

# 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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## ILLUSION.

God and I in space alone,  
And nobody else in view.  
And "Where are the people, O Lord," I said,  
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead,  
And the dead whom I once knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said;  
"A dream that seemed to be true;  
There were no people living or dead,  
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead—  
There was only Myself and you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,  
"Meeting YOU here this way?  
For I have sinned, I know full well;  
And is there heaven, and is there hell,  
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay! those were but dreams," the great God  
said,  
"Dreams that have ceased to be;  
There is no such thing as fear, or sin;  
There is no you—you never have been—  
There is nothing at all but me!"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## HEALING AND COMMERCIALISM.

"Thought Power and Faith-Healing" is the title of a long article by Joseph Bibby in his "Quarterly." He believes in faith-healing—under certain conditions; he believes Jesus' disciples may do greater works than Jesus himself did—under certain conditions; and he is quite sure these conditions do not square with "modern Faith-healing." He remarks, "We speak more particularly of what our American cousins understand by the term—who appear to be willing and ready, for a consideration, to heal all and sundry." All and sundry cannot be healed—in Mr. Bibby's estimation—and he cites Jesus at the pool of Bethesda as proof. Jesus healed the paralytic and left the other weak and impotent ones in their misery because they were not ready to emerge from under the lashings of a relentless "Karma." All of which is true enough—BUT—they showed their unreadiness to be forgiven and healed by having no faith in Jesus—by not asking his help. Jesus "spoke the word" for all who came unto him. Not one did he refuse.

And he claimed no merit at all for the healing. He said "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Where there was no faith he "did not many mighty works." Mr. Bibby says, "Read in the light of modern knowledge, it will be seen that the healing power did not come wholly from the master, but in part from the impotent man."

ALL HEALING IS SELF-HEALING. Thy faith and nothing else makes thee whole. Jesus knew this and claimed absolutely NO power. But whenever a man came to him he said, "Whatsoever ye desire shall be done." Jesus had a great reputation, such as no man in these days could possibly gain. There were no telegraphs or newspapers then to make the whole wide world a man's "country" in which he has "no honor." Consequently, as soon as Jesus got out of Nazareth, where everybody knew him as an ordinary carpenter's son and where he healed nobody at all—as soon as he got out of his own country he became "all things to all men," exactly according to each man's imagination of him. This impotent man had heard great things of Jesus—Dame Rumor rode on every wind.

The impotent man was impotent because he believed himself helpless. Believing himself of no account he was ready to have great faith in Jesus who believed himself to be "one with the Father." Consequently when the impotent man

asked him to speak the word that he might be whole Jesus wasted no time in philosophizing—he simply said "you are healed—get up and walk." The impotent one thrilled with joy—and realized the wholeness which was his from the foundation of creation.

I have learned a few things by experience—as Jesus did. When a man comes to me for health I speak the word. I use the faith he brings me. In nine cases out of ten, yes, in 99 out of 100, he accepts my word and gets well—just as the impotent man accepted Jesus' word. Then if he asks for explanations I give him explanations—just as I am giving them to you.

Jesus might have been a wooden man, a stick or a stone, for all the real "influence" he exerted on that impotent one. He had no more real power over the man than a bread pill would have. The man healed himself BY ACCEPTING JESUS' STATEMENT OF HIMSELF.

A man is an organization of statements about himself. He is a big statement made up of countless little ones, just as his body is a big life-cell composed of countless little ones held in order. The human being spends his lives (for he has been eternally living lives) in receiving statements OR REJECTING THEM. The Law of Attraction determines what he receives and what he rejects. If he has been receiving statements to the effect that he is an impotent worm of the dust he becomes a center of attraction for such statements; he becomes impotent. If he receives statements of power, as Jesus always did, he becomes a center of attraction for such statements; he becomes power-full, and impresses others as powerful. Others believe in his power and for that reason accept his statements.

The impotent man believed and was healed. The other folks believed not, and remained unhealed. Jesus went his way, speaking the word for whoever asked him.

That is exactly what we "American cousins" do. Jesus' patients were healed according to their faith, or went unhealed according to their not-faith. Ours do the same.

In Jesus' case or ours, our success is due to the amount of faith we are enabled to inspire in our patients. Whether it is faith in ourselves, or our "word," or in "God" or what not, matters little. Faith that a man is healed is the real power that heals him. Faith that a man is whole is the ONLY power that can make him whole. Blessed be anything that will waken that faith.

Right in here comes this "Karma" business—a great truth and yet the rottenest nonsense extant. As you sow you shall reap—in your mind. Every man is his own God, his own judgment day and his own executioner. There is no power in heaven or earth or hell or human being which can make you reap one tare more than you think you ought to reap. You have condemned yourself to punishment and it will be eternal punishment—unless you can be got to forgive yourself. When people took Jesus for God and themselves for wicked wretches, and asked him to forgive them, he forgave them. They didn't believe they had power to forgive themselves, so they asked another to forgive them. They didn't know they had power to heal themselves of "physical disease" so they asked another to do it for them. He said they were forgiven and healed and they drew sighs of relief and rejoiced in the reality.

But they accepted the statements of wholeness. That is the main point. They had been heaping unto themselves statements of sin and disease and impotence; now they accepted Jesus' statements

of wholeness and innocence. They were healed and forgiven.

Of course they accepted Jesus' statements of health and freedom from sin because they believed Jesus had power to heal and cleanse them. They did not believe they could heal or cleanse themselves. According to their belief it was unto them.

When we have too little faith in ourselves we fly to someone who has the opposite opinion of himself. When we don't know enough to forgive ourselves we have to run to a priest or a healer to be forgiven. When we don't know we are "one with the Father" we fly to one who does know it. It don't matter whom we fly to—the important thing is to get forgiven, that we be not weighed to earth with a guilty conscience and its accompanying diseases.

The life principle of "Karma" is conscience, and conscience is a matter of education. As a man thinketh so his conscience acts. And "Karma" is the result. The human race inherits from its priests and prophets the worm of dust theory. It has been hypnotized into believing itself a wicked wretch persistently sinning against a sinless Something outside itself. So it runs to priests, prophets and "Masters," and prays to this sinless Something for forgiveness. Until it finds a Master with gumption enough to say, "You are forgiven," the race keeps on grovelling and praying.

Only the ignorant can be hypnotized against their will. The people are not to blame. But they think they are; therefore they must suffer "Karma." The race accepted the prophets' statements and condemned themselves to "Karma."

And the prophets are not to blame. They too, were ignorant—blind leaders of the blind, all in the same ditch. Ignorance of self as God is at the bottom of all "Karma." All forgiveness is self-forgiveness. All healing is self-healing.

A "healer" is one who makes statements of wholeness. That is all he can do for anybody. It rests with the "patient" to receive the statement and be healed.

A practicing physician over in England writes thus to me: "I am getting up to using the word now. When speaking to my patients I find it does so much harm to make negative statements. An affirmative statement WHETHER I BELIEVE IT OR NOT always seems to do good." It all depends upon the patient. A "healer" may stand as Schlatter did in the streets of Denver and say, "You are healed" to 10,000 people, and whoso believes in his power will be healed, whilst those who doubt his power will reject his statement and go on their way unchanged. Some of these latter doubters will walk around the corner and meet a friend who shakes hands and says, "You look badly—I believe you are failing"—and the doubter accepts his friend's statement and goes on "failing." He accepts the negative statement because it fits in with his organization of similar statements. I have no doubt Jesus spoke the word for many a man who carried his diseases around the corner and called Jesus a fraud and a fakir.

The man who accepts his friends' negative statements does not believe his friends have power to affect his health, but he does believe the statements. The "sinner" does not believe the priest has power to make him a sinner, but when the priest says "You are a miserable sinner," he believes the statement—he accepts it—and builds "Karma" for himself.

But he learns. After a time he comes to be-



lieve "all men are liars." Then he does a little stating on his own account. He begins to free himself from "Karma." He rises up and casts off the negative statements accepted in past ages. He opens himself to receive a higher statement of himself. When a "healer" comes along and says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee—take up thy bed and hang it in the sun," he *accepts* the truth and *acts* it. "Karma" melts into thin air where it came from.

It takes no "seer" to know when to speak the word of freedom from sin and disease. The wise "healer" knows that NOW is the accepted time—NOW is the hour of salvation—and *whosoever will, or can, will accept his word*. The "Master" is ready with the word for "all and sundry."

"Ready to heal—for a consideration." Every healer speaks the word for *nothing*. He can no more help speaking it than he can help breathing. The word of truth is free as air. It is *in* the air, and whosoever is ready will receive it.

The patient couldn't pay for it if he tried ever so hard. The word is not measurable by dollars and cents. It is priceless and free like the air or water. Nobody pays for air or water.

But *time is money*. If I use my time in compressing air for somebody's else use he pays me not for the air, but for my time. If I pipe water from the mountain side to your kitchen sink you pay me not for the water, but for *my time* in piping it—to save *your time* which would otherwise be used in traveling to and from the mountain-side, where the free water flows. If I put the word of truth into books and papers you pay me not for the word, but for my time required to make the truth presentable to you as you sit with your heels toasting at a comfortable fireside. If you come into my presence and ask me to speak the word of wholeness for you, you pay me *not* for the word, but for *my time* which you consume. The less of my time you consume the less you will have to pay for.

Schlatter stood on the street corner and each person who came consumed probably half a minute. But that does not satisfy the average modern patient. He wants to come and see you and consume at least an hour of your time, *not* whilst you speak the word, but whilst *he* pours out his words in a long tale of woe. It is to unburden himself of his statements that he comes, rather than to hear *your* statement of truth. You can say, "Be thou whole" and pass on—as Jesus did. But the modern patient will have none of that—he wants *time*. Therefore he must pay for it. I do not receive such visits now, but if I did I should demand at least \$25 in payment for an hour of my time.

And all healers pass through this phase of healing at first. And let me tell you they do not receive even 25 cents an hour whilst they are in it. I used to *give* my time thus. I have had women (and men too) occupy my whole afternoon or morning in this way and do it once or twice a week for months, and then "pay me something for my time," as they expressed it, by leaving a silver dollar on the table! A "free will offering" that I would have starved to death on. I knew two splendid young men who lived on this plan and they did nearly starve before they learned better. Both splendid healers too.

If they had lived in Jesus' day the disciples would have taken care of them as they took care of Jesus. They could have gone on healing to their heart's content without wondering where the next meal would come from.

But in these days it is different. *Time is money*. This is the lesson set for this age to learn. It is really a lesson in concentration and direction of energy, and a lesson we need. Starvation compels healers to charge money for time expended on each patient. This is good. *We are learning to eliminate useless statements*. If a man charges me \$25 an hour for his advice as an expert I take good care to state my needs briefly and right to the point, eliminating all useless statements. Then I listen to his statements and make the best of them. So with patient and healer.

The healer's charge is made primarily to protect his time from the encroachments of those who *won't be healed*; those who take up time in ex-

plaining and arguing and insisting upon *their own point of view*; those who have not learned to eliminate the useless and make time and talk *tell* toward a definite end. Such people "are not ready" to change *their* statements for the healer's, and so be benefited; and they cannot pay a healer's fair price because they are not *worth* a dollar to themselves or anybody else, never having learned to make their own time tell for money. But they go away and lift up their voices in useless lamentation over the "commercialism" of healers in general. *Useless lamentation* is their strong suit.

Now, Mr. Bibby is not one of this sort—quite. But he is a sympathizer with this sort—to the extent of wanting his American cousins to heal them all gratis! In Jesus' time wealthy men like Mr. Bibby pooled their riches and supported in plenty and peace such men as Jesus and his disciples, leaving them free to spend their time freely in going about and healing and teaching. I have no doubt Mr. Bibby could find scores and hundreds of teachers and healers in England and America who would jump at the chance of being taken care of as Jesus was, that they might be free to devote *all* their time to healing and teaching. I used to pray to God to so free me to devote my life in that way. I used to *long* to be free from the "sordid grind" of making ends meet, that my soul might soar and "do good."

Bless your heart, God just let me grow poorer and more pinched than ever, until *all* my thought had to go into *business*. Gradually I learned that business, money, is just as "spiritual" as healing is, and that putting my soul into business prepared me for greater work than ever on the healing line. I learned that one of the "greater things" that Jesus said others should do, was to be a great healer and at the same time *support one's self and others too*. Jesus had to be supported by his friends. That was respectable in those days, but in these days we don't like to support folks and we have very little respect for those who are willing to be supported.

But it is still fashionable to band together as a church and support a preacher—more or less luxuriously. Even the Christian Science church does that.

But we unorthodox healers—we who feel "God's call" in our own souls to heal and teach—we have to hustle for a living. There are no rich friends or churches to support us. Schlatter healed on the streets of Denver and then wandered out into the mountains and starved to death. Others are starving to death on "free will offerings." We who have gumption, seeing there are no churches to look after our "material wants," make up our minds to survive by making our own collections. And between you and me, we have a lot more self-respect than has the preacher who is supported by the church; for he holds up every Tom, Dick and Harry in the neighborhood, regardless of whether or not he is helped, whilst we free-lances hold up nobody but the man who *asks* for our time and effort.

Blessed is the healer who supports himself. Self supporters alone are free men.

Blessed is the man who *pays cheerfully* for the time and attention he asks, for verily he maintains his self-respect and freedom.

Money is only a kindergarten plaything by the use of which we are learning the great lesson of JUSTICE, of reciprocity. In due time—when we have all learned the lesson—we shall do away with money entirely. When we have learned to use each his own time to advantage we shall find money so plentiful that it will be done away with as a nuisance. Until we do learn to use our own time to advantage we not only waste our own time but we go visiting and waste other people's time. When we have to *pay* something for taking up the time of others we learn the value of it and we *cease to transgress*. We ask for what we really need and want to the extent of *giving an equivalent for*. We are learning to be just. After we learn that, we may be as generous as we please.

There is a peculiar fitness in healers having to learn self-support. Healers are all people who are more interested in other people's business than in their own. They want to give *out* eternally.

This is just as unjust as is the other extreme of continually seeking to grasp. The healer is a prodigal, a spendthrift, by nature. He sends out his forces, and if this course is persisted in it ends in self-dissipation and death. The Law of Attraction rectifies this tendency by *taking away the healer's money*. Then instead of giving, giving, the healer has to hustle to keep *himself* whole. As he learns poise, justice, receiving as well as giving, he finds money flows more readily to him. The healer's natural tendency is to take care of everybody and anybody at the expense of himself; so he has to *learn* to take care of himself.

There is no "selfishness" about this; for how shall a man learn to take care of others except as he practices upon himself? The man who has learned to take care of *himself* may have ideas worth listening to. But beware of the seedy beggar who knows it all, for verily he knoweth nothing at all yet *as he ought*.

All this protest against "commercialism" among healers comes from two classes of people; the class who are stingy and hate to pay for things—the beggar class; and the class who have not yet learned that *money* is as "spiritual" as the word itself. The latter class may claim to believe "All is God and God is all," but in their heart of hearts they think "business" is more or less "sordid" or "low." I suspect much of this instinct is inherited even by the democratic masses from the aristocratic classes who have been ruling and hypnotizing the masses with the idea that "work" and "business" are "low." We are still hypnotized into *feeling* that "business" must not mix with such "lofty" things as healing and religion, even though our highest intelligence affirms that ALL is GOOD—all is God.

"As a man thinketh so is he"—"to the pure all things are pure." Business is being lifted in the human mind—lifted and spiritualized.

### A MIND AT ONE.

The longest letters I get, with the most desperate tales of woe, are *invariably* letters that contain no money. The writers of the most pointed communications always pay liberally for whatever they ask me for.

There is a reason for this. The man or woman who spills himself over quires of paper is like the Connecticut river before it was dammed and made to accomplish something definite. Such a man (he is generally a woman) talks, talks, talks, wails, wails, tales, writes, writes, WRITES. But never rights. These letters are always long, drawn out tales of their "wrongs"; thought force spread over a great surface of past and gone *things* that have "hindered" the writer in his righteous attempts. It is as if the writer's mind had spread out over a vast surface covered with sticks and stones, not one of which it had been able to *move*.

Too scattered, you see. No depth, no power. *Consequently, no money*. It takes *concentration* to develop the power that attracts money. The man who can write for hours about his "troubles," or talk or think about them by the hour, is not *worth* a dollar, to himself or the world.

The man who can write a business-like, pointed letter is the man who has *called in* his mind from wandering over and around these outlying sticks and stones—called it in and set it to work on the *one* thing HERE and NOW. Instead of being wide and shallow and troubled his mind is *deep* and its direction *definite*. He is *worth* dollars to himself and the world; just as the Connecticut is, since it was dammed and *directed*. When a man has earned twenty-five cents and writes "Enclosed find twenty-five cents—please send a book"—it is a case of directed thought force. When he sits down and meanders over a quire of paper to tell me he has no twenty-five cents because the world has been against him, it is a plain case of *un-directed* thought force.

The only *real* help I can give such a man is to *refuse to give* to him, and tell him to dam his chatter and hustle for 25 cents. If I wasn't so chicken-hearted that is what I would say to every writer of a long tale of woe with a begging attachment.

But I used to be just that kind of a letter writer



myself. And impecunious to match. And I have to, to this day, keep strengthening the banks of my own mental power to prevent it from spreading out and taking in every hard times tale that is presented to me.

But I have learned better. I've traveled every foot of the road from long-winded impecuniosity to concentrated and directed *wealth*.

By "wealth" I do not mean millions. Wealth is simply *money-health*, based upon *free circulation*. I AM NOW healthy, wealthy and wise—without the early to bed and early to rise part. Having traveled the aforementioned road to concentrated and directed wealth I know how *not* to sympathize with the long-winded impecuniary.

But I know what he needs to *do* to set up a free circulation in his own pocketbook. Furthermore, I know he has *got* to do it. Nobody can or will do it for him, and the whole world will kick him until he does it for himself.

First of all, he must open his eyes and look straight in front of him for Opportunity. "Wisdom is *before* him that hath understanding; but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth." Opportunity is *before* you; *not* behind, or afar off, where the long-winded impecunious one is wont to gaze. These long-winded letters are full of the complaints, "If I only had an Opportunity"—"I can't find work"—"Can't make things pay." And all the time the writer's gaze is afar off, on *some other* body's opportunity or business or his own old "failures." Or it is spilled over pages of paper telling *me* what he lacks.

If he would just straighten up and open his eyes a minute and look straight before him he would see opportunity to do *something*, if it was no more than to split wood for his wife, or wash and iron his own shirt, slick himself up and go *ask* for a job.

ANYTHING well done is an opening to something better.

But the eyes of the long-winded impecunious one are afar off and he don't *see* the woodpile or the dirty shirt or unkempt hair. He is a "Mrs. Jellyby," with eyes and ears strained toward "Booriaboolagha" and its shirtless inhabitants, whilst his own baby unheeded goes bumpity, thumpity, bump, down the long flight of stairs, and appears later with an extra black bunch on its dirty forehead.

Call in your mind, O Impecunious One—call it away from your troubles and past mistakes. Call it away from other folks' deeds or misdeeds. Call it away from the "might have beens" or the "has beens." Call it, *call it*.

Stand still where you are and call your mind right HERE, right NOW.

Is this single room you are standing in in apple pie order? Does it express *all* the harmony, beauty, cleanliness your wits and will and fingers are capable of putting into it? Now I didn't ask if it is as beautiful and cleanly and inviting as it might be IF you had money to work with. I don't care anything about that. When I come around your way looking for the right man to fill a fine position, I shall not ask anything about what you *would* do IF you had more money or brains. I shall use *my* eyes and wits. I shall look closely and see how much *you* have done *without* money or genius. If I see you have left undone nothing that could have been done without more money or genius than you had; if I see you have *made* good use of the wits you *have*, then I shall say to you, "You are the man I am looking for. You have done much with little. Well done! Come up higher and I will give you *more* to do with. You have been faith-full and ingenious and wide awake—you have contrived much with a few things. You are just the man I am looking for to make the most out of greater things."

Let me tell you I AM running this universe. And I go peeking and peering into your house every blessed hour of every day. Nothing escapes my eye. You can hide nothing from me. Your tales of woe and self-excusing avail you not one jot. I look you square and straight in your eyes and suddenly you are dumb, for you *know* that you have not been faith-full and resourceful over the few things, and you know that I know it.

In your heart of hearts you KNOW that you *have* all you have deserved, and *more* than you have been faith-full over.

Try no more to excuse thyself. Hush thy complaints against thy brothers and thy sisters, thy fate and thy God.

Be still with thy soul.

Be honest with thy soul.

I AM thy soul.

Come close to thy soul and be honest. Call in thy mind from *things* and rest in Thyself.

THOU art the *source* of *things*. The *things* thou hast to work with are of thine own make. If thou art not pleased with them, it is because thou hast not *finished* them—hast not done *thy best* with them.

Call in thy mind from *things* and ask THYSELF how to make them more beautiful.

Take one thing at a time and ask thy soul's inspiration about it.

Be still. Wait upon thy soul until thou art still enough to hear it. It will give thee an idea about how to improve this *one* thing.

Follow that Idea. Work it quietly out. Do not hurry or jostle, or you will not catch *all* the Idea, nor be able to work it all out. Be still. Quiet confidence will enable you to make real your soul's Idea.

Then sit again at the feet of thy soul and ask counsel about the next thing.

One thing at a time. Thou canst not set thy room *all* to rights at one time. Neither canst thou at one sitting draw *all* Ideas from thy soul. Thy soul will give thee an Idea. When that is *used* it will give thee another. Thy soul will tell thee what to do NOW. When thou *hast* done it thou shalt hear further.

Whilst thy mind spreads out over *things*, then is thy soul silent.

When thou callest thy mind all in to this *one* thing HERE and NOW, if thou walkest softly, *softly*, thou shalt hear thy soul directing and inspiring thee, and thy way shall grow ever brighter, fairer, sweeter.

Be still, dearie. It is the only thing that *pays*.

## AN ENGLISH SUCCESS TREATMENT.

I have mentioned *Bibby's Quarterly* before, but the spring number has so many good things in it that I am tempted to point many morals with it. Joseph Bibby and James Bibby are brothers who own an enormous manufacturing business in Liverpool, England. Joseph Bibby publishes this sumptuous quarterly mainly because he likes to do it. Send 25 cents to Eddleston & Woodward, Weston, Mass., the American agents, and get a copy of it. If you ever go to state or county fairs you will simply revel in Bibby's beautiful half tones of prize stock. And whatever you are interested in you will see some of the handsomest pictures ever printed in a periodical, including three colored, full-page reproductions of famous paintings.

And there's mental science in his *Quarterly*, along with uncommon good sense on every page. Here is one bit of good sense that I want to reprint for the benefit of those people who as partners, or as husband and wife, are associated together in business. What Joseph Bibby, the elder brother, has to say is a first-class "treatment" for SUCCESS. Read it daily until you have absorbed its *spirit*; until you begin to see and feel that *all* is good; until you are willing to give up *your* way for the sake of arriving at that "point of unison," *where success and joy begin*. And don't imagine it takes *two* to make a bargain like theirs. It takes simply common sense and *will* on the part of one member of the partnership. The other member will soon come into tune. Here is what Mr. Bibby says, the italics being mine:

"Never did two young men, thrown together in the intimate relationship of business partners, manifest so wide a divergence of temperament.

"The younger partner is by nature the soul of caution; he never could be got to jump till he could see firm foot-hold on the other side, but when once he sees his way to move, you may count on it that he will get there.

"His elder brother—myself—on the other hand, has the reputation of being somewhat venturesome, a little too ready to catch on to new ideas; rather impulsive also, and never satisfied unless everything is going full steam ahead.

"These facts are mentioned because it is interesting to know how such diverse elements in character and temperament have worked out into fruitful business results.

"We both take to ourselves the credit of having a fair share of common sense, and early in our career we discovered that neither of us possessed a monopoly of business wisdom.

"We have both remained true to our inherent characteristics, but we have happily acquired a certain capacity for discerning the truth that may lie in the opposite view.

"Accordingly when a new proposal has come up for decision it has been quietly discussed in a friendly spirit, and no action has been taken until the point of unison of view was arrived at.

"In this way progress has been steady, sure and not always slow; no time has been wasted in needless friction, and our energies have all been given to the practical duties in hand.

"We have also each found our sphere of work almost without any definite arrangement, each having gravitated by a sort of instinct or natural law to the department for which he was best adapted.

"As time has sped, we have each seemed to recognize the special gifts of the other, and it would almost appear that we have both imparted to each other the qualities and capacities in which one was strong and the other weak.

"This seems to be a law of nature, and Tennyson draws attention to it in speaking of man and wife:

Yet in the long years liker must they grow,  
The man be more of woman: she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
She, mental breadth."

"At any rate, I have observed of late years that progressive measures have not always emanated from one member of the firm, and caution from the other; we both seem to have imbibed some of each others qualities, and to that extent are both the better for our business relationship with each other."

## 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," or one years' subscription to THE NAUTILUS.

—Here is a letter that was cute enough to make me smile in spite of its "poetical" twist:

Queen Elizabeth—

Enclosed please find one dollar,  
And I hope 'twill do you good,  
'Twill help to fill your larder  
With vegetarian food.

'Twill increase your stock of gumption,  
'Twill inspire you when you write  
And help you in your efforts  
For Good and Truth and Right.

In '54 I landed  
On August twenty-eight  
(At least my friends inform me  
That that's about the date).

No photo can I send you,  
For I have none on hand;  
But I'm gray-haired, tall and slender,  
And bilious—understand?

I'm just a common barber,  
With aspirations high,  
And I wish that you would help me  
To "get there" bye and bye.

So forward some vibrations  
And "make 'em good and stout,"  
And may Success attend me  
Before the year is out.

Ever yours,

\*\*\*

—One day recently—a day Frederick White dubbed "very bad"—I received a beautiful lace handkerchief from a friend in Washington and a box of "beaten biscuit" from another friend in Lebanon, Ky. Since then I've been hoping Freddy would mark all the days "very bad." The handkerchief is a beauty and the biscuit are *very good*—and hard! Many thanks to the makers.



—The healer's art consists in making statements of health, happiness and power in such a manner that the "patient" will *believe* them. It is the statement, or "word," *accepted and acted upon* which does the healing. The real force which makes whole lies in the patient.

—Healing is like this: A certain housekeeper lamented because her house was dirty and her furniture shabby. Everything was at sixes and sevens and she despaired, and wrung her hands and shed tears and "felt badly." The good man of the house was wise. He sympathized not. He put on his hat and went down town. Shortly after a furniture van drew up at the front door of the home and a beautiful new piano, which the housekeeper had long coveted, was rolled in and deposited in her living room. Now this housekeeper forgot in a moment all her grievances. The sun shone in her face and she hastened to find a suitable place for her new possession. Then she cleaned and scoured, brushed, dusted, washed and swept and re-arranged her whole household until it became a suitable setting for the bright, new piano. And all the time the housekeeper worked she smiled and sang to herself for joy. She made her house whole to match the new possession. Just so the "patient" is "relieved" and made glad by the "word," or truth statement, of the healer, and all unconsciously to herself, sets her whole body and soul in order to match the statement.

—The healing power is in *you*. The healer's statement of power if accepted sets *you* going. Next time a healer says to you, "You are HEALED," let it set *you* going. Instead of going off and examining your feelings to see if you are healed just go off and *stick to the statement*, "I AM HEALED." Take long breaths and rejoice and keep on rejoicing and breathing fully until you *feel* healed.

—Did you ever notice how a person breathes when he has just heard a piece of wonderfully good news? He clasps his hands, straightens up, looks up, and breathes clear to the bottom of his lungs, *faster and faster*, as he tries to take in the full import of the good news. To *take in*,—that is just what he does, *by way of the lungs*—he *takes in* the statement, breathing deeply and more deeply, faster and faster. When you hear a statement of life, health, happiness, success, see you *take it in*, in the same way.

—Be your own healer. Make your own statements to yourself, and then *take them in*. Then go *act* upon them. When you feel sort of run down go make them over again and *take them in again*. Keep at this until you find yourself *feeling* healthy.

—One who *feels* healthy is one who *takes in* statements of health with *every* breath. Somehow, somewhere, sometime he has formed the *habit* of doing it. I have just told you how to *consciously* form the health habit.

—Half a dozen little half-hearted statements of health taken "in the silence" once a day or so, will not counteract the effects of the hosts of *disease* statements you habitually *take in* with little shallow, half-hearted breaths during the rest of the day. Wake up, wake up, and *take in* health and happiness, and wealth.

—A man out West sent me a dollar a month for 12 months for letters and treatment. He wanted a new position. I gave him my highest statements and best instructions both telepathically and by letter; and still he has the same old position. Every one of that man's twelve letters to me began, "I don't see why I don't get what I want." Between times his anxious wife would write, "I don't see why—I am sure he deserves it—why don't he get the position?" Neither that man nor his wife ever *took in* my statements of truth, and all my instructions seemed to fall short of *moving* them. They were too bent on straining ahead and wondering why. Never for an hour did they let go and *take in* my statements. Perhaps they will now. Certainly they will grow up in time and "catch on." *What he desires is his*. In the meantime hundreds of others have *taken in* the statements and found their new positions.

—Healing depends altogether upon the "patient's" ability to take in the statements presented. He can just as well make and take in his own statements. But it may be easier to take in somebody's else statements, because that other body appeals to the imagination. You are impressed by his reputation as a wonder worker, or he thrills you with the flowery discourse with which he "masks" his suggestions (sugar coats 'em), or you are galvanized by his positive directness. All this makes you *feel* like accepting his statements. But you don't *feel* that your own statements amount to much, so you fail to *take them in*.

—Verily I say into you that whoso controlleth his own spirit and taketh in his own healing statements is greater than he that runneth here and there after a healer to make him "feel good."

—"In exercising the solar plexus is there not a tendency to enlarge the abdomen to an abnormal extent? I know a lady who takes such exercises and her form is almost repulsive, although I must confess she holds her own in this world. But do we want to see such forms? Is it necessary in order to bring about this harmony we are all seeking?"

Isn't that "just like a woman?" The first consideration is her good looks! But that is alright, and not so "frivolous" as you might imagine. Beauty is *goodness* and woman's instinct for goodness makes beauty a paramount consideration. That this instinct at times results in wasp waists or "kangaroo forms" is nothing against the instinct. Woman is growing up and her ideals of beauty are evolving. She is trying *all* styles, but she will hold fast only what is *beauti-FULL*—i. e., good. We are always agreed on one point—a large abdomen is *not* beautiful. But breathing never made a large abdomen. Not deep-breathing, but *deep eating* makes a big stomach. Breathe deep and full, drink water in plenty, eat no breakfast and take a series of short fasts until your stomach looks respectable. Along with this use your muscles and your *backbone*. Stand straight. When you fast you will lose whole layers of fat off your stomach before you lose it anywhere else. Deep, full breathing develops the chest and that usually hollow place just under the bust, over the solar plexus. By developing these the abdomen looks smaller in proportion, not larger. A big stomach is certainly ugly. And there is no excuse for its existence. Fast every third day for two weeks, then fast every two or three days at a stretch once a week, using *water* and *AIR* galore, until you look trim and feel trim. Then eat two very moderate meals a day with plenty of fruit, and *stand up*. Somebody else wants to know how to dress to disguise a big stomach. Don't disguise it—get rid of it. You can't disguise it anyway.

—"You say you must continue to affirm good. Now suppose a person has done me an injury, must I affirm that I love him when it is *not true*? Do I not tell a falsehood to myself every time I repeat it. I have never been able to understand this."

Love is GOOD WILL, not "feeling." Do you bear this man ill will? If so you will accomplish nothing until you make up your mind to forgive him and render *good* for his "evil." GOOD WILL is the very life force itself. Ill will is *deadly poison to the body of the one who indulges in it*. When you bear Good Will toward this man, you *love* him. No matter how much your *feelings* may squirm when you say it, you *really love* him, for Good Will IS love. So I say unto you affirm, AFFIRM that you love him, until your *feelings* vibrate with your statements. You love good, do you not? Of course you do. Well, *that man is good*. He has made a mistake perhaps, and you call this mistake "evil." But in his heart of hearts he is good and loves good. And he *does* good as fast as he *knows how*, just as you do. Therefore you *love* him—though you may *not* love some of his mistakes. Just *remember* that he is good and you love good—remember, *remember*, until you *realize* that you love him—i. e., that you bear him *Good Will*. Quit looking at the *outward* and calling that "true." *Feeling* is the very outermost rim of being and is *not* always true. Because you do not *feel* love is no sign that you do not love. We *feel* as if the sun *rises*. But we

*know* it does not. You may *feel* hate, but if you *know* you are love, Good Will, you will soon lose the illusion of not-love or hate. Remember the *unseen* side of you, where you ARE love and *where you are one with this other man*, instead of dwelling on the *rim* of being where you *seem* to be opposed to this man. Remember this—no man treats you in any manner that *you* do not *invite* him to treat you. You *drew out* from him the treatment you received. YOU were the moving power. He simply reacted. He was, in that transaction, simply a *machine* that YOU set in motion. *Learn your lesson* and overcome "evil" with Good Will, which is Love, the God or soul of all creation.

—Not a copy of March NAUTILUS left, nor of January either. The "Rising Tide" articles will be published later in booklet.

—"If you take care to Pronounce correctly the Words usually Mispronounced, it may be that you will have the Self-Love of the Purist, but you will not sell any Goods."—Modern Fable in March "Century."

—"Every mortal is a Busy Bee when he comes to the Task that Destiny has set for him."

—Keep cool and sweet and let your smile shine on all things and everybody.

—Smile, and your soul smiles through you.

—Look glum, and your soul takes a vacation.

—Your soul is your "Grand Passion."

—Eschew petty passions and the Grand Passion will live you and transfigure you.

—Rejoice in the good already seen and glory in the infinite store of good things yet to be seen.

—Bibby's *Quarterly* contains a full-length picture of a "Man from Venus." I don't know whether or not it is a portrait of our old friend Bobby Burns of Pueblo, Col. But this picture wears a wreath, a long robe and a beard. I have no use for a beard and if all the Venusians affect beards I shall hunt some other sphere when I get tired of this one. There are only two excuses for a beard—to hide an ugly mouth and irresolute chin, and to save shaving. If the Venusians haven't yet evolved fine mouths and chins and learned how not to grow hair where it isn't nice, I have no use for Venusians. I have a theory that men developed beards as peacocks did their tails, in order to impress the opposite sex. It did very well when such things were needed, but I do hope the time is coming when the dear boys will away with such badges of vanity and nests for microbes.

—"Do you know I began to feel better just after I posted my letter to you for treatment. I wonder why—Did this happen so or did I come into your vibrations at once? It seems very strange."

Nothing "happens." You came into my vibrations as soon as you stated your case and *let go*. I AM with you instantly.

—"Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage always has something thoughtful to say. Sunday in his New York church he talked about divorce. The method of settling marriage and divorce questions by texts does not satisfy him. Quoting from the service, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder,' Dr. Savage says: 'I have too much respect for God to hold him responsible for all marriages.' And he adds: 'Let us see that what God has put asunder no man shall force together.'"—Holyoke Transcript.

—Ho, *Christian!*—who trims and pastes now? Thou art not the only tadpole in the puddle. And thou need not crow because thou wert the first, for verily by that Book thou lovest, the last shall be first and the first shall go away back and—stand up. Katie Boehme says she knows he'll never sit down! THE NAUTILUS TRIMS AND PASTES NOW, and hereafter. And if the company which made the first-class, made-to-order machine that does the folding and pasting for THE NAUTILUS had been as prompt at delivering its machine as the Transcript Company is at delivering its first-class printed matter, THE NAUTILUS would have been trimmed and pasted last month, as I stated in the first double number. But we make our little bow at last—the brightest, whitest, trimmest, pasted paper on earth. We are the brand new, full blooded, barred Plymouth cockerel with a challenge for the old cock of the walk!



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**NEW THOUGHT** The claim that Third Assistant Postmaster General Madison was seeking to exclude Liberal and New Thought papers from second-class privileges seems to have been an unjust one. Surely the Mental Science papers have little to complain of at his hands. "Freedom" has been restored to second-class privileges (these were only withdrawn temporarily pending investigation, and no money was forfeited in addition to the regular second-class rates, as I understand the matter). "The Pathfinder" was admitted to second-class privileges with reasonable promptness. Dr. Edwards' paper, "The Mental Advocate," is now enjoying the second-class rates. Ditto "The Breath of Life." Adiramled's journal, was promptly readmitted to the second-class upon her removal to New York City. (The law provides that in case of the removal to another city or town of an office of publication, a new application for entry of the paper must be made.) "The Appeal to Reason," the socialistic paper, has had its privileges restored, I understand. The case of "Wilshire's Magazine" seems the only one among this class of publications where there is possible evidence of injustice, and he is getting enough free advertising out of the matter to console him. Besides, Mr. Allen, the astrologer, says the planets are working with the cause of socialism from now on, and incidentally with all New Thinkers. Let us all press forward with renewed effort towards the goal of our ideals. The hard experiences of life serve to winnow the wheat from the chaff.

**MENTAL HEALING.** It seems not unlikely that **AND UNCLE SAM** Uncle Sam and honest mental healers may come to some sort of an understanding in the near future which will enable them to get on together.

In the February issue of NAUTILUS I wrote as follows: "And while the Government officials may not take much stock in absent treatment, I do not believe it is their intention to prosecute save where they consider there is palpable fraud practiced." Now comes Judge Locke of the United States Court with his decision concerning the indictments against Helen Wilmans to strengthen my opinion. Judge Locke quashed the indictments on the ground that the defendant had not been charged with any crime, since "it had not been stated that the alleged science [of mental healing] had been devised with a fraudulent intent on her part," and if she had acted in good faith with her patients and believed she could do all that she promised, no crime had been committed. So long as she acted in good faith she was legally justified in making such claims as she did in regard to mental healing. This decision shows clearly that the mere fact that a person claims to be able to perform absent healing is not necessarily to be construed as an evidence of fraud. Judge Locke's decision is a grand victory for mental science and the New Thought in general, and will furnish a valuable precedent.

**THE REGENERATE LIFE.** Do I believe that all men are immortal? Yes.

I believe that life is continuous, and that which is called death is life seeking manifestation on another plane.

I believe that the soul is being fitted, through a series of earthly incarnations, to manifest *conscious* immortal life on the earth. I believe that conscious immortality, consciousness of union with God, the Principle of Being, is to come by a process of development, unfoldment, as a chicken is developed from an egg.

I believe that the life of regeneration begins as soon as the life of generation ceases. Regeneration grows out of generation. "That is not first which is spiritual but that which is natural, then that which is spiritual." Regeneration will grow out of generation, as the chicken grows out of the egg. This growth must take place in accordance with natural law. Those living on the plane of generation cannot force themselves to live the life of regeneration, any more than the egg

can force itself to become a chicken. When the chicken is far enough developed, he may be able to break his shell, but before that time he grows unconsciously.

Re-generation, as the name implies, is the opposite of generation. Death is a necessary accompaniment of generation. It is a means of growth. Through death the soul obtains needed rest for a new experiment in earth life. Life is a necessary accompaniment of re-generation. Death is a result of ignorance of the different planes of being, and lack of harmonious action upon those planes. Re-generation brings a knowledge of all planes of being and conscious, harmonious life upon all sides. Generation is one-sided and full of discord. Re-generation is peace. Before peace can be realized, birth and death in the sense we use those terms must cease. There will be no effort involved in this. It is already coming about through the working of natural law. In some countries of the world so few children are being born as to arouse the fear of extermination in the hearts of the people. This tendency will increase. The number of births will become fewer and fewer. Physical parenthood will cease to be idealized and exalted. In this connection I quote the following from "Christian:"

"Motherhood and fatherhood on the mortal plane is a sham and a humbug. There is no reality in it. It is one great delusion. It is the mystery of iniquity. It belongs to the tadpole period of unfoldment."

Commenting on the above Helen Wilmans says in "Freedom:" "Evidently the Doctor knows that child love is but an extension of the love of self. He also knows that generation will have to be merged in regeneration before death is conquered in the world."

To all of which I say amen! In this respect I am certain that these teachers are on the right track.

But so long as one lives on the plane of generation—at that stage of development—he will accomplish nothing by refraining from the reproduction of his kind. All things are right in their time and place, and no one can force himself from one plane of growth to another.

Now, as to who will obtain immortal life. I claim no special knowledge upon this subject myself, but I accept some of the conclusions of those who have given time and study to the subject, because their conclusions agree with my intuitive perceptions of the truth.

There are two classes of people who offer valuable evidence regarding the immortality of all men; viz., the Spiritualists and Theosophists. I prefer the evidence offered by the latter sect, and believe it will prove helpful to those seeking to solve this problem of immortal life.

As to the evidence contained in the Bible regarding the immortality of all men, I believe it is most conclusive. If anyone doubts it let him study Universalism. This question of who would enjoy the fruits of immortal life was pretty thoroughly discussed at the time Universalism had its birth, and so far as I can see it needs no special attention at this time. It may be that such teachings as "in Adam all died even so in Christ shall all be made alive" can be construed to mean something else than the ultimate union of the whole human race with the Divine consciousness, but if so I have no knowledge of such construction and doubt its accuracy.

Immortality is the fruition of the seed of conscious life, first planted in the human race by Jesus, who was the "first fruit of the resurrection," the first perfect manifestation of "the Word made flesh." As "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump" so the seed which he planted will ultimately result in the whole human race evolving a consciousness which will make it master of death through the power of Knowledge of Divine Law.

So far as my discernment of the truth extends, there is neither Fear nor Hate in the regenerated life. "Perfect Love casts out all fear." Neither is there attached love of any sort—the love of things apart from the universal. The one Will of the universe is recognized as supreme and the individual will becomes a medium for the expression of this Supreme Will. Love for Divine

Law, and for its manifestation in man as the Christ spirit, is one of the signs which attend this unfoldment.

Woman is the natural medium through which the Law works to awaken the regenerate life in man. At certain stages of development the individual may unfold faster alone, but to express the regenerate life in its perfection, the man and woman must act in unison. They must be united by the Law of Attraction for this purpose.

These statements are the outgrowth of my own life experiences, and appeal to me as truth. I offer them to our readers with a full realization of the fact that all finite conceptions of truth are necessarily limited, yet all are good, I believe, in their time and place. WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

## BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\* \* \* "In the beginning was the WORD."

\* \* \* The WORD is not something far away, mysterious or magical; *it is the creature power of the universe.* It manifests as life.

\* \* \* The WORD is forever spoken in the silence. All words are expressions of the WORD. Most words are spoken idly without an understanding of the Power that gives them birth. The WORD can only be spoken with the consciousness of power.

\* \* \* Mental science is the science of mental suggestion. When you say to a despondent friend, "Cheer up, there is nothing to worry about," you are practicing mental suggestion. If your friend takes the suggestion, allows himself to vibrate with you, he is helped.

\* \* \* The power that can and will give you health, happiness and success resides within yourself. *It is your Divine Self.* It will not act until you learn to depend upon it and trust it. Look not to others for help. Seek not for any prop to lean upon. Sink into *yourself* and there await the voice of your own soul to guide and direct you.

\* \* \* You can never find your real Self in the noise. You must seek the silence. In the objective life every one is seeking for a prop to lean upon. To live in the objective is to live in constant need of props.

\* \* \* Search for *yourself*. Search for the Divinity within, which is your real Self. When you have found this Self you will have found all other selves, for there is only God.

\* \* \* When you have found this Divinity within, you will see the need of surrendering your personal will to it. Perfect peace can be yours only when you have made an entire surrender of your personal will to the will of the Supreme Being. This is not religion or theory. It is a scientific fact. It is capable of exact mathematical demonstration, the same as any other fact in nature.

\* \* \* Be still, listen for the voice of the *real* Self and then follow its promptings. Get away from the noise. Go alone. *Listen.* And again I say LISTEN.

\* \* \* But the objective and the subjective must be evenly balanced. One plane is based upon the other, yet both blend into one. Seek *poise* and you will not be led to extremes on either plane. Your growth will be a gradual unfoldment into a life of peace and happiness beyond what you have dared to hope for.

\* \* \* Be patient. Await the growth of your inner consciousness. Seek for and expect its unfoldment, but be not anxious for manifestations. *Trust the Law.* And again I say, TRUST THE LAW.

\* \* \* The time is coming when you will *see* and *know* that all things are absolutely GOOD. You will *know* that you are really living in a universe. You have said over and over "all is good," but the words have been meaningless to you because your understanding was not unfolded to the point where you really *knew* they were true. But you must have faith. You must trust where you cannot see, if you would hope to finally have the



skein of life completely untangled. Light cometh out of darkness; action out of repose.

\* \* \* When you can really see that the so-called "bad" things are not bad at all, but that all are a part of the Plan, then these "bad" things will cease to have any power over you. You will see that there is but ONE power in the universe.

\* \* \* So long as you see and believe in good and evil so long you will manifest inharmony, sin, sickness and death.

\* \* \* Life is a realization of ONENESS. This realization brings salvation from all evil and the beginning of the regenerate life.

\* \* \* The realization of Oneness brings joy and peace. It brings love for the Law of Being. It swallows up the personal loves. They, too, become a part of the whole, a part of the Eternal.

\* \* \* "Great peace have they which love Thy law; and nothing shall offend them."

\* \* \* Why is it, do you suppose, that so many people find it difficult to take up their work on Monday morning and "get into the harness" again? There are two reasons that I can see why the human machinery is loth to get into action on Monday morning. One reason is because so many people spend Sunday in stuffing and "resting." In consequence of this practice the system is unduly burdened with refuse material on Monday morning, and this waste matter must be burned up or cast out of the system before a normal condition is restored. Another and more important reason for the unpleasant feelings which attend the beginning of the week's work lies in the fact that so few people have learned how to relax properly. They live in a state of rush, bustle, tension and strain through the week, and when Sunday comes they do not know how to let go properly. As a result instead of feeling rested on Monday morning they are actually more tired than they were on Saturday night. Sunday ought to bring perfect rest and great renewal of strength to every worker who can observe it as a day of rest. But the majority feel on Monday like you do after spending a restless night caused by an over hearty supper.

\* \* \* If you want to enjoy good health, conserve your strength and perform your work with ease, by all means learn to relax and rest over Sunday. Drop all business cares, all fretting, envying or worrying, from your mind on Saturday night. Drop it, I say, and keep your mind free from any kind of strain until Monday morning. You may find it a bit difficult at first, but you can do it by practice and the results will amply justify your efforts.

\* \* \* Conventional marriage has received another back-set. Professor Herron's sister has followed in the footsteps of her brother and taken a mate without official sanction. The world is moving, and in the right direction.

\* \* \* A gentleman writes that he does not see how the brotherhood of man is ever to become a fact under the present competitive system. It can only become a fact through voluntary co-operation on the part of all classes. It will never become a fact by the forcible overthrow of the capitalists, or by process of legislation. When the people are ready for co-operation they will not need to use the ballot box to enforce it.

\* \* \* There's a man down in Texas, who signs himself Rev. Dr. Blank, and who sent to me for a book about two weeks ago. I filled his order promptly, but for some reason he has failed to receive the book, and he now writes to ask if I am "a sham or a fak." He is evidently under the impression that if I am a "fak" I will take great pleasure in spending two cents to so inform him. Verily, there are more funny things occur in the mail order business than you can shake a stick at.

\* \* \* Another good friend is grieved over the fact that a neighbor of hers harbors ill feelings toward her because she informed said neighbor of some wicked thing which said neighbor's son Johnny had been doing. Truly this is a sad condition of affairs, especially as the said neighbor is a professing Christian. But the only possi-

ble moral I can get from the story is that he who mindeth his own business sometimes gets rich and is always blessed above the meddler.

\* \* \* Mr. Dooley says in his new book, "They'se nawthin' so hard as mindin' ye'er own business, an' an iditor nivir has to do that;" and he sagely adds: "manny gr-reat iditors is dead."

\* \* \* When I consider the manner in which many people, especially some women, eat between meals, the amount of candy and similar indigestible stuff which they consume at all hours of the day and night, I do not wonder that so many of them have stomach troubles, headaches, irritable spells, etc., etc. No human being can lead a normal, well-balanced life with a stomach overloaded with fermenting and loathsome material. The ill feelings and long train of diseases which arise from an overburdened stomach can scarcely be estimated and are seldom traced to their real source.

\* \* \* He who habitually overloads his stomach knows not the blessings of rest and relaxation. He is forever on a strain. He is easily irritated, worries much, is often erratic.

\* \* \* One of the first indications of the birth of the regenerate self is a more normal stomach and appetite for food. Our present methods of living foster all sorts of morbid and unhealthy appetites. Hurry and worry create them.

\* \* \* Don't follow the habits of the multitude if you would gain health, happiness and peace of mind. Don't be afraid of being called a crank. Don't care what anyone says. Be yourself. This is the only way to be happy and useful.

\* \* \* If you have not learned to serve others, you are not in a fit condition to serve yourself. Sooner or later your personal will must be swallowed up in loving service to others, service given with no expectation or hope of return. This is one of the hardest lessons the soul has to learn, and one of the most useful.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

## A COLD-WATER DASH IN THE MORNING.

"Ugh!" See the shoulders go up, and I am laughing at the expression on your faces! "You do not know our Eastern weather." Oh, yes I do. I've visited Eastern cities, and I agree with you who visit our Middle and Northern portions of California, that on the coast (San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, etc.) we mind this peculiar sort of cold more than in New York or the more Eastern places. Whenever I see a man coming along with shoulders on a level of his ears, his hat resting on the ridge of his coat collar, with the expressing of "Oh, why did I wander?" on his face, which bears a good pattern of a crazy quilt in hues, I know he is not a Californian. We don't freeze here, we chill through and through from the damp atmosphere, which, when tempered by north wind, really makes a stranger feel as though he doesn't care whether he stays made or not. This same atmosphere when the wind plays a kindly part is most healthful and charming. Our interior cities and towns have this without the dampness.

So don't for a moment believe that it is not as hard to take the few first water dashes here as in other places. But then it is not hard anywhere if taken rightly. Instead it is taken with an enthusiasm and enjoyed in its after-effects more than any exercise I know. Now see how I take it: Possibly I may feel a wee bit sluggish—as though I'd as soon lie here as not, but I turn on my back—stretch straight and slowly fill the lungs full—then out I bounce.

I have prepared a few cups of water with an ounce of alcohol in, and while still holding this breath I dive for it and dash it over one arm, as quickly drying it.

Now another full breath and the other is done quickly, exhaling while doing it.

Another breath, taken well down in diaphragm, is held while the dash covers neck, breast and shoulders, and I can hold now while my back gets its dose as well. If you cannot hold at first, exhale while drying and take another for the whole back—drying just as fast as you have dashed.

Now, the lower part of the trunk—then the limbs—remembering to gauge your dash and breath as one.

This "dash" is simply to plunge your hands in the water and rub like a flash over the skin.

Holding the breath prevents the shock to the nervous system, and the exercise—the water and the deep breathing—make you feel as though God made the world especially for you.

The entire performance takes just three minutes and a half or four minutes if taken rightly. Bear this in mind. Any longer or any less time is not correct.

Every other morning is enough for this exercise. At first you will feel as though you would prefer remaining inert and non-magnetic to doing it. After you do it a few times you will feel sorry for any one who does not.

I do not know how many of you are non-breakfast believers in the morning, but just at this ending of my bath I take a few other exercises (I feel as though I should fly if I didn't!) and then a glass of hot—not scalding—milk.

Now I am ready to commence a hard, steady day's work. Now this bath is the first Will exercise of the day, and it prepares you with an enthusiastic positiveness which makes all else easy to accomplish, if you carry yourself with a single-eyed defined purpose. I repeat, be direct and focussed in all you undertake, even to the simplest action. Steady, Quiet, Calm, BE DIVINELY YOURSELF. You are a part of the sun, the moon, the stars, the entire universe. Then notice the system of those and do your part.

Hold the helm of your own boat after you feel satisfied as to your competence. No matter what any one says; no matter what any one writes, after you are satisfied that you are started aright, steer your own boat. You'll run against a snag betimes, of course—but this is good, excellent. You'll learn where the snags lie and avoid them afterward. Aim for perfect mastery. Never be satisfied with a half-way of anything. Remember we are each accountable for our own craft—and Somewhere, Sometime we have GOT to steer straight.—Louise L. Matthews in *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*.

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—The law of disintegration is the law of attraction. For instance, a man's customers are drawn to him by his personality, which includes his business methods. His personality is his "mind"—the organization of his beliefs and purposes. Suppose his mind goes out on some new line which absorbs all his attention. His business immediately begins to go to pieces. Why? His mind, which held business together, has been withdrawn. Gradually the mental cords which held, strongly though invisibly, his customers, shrivel and die because he has sent his mental currents out in new directions. So the invisible bonds that drew his customers are weakening and dying. In the meantime John Smith and Peter Jones and Henry Brown are sending out attractive power, new mental currents, toward his old customers. One by one his old customers, no longer drawn by his mind force, literally "catch on" to John Smith's or Peter Jones' mental currents and are drawn to new places. The original attraction having waned, the customers are at the mercy of new attractions. This is the way a man's business dies.

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ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Shelton says it is all a matter of a new birth from above and that all this "thrashing around in the mud" doesn't help you a bit. He says as a child is born the breath is breathed into its nostrils and it becomes a living child, and the "second birth" will be like unto it. But why don't the breath breathe a dead-born child? There is just as much air, divine and otherwise, around the dead born as around the living one. But the dead baby don't take its breath. There is all the difference. It is the divine breath that lives us. But we must take it in order to be lived by it. Everything you want, dearie, is in the air ready to transform you and live you—if you'll only take it. How? Right in through your lungs. Breathe, BREATHE. And breathe for a definite purpose. Stand up and take health and wealth. Inflate yourself with it and give it a chance to live you! It will. A baby that is dead born don't want to breathe. But the doctor will shake it and expand and contract its lungs until the baby begins to take breaths on its own account. When you are half dead you don't want to breathe. But that's no reason for dying completely—just do a little "artificial respiring" until you come to life and enjoy breathing. Breathing is a mental act, and you get out of the air just what you think into it. Take deep, slow, full, even draughts of health, happiness and success, and they will bring you to life.

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