

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

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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 unvesting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,
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No. 11.

ACHIEVEMENT.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God Himself. Thy soul
Is but an emanation from the whole.
Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea.
Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll,
Go seek them—but let pilot will control
Those passions which thy favoring winds can be.
No man shall place a limit in thy strength;
Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe
In thy Creator and thyself. At length
Some feet will tread all heights now unattained—
Why not thine own? Press on;
achieve! achieve!

ELUCIDATIONS.

—"In your article, 'God as the Devil,' in June Nautilus, you say He works out all truth through us. Now if He is supposed to be all wisdom, love, truth and everything else that is perfect, and certainly this beautiful world seems to prove the fact, why should He wish to make his people suffer in such a manner? * * Why did He make the ten commandments if He was to work out truth through us anyway? * * If a person is tempted to sin and he thinks as you say, he might easily smooth his conscience by the thought, 'Oh, God is working this out through me, so it is all right for me to do anything I wish, good or bad.' * * If God knows everything why should He wish to tempt us to do things, which sometimes ruin our lives forever? Every day we do things we wish we had not and still continue it, just simply through our weakness. * * Does He make a man commit murder so that He may find out whether it is right or wrong? Certainly the man's sufferings make it apparent enough to him. * * Are we afflicted with all manner of disease, accidents and everything else for the same cause, to prove to God this or that? * * We look to Him for light but this seems to me a hard way to receive it. * * Will you kindly give your readers your views on this and also what is the meaning of 'Resist not Evil.' Of course the more we recognize a thing the more real it seems." F. S. C.

The principal cause of non-understanding in this man's case is a false concept of God. In spite of all his new thought reading he still thinks of God as a person who knows all there is or ever will be to know; and who made man, wound him up and set him going simply for God's own amusement.

God is not a person; he is all persons.

"The Universe is One Stupendous Whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."

This means that "Nature," which includes man, is the body of God; and God's body is to him what your body is to you—a statement of beliefs which is eternally changing as experience teaches you more.

The only body God has is your body and mine; the only brains he has are your brains and mine; the only experience he has is your experience and mine; THE ONLY JUDGMENT HE HAS IS YOUR JUDGMENT AND MINE.

The only way God has of learning anything is through your experience and mine.

You have heard it said that you cannot teach a man anything he does not already know; that to educate a man is to draw out into consciousness that which is already within him. By his own experience and by the teaching of others he becomes conscious of the wisdom which was all the time within him. All knowledge is latent in God (the Whole) just as it is in you; and God becomes conscious of what he knows by the same

processes by which you become conscious. Your real self IS God.

Watch yourself and you will see how God does things.

God is Wisdom. But Wisdom and knowledge are not identical. Knowledge is *Wisdom proved*—by the only proof, experience. All Wisdom is latent in God's soul, which is your soul and mine. God's Wisdom is expressed in his body, or "statement of beliefs," which is your body and mine.

God knows everything; but he knows that he knows only what he has proved through you and me, and all mankind and animalkind and vegetablekind.

"Some call it evolution; others call it God."

If God knew more he would not suffer through us. This is equivalent to saying if you and I knew more we would not suffer. There is no you and I; there is only God.

Evolution is simply God coming into consciousness of himself and his wisdom. Your body is a part of God's body; your soul is God, the One Life of all creation.

Do you "wish to make his people suffer in such a manner?" Of course not. Do you wish to make yourself suffer? Of course you don't. YOU ARE GOD, and you don't intentionally make anybody suffer unless you think you have to. The rest of the suffering you have not yet learned to avoid. In other words, God has not yet learned how to avoid it.

But evolution still evolves, and sighing and sorrow are already fleeing before the dawn of Wisdom coming to itself. God is learning how to enjoy himself in the flesh—in your flesh and mine.

What is flesh? It is mind. God is learning to enjoy himself in his own mind, which is your flesh and mine. He keeps on thinking through you and me until his "statements of belief," his flesh body, bring only joy to all creation and uncreation.

Why did he make the ten commandments? Why do you lay down laws unto yourself? Because you catch glimpses of higher things than you have yet experienced, and you lay down laws which you mean to live up to.

But you don't always live up to those laws, do you? Why? Because your body is an organization of intelligent cells each of which has a will of its own. You catch a glimpse of the truth that Love is the Greatest Thing in the World; you lay down a commandment: "Thou shalt not be impatient or angry." Before a day has passed you catch yourself breaking your commandment—"you forgot." In other words, the most intelligent cells in your body recognized a beautiful truth and promulgated a new commandment for all the cells to live by. But the less intelligent cells being still unconvinced of that beautiful truth, and being in a great majority, you did their will—you got mad.

Now God recognized through Moses most beautiful truths, and laid down laws to govern those who were as yet not intelligent enough to recognize the truths for themselves. For thousands of years God tried through these laws to make all the people see these truths. Thus his people evolved—a little.

The God in Jesus caught a glimpse of still higher truth and laid down another law that ye love one another. And still, after 2,000 years of that law, the people do not all see it, and very few of them obey.

A Moses or a Jesus recognizes truth so much greater than can be sensed by the common run of people, that it takes thousands of years of reiteration of that truth to make even a majority of the common run of people see it. It takes centuries

of evolution to really convert the world to an Ideal conceived by a Jesus.

It takes you years of reiteration of your Ideal, and constant effort toward living up to it, before you can really convert your body to that Ideal.

In other words, God glimpses in Moses or Jesus a beautiful Ideal of himself; but it takes Him thousands and thousands of years to work out that Ideal, to evolve all people to the stage of wisdom and loving-kindness.

It is God's effort to work out his Ideals, which causes all suffering. This means that it is your effort to work out your Ideals, which causes all your suffering.

An Ideal impels change; the Established Order, in the Whole or a Part, resents and resists change; hence the pain. The spirit is willing but the flesh is established and refuses to change.

It was this Jesus had in mind when he said, "Resist not evil." The Established Order, the flesh, resists change because it is too short-sighted to see that the change is good. Because we are not yet convinced that All is Good and every change tends to greater good, we fight the change, more or less whole heartedly. We have within us the same high Ideals, the same backslidings and wars, revolutions and evolutions, the same joys and sorrows, that the children of Israel had, that the universe at large has had and is having. All history is the history of your own thoughts. Man is an infinite little cosmos.

Just as in history ignorance has warred against the Ideal and yet in the fullness of time the Ideal has had its way; so in yourself ignorance wars against the Ideal and may for a time seem to win, but eventually the Ideal has its way. A man in his ignorance may yield to "temptation" but the results will take away the very temptation itself. When a child's fingers are well scorched it loses all desire to play with the fire.

There is no such thing as "ruining our lives forever." Every soul has all eternity in which to learn to live. Every soul is God—omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent in potentiality. And all eternity is its school term, all space its school ground. Death is simply a promotion ceremony, peculiar to the kindergarten classes. A "ruined" life is no more than a "ruined" problem on Tommy's slate—it is wiped off to give Tommy, who has been learning by his mistakes, a chance to do a better sum.

Be still and know that God and you are ONE, and all things shall be made plain.

THE HEART OF WOMAN.

"My wife has fallen in love with another man. She keeps house for me and I am trying to show her all the love I can but it seems to have no effect upon her. I love her dearly and desire to win her back. What should be my attitude toward her and toward the man?" A. J. (who is one of many who have thus written me).

Goodness knows! Be good and you will know. In other words, be just to all three before you are generous to anybody. Of course that is not easy to do, but it is possible; and it is the only thing you can never be sorry for afterward.

First, get down to first principles. There are three INDIVIDUALS concerned—three separate and complete beings, each with his inherent right of choice. Nobody owns anybody else; nobody "owes" anybody else anything in the way of "duty." Each individual stands on his or her own two feet and makes an effort at least to go where he or she will find the most happiness.

Every one of these three Individuals has made mistakes—he or she has thought happiness was

to be found in this place, or that. He or she has made the choice and trotted on his or her two feet to this place or that, only to find happiness was not there as he or she supposed. *We don't always know what is for our happiness.* But goodness knows!—and all our mistakes work together for ultimate happiness.

In the truest sense there are no mistakes; a mistake being simply a case where things failed to come out as we calculated. *They came out right nevertheless.* That is, they came out right for our enlightenment. By them we grew in wisdom and knowledge. Next time our judgment will be better.

The wife in this case no doubt thinks just now that her marriage to A. J. was "all a terrible mistake." If so she is making another "mistake." That is, she is thinking what "ain't so." Whatever experiences she has had with A. J. were drawn to her by herself, for her own enlightenment and development. They were all good.

It may be that she and A. J. have gained from their association all there is in it. Doubtless the wife thinks a separation and a new marriage would make her supremely happy. May be it would. May be her judgment is right this time.

On the other hand it may be wrong, as it has been oft before. Many a woman has jumped out of the frying pan of one marriage into the fire of another.

Only time will tell. If this new love is the "soul mate" she thinks, the attraction will be all the stronger and steadier in a year or two from now. If he is not the soul mate she thinks him, the attraction will wane.

I know women who, under similar conditions, have elected to wait; women whose consciences would not allow them to leave a kind husband or young children for the sake of gratifying their passion for another man. *I have known these same women to despise a year or two later the men they had thought themselves passionately and everlastingly in love with.* They have never got over thanking whatever gods there be that they were saved from that rash step. I have known many cases of this kind, and have received many letters of fervent thanks from both men and women who followed my private counsel to let time prove the new attraction before severing old ties and making new ones.

And I must say that *not one* who waited but has said to me, "I am glad I waited"; whilst many who did not wait have bitterly regretted.

A love affair is emotional insanity. Lovers are insane; not in fit condition to decide their own actions. The state of "falling in love" is moon-madness. For the time being the lover's sense of justice, his reason, his judgment, is distorted by reflections from another personality. This is especially so in the woman's case, for the reason that she is generally a creature of untrained impulse, instead of reasoning will.

There is that recent case of the beautiful and beloved Princess Louise who ran away from her royal husband. She thought she loved Monsieur Giron so devotedly that she could bear anything for the sake of being with him. And surely she was miserable enough in her old environment. But when it came to the reality she could not bear the consequences. She wanted her children; her proud spirit winced at the snubs she got; she longed a little for the old life; and familiarity with her soul mate revealed the knowledge that he was not all soul. She flunked miserably and went home to her sick child. You see, she was literally love-sick. Her mind was disordered; a life spent with her soul mate loomed to her so large and dazzling that all other things were as nothing. She couldn't for the time being see straight. She was literally insane.

If she had only waited until the new wore off her passion! Waited until she saw things in their proper proportions and relations to each other; until she was sure she could live the life made inevitable by her change.

That is the trouble;—love-sick-ness blinds her to the truth. When she wakes up by experience of the truth, she wishes she hadn't.

The only safe thing for a woman to do who

finds herself married to one man and in love with another is to wait, a year, or two or three years, until time proves her love and she knows in her heart that she can make the change and never regret it, no matter what happens. *You see, she can NEVER be happy with the new love as long as CONSCIENCE OR HEART reproaches her for her treatment of the old love.* It behooves her to consider well.

Time will prove the new love. In many such cases time reveals the idol's feet of clay. He shows that his love is for himself, not for her. He pouts and kicks and teases like a petulant child. He wants her NOW, no matter how she may suffer in consequence of his haste.

In spite of herself, in spite of her love for the new love, she finds he is not panning out as she supposed. She begins to see his other, his every-day side—the side she will have to live with if she goes to him.

Now is the husband's chance. She knows his every-day side, from experience; she has tried it in weal and in woe. If he rises to this occasion the Ideal Man, he stands a fair chance of winning from his wife a deeper love than she has yet given any man. He may catch her whole heart in its rebound from the idol with feet of clay.

To a husband in such a position I would say *Be kind.* "There is nothing so kingly as kindness!" and true kindness under this most trying condition will in time win even a recalcitrant wife's admiration and love—*IF the two are really mates.* If they are not real mates; if they have outgrown their usefulness to each other; the sooner they part the better. To hold them together would only be another "mistake."

Because a man and wife were mates five or ten years ago is no proof that they are mates today. We are all growing, and it is often literally true that we "grow away" from people.

Every loved one who goes out of our lives makes room for a better, fuller love—unless we shut ourselves in with our "grief."

It is said that Robert Louis Stevenson fell in love with the wife of his best friend. He told his friend frankly, intending to leave the city. His friend questioned the wife and found she reciprocated Stevenson's love. Stevenson stayed with his friend in Paris and the wife went to her father's home in California. A year later, the attachment between his wife and Stevenson still remaining, the friend applied for a divorce. Then he and Stevenson journeyed all the way to California together, where Stevenson was married to the ex-wife. The ex-husband attended the wedding, and that same evening announced his engagement to a girl friend of Mrs. Stevenson.

I glory in the friendship of those two men who refused to allow the unreasoning caprices of love to sever their love for each other. A separation and re-marriage like that is a credit to all parties concerned. *It is the quarrels and estrangements which are the real disgrace* in cases of separation and remarriage.

John Ruskin was another man too great and too good to resent love's going where it is sent. He had married, knowing that her respect and admiration but not her love, were his, a beautiful and brilliant girl much younger than himself. They lived happily a number of years. Then Ruskin brought home the painter, Millais, to make a picture of his wife. Artist and model fell in love. Ruskin found it out, and refused to allow his wife to sacrifice herself for him. He divorced her and gave her to Millais, and the three were life-long friends.

If I were a man in such a case as A. J.'s I should treat my wife as I would a daughter. I would treat her as an Individual with the right of choice.

Many a daughter has rushed headlong into a marriage which her relatives opposed and she regretted at leisure.

If someone grabs you by the arm and pulls hard in one direction you are forced to pull hard in the opposite direction, or lose your balance and fall. If a daughter is pulled away from the man to whom she is attracted, her Individuality rebels

and she pulls toward him harder than she would if let alone. She chooses to follow the attraction which at the time is pleasanter than that between herself and her frowning relatives.

Remembering this I would free daughter or wife and trust to the God in her to work out her highest good. I would believe that whatever she chose to do was really for her highest good. If I really loved her I would prefer her happiness to my own.

And in it all I should be deeply conscious that whatever is, is best, and that all things worked together for MY best good as well as for hers.

Whatever appearances may show to the short-sighted the real TRUTH is this:—*Justice reigns; the happiness of one person is not bought at the expense of another; the law of attraction brings us our own and holds to us our own in spite of all its efforts to get away; it never leaves us until, THROUGH SOME CHANGE OR LACK OF CHANGE IN OURSELVES, it has ceased to be our own.*

A man's "mental attitude" toward the other man in such cases as A. J.'s should be the same as toward other men—the attitude of real kindness toward an Individual who, like the rest of us, is being "as good as he knows how to be and as bad as he dare be."

This does not mean that the husband shall allow himself to be used for a door mat, nor held up for the ridicule of the neighbors. A sensible father expects his daughter to observe the proprieties. The daughter of a sensible father is more than willing to meet these expectations. In the same way a sensible husband will expect his wife to see no more of the lover than "society" permits her to see of any man not related to her. No sensible American woman will jeopardize her good name under such circumstances. She will control her feelings until she has proved her new attraction and been duly released from the old. If a woman will not conduct herself in a self-respecting manner the sooner she leaves the better for the husband. As for herself, she will learn by experience—as Princess Louise did.

Love is the mightiest force in creation. It will not be gainsaid. But it can be controlled. To pen it up too completely brings explosion, devastation. To give it too free rein means madness with no less devastation. To direct it within reasonable limits is the only safe way.

It takes a cool head and steadfast heart to meet such emergencies as A. J.'s. And eye hath not seen nor ear heard the "Well done" and its attendant glory, which enters into the heart and character of the man who meets such condition and conquers—himself. Not once in a thousand lives has a man such opportunity to prove his godship and bless himself and the world.

THE SYMBOLISM OF COLOR.

At present the topic of Color and its significance is exciting more than superficial interest and wherever one goes some inquiries are sure to be heard concerning both the hygienic and the occult meaning of colors in general and of precious stones in particular. In its highest, most beautiful and most abiding form, color is represented stationarily in gems, and it is by means of jewels that we can gather the fullest meaning of how colors influence those who are constantly attended by them.

Since the publication of Leadbeater's "Man Visible and Invisible" renewed interest has been evinced in the subject of the varying colors of human auras, and as this topic necessitates a high degree of clairvoyance for its complete elucidation it still remains mysterious to the multitude. That there is a color scheme in Nature, it is impossible to doubt, and nowhere is color more pronounced than in the human body. Healthy blood is red; when we are in health our nails are pink, and we all speak truthfully as well as romantically of the loveliness of a pink and white complexion and of the bronze hue which befits the weather-beaten traveller who has encountered storms and been victorious. In the ample field of the world outside, we notice sea-green and sky-blue, and we observe how true it is that every color is lovely

in itself, though it may be perverted to base ends and then its luminosity is lost and its hue becomes dull and murky.

It must be an intensely interesting study to contemplate clairvoyantly the colors of the auric envelopes surrounding people with whom we come in contact, and it is quite within the power of unusually sensitive individuals to do this to an astonishing degree. Nothing can be more impressive than to sit quietly in a dark peaceful room in which there are three or four persons and watch the aura which encircles and emanates from them. In the case of very rigid persons whose mental lives are very monotonous there is little variation in the auric radiation which, in such cases, usually adheres very closely to the person and though of a good is rarely of a brilliant hue. Extremely versatile people often generate kaleidoscopic auras and to watch their auric envelope is to study fascinating changes in appearance whenever their quick, active thought flits from one subject to another.

Leadbeater's classification of color significance is certainly suggestive and not at all unreasonable. Under the general caption Red, we see a clear beautiful magenta representing pure affection, a staring orange-hued red denoting pride, dark murky red displaying selfish affection, brilliant scarlet marking anger, and a very contaminated blackish red showing forth avarice. Blue has an equal variety of differences ranging from clearest sapphire which betokens pure religious feeling, to a most complicated brown and blue mixture, which displays selfish religious feeling. Religious feeling tinged with fear is shown by bluish grey, grey being always the color of fear and blue of aspiration. Love for humanity is described by pink and high unselfish affection by reddish pink. Green is adaptability, but when mixed with brown it portrays deceit. Yellow denotes intellect always! when very clear and bright it stands for a high type of intellect, when of orange hue for strength of intellect, and when intellect is of a low type the blue is murky. Devotion to a noble ideal is pale blue; devotion mingled with affection is purple; high spirituality is pale violet. Sympathy is a yellowish green. Jealousy is brown with red spots. Depression is very dark grey; malice is black.

It is indisputable that color exercises great influence over plants and animals, and human beings cannot afford to ignore its import. The colors we wear have more influence than we know or think upon our own lives and upon those with whom we associate. Much good could be derived from the practice of intelligently choosing colors both for dress and furniture with a view to symbolizing and suggesting what we most desire.—W. J. COLVILLE in *Banner of Light*.

ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

—"The Story of Ab" is a strange and fascinating tale of prehistoric man, by Stanley Waterloo. It is naturally told and full of delightful humor. One feels in every page that it is a true tale well told by an eye witness. Indeed it is whispered that Mr. Waterloo was "Ab" himself in a previous incarnation, and that he pictures these scenes from memory. The reader is almost convinced that it is so, so perfectly does the writer picture the experiences and evolution of "Ab" and his bride, and their relatives and acquaintances. And the story is absolutely faithful to all that scientists have discovered in regard to that strange pre-Adamic age. The writer worked over eight years collecting and collaborating the technical portions of his story. The book is a classic which should be in every library and school. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.; price, \$1.50. May be ordered of Anna C. Waterloo, 87 Washington street, Chicago, who is Stanley Waterloo's sweet wife.

—"Roderick Taliaferro, a Story of Maxmilian's Empire," is a new story by George Cram Cook, young son of Eleanor, an old and beloved friend of ours. Eleanor and George are both Success Circle, and "Roderick" sheds glory over us all. It really does, for it is a masterpiece in a class of its own. The tale is thrilling to the last line, and

it is told in a way all the writer's own. Besides this it is a valuable psychologic study minus all the prosiness usually found in studies. The historic and local coloring are faithful, artistic, beautiful. The writer lived for a time in Mexico, and made good use of eyes and imagination. "Roderick" is published by the Macmillan Company, New York, has been widely and most favorably reviewed, and may be had at any book store.

—"The New Life" is the latest—a dainty new thought infant which first sees the light at Orofino, Idaho. Ida M. Brooks and Elizabeth Lieurance are its wet nurses. I assume they are wet nurses because they certainly are not dry. The new baby is to appear monthly for public inspection, and every inspector is supposed to pay seventy-five cents for twelve glimpses, or ten cents for one. May *The New Life* wax fat and prosperous.

—"The Secret of Power" is a new pamphlet of twenty-three pages by G. Ralph Weston, M. D., the forceful editor of *It*, San Antonio, Tex. The price of "The Secret of Power" is fifty cents; and *It* is \$1 a year. Dr. Weston is a follower and champion of Helen Wilmans who says what he thinks, and says it so hard you are silenced even when you are not convinced, which you generally are. The "Secret" breathes health, happiness and success.

—"Little Jeremiads," by Ralph Albertson, editor of *The American Cooperator*, Lewiston, Me., is an artistic little volume of bright and pithy articles on social economics, which sells for fifty cents. Well worth a careful reading. Have you seen the *American Cooperator*? Thirty-two pages of bright reading every Saturday, for only \$1 a year. Every business man should get acquainted with it.

—E. M. Boynton, inventor of the Boynton Bicycle Railway, whose ad. appears in *Nautilus*, has invented something else which solves a big problem in engineering. This is a "willow mat" to prevent the washing away of embankments. It is made of a warp of willow shoots loosely woven with a woof of wire. This "matting" is laid along the sides of the banks, where the willow shoots soon take root, making an entrenchment against washouts which grows in efficacy as time passes; and which makes an embankment a thing of greenness and beauty. A company has been organized to manufacture the willow mats. If you have a lot of money and want to come in on a good thing write Mr. Boynton at Newburyport, Mass.

—"Mother's Poems" is a dainty and substantial volume of poems and songs by Sara Lett Cotteau, compiled by her daughter, Dr. Ida Cotteau of Deadwood, S. D. No price given; publishers, Heidner Publishing Company, 174 South Clinton street, Chicago.

—"I take the liberty of sending you with my compliments, the enclosed copy of 'Twenty Toasts,' which has been really written and issued under the inspiration and guidance received through—or immediately after my joining—the Success Circle. I trust it may prove a success, and that you will not consider it any particular disparagement to the Success Circle that I should attribute the existence of 'Twenty Toasts' to it. With kind regards and a frank acknowledgement of the much good you have done me by your writings, I am, Yours very truly,"—J. REEVES BOLTON, 431 West 57th street, New York.

Success Circle writers are coming to the front! "Twenty Toasts" is an ornament and sheds glory. Original, poetic, just the thing for banqueters. Done tastily, blue, gray and red, price twenty-five cents. Send to the author for it.

—Please excuse the delay in filling orders for "Joy Philosophy." The book was ready promptly on time, but alas and alack, there appeared two serious errors and the whole edition is being corrected. It will soon be ready. Fret not thy heart over this unavoidable delay.

—"The Hindu-Yogi Science of Breath" is a new book by Yogi Ramacharaka, which will surely interest *Nautilus* readers. Ramacharaka is a Western adept whom I have known personally, a man who has made a deep study of Eastern lore which he has personally applied. In this book he simplifies, explains and classifies the wisdom of ages, putting it into concise and readable form for the busy men and women of the 20th century.

Almost every imaginable sort of breathing exercise is given in this book, along with the whys and wherefores. I recommend it for study and practice, to every *Nautilus* reader. Price, fifty cents; seventy-three pages well printed and bound.

—Dr. S. Arbor West of Rock Port, Mo., is beginning publication of a new monthly magazine, *The Christ*. Send him five cents for a sample. And he is building a "New Home" for *The Christ*. You can help him and edify yourself by sending him \$2 for a year's subscription to *The Christ* and the two handsome little volumes of his "Master Christian Series"; or \$1.50 for the two books alone. These books are a concise and interesting exposition of the entire new thought philosophy, along with directions for exercises to develop the power to master self and environment.

—Are you interested in scientific theories? Then you will certainly be interested in Franklin H. Heald's "Procession of the Planets" as set forth in a small and inaccurately printed book for which he asks \$1. It looks like a big price, but you remember the old saying about "valuable goods"; and scientists have to ask larger prices than Hearsts and Eddie Boks and Winners get—the scientist's audience is smaller. Franklin Heald's theory is rational, logical, interesting. Address him or his magazine, *Higher Science*, at 215 Stimson block, Los Angeles, Cal.

—*New Thought Searchlight* is a bright new resurrection of the old original *New Thought*, published by A. Virginia Sheppard, 907 Irwin avenue, Allegheny, Pa. "*Fiat Lux*" is its motto, and it looks it. May it wax fat and possess the land.

—*Suggestion*, published at 4020 Drexel boulevard, Chicago, grows brighter and brighter under the direction of Elmer Ellsworth Carey, its new co-editor and manager.

—*The Golden Rule* is a neat eight-page, \$1-a-year monthly published at 915 Benton boulevard, Kansas City, Mo., by two good new thought brothers, Cornelius B. Ratzlaff and David B. Ratzlaff. Try 'em.

—*The Path-Finder's* address is now Key P. O., Ark., instead of Roswell, Col. Glowing reports come back from the new Ozark air-eating colony. August *Path-Finder*, price ten cents, will tell you all about it. Reading about it made me want to hit that *Path-Finder* trail!

—Harry Gestefeld, associate editor of *The Exodus*, Chicago, is a better critic than mental scientist. He gives my "Experiences" a splendid write-up in August *Exodus*. I felt quite set up over it as I read; for Harry is a bright, cultured young man, and he's good looking too, as I remarked once before. I enjoyed hearing him "chant the beauties of the good" in my little book. But I have observed that Harry is never quite satisfied to chant the beauties of the good; he has to "bark against the bad," to make things even. He barked against my slang and my "dearies." Herein he is not "scientific"; and because he barks against the bad he himself gets barked against. There is one cute little bark that I must let you smile at. It came on a postal card from Adiramled who publishes his, her or its bright dollar-a-year monthly at East Orange, N. J. Adiramled says: "Dear Elizabeth: I thought 'Exodus' meant, 'out of the woods'; but I see it has not yet buried the Egyptian. Let us pray!" And we did—prayed forgiveness for this much of a bark against Harry. And we hope Harry will not feel badly about our gentle little bark, which is really worse than our bite.

—Ho, all ye timid and bashful ones! Send ten cents for a copy of August *Success* (University building, New York city), and read Zona Gale's story of "The Shyness of Beth Croft" and how she was cured. Touches the key note in a practical way that you can utilize.

—"My husband is always against me." N. D. Oh, dearie me, he cannot be against you unless you are against him. It takes two to make a condition of that sort, and either can change it. When your husband would have you go with him a mile go two miles with all your heart. Do this every time and it won't be many days until you

will find him wanting to go *your* way most of the time. It is a safe, easy and *certain* cure, and the only one I know of, for the husband-against-me disease. Proof of the pudding in the eating.

—Here are two photos. One shows a delicate, unhappy face; the other shows the same woman five years later, her face agleam with health and fun, and under her name she writes "This was taken since reading some of your literature; don't you feel flattered?" Yes, "flattered" and happy to think I can help in such a metamorphosis.

—My new booklet on "How to Train Children and Parents" is receiving the heartiest commendation from editors of other magazines. Such good reviews! I'd write every one of those reviewers a special letter of thanks if there wasn't so many of them and I so busy. As it is I am treating 'em to the very best I can think of by the wireless route.

—"We are magnets attracting exactly what we are thinking and demanding." (Article in last *Nautilus*.) Why did the perfect One who sent out nothing but love to all receive so much hate in return? Why should we think all forms of Evil good, agree with it and go with it when our great Example rebuked sin on every hand?" F. B.

Don't you see that the statement in the latter question answers the former? Jesus rebuked people. He was a Pharisee of the Pharisees who thought everybody wrong but himself; he went around declaring woe to others; with whips he drove some of them out of their own temples; in his practice he set himself against the established order and the established order accepted his challenge and rose against him. He attracted what he got. Then he had also the idea that he was a redeemer and would bear the punishment due to others. This in itself was enough to bring upon him all sorts of undeserved punishment. By his thought of being punished for the sins of others he attracted such punishment. Last of all, Jesus did not send out "nothing but love to all"; do you suppose "love" shouts anathema in the market place or plies the whip in the temple? No. Jesus dwelt upon the "sins" of the people until his temper got away with him; just as it gets away with you and me when we keep on dwelling upon the "sins" of those about us. Jesus' ideals were sublime; but he did not always live up to them—even as you and I. In his exalted moments he said "resist not evil"; when he got down among the "evils" he vibrated with them to some extent. He met them with anger, resentment, resistance, force. And attracted the results. Get rid of the hypnotic spell cast by generations of dogma, read the Bible in the spirit, as you'd read Emerson, and you will understand Jesus as he really is. Why shall you resist not evil? Because resistance is evil itself; to resist evil is to make more evil. To LOVE is to go with the resisting power, and melt it into love itself. Be still and know.

—"For the last seventeen years I have read and studied everything possible, hoping to find something which would enable me to overcome my limitations. I feel as if I were chained to a rock. Am getting desperate." E. R.

Good! When you get desperate enough you will quit looking for deliverance. You are chained to a rock—the rock of your own inertia. All the reading in creation will no more "overcome your limitations" than it will eat and breathe for you. The trouble with you is that you are waiting inertly for some mighty force to pick you up by the coat collar, make you over and set you down in the environment of a millionaire. Of course you feel "chained"; of course you feel your "limitations." And you look outside yourself for help. I'm glad you are getting desperate! That is a sure sign you are coming to yourself. When you once do that you will look about you and see a dozen, yes, a hundred places where you are not limited. You will wake up and get interested in doing what you can do, and being what you can be; instead of drudging thoughtlessly and wailing over what you can't do or be. You are like a child who cries and wrings its hands because it can't get over the wall, when at either hand there are openings leading through the wall. When you see a "limitation" you settle back despairing, instead of using your wits to get around it. You

wait for some outside intelligence to pick you up and set you over the wall, instead of using your own gumption and energy to find a way around or under. And then, there never yet was a wall so high it could not be scaled somehow; but never by the man or woman who dubs it an impossible. Even if there are no openings in your stone wall you can exercise your energy and wits INSIDE the wall until you DEVELOP power enough to scale it, or to MAKE an opening through it. You see that's the trouble—you despise the day of small things and refuse to develop your wisdom and power on the things near at hand. You are not limited; you are only paralyzed from gazing on the mountains you cannot move just now. Remove your gaze, and attack with a will one of the mole-hills. You will soon prove your power.

—NOBODY receives *Nautilus* with his name and a date PRINTED on a little yellow label on the wrapper, unless he is a PAID subscriber. If he has not paid his own subscription some friend has done it for him. There are not a dozen names on the *Nautilus* subscription list of nearly 10,000 (outside the exchange list, of course), who are not paid subscribers; not over a few hundred of these have been paid for by others than themselves; and never more than one or two particular friends are ever paid for by any one person. I venture to say there is not a cleaner or better kept subscription list in the whole United States, outside *Harper's* or *Century's*, where the price is high and every name is cut out the day the subscription expires. In due time I may get the *Nautilus* list onto this basis—may promptly cut off every one who does not renew on time. No self-respecting publisher desires to send his wares to those who do not care enough for them to keep track of their subscriptions and pay their dues. But just now it pleases 99 out of 100 of *Nautilus* subscribers better if I keep on sending the paper and trust them to remit.

LOOK AT YOUR WRAPPER!

I mean the one in which your *Nautilus* comes. Beside your name appears the date of expiration of your subscription. See that it is right. If your credit is incorrect notify me NOW and it will be corrected. If your subscription has expired won't you please RE-NEW NOW! And make glad the heart of

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

And it pays me; for every name which I strike from the list and then have re-entered costs three or four cents. All changes of address cost this. If I crossed names off at expiration of payment I'd have three-fourths of them to re-enter inside a month. It pays to wait, even though a few grumble. It is not possible to please all, and my way pleases the large majority. *Nautilus* will continue to be sent to subscribers until I receive notification to discontinue. And the notification must come at the expiration of the subscription. We cannot disarrange our business methods for the sake of a few who say when subscribing, "If I don't renew on time please discontinue." Send notice at the right time, my friends—then I'll know you haven't simply been busy and forgotten to renew. It is not businesslike to expect others to make exceptions and special provisions for the benefit of a few. Be business-like. It is better for you as well as myself.

—"The following incident in the life of Pestalozzi is related by Krusi, his first associate teacher at Burgdorf. It is authentic and shows the power of the mind over the body: 'A foreign ambassador announced his intention to visit the school on a certain day. Pestalozzi, unfortunately, was confined to his bed by violent illness. Nevertheless, he insisted on being present on this important occasion, and, supported by Krusi, he entered the schoolroom with many a groan. He questioned his pupils; his eyes began to glisten, and receiving their quick answers, he became animated, and his restless mind did not suffer the body to remain quiet. He left the supporting arm, dropped the cane, moved about with a step that grew steadier and quicker, till he actually forgot—nay lost, all his pain. The mind had triumphed over the body and performed a cure which no physical agency could have effected in the same time.'"

Two of the entries at a famous yearly college long-distance race held near Boston last April, were not well when the race began. One of the young men had eaten something injudicious. He no sooner started to run than he was overtaken with pains in the bowels, which increased until

he gave up and retired, after running two or three miles. The other young man was in pain when he started, from a similar cause, but he was determined to run if it did hurt. The pains increased and became cramps; perspiration rolled off him; his muscles almost refused to obey; and yet he ran—one mile, two miles!—on past his companion doubled up by the roadside—three miles, four miles!—and now he was in sight of other runners; and the pain had loosened its grip a bit. He redoubled his efforts, overhauled all the other runners, passed them, and won that ten-mile foot race. And he reached the goal a well man. *

* * Some six years ago when I kept house out in Oregon and did all my own work I used to sweep and dust eight rooms on Friday. One Thursday night I couldn't sleep for aching, and I rose Friday morning with a well developed case of grip. I made up my mind that house should be cleaned if I did ache. I gave the broom handle a grip that meant business, gritted my teeth at the aches, and sailed in. Windows up, curtains back, dust-cap-a-pie, I kept at it with a will. I thought the sooner I got through with it the sooner I could lie down and nurse the grip. But at ten o'clock (I began about seven) I found myself feeling better, and at noon the ache was all gone and my head nearly clear. A little warm lunch completed the cure and the grip and I parted company. * * * Many a time I have worked off a threatened sick spell, and wondered about it. * * * All kinds of sicknesses are due to clogged condition of the body. Anything which relieves the clogging relieves the pain. A dose of cathartic makes more or less of an upheaval and thus relieves the pressure of clogging, and the pain subsides. Active exercise raises the body's temperature and induces deep breathing, by which much of the clogging matter is burned up; it increases the peristaltic action of glands, arteries and intestines, thus hastening the processes of elimination; it increases the flow of perspiration by which clogging matter is thrown off through the pores; it awakens the will and mind toward the cleansing of the body. When the clogging matter is first started on its outward way there may be pain; but if the runner have determination enough he will soon pass the painful phase and win, a well man, whilst his friend who "couldn't stand the pain" groans by the wayside and is carted home in the ambulance to get well by a slower, because unaided, process of elimination. * * * I have broken up a cold by lying in a hot bath with open windows and taking deep, full, regular breaths rather fast, until I felt my face perspiring. A good rub down and a night's sleep completed the cleaning. * * * All illness is housecleaning. * * * Abstemious diet, plenty of breathing of outdoor air, frequent bathing and judicious exercise will prevent clogging and sickness of mind or body. * * * Oh, you think that "materialistic" teaching, do you? Well, it isn't "material," dearie, because there is nothing material. Body is mind. Water is mind. Air is mind. All is mind. Breathing, bathing, eating, exercising, are all mental processes which your mind should learn to do well.

—Shelton says "eat anything you want," but even he can't keep his own baby from "a little indigestion" when it follows his maxim. I should say to a cub or a wild cat, "eat what you want," because I'd know the cub or wild cat would have to work for what it got. But such an injunction is unwise for civilized babies, big or little, who are continually tempted to want more than is good for 'em. Baby Blanche eats "what she wants" and Lady Blanche calls the doctor! Ye gods, Thomas Jefferson, there's a screw loose either in your doctrine or your practice!

—"Joy Philosophy" has just arrived, in all its glory of purple silk and gold. All the held-up orders will be filled this day, August 12; so if you have not received your copy before this *Nautilus* reaches you please let me know immediately. I am proud of this new book and I believe you will all want it and will be helped and pleased by it. Price, \$1.

—Nothing goes out of your life but makes room for something better.

THE PRESENT TENSE.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Live in the present.

Let the dead past remain dead. Don't try to resurrect it.

Trust the future to bring you just what it will be best for you to have. Concentrate all your thought and effort upon the present—the *living* present.Whatever the past has been or the future may be you can only *live* in the present. Do your level best to make the *present* moment a success.

If you allow yourself to worry about the future, you will find that in about one hundred cases out of one hundred the things you have worried about never come to pass. Then why not let go entirely and leave the future to the All Embracing Power which has guided your life in the past.

To worry about the future weakens present effort. If your energies run out into the future, your present success is weakened correspondingly.

The present hour is a step in the journey of life, and you can take but one step at a time. Give your *whole* attention to taking that step carefully and in the best possible manner.

SEEK YOUR OWN APPROBATION.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely."—*Jesus*.

Your own soul's approval is worth far more than the plaudits of the crowd. Seek the advice and guidance of your Real Self, regardless of what others may say or think of you. Until you can do this you are not on the Great Path that leads to oneness with Principle. He only is strong who follows the voice of his soul though all the world condemns and criticizes his actions. Make Truth supreme in thy heart.

The mortal self craves the approbation of the multitude. The Real Self seeks none of the world's applause. It goes on its own course, serene, unruffled, unswayed either by the praise or blame of others.

Listen to the words of the great Emerson: "I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me." And again: "Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies."

Be sure that your own soul approves of what you do, then go straight forward on your course. Trust ALL to the guidance of your Real Self. Make this Self the supreme factor in your life. Thus shall you find yourself at-one with God and in harmonious relations with all the universe. The mortal self, the human will, the desire for approbation from without, the greed for material wealth and power and worldly wisdom, all will have been completely washed away from you by the consciousness of the presence of the Universal One as the life of your life.

HOW TO WORK.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

When you work, pay attention to what you are doing, and to nothing else.

Don't get flurried and hurried until your stomach is tied up in hard knots, your head is hot, your feet cold, your temper ruffled and your solar plexus refuses to shine.

You are often commanded to love your work, and you may find it a hard thing to do, but keep trying. See if you cannot discover some new and better way of going at it.

I am a great believer in frequent change of work where this is possible. Work never ought to become drudgery. Under the reign of the co-operative commonwealth, which is to be, work will never become drudgery.

Work is an expression of man's creative power.

It should be a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It should always be an expression of individuality.

The invention of modern labor-saving machinery has rendered the processes of manufacture largely mechanical along almost every line. If the hours of labor were short this would not be so bad, but to work at mechanical labor for ten or twelve hours per day is deadening to soul and body. Yet even workers who belong to this class can put something of themselves into their work.

Self-preservation requires that you make your work so far as possible an expression of yourself. You should put thought into every part of it, however purely mechanical it may be. Nothing will more quickly and surely disintegrate and break down a strong constitution than mechanical labor performed with the mind on other things, or allowed to drift idly at will.

The one who accomplishes the most work in the easiest manner is the one who avoids tension. To work constantly in a condition of mental strain is slow suicide. Take each minute by itself and work as if that minute had neither beginning nor end. In other words, work ever in the present tense. If the mind is constantly reaching out to the point where your task is to be finished, you cannot give the best that is in you to the work in hand.

Glorify your labor however humble it may be. Seek to do your work a little better each day. This is the way, and the only sure way, to attract something higher and better.

Do not be discouraged by environment. Do not allow the soul to be weighed down by drudgery. Let it rise and soar. Do not think of yourself as bound, but rather as learning a useful lesson which, when mastered, will give place to something better and higher.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still;
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There alway, alway something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

—EMERSON.

"Look for it, and listen to it, first in your own heart. * * * There is a natural melody, an obscure fount, in every human heart. * * * At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope and love."—*Light on the Path*.

Back of all seeming inharmony dwells the grand Principle of harmony. This Principle dwells at the very center of being. It exists in the soul of the most depraved as well as in the soul of the saint. Sometime and somehow all souls will come into perfect relations with this Divine Principle, and become conscious of the great "Song of Life" which is ever trying to sing itself at the center of being.

The saint is simply a little further along on the Path than the sinner. That is the only difference between them. Both have a common origin and a common destiny. The good man has, through long experience, extending no doubt through numberless earth lives, learned the folly of evil and caught more or less perfect glimpses of the Principle of Being. The sinner is still hypnotized by the senses. He is held in thrall to them in order that he may learn that they are only an illusion, that they are simply a reflection, an instrument in the hands of Divine Intelligence.

When through experience the soul becomes satisfied of this truth, it is ready to listen to the "Song of Life" which is ever waiting to give peace to those who will seek it.

As long as one lives on the sense plane he sees only darkness and inharmony on all sides. He only realizes peace by fits and starts. He is constantly seeking and never satisfied. In his consciousness the "Song of Life" is stilled. He does not *listen* for it. The Great Song can only be heard in the silence.

He who lives on the sense plane seeks for satisfaction in the noise, in that which is without himself. The Song is always within. Without there is inharmony always. By straining after that which is without you get further and further away from the Real Self and the peace and joy within.

The Great Song can only be heard when you are *satisfied* with your experiences on the outer plane, when you are *willing* to *let go* the personal self and *listen* in the silence to that which is within. "Ask and ye shall receive! knock and it shall be opened unto you."The person who lives on the intellectual plane can never hear the Song of Life in its fullness. He is too proud in his conceit to *listen* for it. He stifles the voice of intuition, which would save him from suffering and inharmony. To the worshipper of intellect, earth is a hell because he has no knowledge of the inner harmony. He attracts to himself conditions which will, sooner or later, compel him to let go of his pride and intellectual conceit. This is absolutely necessary to his salvation. Without this letting go of the intellect there would be self-annihilation.

The Song of Life can only sing itself in you when you are in harmonious relations with the Whole. So long as you are on the intellectual plane you are bound by selfishness. You seek to raise yourself at the expense of others, because you do not yet realize the oneness of Life.

The Great Song is for ALL. It cannot be heard until your crust of selfishness and pride is broken and you are ready to give up the personal self for the larger consciousness.

BRIEF POINTS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * There is an amusing story in the *Youth's Companion* about a pig who was adopted at a very tender age by an Irish setter dog, and brought up with her puppies. He acquired many of the habits of his adopted family, could drive cattle equal to the best dog on the farm, and insisted on having a sponge bath every day. The crowning sorrow of his otherwise happy life, says the *Companion*, lies in his inability to bark. He used to make serious attempts to do so, and seemed especially shocked and grieved that his best efforts should meet with such poor results.

* * * In the same issue of the *Companion* which contained the above true story was another incident of a widow lady who had brought up a large family of children to render unquestioning obedience to her slightest wishes. One Sunday she gathered the children together after their return from church and announced to them that on Thursday evening she should marry Dr. Lane, a gentleman whom they all knew and respected. For a few moments a blank silence ensued which was broken by the eldest son inquiring, "Mother, when are you going to tell Dr. Lane?"

* * * The August number of *Christian* is full of life and sparkle. Both Burnell and Shelton are firing away upon the subject of regeneration, and their words are the best I have yet seen upon this subject.

* * * In the passing of Pope Leo the world loses the earthly presence and service of a great and good man. The *New York Journal* says: "The death of the Pope has been universally lamented as that of a broad-spirited man, working earnestly for the welfare of his own people and of all people."

* * * The fact that the Catholic church should have had so tolerant, enlightened and generous a man as Pope Leo for its head is one of the signs of the times, and goes to show that the world as a whole is fast growing in the direction of religious toleration.

* * * The man who is to succeed Pope Leo

also has a reputation for breadth and tolerance. There is nothing of the fanatic in his make-up. It is expected that he will carry out the plans of his predecessor so far as the conduct of church matters is concerned.

*** Speaking of the tolerance and breadth of the late Pope, it is of interest to note that during his last illness he was attended, at his own request, by Dr. Mazzoni, who was not a Catholic but an avowed atheist. As a man the Pope trusted and esteemed the atheist physician.

*** The New York Journal in a recent editorial gives the best and most-to-the-point definition of an atheist that we have ever seen. It says: "An atheist is one doing his best to go back to the animal kingdom."

*** *Wings of Truth*, O Hashnu Hara's splendid magazine, appears in new and enlarged form for July. The name has been changed to *The English Magazine of Mysteries*. This is the leading new thought magazine in England. Published at 15 Tothill street, Westminster, London, S. W., England.

*** When the Real Man awakes in you he will free you from the effects of the hypnotic slumber which centuries of wrong thinking have produced. You are now in sad bondage to the physical senses. You are hypnotized by error at every turn, because you have not yet come into a knowledge of eternal truth.

*** Avoid argument, discussion, contention. These always lead away from truth. I always have a sneaking feeling as if I had been robbing a hen roost after engaging in any sort of discussion. Hear what Emerson says anent argument: "What low, poor, paltry, hypocritical people an argument on religion will make of the pure and chosen souls. Shuffle they will and crow, crook and hide, feign to confess here, only that they may brag and conquer there, and not a thought has enriched either party, and not an emotion of bravery, modesty or hope."

*** Arguing and prize fighting are on a par. Each belongs to the animal stage of existence.

*** Truth is found through calm, serene meditation, and not through intellectual strife. A mind heated by argument is in no condition to receive a message of truth.

*** "The People of the Abyss," is the title given to a most interesting series of articles by Jack London, now being published in *Wilshire's Magazine*. These articles show exactly how the submerged part of London exists. *Wilshire's* is published monthly at 125 East 23d street, New York city. Ten cents per copy, \$1 per year.

*** Never yet was there a great soul who had not to reject sense pleasures and enjoyments to become such.—*Raja Yoga*.

*** The senses bind and limit. The great soul must be free. He must overcome and be a master of the senses instead of their servant. Most people are slaves to their senses. They are bound and hampered at every turn.

*** He who would gain freedom must learn unselfishness, so far as the personal self is concerned. To follow the lead of the senses is to become a selfish brute. Unselfishness makes of man a Master—a conqueror.

*** When the unity of all life is realized, the personal self naturally sinks into the background, and the soul longs to become the servant of the Whole. If this desire is followed it will lead, ultimately, to happiness and freedom.

W. E. T.

—Holyoke is in the throes of a tedious but not very exciting strike involving something like 3,500 employees of the American Writing Paper Company. At one of their mills, the Albion Division, the regular *Nautilus* paper is manufactured. A new run of paper for *Nautilus* was being finished for delivery when the strike went on, about two months ago. So August *Nautilus* and part of July were printed on the next best thing to be had. And September number too, may have to appear on a makeshift. When the strike is over

we will go back to our old bright, white Albion No. 1 and be thankful.

—Holyoke is a great place for strikes. About three-quarters of the population are mill operatives, and nine-tenths of them belong to the unions. Consequently unionism waxes fat and sassy and tries to run the town. It pretty nearly succeeds, but not quite. I notice that justice keeps her seat most of the time, in spite of the arrogance which always comes with numbers of the bossed becoming the boss. Whenever the strikes hinge on shorter hours and better pay the unions win out, as they ought; but when the strike is declared to compel "recognition" the unions get licked, as they ought.

—A demand for "recognition" is simply a demand to compel every workman to join the union or starve to death. That is exactly what "recognition" means from the union standpoint. It is compulsion, slavery; opposed to the constitution of the United States and the universe itself. The unions have been beaten hundreds of times on that issue and they will keep on being beaten until the men grow gumption enough not to try to force discrimination against those who for any reason choose to go it alone. Speed the day when union men and women wake up to the fact that to discriminate against others is to bring down discrimination against themselves. "As ye sow so shall ye reap," is a law too strong for even a universal union to buck against.

—The only way to bring all workmen into the union fold is to run the union on such broad, upright, responsible and just lines that he who runs may read the benefits to be derived from joining the union. When it pays every man to join a union no man will stay out. If there are individuals here and there who think it does not pay, what of it? *This is a free universe*. Let them do as they please, even as you do as you please. The unions are learning—by experience. After a bit they will find the solid foundation of equity and employ themselves in bettering the conditions of the members, instead of crying "scab" at outsiders and urging employers to discriminate in favor of union men.

—Now don't go off half cocked with the report that Elizabeth Towne is "unfair" and anti-union. I am not. I believe in unionism with all my heart. It is the mightiest of weapons for bettering conditions of "the masses." *It is the parent of the Christian Socialism which will eventually unionize this whole country for the benefit of each and all*. All glory to unionism and more power to its elbow.

—But power is taken away from the union or person who uses the methods of the Inquisition. Union or person will prosper in proportion as he works for his own good without restricting the good of others. Why should the rich man resent Lazarus' profiting by the crumbs from his table? When the individuals of unions are wise enough they will be glad that outsiders profit by their good works. *The whole human race is in the union, whether it thinks so or not; the good of one is the good of all; and the conditions of all must be made better before real freedom and prosperity can be enjoyed by any*. Why not enlarge your vision and your hearts, oh union ones, and be glad that an outsider's conditions are made better by your efforts? Why not "be perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect"—why not glory in shining upon the unjust as well as upon the just? It is not fitting that so great a good as unionism should grudge a "scab" what he can get in the way of employment. It is not business to waste time, money and mental energy in making it uncomfortable for non-union men. *The same amount of energy, time and money put into improving the conditions of men already in the unions would quickly prove the real good of unions, and the non-unionists would fall over themselves to join*.

—The Christian religion has been a splendid thing for the world. But when it waxed too fat and sassy and tried to compel every man to be a Christian or get off the earth it lost its power. Church and state were divorced and the Inquisi-

tion paralyzed. The unions would lose their power too if they persisted in 20th century inquisition methods. But they won't. They are learning by experience to do as they would be done by. It is all a matter of education of the Individual.

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. OK, 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. OK, 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:—

"I feel I must write you about how my success is growing. I closed my season at Toronto very suddenly, and I of course felt that it was a little unfortunate. But I braced up and said, No, it must be good. I immediately followed my first impression and went to Boston and joined my husband. He was playing there at Keith's. I met Mr. A. of the 'Q. A. Co.' and he offered me a part in same company with my husband and we open the last of August. All so unexpected and just what I wanted." E. B.

This letter is too good an illustration to suppress. I want every Success Circle member to read it and catch on. Know you that all things work together for good to those who pronounce them good. Generally they work for good anyway; but we can postpone the good by pronouncing things "bad" and then wasting our attractive force in fretting and fussing and railing at our "bad luck." "E. B." kept cool and looked for good; therefore she was in condition to receive and act upon the right impression; and she was in the right, bright mental condition to attract the attention of her new manager. A woe-begone, fretted appearance would undoubtedly have lost her this opportunity even after her Desire had taken her into its very arms. She met it with an expectant face. Someone has dubbed cheerfulness the "Axle-Grease of Success." A good name. He who looks for good is full of cheerful expectancy which greases the wheels of his progress in the desired direction. A sad or worried visage means hard running and slow progress. Now, dearies, use generously the Axle-Grease of Success, and use it every hour. Help all things to work for what you desire—help them by smiling at them.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

—September.

—Seventh month of the Roman year.

—Septem—seven; the perfect number.

—Month when the harvest is perfected and man comes into his own.

—The September of the soul is eternal in the heavens within. The time to enter in is NOW.

—The only cure for procrastination is to DO IT NOW until you form the habit of doing now. Be on the lookout for things to do NOW.

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This is a new book of mine which Sydney Flower is publishing in purple silk cloth and gold, to be sold at \$1. It contains about 18 articles, most of which are appearing this year in *New Thought*. I believe my readers will appreciate this book. It contains some of the most original and helpful articles I have ever written. The chapters on "The Center of Light," "The Law of Being," "How it works," "Good Circulation," "Low Living," "The Limitless Self," "Ideals," "Can and Will" and the chapters on Desire and Duty are particularly good. This is my first dollar book and you will want it. The book is now ready and may be ordered at any time of the author.

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"I am in a draw for prizes and I want to know if there is any particular suggestion which would make me almost sure of winning. I saw in a paper once that occult students believed they could win in speculations, etc. Have also seen advertised in occult books, 'How to Succeed in Speculation.'" W. J.

The one Word of success is SUCCESS. Believe ye receive, and ye shall have it. I presume this same law would apply in lotteries, etc. It all depends upon believing the Word of success you speak for yourself. If you can thoroughly believe that lotteries are good, legitimate business enterprises—if you can believe it in your heart, you may be able to speak the Word of success with the required faith to bring results. To me lotteries are disreputable things. I despise 'em. Likewise I do not believe I could gain real happiness or profit from anything my conscience disapproves. Consequently I could not believe my Word or suggestion spoken for success in a lottery. To me a lottery is a Good Thing to part fools and their money, to the end that said fools learn something. And yet there are people who win in lotteries, a very few of them; and once in 10,000 times there may be one who makes laudable use of such money. But the chances are mainly with the fellow who runs the lottery, and he is not to be envied for the amount of good he gets out of his money. I prefer legitimate money making enterprises—something I can do openly and above board and be proud of; something I can put my loving interest and best energies into. I feel that lotteries are better suited to lazy men and thieves. Now these are my sentiments. I speak them in answer to several inquiries. If your sentiments are different, why, all right. You have a right to your opinions, and the right to decide your own actions. You are your own judge and your own executioner. If you are "off" a little experience with lotteries may put you on.

"Yesterday for the first time a *Nautilus* came to me, the June number; and I have read it, especially the answer to 'Caroline.' I understand 'Caroline,' for I am a home woman with husband, children and an experience. I think William wrote that article—Elizabeth was away from home. But even Elizabeth would not understand 'Caroline.' We only fully understand what we have actually experienced in our own lives. Yes, 'Caroline' should love her work but perhaps she is really trying to do something that is not her work." S.

What is "her work"? It is the work she finds herself doing. As long as she chooses to do it, it is "her work"; as long as she "has it to do" it is "her work." WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do is THY WORK for this particular time and place. And the woman (or man) who does her work with a half-heart and divided mind is robbing herself of promotion. By half doing she is binding herself to drudgery. To love your work is the ONLY way to do your best in it, and get out of it the progress which lies in any work well done. There is no such thing as "trying to do what is not your work." That is a thoughtless excuse for half doing things. Your work is this thing you find to do NOW, and only by putting your whole soul into it can you ever hope to get out of life the love and beauty your soul craves. I am saying this from experience; and I am saying it myself. Whatever William writes for *Nautilus* is signed with his own name. All unsigned articles and items are written by the editor's "own fair hand."

"I belong to your Success Circle and through your help my son got a fine position which he and myself are so thankful for." E. S. * * * "We certainly have felt the most wonderful good from your Success Circle." E. I. * * * "I send fifty cents for your magazine *Points*. Send me two copies always, and keep the change!!! Ten cents is too little for me, William, thanks to Elizabeth's Success Circle." H. M. F. * * * "I wrote you to help because of pending difficulties with our firm. There was immediate relief, and I thank you and our magic Success Circle." M. A. * * * "Here is my renewal for *Nautilus* and Success Circle. In this world's goods I am worth about as much again as I was a year ago. Allow me to offer you my sincerest thanks for my waking up." S. S. * * * "Ever since I joined your Success Circle we have got along nicely. Please keep me in it for we want to get along NICER." M. F.

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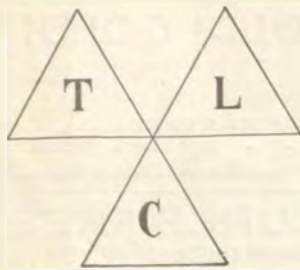
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THE BOSTON, QUINCY AND FALL RIVER BICYCLE RAILWAY CO.

Sixteen committees of the Senate and the House of Massachusetts, commissioned and paid by the state, have made unanimous reports that the Boynton Bicycle Railway system ought to be built so as to be universally adopted by all existing railways of standard gauge, as it would reduce their expense to less than one-half, multiply their capacity four-fold, multiply the speed and safety from two to four-fold and thus, without interfering with the existing tracks or traffic, secure a great public benefit, not only to the state but to the whole world. The text books on street railways by Professors Houston and Kennelly, presidents of the American Societies of Electrical Engineers, teach to the youth of America that the saving is four-fold, the safety absolute, the applicability to existing roads without change practical. The fact that it has been applied to 50,000 trains upon the standard gauge road, jointly applied, carrying hundreds of thousands, passing one train by another and whenever desirable using the standard gauge track for the two track trains, proves the truth of the text book and of the reports of all engineers in favor of the system. The deep edgewise cars carry these passengers with one-tenth the car weight, with a corresponding saving, and as the members of the Legislature have run these trains a series of years, we will not discuss the practical feasibility of ascertained facts, officially reported and impossible of contradiction.

To give an opportunity to compel the universal use of that which would make as great a gain in speed, safety and economy as the railway now existing is over the old stage coach and baggage wagon, Massachusetts has granted this franchise, with permission to construct 50 miles of elevated railway above all grade crossings from Boston to Fall River. It is expected to connect the two cities in 30 minutes, stopping at Brockton and Taunton, or 45 minutes with accommodation trains stopping at every station. The fare is required to be 5 cents in each city or town, or in general, about one cent per mile. There being no grade crossings, the state is relieved from the expense of abolishing grade crossings between the cities of Boston and Fall River. The surveys are completed and the right of way selected, so that there can be no occupancy of the streets between Boston and Fall River or injury to any individual, as the reparation is complete under the law of eminent domain. The silence, safety, swiftness and cheapness, and frequency of stops, will double the price of all property along the line. Twelve cities and towns, after the filing of more than 100 maps of survey, and after 68 public meetings and the opposition of the ablest counsel of the New Haven road, have unanimously granted locations without any further restrictions than the severe conditions written in the charter by the representatives of these cities and of Massachusetts.

The above Company has been licensed to build under the patents of the

BOYNTON BICYCLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY,

for which it is to receive One Million at par of the certificates of the builders of said company.

A few Shares of the Patent Company are for sale at \$50.00 each, payable in five monthly instalments, or 5 per cent discount for all at once.

Address

E. M. BOYNTON, President, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.