

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 temples, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new temple, 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 unrevolving sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

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ATTUNED.

Touch the Lyre of Being firmly,
Sound it with a will
And its vibrant strings will echo
With a cunning skill
What you will.

Touch it to a tender measure
And the sweet low strains,
Will respond with throbbing treasure
As it volume gains,
Love refrains.

Touch it to a lilting fancy
And its laughter bright,
Will resound joy's necromancy,
Voice in rare delight
Music light.

Touch with courage as a master,
Draw its noblest tone,
Raise its pitch to pulsate faster,
Life is all thine own
And upgrown.

—Irven.

MENTAL DEMAND.

—"Do you mean to teach or say that a person with little or nothing of this world's goods, with only enough to keep soul and body together, can by making a positive demand, gain enough to supply all needs, and have it come to them without material effort on their part in the way of labor of some sort? Do you mean to teach that by making the demand or holding the thought, that through some invisible source rather than the usual method of compensation for labor, this supply will come? I see it is coming to you all right through your efforts as an author and teacher of new thought." M. M.

Whatever comes to any man comes by mental demand made sometime, somewhere, somehow. The idea that man must earn money by the sweat of his brow is one of the race idiocies which every rich man as well as every baby refutes. The sweat of your brow is the poorest paid thing on earth, and the man who sweats for money never gets more than a smell of it. The "financier" toils not, neither does he spin. He sets other people to toiling and spinning, whilst he rakes in the money as the result of his mental demand. The toilers and spinners have no time nor inclination for mental demands—toiling and spinning and grumbling are all they see the need of, and a bare subsistence is all they dare demand. They receive not what they "earn" but what they demand.

When we all see the point we will have all the money there is and we'll play at working. There is no reason on earth or in heaven why Carnegie should receive millions and the boot black a pittance for his life's work—no reason but the one of demand. Carnegie began with a pittance and a deep-souled demand. He kept on demanding. He used his wits to organize the world's demands into a big machine for supplying him.

A whole world is supplying Carnegie with money, in response to his mental demands.

As soon as the world is convinced that the boot black has just as good a right to millions it will supply him too.

The world will supply any man with all the money he convinces it he is entitled to.

Every man is NOW receiving all the money he has convinced the world he ought to have.

In order to convince the world of anything you must first CONVINCE YOURSELF.

As long as you believe a given amount of labor earns a certain amount of money you will never convince yourself or the world that you are entitled to anything more than a bare living if you can work, or starvation if you can't.

The body politic is like the flesh body—every part of it must receive the full supply of blood (or

money) in order that the whole shall be healthy, wealthy and wise. Work will never bring equal and free distribution of wealth; mental demand will.

Mental demand is doing it. That is what all these social settlement people are trying to do—equalize money circulation. That is what strikers are doing—demanding more money for less labor. They are convincing themselves and the world that money is every man's RIGHT, whether he does little labor or much. The only reason we are not all Carnegies is that we are not all so soundly convinced that money is our own individual plaything. Difference in mental conviction and demand—that is all. A baby subconsciously demands, and receives, the best of everything at hand. So does an idiot or a sick person. So do the birds of the air and the lilies of the field.

A young girl spoke pleasantly to a forlorn looking old man who rested on a bench in the park. A year later the old man died and it was found that he had taken pains to ascertain the name and address of the young girl, and had left to her a large sum of money. Did she "earn" it? No; it came to her in response to that sub-conscious demand for money and what it buys. If she had been convinced that she deserved nothing more than she could "earn" she would never have attracted that money.

That is what shuts us off from the universal supplies—the conviction that money can only reach us through certain definite efforts on our part. Then if we are not "fitted" for the sorts of effort which the world pays well for, we slump back into ourselves, our conviction insulates our attractive power, and we continue to exist on the ragged edge of starvation. If we cannot labor at all we go to the poorhouse.

We are poor not because there is not abundance for all; not because we are unable to "earn" much; but because our CONVICTIONS insulate our subconscious demand for good things, including money.

This sub-conscious demand, which we call Attraction or Desire, is strong enough in every man, woman and child to bring him millions of money.

The one thing which prevents his desire from bringing the millions, is the hard shell of conviction with which he shuts in his desire.

The problem of the hour is to get rid of false convictions about money.

Yes; I say unto you that WHATSOEVER you demand, believing you receive, you shall HAVE.

Demand, demand, DEMAND!—and make a business of believing.

Do your sweetest and best out of pure love of doing and being—as you used to make mud pies and paper dolls.

But demand all you can use of good money, not because you "earn" it, but because it is yours BY RIGHT, whether you are a Carnegie, a Vanderbilt, a pretty school girl, a decrepit octogenarian or a baby.

Make this demand in the silent spaces of your own mind. As soon as your demand becomes conviction with you, you will see the money with your two eyes. Stick to it mentally until you are convinced. It has taken ages to grow the false convictions; is it surprising that it may take months or even years to dissolve the shell and make good your connection with the universal source of all money?

Let persistent affirmation have her perfect work.

In the meantime render unto Cæsar his dues. Whatever business you engage in is to be done in strictly business fashion. See that you give and

get a full equivalent according to the best standards of today. Keep up to date and be ready for the new standards of tomorrow. We are living in the midst of evolution. See that you put your soul into your work to the end that you evolve at the head of the procession. Keep putting new ideas, more wisdom and love into your business methods and treatment of people. Do your little best to assist in the evolution of the millennium, when we shall all live on golden paved streets and do as we like.

ABOUT DOLLARS.

—"Oh, my dear Mrs. Towne, do tell money where to find me! I have had just a few—perhaps ten—prosperous years in my three-score, but for the last nineteen my whole existence—for that is not life—has been spent in my effort to keep up rent and that even has not been a success. I am weak and sick for lack of nourishing food. Do tell money where to find me, if it will do so. I don't make people around me miserable by whining. I keep up a sunny front, but when life is absolutely unbearable I slam doors. There is not a thing that I undertake that does not fall through just at the threshold of success and my heart is full of bitterness and rebellion. Do tell money where I am!" C.

Money needs no telling. It is subject to the law of attraction and goes where it is loved and treated well. Observe these things about money.

Love it honestly, and don't be ashamed of your love.

Keep still—have a center and stay steadily in it until money learns where to find you and gets into the habit of running into your pocket book. If you flounce around from one house to another, from one town to another, from one business line to another, money gets discouraged and flows into some other pocket book than yours. Both friends and money get tired of the one whom they never know where to find.

Your pocket book is a valve in the world's financial veins. Now a valve is intended to regulate the flow. If you pay out your money before you get it into your purse there is a suction which flattens your purse and stops the flow of money. Your valve is out of order. Keep your purse shut at the bottom until it bulges. Dollars love company and abhor a vacuum. To him who hath a full purse more shall be given. This law works as truly with a ten-cent coin purse as with a seal wallet or a bank vault.

Choke off your wants until your purse fills up. If you can't pay room rent now go camp out under the stars until you can. If you can't buy "nourishing food" (which generally means tempting fancy mixups) eat stewed wheat and apples until you can. The really nourishing foods are the cheapest. Whilst you are camping out and living on apples you will grow strong and well. Then as your purse fills up you will be ready to enjoy the overflow.

Money hates to be squeezed. It hates to be hung onto and parted with grudgingly. It loves a bright welcome, a light touch and a hearty god-speed as well as you do. "There is that withholdeth and yet it tendeth to poverty"—there is a pinching and scrimping which makes money shun you. Do your pinching on your personal wants and treat money decently, if you want money to find you.

When you do spend, spend like the lord of all money that you really are. Bless your dime or dollar, bid it god-speed with a shining face, and enjoy what you got for it wasting no growls about what you couldn't or can't get.

A well treated dollar will return unto you many

fold, like a well treated tramp. Oh, dollars know where to find you, never fear.

Make a fine art of treating them. Put your *whole* soul into the money question until it's *well* solved—until you become famous in the realm of dollars as a good entertainer.

The main cause for continued poverty is that you generally put nine-tenths of your soul into something else and then spend the other tenth in grumbling because you don't make money. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with thy *whole* soul. Then will it be quickly and well done, and you will be free to go on to other things.

Call in your soul from grumbling and society and show and novels and the minding of other people's business, and solve this money problem NOW.

SPIRITUAL OR SPIRITUELLE?

—"I don't know how to define spirituality. If I hadn't been told by others as well as Mr. Rice that I am lacking somewhat in that quality I should think I had it." Harriet.

To be spiritually minded is life; to be carnally minded is death and dirt. Someone has said that the spiritual mind is concerned with the correspondences of life, whilst the material mind is busy with its differences. The spiritual mind dwells in the unseen. Material objects merely suggest to it the question, "Why?" The realm of principle and cause is its habitat. To the spiritual mind every *thing* it sees is "like unto" some other thing. Because it sees the principle of *this* thing it instinctively understands that. To the spiritual mind analogy is the only real proof and parables the natural language.

The spiritual mind is imaginative; the material mind feeds on facts and is full of undigested statistics. The spiritually minded are the poets, the inventors, the builders, the originators of the world; the materially minded are the Gradgrinds, the plodders, the drudges in all lines of work. The material mind is stumped by every unpleasant fact; the spiritual mind sees through it and finds a way around it. The material (carnal) mind is hindered by every difficulty; the spiritual mind surmounts or transmutes difficulty. The material mind loses itself in the endless labyrinth of facts; the spiritual mind rises above facts. The material mind plods with a muck rake; the spiritual mind goes up in a balloon and gets a true sense of values. The spiritual mind will understand and be enthused by this definition; whilst the material mind will stare agape and wonder what it's all about.

The new thought is a movement to develop spiritual mindedness.

Most folks who use often the term "spiritual" in describing persons are themselves very material, and confound "spirituelle" with spiritual. "Spirituelle" people are nearly always thin and pale and blue veined and willowy, and affect to despise all "material" things such as money. They are unnatural creatures, and consequently unhealthy, and hypocritical. They are made just as the word spirituelle is made—by leaving out something and tacking on something extra and unnecessary at the end of the "spiritual." "*Spiritual*" is natural. That extra "elle" represents the contempt for "material" things which the would-be spiritual people affect. It represents the attempt to be something which you are not naturally.

That same unnatural pretension is expressed in unnecessary letters added to given names—Ethyl, Mae, Margerete, Annys, Fannys, etc., are all trying to annex something not naturally theirs.

And *all* these attempted annexations are made with a view to impressing folks. They are little hypocrisies, and indicate that the annex-ers have such a small opinion of themselves that they must perforce add something extra to make themselves pass in the crowd.

When you are really spiritual minded you never talk about it. Neither do you talk about it if you are quite material minded. It is the person whose spiritual nature is just beginning to get its eyes open who goes about the world labelling this one "spiritual" and that one "material." First glimpses

startle him into thinking and talking about "spirituality."

When his eyes are well open he knows that *all mind is spiritual*, that man does not live in a material world though he *may* live in a *material conception* of the world. Even his material conceptions are *spiritual entities*. *All is spirit*. There is no matter, no matter what you think.

Don't be scared by anybody's remarks that you are not "spiritual." *You are spirit*, and that is better. In due time you will get your eyes open to that truth—if they are not already open.

But even when your eyes are wide open you needn't expect everybody, nor even many bodies, to recognize your "spirituality." Folks will continue to see in you what is in themselves, and most of 'em mean "spirituelle" instead of "spiritual."

Go thy way and be Thyself—a good and peculiar spirit in a universe of good and diverse spirits.

You are IT. Don't be scared into striving to be something else.

FOURTH OF JULY OBSERVATIONS.

William and I went up to Keene, N. H., for the Fourth, and ran into a gorgeous double celebration in which the entire town and its near neighbors simply spread themselves. The town of Keene was incorporated just 150 years ago this Fourth of July. Where half of Keene now stands there used to be a great shallow lake made by colonies of beavers damming a stream. That was in the days of Keene's great grandfathers, whose tales are still cherished and handed down to wondering small fry.

The elms of Keene must be a hundred years old or more; miles of avenues double-lined with the stateliest elms in New England. In the spacious square, under the stateliest of all the elms, with every building in sight almost put out of sight by such a profusion of red, white and blue as must have satisfied the most patriotic; with the girls in their gayest and the boys in their bravest; with every vehicle and horse bedecked and the measly firecracker suppressed for the time being; in the midst of all this glory 400 school children dressed in red, white and blue out-gloried everything by weaving themselves in and out and round about an almost perpendicular grand stand until they came to rest in the form of a gigantic flag. Girls' red capes and caps formed the red stripes and their white gowns the white ones. The blue square was formed by boys in blue capes and caps, who upheld the white stars of state. How the big flag smiled and fluttered! And how it nearly split its 400 little throats singing goodness and greatness and glory hallelujah! And how everybody smiled back at it and clapped their hands and were proud!

Of course there was a procession—the cleanest, brightest one we ever saw. Such handsome floats, and such lots of them; Washington crossing the Delaware and Rebecca at the Well, and Abraham ready to sacrifice Isaac, and the old fashioned kitchen, which was ever so much more homey and inviting than the new fashioned one next door, with its gas ranges and dressed up mistress; and a great steam engine and tender, with real engineer and clanging bell; and all manner of displays of pretty girls and boys and goddesses of liberty and canned goods, on gorgeously decorated and draped platforms. And there was a bit of hemlock forest with "Red Men" gracefully reclining, and behind it fifty or more "Red Men" riding single file, all in brand new buckskin suits with fringe, feathers, war paint and tomahawks galore. Br-r-rh!—it made our blood shiver in our veins—until we happened to note that every Indian wore polished shoes and many of 'em had curled their mustaches. After that we didn't find their "Woofs!" and "Ughs!" quite so scary. Oh, there were more interesting things than you could shake a stick at, and we saw them all under the old elms;—saw them and thanked heaven that we grown-ups are such a lot of blessed kids after all.

Keene had a glorious Fourth, and we did not hear of a single accident and saw only two drunks—one meandering unevenly, and the other snoring blissfully on the front steps of a deserted home. Peace to 'em.

The city dads of Holyoke had decided that we should be good and economical and quiet. They resolved themselves into a Moses and issued a new decalogue. Tables of stone being scarce and rather inconvenient they published their new laws in the daily papers—"Thou shalt not fire crackers except between midnight and midnight on the Fourth; Thou shalt not fire bombs or cannon crackers at all; Thou shalt not put torpedoes on the car tracks to cause nervous passengers to screech; Thou shalt not fire even a pin wheel on High street; Thou shalt not build bonfires out of barrels; Thou shalt not parade with fish horns nor speak above a whisper."

If I have misquoted any part of their decalogue, or left out anything, I hope the city fathers will forgive me. This is the gist of it as I remember, and their benign intention was to prevent the usual crop of disasters. But the first thing we heard after getting back to town Sunday evening was the news that the annual bonfire went off, eyes and hands were missing, a lot of people having been hurt by bombs, etc., and at least one serious street car disaster and several shake-ups had occurred.

Wherefore we reflect that the world never runs so smoothly on "Don'ts" as it does on "Do's."

—August!

—The month of fervent sun-kisses.

—If it were not for the earth's atmosphere and the clouds she makes, old Sol would burn her up with loving.

—The earth's atmosphere governs Old Sol's behavior toward Mother Earth. Sol never forgets to smile, but Earth has her moods and tenses. Sometimes she raises gray clouds and sulks. She throws a fit and blows hot and cold, tears her hair and pulls out trees by the roots. When the notion strikes her just right she smiles back at Sol through a still and tender atmosphere. Then everybody is happy.

—Earth generates an atmosphere for self-protection. She runs that atmosphere to suit herself, and sometimes she lets it run her. What she says goes. If she knew more she would run it better. By experience she is learning. By and by she will keep her atmosphere just moist enough and just *quiet* enough to receive the sweetest of Old Sol's attentions.

—Scientists used to say that the earth's atmosphere is forty miles deep. Now they announce that it is at least two hundred miles deep. Possibly both announcements were correct. The earth is generating more atmosphere and extending her field of influence. She runs her own affairs up to two hundred miles now. A few decades ago she couldn't govern more than forty miles away; and a few thousands of decades ago she had no atmosphere at all. Old Sol scorched her as he pleased. She used to be a plaything for Sol's delectation. She is growing up and learning to run herself, with as much of Sol's assistance as she chooses to accept.

—You are like unto Mother Earth. By the generation of *more intelligence* you are extending your atmosphere, your field of influence. You can't *see* your atmosphere, any more than you can see the earth's; but it is there. *You* generate it and you govern it—or let it run away with you. It is your protection or your ruin, as you will. The quality of your atmosphere changes as your thought changes.

—If your atmosphere is rightly managed the "fiery darts of the wicked" can never reach you. If anybody throws stones your atmosphere will melt them before they can touch you. Even a cyclone of wrath will cleave in two and pass harmlessly by. And literal storms will catch your vibrations and be still. *I have seen these things demonstrated.*

—How shall you manage your atmosphere to accomplish such things? Say to it, "Peace, be still." *Then BE still.* Your atmosphere takes its tone from you. If you jiggle your body and change your mind every five minutes your atmosphere will jiggle and change. Be still and your

atmosphere will become like clear water. Do you know that even a rifle bullet can penetrate still water only a few inches? *Nothing* can penetrate unbidden the atmosphere of positive peace. Be still and know.

—"I have several strong desires, one of which is to be able to heal the sick. When I send out my thought, full of that or any one of three other desires, while my whole body is relaxed I can distinctly feel a soft, cool air that is nearly a breeze, on my face or some part of it while the front of my body from neck to below my waist is just as distinctly *warmed* as my face is *cooled*. Not only that, there is a sort of rippling feeling over my hands. I don't understand it. It is neither nervousness nor excitement. I don't believe in any spookiness and have not mentioned this to anyone, but the sensation *grows* and I would like to know what causes it. I think I tell you for the comfort of knowing that *someone* knows, someone who, I am sure, will not smile and say that I should take something for it." W. B.

The sensation grows because you give it undue attention. It amounts to nothing at all. Anybody who tries for the first time to be absolutely still will become conscious of queer feelings of some sort. To center your attention upon "feelings" of any sort is to be hypnotized and side tracked. Set your mind on things above and in due time the feelings will sink again into the pit of non-recognition whence they came. The countless millions of cells which go to make up our bodies, are ceaselessly active. If it were not for the fact that we are used to the activity we'd be feeling queer things all the time. We are used to jiggling and joggling ourselves as a whole—even in our sleep. So when we try to be really still for once we are apt to become conscious for the first time, of the activity of some of these cells. Attention fixes the consciousness. Refuse to be side-tracked by feelings. Let the breezes blow and the blood or nerve force ripple. Set your mind on things above. Listen to the spirit which lies back of all feelings. Be still and know your I AM instead of your feelings.

—"Do you want to spend a few weeks in a charming historic spot, under elms two hundred years old, and not far from Boston and the coast? Write for particulars to Mrs. Charlotte D. Nickerson, South Byfield, Mass.

—"Permit me to ask why you make no move towards a semi-monthly or even weekly issue of *Nautilus*? A month is a long time 'between drinks.' Truly a weekly edition would cost more and require more hard work, but have you ever tried to 'sense' your clientele on the matter? As for me, I would rather pay \$3 for a weekly edition of *Nautilus* than three cents for the monthly. I am not speaking from the standpoint of a Carnegie but from that of a man who 'eats bread in the sweat of his brow'—and calculates to pay for what he gets and *get* what he pays for. Why not issue a call for subscriptions to the 'Weekly *Nautilus*' and try your strength. That would give an opportunity for the consolidation of *Nautilus* and *Points*—a good combination by the way. And the new thought movement will practically stay right where it is till the 'Bell Wether' goes over the fence. Why not put the bell on *Nautilus* and defy fences and all other obstructions to a larger pasture. If the spirit does not lead you in this direction, then you must have a different spirit than hovers over yours truly. Try it. I will be the first to subscribe and the first to pay. Don't answer this. I don't want you to write to me unless you enclose from \$1 to \$25. But you can draw on me for the price of the 'Weekly *Nautilus*' without further notice. (Butler Co. Nat. Bank, Butler, Pa.) W. M. Turner."

Once a new minister came to town. Everybody was a-tip-toe with curiosity and the church was filled. The choir did its little best and the new minister announced impressively his text and preached his sermon. As he proceeded the deacons were observed to glance approvingly at each other, and as soon as the old cat had died on the last hymn and the benediction had been said the deacons and most of the smaller fry pressed forward and told the new minister his sermon was fine—best one ever preached in that pulpit. The second Sunday the church was fuller than ever. In due time the new minister rose solemnly and announced—the same text he had used the first Sunday. And he preached the same identical sermon, clear through to "tenthly" and "finally." The deacons looked at each other. After the bene-

diction they all shook hands again and—well, of course they had to repeat that the sermon was fine, best one ever preached, etc. They thought the minister had forgotten what he preached the first Sunday. Of course the story flew over town and on the third Sunday there wasn't standing room left. And again there was the same text and the same sermon. The fourth Sunday was the same, and the fifth. By this time the whole town had the text and sermon by heart and the deacons, being pretty well waked up over it, decided to beard the lion in his study and find out the wherefores. "Of course, Brother, that is a most excellent discourse, but—well—haint ye got another one ye could give us next Sunday?" "Oh, yes," replied the new minister, "I've plenty of others I *could* give you but I thought perhaps you hadn't heard this one—I *haven't seen any of you putting it into practice*." Now I have no way of telling whether *Nautilus* readers practice what I preach, but I think it's safe to allow four weeks at least for each number to get in its work. *Nautilus* is no yellow journal, to be hastily scanned and consigned to the waste basket! It is not only a monthly, but a weekly and a daily—a thought-starter for every day use. Only by *your own* original thought shall you be saved from the things you don't want. Too much reading hypnotizes you. Better a small paper once a month to be read daily with *meditation* and *practice*, than the best weekly ever imagined. The only advantage in a weekly is that you get your real thought-starters in moderate weekly meals; whereas with a monthly you are apt to gorge one big meal and then go to sleep. Take *Freedom*—if you take it at all it is for Helen's editorials and "Waste

GOOD THINGS GALORE!

Three new yearly subscriptions to *Nautilus* for one dollar, and "Just How to Concentrate" or "How to Cook Meals Without Meat" with each. Get three friends, who are not already *Nautilus* subscribers, to give you 50 cents each for a year's subscription. Keep 50 cents for your premium, and send me \$1 and the three addresses. I will send the first paper and the premium booklet to each by return mail. Renewals not acceptable on this offer. No other books substituted for the ones named. No Success Circle Memberships allowed on this offer. Note terms carefully. Address,

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

Basket." She writes about 2,800 or 3,000 words for each number. The rest of the paper is made up of more or less creditable amateur presentations of mental science and a few clippings from other magazines. Helen's pages are as a rule the only thought-starters in the bunch. You read hers and then you *choke off your own original thought* by meandering through pages of other folks' cut and dried thoughts. Each issue of *Nautilus* contains 13,000 to 14,000 words of thought-starters by William and myself—nearly five times as much original matter as you get from Helen in a weekly number of *Freedom*. People take *Freedom* for Helen; they take *Nautilus* for William and Elizabeth. Why will they clamor for a stuffed weekly when they get in a monthly more of the real thing for half the money? But it is only a very small minority of readers who want *Nautilus* made a weekly or semi-monthly. Most of 'em know a good thing when they see it. They pay their little 50 cents and read *Nautilus* weekly or daily as they prefer. Then they go forth to improve upon what they read. Let me whisper something in your ear:—*Concentration is power*. The writer who tries to fill a weekly waters his ideas to fill space; the one who writes for a small monthly has his least important ideas crowded out. His articles gain in power what they lose in space. And the man who thinks and *does* things in this world has no time to waste on empty space or hot air. *Nautilus* is made for the man who thinks and does things. I appreciate the compliments of the Oliver Twists who want more, but I know when they've had enough. I recommend 'em to chew the same little cud *reflectively* and put the extra two dollars and a half into books or the bank!

—Here's a man wants me to publish "the avocations to which the two-meal-a-day regime would be beneficial or *practicable*; also hours for same and menu." Great Scott! He wants a

dictionary, a diagnosis, a volume on dietetics and a cook book all rolled into one little item in *Nautilus*. Avocations? Any and all, especially sedentary occupations. Hours? Noon and night. For the rest see Latson's "Food Value of Meat," price 25 cents, and any good non-meat cook book.

—There were twenty-eight rare days in this month of June. Only two were well done.

—"As people get older the race of life becomes more difficult." R.

Rot! And tommyrot! Life is not a race unless you go to sleep and fall behind the procession. And people never grow old until they go to sleep and get out of touch with said procession. It is never too late to wake up and catch up and catch on and whoop it up with the other kids again. Come play with us!

—"Did Paul do right in imprisoning the early Christians, as he did so for conscience sake? But they had to suffer just as keenly as if he did it in opposition to his conscience. I do want my freedom and I hate persecution even if it is conscientiously given." M. B.

Oh, me, oh, my! Why aren't we all built so we can see both sides of a thing? Paul did RIGHT—he did the best thing possible for that particular time, place and people. But why did he imprison those particular individuals instead of some others? Because *those particular* individuals ATTRACTED their own particular treatment from that particular Saul of Tarsus. Those old fellows were brimful of the martyr spirit. Not one of them but burned to follow in the footsteps of his "Master." They expected persecution; they invited it by persistently casting their peculiar pearls before Roman and Pharisee swine; they even longed for persecution and sang hymns when they got it. It would have been a cold world that couldn't muster up one Saul with strenuousness enough to meet so persistent a want. They got what they were after, and they gloried in it—persecution as a means of glorification and advertisement. There are a lot of people right here in the United States today, with similar aims and ambitions. And they are getting 20th Century persecutions from 20th Century Sauls. Both sides are RIGHT for the time and place and occasion. We are all learning from them and they are getting the glory they craved. And persecution doesn't hurt *half* as badly as the audience might imagine. I know from experience; and one little experience exorcised all the martyr spirit I had, thank heaven. In many a *home* you will find that same martyr spirit, attracting its little "persecutions" from other members of the household, or from friends outside. These household martyrs talk much about their "burdens" and the "lack of consideration" shown them. They put on that abused expression oftener than they do their hats, poor things. But when you see 'em just remember to keep your balance and look for *the other side*. There are not only two sides to every thing, but a bottom and top as well. Get off a little ways and take several squints, and more than likely you will understand *why* this particular martyr is a martyr instead of a Saul. He's *built* that way; he built *himself* that way; and he is getting what he is built for. And let me tell you he can *re-build* himself after another pattern when he chooses. And when he gets enough persecution he will choose to—just as I did. One experience cured me; but some people have to sizzle several times before they learn to keep out of the fire. Oh, the game of life is funny. But some folks don't see it.

—Despite the standing notice that I do not answer letters unless accompanied by at least \$1 to pay for my time, postage, stationery, etc., I am deluged with letters begging for advice, encouragement or sympathy, and nearly all unaccompanied by even a single stamp. I cannot answer *these letters*, even if the writers *do* think, as one man wrote me in a rather impertinent letter, that "an answer from me would mean very little to me and a lot to him." The aggregate of these letters if answered would mean *utter bankruptcy* to me, mentally as well as financially. I read all these letters though, more or less carefully according as they are neat, plainly written and intelligent, or not. Many items or articles in *Nautilus* are suggested by such letters, and I am always glad when

they can be answered thus. Once in a great while I break my rule and answer by letter some particularly pathetic case whom I think I can *really* help. But in the main such letters are written by people who need only the answer of *silence*, deep and profound. They are the sort of people who thrash around on the surface of things and ask questions just to be doing something. Most of them are not looking for information, but for a little patting on the back to help them do what they fully intend to do whatever I may say in reply. Most of them simply want to "draw me out" to see if I'll agree with them. And in 99 cases out of 100 the writers could answer *every* question and solve *every* problem they present if they would only *be still* for ten minutes. Every man, *if he will listen to himself*, can answer his own personal questionings better than another can answer them for him. Think not only twice but twice ten times before you write me for advice, and then see that you send the required sum for reply. Most of these penniless letters I answer in the silence only, with the positive Word of wisdom and power for the writers.

—In 1900 I received \$1 from a man who wanted to join the Success Circle. He wrote me a long tirade against the world in general and economic conditions in particular. He seemed to think a mean, measly world was deliberately and maliciously robbing him of happiness and success. He helped publish a weekly paper for the one purpose of railing at things. And he wanted success. I knew he would never get it on that line, and I was foolish enough to try to tell him so. Contrary to custom I wrote him a personal letter—which he had not sent money for. I told him success comes *not* to him who sets himself against the world as it is, but to him who co-operates *with* conditions, and improves them as fast as he can do so *without rousing antagonism*. I told him if he persisted in his mental attitude of that time he might as well not appeal to healers of any sort to help him to success; that success is the result of certain definite principles *lived by*; and that his entire mental and material attitude was in direct violation of these principles. I told him that if he lived for posterity he would reap his pay in post mortem glory; that if he wanted success he must work *with* his world of today, *not* against it.

—I might as well have poured water on a duck's back, for all the impression my letter made on this man. He went on ranting and railing. Numberless times he has sent his railings to me hoping I would reprint them in *Nautilus*. He is so bent on "reform" that he could not even see that his ideas are diametrically opposed to the "policy" of *Nautilus*, or if he saw it he saw also no reason why I should not be won over from my philosophy of peace and non-resistance and *growth* to his own hodge podge of war, iconoclasm, chaos, eye-for-eye and general-smash ideas. All of which simply proves that the man has never even tasted my philosophy, or he *couldn't* be a ranter nor expect me to turn back and become one.

—The other day I had a letter from this honest zealot. It began, "Sister Towne:—Pardon me for saying that I have not yet received the Success that I ought to have got from you, Shelton, Dr. West and many others that got my \$1 and more in 1900. I do not like to *pay* for what I do not receive. If it is my fault say so. See?" And again I departed from my rule and wrote a letter to this man. I simply reminded him of what I wrote him in 1900. And I wondered how much good it would do.

—Mental science is no rabbit foot, to bring luck to impecunious gamblers. If a man persists in ganging his ain old gait he will continue to reap the same old harvest. Neither a rabbit's foot nor a healers' Word will change the quality of his harvest. Success is not a gamble but a science. The man who would win it must woo it, and *change his living to please it*.

—In July *Christian* (1657 Clarkson street, Denver, Col.), is a splendid article by Shelton, on "Visions and Revelations." Send five cents and read it.

THE GLAD HAND.

—Another new book by O Hashnu Hara! Such a *lot* as this little English woman has to say! And everything better than the last. This one is "The Road to Success," a paper bound book of 100 fascinating pages, which sells for "1 shilling nett." That means that you will need to buy an international money order for about thirty-five cents, sending direct to the author at 15 Tothill street, Westminster, London, S. W. *Good*.

—"A Private Letter to a Friend," is a tiny booklet of instructions by M. Trueman, which sells for twenty-five cents. Order of Mabel Gifford, Blue Hill avenue, Mattapan, Mass.

—"The Law of Activity," by Prof. J. W. Watkins, is designed to aid those who wish to use exercises in physical culture for family drills, parlor clubs, general classes, public schools and private practice. Full description and illustrations of every movement are given, with the proper instrumental music accompanying each. Price of the book, \$1. To be had at book stores or ordered of the author, Box 223, Minneapolis, Minn.

—Are you interested in the co-operative idea? Whether you are or not better send ten cents to the Co-operative Press, Lewiston, Me., for a copy of "The Third Annual Pamphlet of the Co-operative Association of America," a large, beautifully printed and bound and illustrated booklet which will make your eyes bug. Send another dime and ask for copies of their monthly journal.

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE!

Send 50 cents for a year's subscription to **THE NAUTILUS** and I will send free a copy of my latest booklet, "**HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN AND PARENTS**." Or if you prefer it you may have instead a copy of "**Solar Plexus Book**" or "**Concentration Booklet**" or "**How to Cook Meals Without Meat**." **THIS OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.** If you are already a subscriber, make your friend a present of a new subscription. *Nautilus* is a mascot. A subscription has meant the dawn of happier days to many a soul. Perhaps it will bring joy to your friend and yourself. It is worth trying. Send 50 cents **to-day**. Address,

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

—"Love Conquers All," is "a legend of Scandinavia" done in a symphony of cream and red and sold for fifteen cents by the publisher, George Colclough, Dickey, North Dakota, who says, "All profits from the sale of this book will be given to the famine stricken people of Norway, Sweden and Finland."

—"Self-Regeneration" is a small paper bound volume written by Maude Cole Keator for beginners in new thought. Prettily bound, with author's picture, price, fifty cents. Address, 832 Park avenue, New York City.

—"Woman's Source of Power" is a ten cent pamphlet written and printed too, typesetting, press work and all, by that veteran freedom-of-woman crank, Lois Waisbroker, Home, Wash., who is seventy-seven years young and still at it. Home is a socialist go-as-you-please colony of cranks of all shades and hues, which I should like to visit. I'm a sister to several of 'em. Elbert Hubbard gave me an entertaining account of his own visit at Home. According to his account the only tame things about the place are the wild birds and animals, which are never allowed to hear a gun or see a bean shooter.

—"Freedom" is an original and interesting exposition by Dr. Manuel Rivero, bound daintily in white and green. Published by the Cosmological Publishers, 103 West 42d street, New York.

—Prof. Henry Olerich of Omaha, Neb., is an interesting crank whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. He has theories about child training and he has a little adopted daughter of four or five years who is a perfect marvel and a shining example of his teaching that to trust a child's natural impulses is to get the best results in intelligence and mental and physical power. Professor Olerich thinks he has solved the social problem too, in his projected "Modern Paradise," which includes the model home and a unique system of education. Send fifty cents for his booklet, and

if ever you have a chance to meet him and Viola be sure to do so.

—"Dollars Want Me" is the suggestive title of a dainty new ten-cent booklet by Henry Harrison Brown, 1437 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. Fine, practical, inspiring, unique.

—"The Little Professor" is a charming new story for young folks of all ages. If there is anybody too old to enjoy it he ought to be ashamed of himself. The author, Ida Horton Cash of 1501 South 28th street, Omaha, Neb., has a perfect genius for creating live characters and humorous situations and witty dialogue. And she shows the real sym-path-y (same-state-ness) with children which is so delightful in a writer. And she succeeds in weaving into her story a lot of new thought and ethical teaching without seeming to try. This is the best gift book for young people that I have seen. And the price is only forty cents, in pretty and substantial cloth binding, stiff covers, with 201 pages. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, sold at any book store. If you order of Mrs. Cash better send five cents extra for postage or you'll be ashamed to get so nice a book for so little money. The author is a Success Circler and I'm proud of her and her charming little book.

—"The Science and Philosophy of Life" is a handsome little volume bound in flexible seal, stamped with gold and containing the author's picture—a dainty, durable volume which sells for \$1. The book is written by Edward H. Cowles, principal of the Portland Institute of Psychology, Portland, Ore., and is intended as a text book for daily use. Well written and calculated to do much good in the world.

—"A New Religion," for "circulation among adults only," is a small paper bound book by C. P. W. Longdill, Peel street, Gisborne, New Zealand. Price, one shilling six pence, to be sent to him direct, by international money order.

—"Consumption; What Causes it and What Prevents It; Its Health Treatment at Home," is a paper bound book (price not stated) by Dr. S. Newcomb Merrick, 359 Mass. avenue, Boston, which I recommend to the consideration of every person afflicted with a "belief" in weak lungs. Deals intelligently with all sides of being—mind, breathing, diet, bathing, exercise, dress, etc.

—"Breathing for Health" is an interesting fifteen cent pamphlet written by Leo Kofler who has wide experience as a teacher of singing and who emphasizes breathing exercises as necessary to correct tone production. His ideas and exercises are invaluable, whether or not you are a singer. Address him at 279 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—"Letters of a Convict," by T. Walter Browne, are written and published from a state penitentiary. They are bound in a paper covered book which sells for fifty cents. Whilst serving time for forgery this young man became interested in mental science, the principles of which he is trying to apply in his own life. The proceeds from the sale of this book are to help square the amount which he misappropriated. Those interested may address the author in care F. A. Dryden, Superintendent State Penitentiary, Walla Walla, Wash.

—"Laugh and the World Laughs With You," is a pretty new song by S. Seiler, 2257 Mission street, San Francisco, the words being the well known poem of that name by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Price, 50 cents.

—Two catchy new songs are "Love's Millionaire" and "Three Little Chestnuts," by N. Clifford Page. Words of former by Frank L. Stanton. Prices, 50 cents and 40 cents. Published by Kate M. Widmer, 306 West 116th street, New York.

—The heartache about something you cannot change? The way to get rid of the heartache is to *see the good* in the thing you cannot change. The way to see the good is to keep affirming that it is good, whilst you listen for the spirit to enlighten you as to the whys and wherefores. In due time you will understand, and the heartaches will turn into peace, and peace into joy.

PRIDE.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Pride is one phase of selfishness. It has no place in the life of a Master. He who would rule his own spirit must first cast out all pride.

Pride results from an exaggerated consciousness of self—the personal self. Pride is forever a bar to oneness with the Whole. He who realizes that he is forever a part of all that is, has no further cause for pride.

The most wonderful seers, mystics, prophets and teachers the world has ever known have been free from personal pride. They have said, as did Jesus, "It is not I who doeth the works, but the Father who worketh in me."

No truer statement was ever made than that "pride goeth before a fall." Pride causes one to withdraw from his fellows and cut himself off from harmonious relations with the whole. This often results in nervous troubles and insanity.

Isolation is often necessary to the one who is seeking the kingdom within, but it is the isolation from which pride is absent. It is isolation *in* the world, not *from* it.

Pride is always due to a mental holding on, a lack of trust in the goodness and fitness of the universe. All these tendencies must be outgrown before man can become MASTER of himself.

In "Light on the Path," a booklet written for the guidance of those who would become something more than human animals, I find these rules for the guidance of the student of occultism: "Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness. Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters, it must have lost the power to wound."

In other words the pride of the personal self must have become a thing of the past. The emotions which spring from wounded pride must be under complete control. The sensitiveness of pride must be dead. The voice of arrogant pride must be stilled forever.

Only when this has been accomplished can the powers of the soul unfold. The personal self must become at-one with the impersonal. The personal will must be completely given over to the higher self. Only so can the Real Self come into manifestation.

As man becomes better acquainted with his Real Self, that part of him which is eternal, he sees the foolishness of personal pride. He sees that the things of which he is proud are of the most ephemeral character; that he possesses nothing lasting that all others do not possess likewise.

You are an eternal soul and all that you own in the way of material things, your body, your mental powers are only manifestations of the soul. And every other soul is equal with you before the Great Source. Every other soul can draw from the same fountain that you draw from, and make as great a success of living, in a different way, as you have made. Why, then, should you be proud of your possessions or intellect?

Pride keeps us from acknowledging our mistakes and turning from them and thus we are held in bondage to error. The first great step towards freedom is to surrender our pride. We think we are free when we refuse to listen to others and heed their advice, but in reality we are slaves to our own pride and ignorance in many cases.

He that loseth his pride shall find true freedom—the freedom of the Spirit which maketh free indeed.

It is possible to live your own life in freedom and yet be receptive to truth on all sides. The attitude of non-resistance is the true attitude, and it cannot be assumed until pride is forever cast out of the mind.

Pride is often the result of fear. We fear what people may say of us, and then retreat into our shell of pride for protection. Sometime and somewhere we shall have to learn to "face the music" and become utterly indifferent to what others may say or think of us. We shall learn that the soul within is our only safe guide, and that we must not be swayed from following it by the fear of outside criticism. "No man can serve two masters." We cannot be true to our best selves and

follow the dictates of a personal pride at the same time.

The kind of pride which more than any other perhaps, stands in the way of our advancement, is the pride of intellect and reason—the pride which says, "I do not understand this thing, therefore I do not believe it is true." Such a pride kills out all faith and all the higher promptings of the intuitive faculties. It cuts one off from a realization of the things he most desires. It prevents his at-one-ment with the Source of Being. It leads to a one-sided growth and produces ultimately a vast amount of suffering. Every step must be retraced. Every stronghold of the intellect must be abandoned, until the mind is cleansed of the last particle of pride of intellect and you are ready to say to the soul: "I give up all to thee; Lead thou me on."

Do you pride yourself upon being better than your neighbor because you have not sinned in the way he has sinned? Know then that there is no human experience through which you yourself will not have at some time to pass. Your brother's shame will sometime be your shame. I quote again from "Light on the Path": "Do not fancy that you can stand aside from the bad man or the foolish man. They are yourself, though in a less degree than your friend or your master. But if you allow the idea of separateness from any evil thing or person to grow up within you, by so doing you create Karma, which will bind you to that thing or person till your soul recognizes that it cannot be isolated. Remember that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame; for you are a part of it, your Karma is inextricably interwoven with the great Karma. And, before you can attain knowledge, you must have passed through all places, foul and clean alike. Therefore remember that the soiled garment you shrink from touching may have been yours yesterday, may be yours tomorrow. And if you turn with horror from it when it is flung upon your shoulders, it will cling the more closely to you. The self-righteous man makes for himself a bed of mire."

The greatest Master is himself the humblest of disciples. Likewise he who outgrows pride will find what is of infinitely greater value than that which he releases when he lets go his pride.

BRIEF POINTS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

*** There is an idea abroad, among the advocates of meat as an article of diet, that one cannot obtain sufficient nourishment from other food products to sustain health and strength of body and mind to a normal degree.

*** This idea has no basis in fact according to my understanding of the truth of the matter. It is true that many people have given up meat eating suddenly and then gone back to it after a few weeks or months because they found they were not properly nourished. But I believe every case of this kind is due to the fact that proper foods were not selected to take the place of meat.

*** In a recent article in *Freedom* regarding vegetarianism Helen Wilms says of the one who leaves off eating meat: "He will, after a while, feel a loss of power either in muscle or brain or both; his system demands the chemical product I have just alluded to as the life sustaining element and he cannot be what he ought to be without it."

*** But how shall we reconcile such statements as the one just quoted from *Freedom*, with the following facts as related by Dr. Peebles in *Banner of Light*: "Capt. G. E. Diamond of San Francisco, Cal., is now one hundred and six years old, and engages in physical culture and cycling exercises. He has totally abstained from animal-flesh foods for over eighty years. He is as straight as an arrow and richly enjoys life. It is both an illusion and a delusion to think that one must eat animal flesh to 'keep up the strength.' There is more nitrogen, more muscle, more strength in one pound of browned peanuts than in a pound and a half of beef steak."

*** Evidently if the practice of vegetarianism produces weakness of brain and body it has taken

it a long time to get in its work on Capt. Diamond.

*** This reminds me of an old story about a temperance crank who tapped an old gentleman on the shoulder as he was about to quaff a glass of whiskey and said: "My friend, did you know you were drinking slow poison?" "Is that so?" was the reply; "It must be very slow for I've been drinking it for sixty years."

*** Dr. Peebles is himself almost eighty-two years old, yet he rises at four o'clock every morning and works from twelve to fourteen hours of each day. He has abstained from meat eating for many years and says of himself: "I eat no animal flesh, use no liquors, nor wines, no tobacco, no coffee nor tea, I have no aches nor pains, I can bat a ball, run like a sixteen-year-old lad, swim like a fish, and dance the 'Highland Fling.' At the Progressive Lyceum picnic in Melbourne last year, five hundred witnesses on the ground, I ran a footrace and took the prize."

*** Dr. W. R. C. Latson, a recognized authority upon diet, has this to say about meat in his book on "Food Values": "So far from being a 'strong' food, flesh meat is, strictly speaking, not a food but a nutro-stimulant. The meat of the animal contains food and poisons. The food we can use. The poisons we must excrete, and in the effort to get rid of these irritating poisons the organism is thrown into a state of excitation which is mistaken for strength. As a matter of fact it is like the 'strength' which comes from alcohol."

*** Dr. Latson goes on to say that it is a fact that the heart of the habitual meat eater will beat ten more per minute at least than the heart of a person living on a pure diet. He says further: "The strongest argument against the use of flesh meat is that to eat the animal's flesh is to eat the animal's excreta, which is inseparable from it."

*** It is a fact that at least seven-tenths of the population of the globe never eat meat. In his book on "Physical Education" Dr. Felix L. Oswald says: "The strongest men of the three manliest races of the present world are non-flesh eating."

*** In his book on "Food Values" Dr. Latson presents various tables and diagrams in relation to the amount of nourishment contained in every-day foods, and these tables show conclusively that flesh meat is less rich in food materials than many other common articles of diet.

*** It is a fact that "during the heroic periods of Greek and Roman history the food of the soldiers was entirely vegetarian. The Greek athletes were trained upon vegetarian diet."

*** It is a fact that the most successful athletes of the day are those who abstain from meat entirely or at least during their periods of training. Bernarr MacFadden, formerly a successful athlete and now editor of several physical culture magazines, has this to say regarding meat eating in his book, "Strength From Eating": "But the most startling evidence in favor of vegetarianism is the fact proven in my own athletic experience, and in the experience of many others, that the vegetarian diet gives one far greater endurance than the meat diet."

*** The italics in the preceding quotation are my own. Further on Mr. MacFadden says: "There is no doubt that a better quality of blood is made from a vegetarian than from a meat diet."

*** In the light of practical experience, and facts such as those I have here set down, I think we can safely agree with Dr. Latson, who in summing up the question of meat eating, says: "So far from being a 'strong' food, flesh meat is a very 'weak' food; and proportionately to its bulk, imparts very little energy."

*** In line with the foregoing I print the following interesting item of news, clipped from *The Youth's Companion*: "The youth of America discovered long ago that peanuts are uncommonly filling, and four students of Norwich University at Northfield, Vt., have for several months been putting that discovery to practical use. A young man working his way through college, who found it

needful to pare expenses, demonstrated that a quart and a half of peanuts provided all the sustenance he needed for twenty-four hours, and when he bought the nuts by the sack his "board" cost him just a dollar a week, as against the three dollars and a half he had been paying at a fraternity house. Soon three other students joined the experimenter, and since early in March these four have stuck to the peanut diet, the only variation from the original plan being that on two days in the week each man eats three eggs "to supply the need of albumen." The correspondent who tells the tale adds that *three of the four peanuters are identified with the athletic interests of the student body, and affirms that physically as well as mentally they are in better condition than ever before.* In the last twelve weeks the men have increased in weight, on an average, fifteen pounds. Let the lean, the feeble and the wise women who run boarding-houses make a note of it.

*** There is only one sure way to attain what you desire, and that is to trust "the power within" to guide your life and show you the way to growth.

*** Truth is eternal. He who utters a truth may not receive recognition at the time, but his words will live. Emerson started out as a Unitarian minister, but his ideas were at that time too radical to be accepted even by so liberal an organization as the Unitarian church. At the present time, however, Emerson is honored by that church and his books sent broadcast by its missionary workers.

*** Even the orthodox church people of today give credit to Emerson's writings as a great moral and intellectual force. *The World's Events* says in a recent article that "No other American who was unaided by high official or military position has been so greatly honored in memory as Ralph Waldo Emerson."

*** Do you think that the Bible and other sacred books would have been kept alive through the ages if they were not founded upon the bed rock of eternal truth? These books have existed in spite of the sceptics and doubters of each generation, and will continue to exist long after their ignorant and foolish opposers are forgotten.

*** The words of Jesus, Buddha, Confucius and other ancient teachers are with us today because they were living words of truth. They spoke from the plane of the Eternal One. They drew from the storehouse of their souls. Their inner lives were at-one with the Great Source, and they knew that the words they spoke were true words. W. E. T.

"There is an entire sermon in the last *Nautilus*, in these words: 'We are now expressing not the peculiarities but the beauties of the new thought, not the differences but the unities of Life.' And I hope you will feel like touching a little upon some of the mistakes of the 'freak age.'" K. S.

There are no "mistakes of the freak age." Is it a mistake for a peach to be green in the spring time? Neither is it a mistake for us mortals to be green. A freak new-thoughter is green—that's all. Let him alone and he will ripen into a peach of a new thinker. Give him time. Give him two or three more incarnations if he wants 'em. What good will it do you or me to dwell upon his freaks anyway? Whatever we think about we express in our bodies. If we think "mistakes" we create them in ourselves. If you think of a green peach you create within you a green peach. This is all right—green peaches will ripen within you as well as without. But if you pronounce the green peach "bad," a "mistake," YOU POISON IT WITHIN YOU, and you poison yourself. Now mind you, you will not by your thought poison the original green peach outside you; that will be good anyway, whether you call it "good" or "bad." But the prototype of that peach, within you, will be good or bad, as you think it. If you call it "bad" it will give you unpleasant thrills every time you think of it; and these unpleasant emotional thrills generate within you a real chemical poison which causes disease. When you pronounce the green peach "good" you feel pleasant

little emotional thrills which generate within you the real chemical *Waters of Life*. Better call even a really bad thing "good"—you will live longer in the land and be happier, and you will come nearer the truth.

—News has reached us that new fraud orders have been issued against Helen Wilmans, Helen W. Post, C. C. Post and Mr. Burgman. This cuts off for the present all mail communications with them, and even stops *Freedom* for a time. Until this order is rescinded or enjoined Helen can only be reached by express at Daytona, Fla. This looks pretty rough, but Helen Wilmans is plucky and will do something pretty quickly. She is tried by fire, but pure gold comes out of the fire brighter than ever. But I am awfully sorry there has to be such a trial, and I strongly hope *Freedom* will not be long interrupted.

—"Possession is nine points of the law and self-possession is the other one."—*Los Angeles News*.

—"The very first thing I am going to do this bright Monday morning is to tell you what we (!) have done! A man whom I interested in *Nautilus* six months ago met a poor girl, poor mentally and morally, I should judge, about three months ago and as she was then at the lowest ebb, where life was a failure and her days but bitterness, he loaned her one of your books he happened to have in his pocket, spoke kindly and encouragingly to her and telling her of the *Nautilus*, subscribed for her. The book came back to him as he requested and she went out of his mind, but the other day he met her and such a change! She had obtained steady employment, was saving money with an object of bettering her condition in a few months and told him that it was all due to the *Nautilus* and his kindly words. Honestly, it made me so happy that I vowed then I would write you of it! Your 'Self-Healing' is my daily companion and never a day passes that I do not read, if only a sentence!"—E. V.

—Shelton says in July *Christian* all sorts of nice things about Elizabeth Towne. And Evelyn Arthur See says a lot more in *The Higher Thought*, Kalamazoo, Mich., the bright monthly published by himself and wife. It is good that my hat sets on top of my head and fastens on with pins.

—One *Nautilus* reader effervesces thus: "You are adorable—I believe a mummy would turn handsprings if some one would read one or two of your refreshing, to-the-point articles—he'd feel so alive you know!"

The Success Circle.

Do you desire to better your condition? Do you desire to help relative or friend to better his? Then join us and GROW SUCCESS. * * * By sending me an order for \$3.00 worth of my books and papers you will be entitled to my "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success," and a year's membership in the Success Circle ABSOLUTELY FREE. If you are married I will, if desired, enter also the name of your wife or husband as the case may be, without extra charge. Back dues for THE NAUTILUS may be counted in on this \$3 order. * * * OR, you may have ONE membership in the Success Circle for one year, by sending \$1.00 for the Course of Lessons and a year's subscription to NAUTILUS IN ADVANCE. If you are in arrears for NAUTILUS it will be necessary to pay up to date, and send \$1.00 besides, to pay for a year in advance, and the Lessons. * * * OR, you may have ONE membership in the Circle by sending \$1.00 for "How to Grow Success," (or any other of my own books to the amount of 50 cents), and the "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success." REMEMBER, no books or papers substituted for mine. NOTE TERMS CAREFULLY, for NO deviations will be made. * * * Every member of the Circle should have besides the new Lessons and NAUTILUS a copy each of "How to Grow Success," "Solar Plexus" book and "How to Concentrate," as aids in understanding and applying the law of success. * * * When joining write me a brief and TO-THE-POINT statement of your desires, 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, and see that postage is fully prepaid. * * * Your order will be filled and the first of the Course of Lessons sent you by return mail. * * * I teach Success by these means, and daily I speak for the Circle collectively the Silent Word of Success. ELIZABETH TOWNE.

TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:—

With the earnest desire of making the Success Circle still more effective to its members I have written a new "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success," for the private use of each member. This Course covers three months of systematic success growing, and I believe it is the best and most practical thing ever written on this subject, with exercises which if faithfully used cannot fail to develop the success which is latent in every man, and develop it as quickly as possible. The first Lesson will be sent upon receipt of your order, as described above. After one month's practice you will write a brief report of progress

and receive the second Lesson. At the end of the second month you report again, and receive the third Lesson, for a third month's practice. Take care to make these reports brief, and do not mix them up with orders or other matters. They are to be filed by themselves. And give full name and address in every letter. Please read the above directions carefully. Note that with an order for \$3 worth of my own books and papers I give absolutely free these Lessons and one, or two, memberships in the Success Circle for a year. If you send only \$1 as per either of the other offers, fifty cents of it must go to pay for the Lessons, time, postage, etc. These are the only terms upon which these Lessons will be sold. If I were to sell them separately I would ask \$2 for them. This offer must apply to old members of the Success Circle as well as to those just entering. If your membership has not expired it can be renewed for a year from the date of its expiration; or the name of some relative or friend may be entered instead of yours, the Lessons, etc., being sent to you.

The letter to the Success Circle, printed monthly in this column of *The Nautilus*, will be continued. I believe the new arrangement will add to the interest and effectiveness of these letters, for the monthly reports from those who are using the Lessons will certainly suggest many ideas which will aid in practical application of the principles of success. Personal letters cannot be written in reply to these reports, but wherever advisable answer will be made in this column.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

—"Many a man has bought his comfort at the cost of the achievement of his aims. Few people are willing to be incommode, or to submit to discomforts, even for the sake of future blessings. They would succeed, if they could do so in an easy and pleasant way; but the moment they have to sacrifice their ease or their comfort, they shrink from the effort. It is astonishing what people will sacrifice in order to get comfort, or even temporary relief from whatever annoys or harasses them. They will let golden opportunities slip, by procrastinating, for the sake of their comfort, until the chances have gone. They do not like to get up early in the morning, because they are so comfortable in bed. They do not like to go out in a storm or in cold weather, because it is so cozy at home or in their offices, and so they lose many a chance. Many people can be bought by comfort, when hardly anything else will tempt them. They think so much of their ease that they cannot bear to exert themselves. Love of comfort and ease must be classed among the great success-hinders. People like to do pleasant, easy things. They cannot bear to take pains, or to put themselves out in any unusual way, if they can possibly avoid it. Thousands of people are earning small salaries, today, because they cannot bear to exert themselves to win promotion. They prefer to remain on a low rung of life's ladder, for the sake of temporary comfort and ease, rather than to put forth the efforts that would carry them upward."—*Success*.

—"Dr. Lorenz's discovery is simply this—Nature will make a hip socket if you convince her it is needed. And the way to convince her is through a gentle and firm persistency. Everything gives way before the firm, persistent thought. That is the way Washington won, and that magnificent calm upon his face was the result of a faith that never faltered. He knew what he wanted to do, and he knew that some day it would come about—he could wait. It took nine years for the British to wear themselves out against that will which did not faint nor falter. Ridpath says Washington was a great general, but not a great fighter. His army was often insignificant compared with that of the enemy, so he gave way, but always to reappear in an unexpected place. His persistency never relaxed. Lincoln had this same quality of persistency. But why give examples! All success comes in the same way—through firm, calm and persistent thought. Opposition grows tired, hate gives way, fury subsides, and the man marches through open gates into 'the eternal city of fine minds.' Know what you want to do, hold the thought firmly, and do every day what should be done, and every sunset will see you that much nearer your goal. Violence is transient, hate consumes itself and is blown away by the winds of heaven, jealousy dies, but the righteous thought is a pressure before which malice is powerless. Success is for those who deserve it, faith will remove mountains of trouble, and Nature is on the side of those who put their trust in her. The Universe is planned for good."—Elbert Hubbard in *May Philistine*.

—Many *Nautilus* subscribers seem not to understand the credit mark printed beside the name on every wrapper. Now listen, and remember what I say about it:—The YEAR and MONTH of the last paper for which you have paid is printed beside your name on EVERY wrapper. LOOK at it now, and get it straight. If it says "Apr. 04" it does NOT mean April 4—it means April, 1904. "May 00" means you are paid up to and including May, 1900, and are in arrears since then. "Jan 02" means you have paid as far as January, 1902; "Feb 03" means February, 1903; "Mar 01" means March, 1901; and so on. Now please be good and put your mind on this until you understand it. All publishers who print their lists use the same form for keeping tally. It is a thing you should understand. Study this item and your *Nautilus* wrapper until you do understand it.

—Do you know that people go through life repeating the silliest little mistakes innumerable times, simply because they are too heedless to try to understand—too careless to stop a moment and get the thing straight—so straight that they know it is straight. Cultivate careful and accurate observation and reason, by exercising on little things. Ask yourself *why* "Mar 04" appears on your paper. If it means March 4 *why* is the 0 there? What good would it do to print a month and day of month, with no year given? And that for a monthly paper, which has to do only with month and year? Stop a minute, dearie, when you don't see the meaning of a thing, and ask the spirit in you what it all means. You will find your own particular gumption perfectly able to figure out 99 of every 100 things if you stop a minute and give it a chance. And by figuring out small things accurately you develop your power to reason out greater things. Every little thing you straighten out in your mind adds to your power. It is a concentration exercise you cannot afford to omit.

—A few years ago Adam Ochs was selling papers on the streets of Chattanooga. He saved his pennies, started in business for himself, bought the Chattanooga Times and made a success of it. Then he went to New York and bought the Times of that city, an eminently respectable newspaper which had not made any money. Ochs made it pay. Then he bought the Philadelphia Times. He tried to buy the Record of that city, but the bids were too high. He has recently purchased the Public Ledger, the newspaper George W. Childs made famous. It must not be supposed that Ochs made money enough out of the Chattanooga Times to buy the New York Times, and that the earnings of these properties gave him the funds for the purchase of his two Philadelphia properties. Ochs simply furnished the brains. Capitalists do the rest. Capital everywhere is looking for men who can handle its money successfully and make more money. Money is the cheapest thing in the world. Brains is the highest priced commodity of creation. The trouble with the average man is to make a showing of his ability. When he can hold up some enterprise as an object lesson in successful management capital will beseech him to take its money. Men who have money are looking for men like Adam Ochs. The world will not take you on credit, young man. You must demonstrate yourself. If you succeed, the world will worship you and cast money at your feet. If you fail, it will kick you. Hard lines, you say? That is true, but no good is subserved by concealing the facts in the case. Under our form of society the law of the survival of the fittest is as inexorable as the law of gravity."—East Side News.

—"Less than a year ago I bought your book 'How to Wake the Solar Plexus,' for my daughter to read, who for twenty years had been in poor health resulting from a severe attack of pneumonia at the age of fourteen. All this time she was seldom confined to her bed, but never well, and was handicapped at every turn from doing what she would. She read your book, meditated on it, and being a woman of brains went to work and woke up 'Plexus' so that the old fellow went to work. In six weeks time and practice she was in a position on the New York Civil Service force as Examiner of Dependent Children at a salary of \$1,000 a year. Of course she trusted herself and kept her eyes open, but 'twas in consequence of following your teachings as laid down in that little book, that she got her position. And even better than her financial success is her improved health, and she has steadily gained in health and strength and has gained twenty pounds in weight." Mrs. E. M. Avery, 8768 Bay 24th street, Bensonhurst, L. I.

—"Your book, 'How to Train Children and Parents' came last night. I haven't seen a line of it yet because Mrs. A. and young William have had it ever since it arrived, and both like it. Mrs. A. says it's good and is going to try it on young William, and William says it's good and he is going to try it on his mother and myself. He has begun quoting 'Elizabeth' to me already, and has given me several Solar Plexus blows. Guess I'll have to re-read 'How to Wake' before I recover." William Walker Atkinson.

—"How to Train Children and Parents' is a little booklet of thirty pages by Elizabeth Towne of Holyoke, Mass., which gives more good advice on the subject than we have read in a long time. We advise all mothers to read this blessed little book instead of the Bible. It is worth its weight in gold, and only costs twenty-five cents." F. W. Heald in *Higher Science*.

—"My dear Mrs. Towne:—I wish to thank you for your answer to C. H. Griffin, in *Nautilus* for July, concerning Mr. Chavannes' death. Mr. Chavannes' understanding of the teachings of Mental Science was not that we should look for eternal life in this body. He held that when a man or woman had accomplished their task in this world, they were removed by death. This does not mean that we should not strive for perfect health. Mr. Chavannes both taught it and tried to keep himself in health, but inherited chronic diseases are apt to cause trouble even when we have, through Mental Science, attained a better knowledge of the laws of health. And it is all the harder to make that knowledge efficient when it comes late in life. Mr. Chavannes did try to overcome, not death, but disease, but when he found that his and our united efforts in that direction were of no avail, he gave up the fight and accepted his fate in the same calm spirit in which he viewed everything, and said it was 'not hard to die.' I would be glad if you can publish this letter, that Mr. Griffin may see my answer. Did I know his address I would send him a copy of *New Thought* in which he would find the expression of Mr. Chavannes' ideas concerning Mental Science." CECILE CHAVANNES, 308 4th avenue, Knoxville, Tenn.

—"I never felt or realized the power of the Word as I am doing now, and I know it is through your health statements. Not a day passes that my mind does not go to you, and this is proof enough to me that I am receiving your vibrations." C. C. * * * "Since joining the Circle I have been more successful than for years. Am glad that I am a member of the class instead of being alone in the world. I try to catch the keynote and raise the vibrations to a higher plane." C. H. * * * "In this my second subscription to the Success Circle I wish to say that my salary was raised last July, and that I never enjoyed life as I have since being a member of the Circle." J. H. * * * "I have been a member of your Success Circle for some time and have received untold benefit. This year I induced my mother and a friend to join, and both are well pleased with results." A. B. * * * "I have experienced such benefit in being a member of your Circle this year that I have not had time to knit that edging for you, so I send the money instead. I have a sister who lives in Boston and does dress making. She has joined the Circle too, and sees a marked difference in her work. She has induced others to join too." C. S.

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