the above quotation is simply that much lauded and sought after thing called "*concentration.*" To put your thought into the thing you are *doing* is *concentration*. To let it vaporize out at the top of your cranium, whilst your hands are trying to do something, is *scatteration*, and the end thereof is DEATH. The man or woman who is "doing drudgery" is doing it *because* he does not *put* his mind *into his motions*.

Every motion well made develops POWER. Power brings confidence and courage with it.

"Ah, little recks the laborer,

How near his work is holding him to God,

The loving laborer through time and space."

"Never try to get into Society, so-called. Those who try seldom get in, and if they do edge through the Portals, they always feel Clammy and Unworthy when under the Scrutiny of the Elect. Sit outside and appear Indifferent, and after a while they may send for you. If not it will be Money in your Pocket."—From Modern Fable in March "Century."

"Rothschild is quoted to have said, 'Money is like water, the tighter you squeeze it the less of it you will have.'"—"Mixer's Guide."

MARCONI AND OTHERS.

I was greatly interested in the Marconi article in March "Century." The growth and results of his experiments with wireless telegraphy are exactly parallel with those of telepathy and mental healing.

For instance, his transmitter sends the waves out in every direction, just as the sun sends out its rays. If he had a line of 10,000 receivers strung in a circle hundreds of miles in diameter, with the transmitter in the center, every blessed one of those receivers would take every signal sent out from the transmitter. Think of that for a moment.

But you see that would be a serious disadvantage in the sending of business messages. So Marconi set to work to obviate this by *keying the receivers*. Each of those imaginary 10,000 receivers can be so keyed or tuned that it will receive its own messages but no others.

This is an exact illustration of telepathic healing. A healer speaks the Word and its vibrations go out in *all* directions, and every human being who is *tuned* to the right pitch will receive the Word. The individual receiver's *constitution* is his own peculiar "keying," and determines whether or not he can receive the message sent.

Before Marconi developed this idea of keying each receiver, he tried concentrating his power and sending vibrations all one way, so as to cause them to strike the one receiver the message was intended for. He tried turning his power all one way, something as the rays of a searchlight are turned. He put a sort of reflector around his power, that acted just as a light reflector does.

This did very well *for short distances*, but the convexity of the earth interfered with its use for distances exceeding 300 or so miles. So the scheme was abandoned and the new syntonized receivers evolved. All this reminded me forcibly of that article I wrote a few months ago in answer to a contributor to "Mind," who asserted that the only way to give absent treatment was to "sit twenty minutes" and direct the thought steadily at the patient. He had learned to send mental messages by the crude reflector or searchlight system which Marconi first tried and abandoned. If he keeps on trying to send messages to great distance and many people he will discover the real principle of telepathic treatment and wireless telegraphy.

There is another odd "coincidence" between this wireless telegraphy and telepathic treatment. When Marconi used his copper reflector and turned his power straight toward his receiver it was all done *close* to the earth. But in order to send a message a very long distance he had to run masts up 200 feet or more *above* the earth and string wires upon them, thus utilizing the finer ethers which are inactive next the earth; inactive because mingled with coarser elements.

So the healer who lives *near the earth* has to "concentrate" for twenty minutes in one direction in order to make his message felt; whilst the healer who has risen above the earth finds his messages easily and instantaneously transmitted. The "masts" and heaven-tapping wires are already present in every human receiver. One healer uses them; another uses the "copper reflector" system.

Another peculiar thing is this: Marconi found that his masts had to be just as high if he set them upon a mountain top as if he set them on low land. I wouldn't wonder if the finer ethers, the ideal realms, are just as near to the lowest of us as to the highest. There is as much earth one place as the other.

"God is in his heaven and all's right with the world."

—William just showed me a paragraph in a letter received to-day. It reads, "I am happy to say the indictment against Helen Wilmans has been quashed." We both felt like good old shouting Methodists when we read that. Particulars will probably appear in "Freedom."

—The Texas "resurrection plant," advertised in NAUTILUS, is an odd thing. Mrs. Magee sent me two unpromising-looking, tightly-curled, brown bunches. I wet one under the faucet and put it in water as if it were an ordinary flower. It fairly shocks me to see it uncurl and turn green.

JUST HOW TO CONCENTRATE

IS NOT FOR SALE, BUT—

A copy will be given with each NEW six months, or one year, subscription to THE NAUTILUS.

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

Or, send THREE NEW YEARLY subscriptions and I will send each one a copy of the new book, and to you I will send a copy each of "Just How to Concentrate" and "The Constitution of Man."

—Peace is heaven. *Piece* is hell.

—Hell is a *piece* of heaven.

—Blessed is the peacemaker, for he agreeth like an old shoe. The *piece*-maker isn't a patchin' to him.

—The peacemaker fitteth anywhere; the *piece*-maker goeth about like a raging lioness after her lost cub. She seeketh and never findeth.

—The *piece*-maker's life is a patch that fits nowhere. The peacemaker is the Whole Thing.

—Heaven is the state of a mind which sees and agrees with the Whole Thing.

—Hell is the state of a mind which worries one corner of the Whole Thing.

—"How far from here to heaven? Not very far, my friend.

A single hearty step will all thy journey end."

—"Immeasurable is the highest; who but knows it?

And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it."

—Advertising space in NAUTILUS is \$2 per inch, and getting ready to rise. NAUTILUS is a splendid ad. medium, as nearly every one who uses it testifies. Two, whose names appear in this issue, say they get more returns from NAUTILUS than from *all other papers combined*. And they have used a lot.

—Here is a woman, one of many, who wants to know how she can "command the love of another" from whom she is separated and who does not even write to her. There is *no* way to "command love." Love goeth whither it listeth, and it listeth to go where there is more love. People who want to command love are not themselves *lovers*. REAL LOVE would say "God speed you wherever you can be happiest"—would say it and *feel* it. And the chances are the loved one would make tracks straight to her side. To love and to ache to *be* loved are two vastly different things. The real lover rarely misses what she desires.

—"Every Wednesday I visit a man who was born in 1776, and is hale and hearty as can be. He has been everywhere and is a busy doctor yet, as he has been since 1808 when he was graduated M. D." (Dr. G. S. Foster, 1417 South Fifty-fifth street, Philadelphia.) Three cheers and a tiger for the immortal doctors.

—"Mr. Towne says that non-resistance will cure all evil. Does he mean to affirm that if a woman does not resist or take her own part against a sensual husband, but gives up to him in every way, that he will grow to respect her rights?"

Resistance is a negative force. A stone resists change. A woman resists, scolding and complaining and fretting, and she gets cursed and broken for her pains. She accomplishes nothing; the more she resists the more determined is her husband, the *active* force, to break her. A woman may practice the non-resistance of a lump of putty and be worse off than ever. Her husband will maul her around until he is sick of her putty-ness, and then he will throw her out or desert her. The kind of non-resistance that accomplishes something is the kind that electricity or fire is endowed with. Imagine a man playing at fisticuffs with a big blaze or a live wire. You can resist a thing only *on its own plane*—a stone for a stone, a blow for a blow, a cuss for a cuss, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. That is resistance. But when a woman stands square on her two feet with lightening in her eye and the quietness of POWER in her voice, and says to a man, "Thus far and no farther"—the chances are ten thousand to one that man will stop as if he

had suddenly confronted a loaded and cocked Winchester. And if that woman knows enough to shut her mouth when she has said enough and go quietly about her business as if nothing had happened, she will find his lordship as meek and mild as a baby. But woe betide her if she spoils the effect of the POWER she has shown by later descending to argument, which is a mild resistance that leadeth to more. Resist nothing. Shut up and *do* something. Ever read "Taming of the Shrew?" To outshrew the shrew on her own line is effective and she becomes a lamb. But to *resist* her is to develop more shrew. A man who uses force with his wife will stand aghast if she displays *greater* power, even on his own plane. But if she simply opposes, *not realizing her power*, he is infuriated. LOVE is the greatest, the only power in the world, but there are times when a sentimental putty show of love is maudlin and worse than useless. Electricity may shed a gentle radiance, or concentrate in a mighty bolt, as needed. So with love. And there are times when the bolt of love is the only effective thing. A wife whose husband uses force with her, either physical or merely wordy, needs to realize her own power, lay down her own boundaries, and then *shut her mouth* and let *him* do the resisting—until he gets tired and quits. Most men quickly recognize defeat and newly adjust themselves. It takes a woman to chew the eternal rag. * * * But that is because she has not known her power. She is learning—to dam her chatter and *use* the power.

—"What is the true relation between the objective and subjective self?—West.

The objective self is that which acts consciously. The subjective self is that which acts sub-consciously—*under* the conscious or objective self. This is the habit-self, gained in previous aeons of existence. All sub-conscious acts are the results of stored knowledge gained in past ages by way of the conscious or objective self. That is to say, there is nothing sub-conscious within us which has not somewhere, somehow, sometime, been *consciously* gained. Then above the sub-conscious and conscious (the subjective and objective) is the super-conscious self. Super means above. The super-conscious self is the I AM of the universe, the One Power, the "God" in which "we live, move and have our being" and by which we are held together as one, and actuated as a Whole. The super-conscious self is the as-yet-unexpressed self, from whence we came and unto which we are returning. These three selves are one and indivisible. Yes, they may be divisible, for the super-conscious self is eternal. It *might* be without conscious or sub-conscious selves, but the latter two could not be without the superconscious, from which all things spring. I say they *may* be divisible or divorcible; but evidently the superconscious is eternally expressing conscious and subconscious. There is a great deal of confusion among writers as to the exact definition of those two terms, "subjective" and "objective." The above is my own definition, derived from my own super and sub-consciousnesses. You will find this explained at length in my "Constitution of Man," published first over two years ago. And my conclusions are borne out by the latest research, including that of Professor Loeb and Professor Matthews.

—A healer with a musical bent can by absent treatment greatly aid students of music. I have had splendid success in this line.

—If there are mistakes made in your address or the date of expiration of your subscription you have only to state your case and the mistake will be rectified.

—Someone suggests that that last eight-page NAUTILUS was truly a "March number." It certainly met with plenty of handclapping and cheers. Wherefore this number goes still farther and appears exactly twice the size of the February and previous issues of NAUTILUS. So we are now by far the largest in the field for the price. NAUTILUS now contains more reading matter than any *dollar* monthly magazine or paper in the field, with possibly one exception. Isn't that good? I am proud of NAUTILUS in its new form,

and I rejoice that I can give my subscribers so much for their money. It is the steady and rapid doubling and trebling of the subscription list which enables me to double the paper. *Thank you*, my friends, for helping in this matter. Let the good work grow. Send me more subscribers. And send me lists of names of those you think would be interested in seeing a sample copy of THE NAUTILUS. Please be careful in making out the lists, dearies. Do not send me names of people you think "ought" to be interested, but whom you know to be rank "antis" and set in their way. But if you know of anyone who is sick or disheartened, or who *might* be even a wee bit open to new ideas, then send in his name. Write names in full, with street and number, town and State. Be exact, dearie—it's good practice for you, and it will make smooth the path of the copyist. "Mrs. Hall, Chicago," or "John Jones, Portland, Oregon," *might* possibly do for a letter, but it would take a paper straight into the official waste basket. And "Mary Jane Johnson, Rockford," would be sent straight back to *my* waste basket, because there are Rockfords in a dozen States or so. I've a deep and never-satisfied hunger for new names to send sample copies to! The missionary spirit consumes me and cries out to you for help! Send in names and subscribers, and bread thus cast upon the waters shall return unto you after not so very many days. I've another little surprise or two in store for you, as the subscription list swells. Don't look for another doubling of NAUTILUS though!

—Here is a handsome photograph of a smiling lady friend in Buffalo, N. Y. But *which* friend is it? There was not a sign of a name or address, either inside or out of the package. The subject of this photo ought to be proud to let me know who she is. If she is a fair sample of Buffalo girls I don't wonder the boys all sing "Put me off at Buffalo-o-o." Who are you? Now, girls, don't all speak at once.

—I do enjoy photographs of my friends, the Success Circlers. I believe I know every one by heart, and it harrows up my feelings when I have to return a photo. Don't ask me to.

—Blessed is he that walketh softly and receiveth the hints of nature; verily he shall escape the kicks.

—Blessed is he that taketh slow, full breaths and keepeth his solar plexus free of kinks.

—Blessed is he that looketh for good, for verily he shall find no evil.

—To let go, and to "let things go," are two different things. And the one who "lets things go" is the one who hangs on like grim death. He is a sort of changeable monomaniac. His mind gets to running in one line and he becomes oblivious to what lies at hand to be done. He thinks, thinks, thinks on one line, until he sort of runs down. In the meantime his work runs down because his mind is elsewhere. He "lets things go" whilst his mind is running itself down on the line it got started on. After it gets pretty well run down he suddenly wakes up to the fact that his business too is "all run down." Then he has a fit of setting things vigorously to rights. But in the midst of this off goes his mind again at another tangent, whilst he "lets things go." Very often this kind of a man is a woman. She "lets things go" whilst she goes to revival meetings or sewing circles, or reads novels, etc. Then she has a tremendous cleaning up spell. But the woman or man who "lets go" is the one with "a heart for any fate." He controls his thought, instead of letting an idea run away with him. He turns his mind intelligently from one thing to another as occasion demands. He turns his attention often enough to his business to "keep it going" properly. It takes attention, thought, to "keep things going," you know. Tho man who has found his *balance* can "let go" his pleasures in time to "keep his business going." He turns from one to the other as intelligence requires. The other man lets his mind run away with him for a time, and when he comes back again he finds the omnipresent law of disintegration has been getting in its work.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

AUTO-SUGGESTION. Notwithstanding that much has been written in the past few years upon this subject, very many people are asking "how it is done," "how the suggestions are made," etc.

We are constantly receiving suggestions from without, and the decisions which our conscious mind makes regarding these suggestions is accepted and acted upon by the sub-conscious mind. These suggestions play a most important part in the lives of nearly all people, although few are conscious of it. The majority of suggestions, received unconsciously from without, are of a negative character, it is needless to say. For instance, you are in an environment of poverty. Conditions seem to be pushing you to the wall. Instead of gaining ground you seem to be losing a little day by day. Each morning when you arise your conscious mind naturally seeks the familiar channels, and you speak for yourself the word of failure instead of success. You look at the obstacles which seem to oppose you and decide that you cannot overcome them. Each day this decision is a little more emphatic. Each day you feel a little less hope, and each day the suggestion thus given to your sub-conscious mind sinks into it more deeply, and you are thus brought more and more into the permanent vibrations of failure when you will not make the effort and take the steps which would bring you success. Of course you do all this unconsciously, but the effect is the same as if you daily injected some poison into your veins which would kill hope, create fear and discouragement and paralyze all effort. You allow yourself, unconsciously, of course, to become hypnotized by the *idea* of failure until it becomes real to you in place of success.

Now this process may be reversed. As you have fed yourself on thoughts of failure, now suggest to yourself daily that *you are success*. The best time to do this is just after retiring at night. Whatever thought you hold in mind just before you lose consciousness in sleep will be more readily taken up by the sub-conscious mind and acted upon than will a similar thought held in mind when you are wide awake. We often see proofs of this in the way that names and dates are brought to mind while we are asleep. The other day I tried very hard to remember a certain individual's name. Try as I would it eluded my grasp. I went to sleep thinking about it, and the next morning it seemed to come up clearly in my mind without effort on my part. I dismissed the matter from my mind and went about my work, but an hour or two later the name again came up in my mind and I saw that in the morning my remembrance of it had not been quite correct, one or two letters in the spelling of the name having been incorrect. Now my sub-conscious mind had been at work on that problem ever since the night before. At first it presented to the conscious mind what appeared to be an answer to the question, but an hour or two later this answer was corrected, without any direction or suggestion from the conscious mind. Doubtless nearly everyone could relate many similar experiences if they would take the time to call them to mind.

Now if you suggest success to your sub-conscious mind in a positive manner just before going to sleep, it will act upon it in the same way my mind acted in response to my desire to remember the name. You will awake in the morning with a little more hope than you had the previous day. You will meet your problems with a little more courage, and little by little you will be able to stem the tide of adverse suggestions which you have been harboring and replace them with good ones.

It takes time and patience and *persistence*, above all PERSISTENCE, to turn the mind away from the grooves and channels in which it has long been accustomed to run. With some people it takes more time and greater persistence than with others, of course, just as some people make better hypnotic subjects than others. You have

got to make up your mind to *stick to it*. A few weak, wishy washy suggestions made once or twice will have no perceptible effect. Make your suggestions *positive*, and then *think* and *act* at all times as if you expected nothing but good. Make the most of *every* opportunity. Expect success. Drive out the thoughts of doubt and fear as you would a robber from your house.

I do not believe it is wise to follow any set forms of speech in giving yourself suggestions, and I have purposely refrained from offering any in this article. Formulate your desires in simple, brief, direct form, and then drive them into your sub-conscious mind by positive affirmation. Be sure you lie in an easy position, with body relaxed while doing this. Try to feel that you are *letting* these suggestions permeate you and work themselves out through you as a medium. Remember, as you go quietly to sleep, that your sub-conscious mind is still acting upon those suggestions as *my* sub-conscious mind was acting in response to my effort to recall that name. Your conscious mind is to simply rest after having given the suggestions, and has nothing further to do with results, except to refuse to entertain unwelcome guests in the way of negative thoughts.

A little careful training along these lines will make you much better fitted to grapple with the problems of life, and you will begin to see an actual improvement in your affairs from day to day. You will put more careful, earnest, hopeful effort into your work, and your reward will be correspondingly greater. You will gradually build around your ideal a structure of the real. You will gradually replace doubt with hope and faith, fear with courage, weakness with strength, failure with success.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS. You say you want health and wealth, and yet when circumstances begin to adjust themselves in such a way that your desires may be gratified you kick and complain. If you get anything worth having in this world you will have to pay the price for it, you will have to *earn* it.

In order to obtain health and wealth you've got to want them bad enough to comply with the law by which they may be obtained. You will have to *agree* with that which you want in order to obtain it. You cannot always obtain things in just *your* way. If you owned a barn in the country and wanted to convey water to it you would first naturally look for a spring which was situated on a higher level than the barn itself, in order that you might not be compelled to work against the law of gravitation in accomplishing your purpose, but if you failed to find a spring adapted to your needs you might still be able to obtain a water supply provided you had a suitable spring at a lower level than your barn from which the water could be forced to the higher level by hydraulic pressure.

Now in the case of the attainment of health and wealth, you've got to want them so much that you will try more than one method, if necessary, to obtain them. You've got to comply with the law of health and wealth even if it impels you to certain acts which you would not ordinarily choose. If you are indolent by nature you will need to agree with the law of activity, of action and re-action, before you can attain success. If you are lacking in concentration and inclined to spread your mind over half a dozen occupations without doing anything well, you will have to focus your powers. And so on through the list.

Set yourself earnestly to work to EARN what you desire, regardless of obstacles, regardless of what other people may think about it, and then stick to it and you will win out. You then *agree* with the law by which your desires may be realized. You work in harmony with the universe, and all the powers of the universe work *with* you because you work with them. When you really desire success you will soon learn to *enjoy* doing the things which bring it to you. The one great desire will *unify* the lesser desires and bring them into harmony.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

—Thank you, *thank you*, for hosts of new subscribers and lists of names.

BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Success is a *growing thing*. It grows by virtue of your intelligent energy and effort. How can you *expect* to succeed if you think failure all the time? Thought force builds success just as a carpenter erects a house. What would you think of a carpenter who predicted failure every time he started to saw a board off square?

You say you *have* tried and tried again and failed in spite of all you could do. Moreover, the astrologers tell you that the planetary influences are not favorable to your success. But have you tried *believing* that you would succeed? Have you convinced yourself by good, stern reasoning before you started in that there was *nothing* standing between you and success? Have you affirmed success in spite of *appearances*? Have you sought the *principle* of success, the *knowledge* of the *law* of *success* rather than *things*? Have you *refused* to be hypnotized by the suggestions offered you by the astrologers and your own doubting mind, and gone steadily, trustingly, patiently about some work that you were able to do *well*, that you thoroughly understood, and *stuck to it*?

If you have *not* done all this, then it is worth a trial. Put your *faith* into it. Put your trust in the principle of things. Seek a knowledge of the law which underlies your success or failure rather than to expend your strength in a mere effort to grasp material things. Too much effort will defeat your attempt. Imagine a potato *striving* in its efforts to grow! Imagine a blade of grass *striving* to reach towards the sun! Only deformed plants are led to do this. See that you grow naturally.

It is often said of vegetarians that they refuse to eat meat because of sentimental reasons connected with the slaughter of animals for food. I wish to say that while we (by we I mean Elizabeth and myself) are not devoid of sentiment in this direction yet we do not adhere to the vegetarian diet from any such motives. We simply dropped the meat-eating habit naturally and without effort because we had reached a point where we desired to do so on our own account. We believe that as long as people desire to eat meat it is perfectly right to kill animals for food.

But the statement made by the opponents of vegetarianism to the effect that inasmuch as vegetarians are opposed to taking life they ought not to eat growing things will not hold water. The life in the vegetable is very different in degree from the life in the animal.

I do not believe in *forcing* one's self to adopt any particular diet or any particular method of exercise or habit of living which is distasteful, simply because some one in whom you have confidence advises it or has received benefit from such a course. Consider well the experience of others and then do what you really *want* to do. Don't undertake some experiment in diet or fasting or exercise at the solicitation of some friend and then mentally protest every instant. It *can't* benefit you under such circumstances any more than water can run up hill. If you decide to make an experiment in the way of fasting or physical exercise *put yourself into it*. Only so will you receive any benefit from it.

Let me quote here from an article on fasting which appeared in the February number of that splendid magazine, "The Naturopath" (published at 111 East Fifty-ninth street, New York City):

"Conviction, Belief, Faith is the second essential to the salutary Fast. * * *

"The ancient prophets fasted, and with a purpose. Delving deep into the mysteries of life, as we Americans in our headlong rush will not and cannot do, they realized that food clogs mentality, that ideation is pure and prescient only so far as exempt from materialistic externals, and that the *mental attitude of faith*, whether in God, self or regime, is the one salvation of the man on a fast. Now most invalids instead of welcoming the little purifying period, looking straight through it to the clean body and clear brain and rejuvenate being that always follow, going right on with their regular work and living in the realm of the ideal—are dragged gasping to the fast, tremulously wondering how long they must starve,

dully hoping for respite from Nature or the physician, anxiously pondering the character of the first meal, and childishly yielding to morbidity, inertia and fear. They drop their work or their thought or their play and devote themselves religiously to introspection; every feeble effort of the poisoned system to rid itself of the deposit of years causes physical upheaval—which is beneficent, and mental panic—which is ruinous. The chilling grasp of Fear paralyzes the curative powers, whereas the thrilling touch of Hope would electrify the whole process.

"Fitful, shallow, staccato breathing follows nerve inhibition, a limp and congested posture furthers the wretched combination, and the wavering, tottering, wild-eyed unfortunate frantically jumps to the common conclusion that fasting is fatal. It will be—to him and to every human whose brain tags his stomach."

Observe the truth contained in that last sentence—"whose brain tags his stomach." We stuff ourselves with food, imperfectly masticated and hastily swallowed, and then when the stomach rebels, allow our brains to become hypnotized by the inharmonious vibrations until all our feelings habitually follow the condition of our stomachs.

Set your mind on higher things. If you let it follow your stomach, the power of will becomes paralyzed in time, and that which at first was only an occasional feeling has become a settled condition. As thought builds success, health and happiness, so when it is turned in the wrong direction—against the truth—it builds a real condition of inharmony. If you believe a condition to be real it will become real to you in time. "To him that esteemeth a thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean." Be careful, then, how your thoughts are allowed to run riot in fields of brambles.

We all know enough of truth to save us from most of our troubles if we only made use of our knowledge. What we need is practice, *practice*, PRACTICE. Begin NOW. Take the duty nearest at hand, no matter if it is washing dishes, feeding hogs, scrubbing Johnny's face or writing an editorial. Approach this duty with love in your heart. If you don't *feel* love just brace yourself by the most powerful auto-suggestions your fertile brain can invent and *act* love anyhow. When you feel like backsliding, renew the suggestions, rest a moment and begin again. *Learn to apply your attention steadily to the work in hand.* It is attention to such little things as this that will gradually change the whole course of your life. All large things had small beginnings. The mightiest structure was begun by laying a single stone. If you turn a little thought-force in the wrong direction you are beginning to create what will cause you pain in the future. If you turn a little of this mighty force in the *right* direction every time you have a chance, you will gradually build around your ideals a structure of the real.

Elizabeth says that I hit myself a slap last month in what I said anent the imperialistic policy of the United States. It is true that I was formerly opposed to this policy, and thought the Government was taking a wrong course in the Philippines. I am not sure that there were not better methods of procedure than those which have been employed, but I believe that "whatever is right" and that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." And I have also changed my views somewhat regarding imperialism. I see no especial danger in our growth in that direction, but rather consider it a proof of our "coming of age" as a nation. In our earlier national life we were crude and unformed. We had swung to the extreme of democracy as a protest against unjust Government. We are now fearful of returning to anything like the old system of imperialism, and rightly so, but the majority of the people have shown by their votes that they endorse such steps as have been taken by the Government in the direction of what is called an imperialistic policy, and I believe this policy is right at the present time, and in accordance with the nation's needs.

Avoid resistance, contention, vain arguments and petty quarrels. *Let life live you.* Life will not exist in the midst of condemnation and inharmony. Seek harmony. Seek *poise*. Condemnation brings death. Recognize all desires as the voice of the god within. Seek to guide these

desires by the power of ideal thoughts, not by force, brute will power or condemnation. A child is happy because he is full of faith and condemns not, or at least never *holds* for any length of time a feeling of condemnation. With maturity comes more or less continual condemnation, envy and jealousy. As a result, life is withdrawn more and more. Our faith oozes out as a result of this perpetual drain upon it, we withdraw more from the outer life with no more knowledge of the inner than we had before, until finally death overtakes us in the midst of our resistance. "Agree with thine adversary quickly." Do not allow your facility of self expression to grow rusty, as we all naturally do with the growth of years. Take a lesson from the child. Become child-like in your attitude towards life. Live close to the great heart of nature. Listen for the pulsations of Omnipotent Life and Love. LISTEN, I say, for only those who *listen* will catch the vibrations of the "music of the spheres," which attends spiritual unfoldment.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

BUSINESS AND WOMEN.

"I find that all men try to take advantage of a woman in business. What is the reason for this?"

It aint so. Some women imagine men are "taking advantage" of them simply because women are ignorant of business usage and are silly enough to expect a man to give them the long end of every bargain. This is the kind of woman who enters business, not as an individual, but as a woman, who continually tries to gain money by "making an impression" on some man. She is no business woman at all, but simply an adventuress on a small scale, with "business" as an excuse. When she fails to work some man for more than a fair equivalent for what she has to offer she calls him a cheat and pronounces *all* men like him.

Then there is the woman who does all these things, but does them unconsciously. She knows nothing whatever of business methods or human nature. She has been used to gaining pretty much her own way at home by just coaxing, or pouting, or because some man has been more chivalrous than wise, and has given her long ends on most of the home bargains. When she goes into business she feels abused because the same little methods will no longer prevail. Then she pronounces them "horrid men" and robbers of women.

The fact of the matter is that men *as a class* are more just and honest and business-like than women. Business is based on the law of justice in exchanging one thing for another. Men have been trained in business through a thousand ages. They ought to know more than women, who through these same ages have been (by their own permission) shut away from business and taken care of like dolls. At least so far as *business* was concerned.

Now women are emerging from their doll houses it is necessary for them to learn business methods. The first step is to meet men *as other men meet them*—strictly on a business basis. Study business methods and know that *your own ignorance*, and not the "duplicity of men," is the cause of your getting a bad bargain. Instead of foolishly reviling men, keep your eyes open and learn how to avoid similar mistakes. Josh Billings, I think it was, who said, "Success does not consist in never makin' a mistake, but in never makin' the same one twice't."

Of course there are men and men. There are lots of men who will take advantage of a woman; not because she is a woman, but because she don't know beans from barley corn, and because *they* (the men) don't know that they will *pay*, somehow, somewhere, sometime, for every cheating game they play. There are plenty of such men, and if you need the experience to teach you a little common sense, you will attract them in plenty. The quickest and easiest and surest way to bring them flocking about you, like crows to carrion, is to live continually on that wail, "I find that all men take advantage of a woman in business. Why is it?"

It aint so. But if you live by that statement you will make it so for you. "As a woman thinketh in her heart so is she," and birds of the same feather come circling about her. Learn business in a

business like way. Bless your mistakes; call them *yours*, instead of laying them on the shoulders of some man; and learn their lessons. Call the mistakes *good*; call the men GOOD; and go on your way rejoicing. Success is *yours* and you are learning how to realize it. Your business is to learn enough so a man *can't* take advantage of you.

And when it comes to learning new tricks women as a rule can beat a man all hollow. She can catch up with men's business methods in no time.

—TEN THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS!

—"We are coming, Father Abraham, a good 10,000 strong!"—new subscribers for THE NAUTILUS, to help the cause along!

—Somebody wants to know what I "mean by being in heaven." Heaven is the condition of a soul that knows everything is good and working for more good. Heaven is a state of understanding and working with the *Uni-verse*—the One Omniscience, Omnipotence and Omnipresence. Heaven is—why, it is heaven, a sense of pure harmony. I live there; I "go in and out and find pasture." But I am not a sheep—oh, no. I AM the creator of heaven.

—"Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."—Carlyle.

—"It is never too late to learn. Mrs. Virginia Waterman of Evanston, Ill., who is 60 years old, is a student in the Northwestern Academy there and expects to take a full college course. Mrs. Waterman will graduate this year, and will then go to Cornell University where she expects to take up her residence with 'the other girls' at Sage Hall. She is a New Englander by birth. Two years ago her husband died and it was then that she decided upon the college course."—Holyoke Transcript.

Three cheers for Virginia Waterman and all the rest of the girls and boys who get off the shelf and do things! If NAUTILUS readers know of more such cases I'd like to hear about them and immortalize them in these columns.

—Here is a chance to invest in beautiful California property. Mrs. R. H. Stevens of 617 North Cottonwood street, Visalia, Cal., is settling up a large estate and has for sale various pieces of real estate, ranging from wheat and orange land to a magnificent city home in Visalia. You can have almost anything you could possibly want, from a \$10,000 piece on down to a few acres of oranges or other fruit, wheat or ranch land. Write Mrs. Stevens for description and prices.

—Rumor says Kaiser William has issued an edict against Christian Scientists. Not one is to put his heretic foot inside William's august court. Which reminds me of the time when one of the old prophets bewailed the effects of a similar edict. He told the Lord that because of the prophets of Baal and their commands there was not one left beside himself in all Israel to worship the true God. But the Lord told him he was *not* as he had supposed, the *only* curio in the camp—there were 7,000 others who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and the Lord knew where to put his finger on every one. It will be even so with Kaiser William. He may edict until he is black in the face, but Christain Science or something akin will get in anyhow, and it will eventually leaven the whole lump. The Emperor of Germany will simply succeed in going down in history alongside Baal—if he don't watch out.

—I've a lot of real respect for the German Emperor, even if he does get rash sometimes—like all warm-hearted, impulsive people. And his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, is a genuine gentleman whom no unprejudiced person could fail to like.

—How to find the keynote of a person is more than I know, and what to do with it after it is found is more than I can imagine. To me the human being is a complete musical instrument, like a harp or violin or piano, and his "keynote" is anywhere, according to the tune he happens to be playing. If a man is limited to one keynote I should like to have it demonstrated before I accept it as a fact. So far as I can demonstrate, my own keynote varies with my moods. I am more inclined to believe everybody has a "middle C," where he is in unison with every other body.

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.

Life is real.

Life is real play.

Life is the "play of the Infinite."

Enter into the Spirit of Life and play with it. Why make such hard work of it? You "have to do things?" Oh, no! You don't have to do anything—not a thing. If you sit down and fold your hands who can compel you to wash a dish or make a bed? *No one*. If you are compelled then you compel yourself. Quit, dearie, and play with life. Sit still until you realize that you are the only compelling power. Then sit still longer until you can make up your mind to do something without compelling yourself. Then go play with life and rejoice in it. If you do this, dearie, and keep doing it, you will find life playing with you and in you, and life will lead you into all SUCCESS. Be still and know. Rise up and play and smile and shine. I AM with you.

—"You are certainly my mascot."—A. * * * "I have been a member of your Success Circle since its beginning, and believe it to be a valuable aid to higher attainment."—H. * * * "Please say to Mrs. Towne that ever since I entered her charmed Circle things have been coming my way and I am correspondingly happy."—W. * * * "Have succeeded in everything undertaken since joining the Circle."—B. * * * "Please find enclosed money for renewal to Success Circle. I have been a member since its inception and will remain one as long as I live." (This from the FIRST member of the Circle. —E. T.) * * * "Since joining the Circle, nearly a year ago, all sorts of good things have been coming my way. My salary has been twice raised and I get all I set out for. . . . I am perfectly delighted with my success."—D. * * * "One day I was in the office of the Hotel and the proprietor asked me if I drew a pension. I said no. He asked me how in the world I live. I had one of your Success circulars with me. I said, 'This is how I live,' and showed him the circular. He read it and laughed at me. I told him I could not tell him just how it happens, but I never have to go and look for work. To-day he asked me if I would send for him, so here is his dollar."—D. * * * "I think your 'How to Grow Success' the finest thing of the kind I have ever read."—G.

THE GLAD HAND.

—"Charity" is the name of a new dollar-a-year monthly, published by R. E. Hughes, Miami, I. T., in the interests of new thought and a prospective Orphan's Home. Success attend it.

—"Philosophical Journal," issued weekly at 1429 Market street, San Francisco, is ably edited by Thomas G. Newman, and stands in the front ranks of spiritualistic news mediums. Price \$1 per year.

—"The Breath of Life," edited by Rev. S. C. Greathead, 95 West Main street, Battle Creek, Mich., has come out in new style as a handsome magazine, with several new contributors and fine prospects. Price \$1 a year.

—Dr. Edwards has written a new book on "Marriage and Morality." His brief history of marriage customs in all lands and ages is concise and interesting. His conclusions are rather orthodox and differ from mine. But they may just suit you. Price of the book, 50 cents. Address Dr. Paul Edwards, 155 West Forty-sixth street, New York.

—Something that pleases me clear down to the ground though, is Dr. Edwards' "Eight Class Lectures on Mental Science Healing." These lessons are brief and right to the point. They afford a good working basis for the new student of healing. Price of pamphlet, 50 cents.

—"Mazdaznan Home Cook Book" contains some good suggestions for new thought lovers, and many tempting recipes. Send 50 cents for it to Sun-Worshiper Publishing Company, 1613 Prairie avenue, Chicago.

—"Stories From Ghost Land," that are "True, Wonderful, Thrilling, Marvelous and Strange," is a 25-cent book by Franklin Forbes, Box 724, Denver, Col.

—"Spiritualism vs. Materialism" is a book of seven essays by that prolific and popular writer, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich. Price \$1.25. Dr. Peebles has traveled much and observed widely, and he uses his knowledge to good purpose.

—"To my fellow-workers in God's vineyard, William and Elizabeth Towne, as a token of love and appreciation of the good work they are doing from the author, Annie Rix Militz." This is the loving inscription in the front of a volume just received—a copy of "Primary Lessons in Christian Living and Healing." That inscription pleased me greatly. When I was just emerging from the Methodist cocoon as a real new thought butterfly, the writings of Annie Rix Militz were of inestimable value to me. She is one of the sweetest of women and I have loved her, but I didn't know she was even aware of my existence. Her exposition of the Sermon on the Mount is second only to the sermon itself. This was published in "Universal Truth," and I think is also published in book form and may be had of the Universal Truth Publishing Company, 87 Washington street, Chicago, which publishes all her writings.

—"A Complete Course of Instruction in Bio-pneuma, the True Science of the Great Breath," is a pamphlet of 67 large pages, by Levi D'Guru (otherwise Dr. L. H. Dowling), which sells for \$2. It professes to "open the Golden Gate into the healing of all diseases, the forgiveness of sins, and divine illumination." This book contains much that everybody ought to know and practice.

—"How to Control Fate Through Suggestion" is the very taking title of Henry Harrison Brown's new book, which is as taking as its title. See ad. columns.

—"Suggestion and Osteopathy" is a 300-page book by W. I. Gordon, M. D., D. O., Cleveland, Ohio, which sells for \$1.50. It is cleverly and entertainingly written by a man whose wide experience fits him to instruct on these lines. The book is well illustrated and presents many clinical cases.

—Imogene C. Fales is a cultured and talented lecturer on new thought lines. She likewise writes magazine articles and books. Her "The Fall and the Restoration" is a study in social science which will well repay the careful student. The price is 30 cents. "Sex Symbolism" is a ten-cent pamphlet of hers which contains interesting knowledge. Her books may be had of Peter Davidson, Loudsville, Ga.

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—"Suggestion" for March is a specially fine number. The titles of its articles sound like a mental science symposium, but every writer has an "M. D." after his name. Among them I note one who is an old member of the Success Circle, who has testified to its merits; and another who buys "Solar Plexus" books by the scores, presumably for his patients. Truly I have no complaints to make against doctors. They are as progressive a class as can be found anywhere. And what they know is a good foundation for more knowledge. I only wish I had the same foundation. I like "Suggestion" and kindred magazines. Published at 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago.

—My friend and subscriber, Florence Voisin, St. Lawrence, Jersey, England, has bought "Occult Literary News and Reviews" of O. Hashnu Hara and E. M. Stiles. Success attend her and her new undertaking.

—Harry Gaze has been hibernating or something. He couldn't be found for months. But here comes his "Physical Immortality" again, taller than ever. And there is a new contributor, one Dorothy Gaze, whose name is signed to a sweet little love poem. This may be a case of sister imported from England, but I hope it is a case of soul mates. Harry, please rise and elucidate.

—"Agreement," Frank T. Allen's astro-mental-scientific monthly, has come out as a handsome eight-page paper. Price, 50 cents a year, 10 cents for three months. Address, 23 St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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in each future issue for a time. Send me now and receive "POINTS" for a year, beginning with the March number. While you are about it send me more for my new booklet,

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