

THE NAUTILUS.

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Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office
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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."

Vol. V. { MONTHLY.
Fifty Cents a Year. }

OCTOBER, 1903.

{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

No. 12

THE MAN FROM THE CROWD.

Men seem as alike as the leaves on the trees,
As alike as the bees in a swarming of bees;
And we look at the millions that make up the state,
All equally little and equally great,
And the pride of our courage is cowed.
Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men,—
There's a surge in the crowd—there's a movement,—and then
There arises the man who is larger than men,—
And the man comes up from the crowd.
The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
And the little small days of small things still go on,
And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn,
And the race still increases its plentiful spawn,
And the voice of our wailing is loud.
Then the Great Deed calls out for the Great Man to come,
And the crowd, unbelieving sits sullen and dumb,—
But the Great Deed is done, for the Great Man is come—
Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.
There's a dead hum of voices, all say the same thing,
And our forefathers' songs are the songs that we sing,
And the deeds by our fathers and grandfathers done
Are done by the son of the son of the son,
And our heads in contrition are bowed.
Lo, a call for a man who shall make all things new
Goes down through the throng! See! he rises in view!
Make room for the man who shall make all things new!
For the man who comes up from the crowd.
And where is the man who comes up from the throng
Who does the new deed and who sings the new song,
And who makes the old world as a world that is new?
And who is the man? It is you! It is you!
And our praise is exultant and proud.
We are waiting for you there,—for you are the man!
Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
Come up from the crowd there, for you are the man,—
The man who comes up from the crowd.
SAM WALTER FOSS in Success.

THE RIGHT PULL.

"I have a passion for drawing but no opportunity to cultivate it. How can I succeed? Most advisers say, Work, practice. I have worked and practiced, and can copy almost any drawing in pen and ink or crayon. But that is not all I am striving for. I wish to acquire originality. There are no schools here where I might learn, and being married I have to work and cannot leave town every day. It may seem unreasonable to you for me to talk of despair when I am but twenty-five years old; but I must say I cannot see my way to success when so many tell me I cannot get what I wish without a pull or a large bank account." F. C.

Neither a pull nor a bank account will enable you to "get what you wish." It takes talent and an indomitable WILL to do it. The talent you may have now; the will you can have if you keep eternally at it. Will is developed by use.

Where do you suppose the United States would be now if Abraham Lincoln had consulted other people, talked about "pulls," "bank accounts," schools and—discouragement? Surely if any man on earth had a right to failure it was Abe Lincoln, the rail splitter, the backwoodsman, the son of a nobody, the less-than-nobody, who never saw a school nor dreamed of a bank account or a pull.

It is what's IN a man which makes him a failure or a success. Pulls, schools, bank accounts are

less than o. The right man will make his own schools and bank accounts; *he will work his own pull on the occult strings of all creation.* He will blaze a new trail to the success he wants; a straight trail, a short-cut. He will make a bee line through any sort of conditions, straight to the goal. His individual pull on the universal will drag conditions themselves into line. All things will work together for him, and *adverse circumstances will prove themselves his greatest friends.*

The man who "despairs" is depending upon favoring winds to blow him into port. He draws pictures with which to catch the favoring breezes of applause and money. Adverse criticisms or lack of money are head winds against which he has *not the will* to make his way.

An Abe Lincoln would find *some* way to make progress against those head winds; and the intelligence thus developed would but add to the greatness and glory of his ultimate success.

The man who can be side-tracked by adverse conditions is on the wrong track to begin with.

He has not the *deep* love for his art which would make him the sort of success he dreams of; the love which will compel expression; or else he is paralyzed by lack of belief in his ability to win.

Many a man or woman discovers in himself some little trick and mistakes it for a real talent. A little *applause* drew his attention to the trick; a longing for more applause keeps him at it. As long as the world will keep on tickling his bump of approbation and filling his purse he will continue to perform his little trick. Let the world grow indifferent; let money grow scarce; let conditions prick him a bit; and he "despairs."

But a real genius joys in his work, let applause or money ebb or flow as it will. And he never tries to "acquire originality." He *is* original. No copying for him. He sees a thing illumined by his own soul; he jots it down *as he sees it.* He does not copy it as someone else has seen it.

What do you suppose the world wants of a copyist anyway? A camera will do the copying act far more accurately and quickly than the best of artists can hope to do it, and far more cheaply. After the world's first surprise that you can copy at all it will give its applause to the camera. Then, if you are *only* a copyist you will "despair" and drop into some other line of work—the first that comes handy, or the one with the most dollars in it.

This is always the fate of the copyist in *any* line of work. He *drops* into the easiest place (it's generally a thorny one!) and works for what money and applause he can get; whilst most of his mental energy goes out in grumbling at his "fate" and lamenting his lack of "pulls," bank accounts, etc. Incidentally he knocks everybody he thinks *has* a pull or a bank account.

Not so with a *real* artist in *any* line. Old Abe was a real artist. He *observed* carefully; he word-painted in the foreground the actual facts observed; he filled in with related facts; and over all shed the glory of his own prophetic soul. Neither the applause nor the condemnation nor the indifference of men moved him; or prevented his presenting his next word-picture exactly as *he* saw it. No "copying" for Abe Lincoln; no "despair." Just a steady *pushing ahead* on the lines indicated by his soul's urge. It was that *within* Abe Lincoln which *counted*, and which *made* a way, despite apparently insurmountable obstacles.

Emma Abbott, who for a generation charmed the world with her voice, was another illustration

of what real genius does with circumstances. She was the daughter of poverty, without the shadow of a pull or the apparent possibility of a bank account. And it was said by the teachers to whom she went later that *she had not even a voice.* Everybody she knew prophesied failure. And yet Emma Abbott became one of the world's great singers, a glorious success. And later all her teachers and friends said it was *work*—the keeping-everlastingly-at-it kind—which made Emma Abbott a success. Of that which the world calls genius she had none to begin with; but an unswerving WILL she had, *by the use of which she developed genius.*

She was true to her ideal. She wanted to sing gloriously, to express the joy of her own soul. Discouragements, lack of opportunities, a dearth of voice were as nothing to her, so strong and steady was her desire, her *love.* Her determined soul placed upon the universe so steady an urge that money, pulls, even voice itself *had to come.*

Oh, ye of little faith, the world is full of folks who have *made their own opportunities.* Why not you among them? Ah, the fault lies *within*, not without.

The one reason for failure is a *weak and vacillating desire*; which is a curable disease.

The remedy? *To go in to win and stick to it,* desire or no desire, conditions or no conditions; *to keep your goal everlastingly in sight by eternally affirming, affirming, AFFIRMING it; to put every spare minute and spare thought into PRACTICE of the best sort you know of; to CONSIDER ALL YOUR "DUTIES" AS DIRECT EXERCISE FOR DEVELOPMENT OF THE GENIUS YOU MEAN TO MANIFEST; to do with all your loving interest each and everything you find necessary to do.*

Circumstances may seem to be against you; but *they are not.* They are exactly the circumstances you need to develop the *all-around manhood* which is the foundation of the true artist. Meet your conditions as Jeffries met his trainer every day whilst getting ready for his recent victory; train down to fighting weight, drop all handicaps of tobacco, drink, high living and unnecessary display of dress, and meet your circumstances like a MAN. Get up your spiritual muscle on everything that comes.

You can win. But you can't win against handicaps of bad habits of mind and body, and you can't win if you meet conditions whining or despairing.

Cast aside every weight, including the shortcoming which most *easily besets you*, and run *with patience* the race set before you *by your own ideal*; and verily success is sure—though it may be slow.

Don't be a get-there-quick concern. Let patience have her *perfect work.*

* * * * *

I know an artist. As a student she made thousands upon thousands of pictures—and tore them all up. Not one was made by "copying" the picture of another artist. They were all sketched from "life"—a bit of drapery, a beam of sun across the floor, a flower in a vase, a chair, a table, a cozy corner, a lighted lamp, the figure of a friend at work, a child at play, an old vine-covered shed, etc. She made hundreds of drawings of the human hand, from casts and from life—and threw them into the waste basket. She painted the same things on canvas in oils—and burned them. She made dozens of pictures of an apple and a banana on a china plate—made them in pencil, in pen-and-ink, in crayon, in oils,

in pastels—made them from every possible point of view and in all sorts of positions and lights—and burned them all up. She did the same thing with every common object which attracted her attention.

Years she put in at this sort of work before she ever tried to make things to sell.

Neither did she keep these pictures on the parlor table and parade them before her admiring friends. Her teachers—when she had teachers—were her only audience; and always she was her own inexorable critic. Not until she could in some measure satisfy herself should others see her work. *She would not run the risk of being side-tracked by the applause of her friends*, who, however sincere, were not competent art critics. She meant to do *her best work*; not simply work "good enough" to satisfy the common run of people.

So she kept on making pictures—and burning them. This was her *education*. She learned to make pictures by making them—and burning them. Instead of looking at the picture she had made she *looked at her model*; AND ALWAYS SHE SAW SOMETHING NOT OBSERVED BEFORE. Then she tried to reproduce what she observed. Gradually, by *infinite practice*, her fingers learned the trick of following her sight; and by *practice* her sight grew keen and accurate.

Now this friend of mine has a studio in New York city, and *makes money*. She goes abroad and—*observes*. Her fingers follow, easily, delightfully, her eyes; a bit here, another there, another yonder, she combines and recombines. *She creates*; for original creation, is but a *new combination of things already existent*. There is nothing entirely new under the sun; there is an intelligent turn of the kaleidoscope—that is all. But it is enough to keep the artist busy and beaming through all eternity.

* * * * *

Every human being is at heart a genius and an artist in the line indicated by his desires; *not* by his fleeting wishes, but his *desires*.

Fleeting wishes are based upon desire for applause or money. We look upon some other man's success and immediately there springs up a *wish* for the same sort of success for ourselves. Numberless times we mistake wishes for real desires; we follow the wish with a great spurt, then tire and—follow some other wish.

A real desire manifests itself without regard to the successes of others. It crops out unconsciously *when we are alone* in our thoughts; when we are not trying to key ourselves to the pitch of somebody else. It is always in line with things we like to do when we are not trying to show off.

We tried to do it when we were children. I know a fine accountant and secretary who used as a boy to make little blank books and keep "Accounts of Who Owes Me." I know successful artists who used to get their fingers rapped for drawing little sketches all over the margins of their school books. I know an editor who used to write essays and stories—and hide them carefully for fear of being laughed at.

Every human being has a particular bent which is easy for him. He can become an *artist* on that line—IF he works at it as my artist friend worked; as Emma Abbott and Abe Lincoln and all other successful people have worked.

* * * * *

Out in the wilds of Oregon, some ten years ago, I knew a family of prodigies. The father and mother held advanced ideas in regard to prenatal culture, and had predestined each child to its special prodigy-ship. The eldest was a very pretty girl of thirteen who "gave recitations" in splendid style. For her age she was really a prodigy. The three younger boys were equally prodigious in musical lines. The girl too played gospel hymns most satisfactorily.

Not one of these children had ever been trained, but even the four-year-old would stand up at the organ, pump away with one foot and play accurately and with feeling any song he had heard sung; improvising a good bass as he went along. He reminded me of the pictures of Mozart at that age.

I was delighted with those children. They cer-

tainly had the necessary genius for setting the world agog. All they needed was the daily drill for developing their genius. After their little "concert" was over I shook hands with their father, who was their "manager," and expressed my pleasure. He beamed and basked and swelled a little. Then I prophesied; "With good training those children will do marvelous things in the world!" I said. Then he froze; and we drifted apart in the crowd.

Afterward I learned the wherefore of that freeze. His ideas on prenatal culture were only a part of his "views." He considered that genius needed no training, no guidance. He thought geniuses, such as he had made of his children, were born so far in advance of the world that nobody could teach them anything. "Genius will take care of itself," he said. So his children "done grewed," like Topsy. He and his wife stood back in admiring complacency and watched the antics of Genius—except at such times as Genius was required to disport itself for the edification of elect gatherings (at twenty-five cents per head) in divers and sundry suburban and country school houses or churches.

But those four children grew faster than their genius did. Even country audiences failed to enthuse over childish genius when displayed by well grown boys and girls. Money and audiences grew slim. At sixteen the girl ran away, married an irresponsible, lived in a boarding house and dressed like a cross between a Spanish dancer and a lady's maid. At sixteen and one-half she ran away from her husband to perform in a ten-cent vaudeville show. I have never heard of her since. The boys, too, are utterly submerged. Four geniuses lost to the world for lack of development, for lack of *work*. Verily an Emma Abbott with no genius but that of persistent effort is worth more than 10,000 born to the purple and atrophied for lack of practice.

For, doing tricks for public plaudit is not the work which develops.

No genius is born above the world. He is born in it; and if he ever gets above it he *must climb by what the world already knows*. He must be able to do all that his teacher can do before he can hope to surpass his teacher. Prenatal culture is a grand thing; but it will not do the work of post-natal culture; of intelligent, persistent, *conscious* effort at self-development.

Those children, and their parents, too, have doubtless lost faith in their genius. It has not panned out as expected. Or, they have learned their mistake in despising the genius of hard work, and now imagine it "too late" to begin aright. Which is another mistake.

Those children were real geniuses. *They are yet geniuses.*

AND IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO DEVELOP GENIUS BY PERSISTENT AND INTELLIGENT PRACTICE.

* * * * *

Genius must learn to express through works.

Genius must be nurtured in the soul's stillness.

Would you develop your *genius*? Would you be painter, singer, poet, inventor, craftsman, business man, financier? In the spaces of your soul rest the wisdom and power.

Work it out.

Then dig deeper.

Take a special hour each day for exploring the depths of being.

Take the same hour each day; let nothing interfere. Thus will the law of periodicity, of rhythm, aid you. A swing is hard to start; there is no *rhythm* to help you. After you have established a *rhythmic* movement a slight touch will keep it going.

So with your hours of self-exploration; at first it is *hard* to find time and place; it takes *effort* to do it, and results seem slight; but by and by you get into the swing of it; it almost does itself and results are greater. *Keep at it* until the rhythm is established.

To aid in establishing the rhythm see that you use every time the same straight-backed but comfortable chair, in the same spot, facing always the same way in a light and well-ventilated room. Allow no interruptions—let 'em come again.

Sit bolt upright with muscles at rest. Breathe slowly, evenly, holding each breath a second or so before exhaling, and taking pains to exhale very slowly. Mouth closed, of course. Breathe thus for five or ten minutes. Then rise mentally and *float*. Simply *imagine* yourself in a limitless sea of wisdom and power. Imagine this sea playing in you and through you; *imagine it creating in you the necessary brain centers and cells for the accomplishment of what you desire*. Simply *be still* and let it do the work. Relax inside and out and trust yourself to this sea of divine energy. Simply *imagine*—that is all there is to it.

There is no power of mind or body which cannot be fully developed if you keep at this practice long enough *without changing your aim*. Every time your aim changes it is as if you stopped the swing. You have to begin all over again.

Go into the silence thus daily and *imagine* that you receive your heart's desire; and *verily you shall have it*.

In the silence you receive all wisdom and power.

In intelligent effort on practical lines you *work out* wisdom and power received in the silence.

Without both faith and works no man can succeed.

Faith comes out of the silence.

Works are done in the noise.

We are all too noisy. Let's be still and know.

THE EVIL POINT OF VIEW.

"If I understand you new thought writers, and especially the *Nautilus* writers, evil does not exist. Your proposition 'all is good' can be read in every line you write. What then shall I do with the phenomena men call evil? From the window near which I sit I can see my rose bed. It is beautiful—buds and flowers—pure white, creamy yellow—many shades of pink and red. During the summer it is a constant source of pleasure. It is good. But there are weeds and insect enemies. They are bad. You tell me 'resist not evil.' The poet says, 'Serene I fold my hands and wait, for lo, mine own shall come to me.' All that is easy enough to say but whoever refuses to pull weeds and fight insects will never have roses. I think I am safe in saying that there is nothing that we enjoy through what we know as the 'senses' that does not come to us as a result of overcoming evil. You can't raise corn or new potatoes without resisting a good many things. I think there is something wrong in the theory. Here is a young man who is indulging in late hours and bad company; there is one who is destroying his every prospect by indulging in the drink habit or in any one or a dozen of the vices that lead men downward. Will you say to them that is good? Suppose one was in a dark cave surrounded by perilous depths, what would you think of a guide who would say, 'it is light, glorious light; there is no such thing as darkness.' Isn't that a parallel case. I have a headache; it hurts; I am suffering. Will you tell me that is good? Mrs. Eddy and her followers say parrot like, 'that is a bad belief; there is no sickness, no suffering.' I get out of patience with such pseudo thinking. It sounds like the 'pretend' experiences of childhood." H. H.

What is evil? It is good. It is a manifestation of intelligence, of wisdom, of *God*.

"Evil is to him who evil thinks." To you a thing is evil; to your next door neighbor it may be, for the time being at least, altogether good. Worms and weeds are "evil" in your eyes; in *their own* eyes and in the eyes of the birds they are good.

Evil is not a thing; it is a *point of view*—an undesirable one.

The universe is a great University for developing the intelligence of those in attendance. Worms and weeds sharpen their wits trying to live in spite of the gardener; the gardener sharpens his wits and muscles (muscles are wits too, you know—all is mind) trying to exterminate worms and weeds. The young man who cannot learn from others that wine, tobacco, etc., are better for preserving things than for growing them, will use them and learn by *experience*. Perhaps it will take a life-time to sharpen his wits to see this. What of it? He will simply drop his alcohol-soaked body and *grow a new one*. Next time he will *naturally* avoid whiskey.

Whiskey bad? Of course not. It is the result of sharpening wits; it is "mind"; *it is here to sharpen more wits*. It is good. So is the boy who drinks it; *but he is not as wise as he will be after drinking it long enough*. And he is not as

wise as the boy who has in some previous state of existence learned better than to drink it.

What good does it do to resist "evil" in the boy who is determined to drink? *It makes him more determined*—that is all. You can "resist" a worm or a weed with success because its intelligence and will are very much smaller than yours. But in the case of worm-extermination you do not resist. Your power over a worm is so great that you crush it almost unconsciously. The worm offers resistance to a mighty force. One worm resists another; a worm resists punily the foot that crushes; but we never say the foot "resists" the worm.

Resistance is a negative force. It is the "won't"-force of creation. The worm "won't" be crushed—but the applied power is too great; it succumbs in spite of itself.

Not so when man meets man. One says to another "thou shalt not"; the other applies will force, sharpens his wits a bit, and does it in spite of dictum. It is nip and tuck between them, and the strife ends only in death. They are too near equal in power and intelligence; one "overcomes" today, only to be overcome tomorrow. "Evil" is overcome today and "good" is overcome tomorrow; and so the war goes on as long as resistance is used.

Watch a street row. Two urchins begin it, perhaps in fun. Each tries to "overcome" the other. From fun it grows to earnest, and deadly earnest. The crowd forms a ring and demands "fair play." Spectators take sides, and each mentally fights to "overcome" with the urchin of his choice. Mental fighting develops into tongue lashing, and before you know it a half dozen or so more fights break out among the on-lookers. They are all catching the "won't" vibrations—each is trying to "overcome" the other fellow on his own plane. And so the row grows. If no higher power interfered the row would spread over the whole earth and set everybody by the ears.

But there is a higher power—one so much higher that it cannot be gainsaid. In rush a lot of grown men in blue uniforms, who drag the small boys off to the lock-up to recover from the fight vibrations.

Resistance is the greatest "evil" in the world—and the most insidious. That is why Jesus said, "Resist not evil."

If there is to be fighting let those fight who want to. Don't add yourself to the fight.

Jesus said, "Overcome evil with good." Resistance adds more evil. Unless you can bring into the fight a power great enough to stop it instantly you will but increase the evil by resistance.

It is resistance which keeps family bickerings going for years and life times. Every "I won't" brings forth its answering "You will," and the bickering grows apace. And arrives at no conclusion!

Only by getting on to a higher plane can we develop power enough to "overcome." Fighting will not stop fighting; bickering will not stop bickering; nagging will not stop a man's drinking; laws will never "overcome" evil of any sort.

Here is the cure—the method of overcoming evil with good: *Get onto a plane where you yourself never think of wanting to do the "evil" things; ENJOY that plane so thoroughly, be so bright and happy there, that the other fellow will WANT to come up with you; lend a helping hand when he WANTS it.*

Only by inculcating higher ideals can we generate the power necessary to overcome evil.

There is no evil. There are only undesirable conditions. There are all kinds of people in this world, and all kinds of conditions to match. There could not be imagined a condition beautiful enough to please everybody. And everybody who does not love any given condition pronounces it "evil."

We create our conditions, and we grow in intelligence as we try to "overcome" them. "All things work together for good."

Life is not a dark cave, neither is one man put

here to guide another. There is an inward light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. By this light he must walk; in this light he must view the ways of other men and make his choices. *He does this in spite of all the resistance his friends may offer, never because of it.*

All men are free to set as high and glorious an example as they possibly can. All other men are free to choose the same sort of life if they see fit. All men naturally choose, according to their varying degrees of intelligence, that which is to them the most attractive course for this particular time and place. *And there is all eternity ahead in which to grow more intelligent and make wiser choices.*

In all this there is none of that negative force called resistance. And it is all good, all are growing and all effects are changing. There is nothing to cause more than a fleeting tear and a change of purpose.

But along comes the resisting one. Tom has chosen his way; Dick chooses another; and along comes Harry who says, "You are both wrong—leave your ways and follow me." So far he does not interfere, resist. (Jesus went this far—and sometimes a shade farther.)

But Harry is not content to let his light shine; no. He goes farther; he says to Tom and Dick, "You are all wrong; I am right; you MUST do as I say—you must, or be damned; and I will do my best to damn you, to compel you to walk my way; I will prohibit tobacco and whiskey; I will send policemen after you; I will put you in prison; I will burn you at the stake; I will send you to hell afterward." (Jesus did not go this far.)

Tom and Dick exclaim, "The hell—you will!—*nit!* A pretty way you have; we wouldn't be like you for a farm! Go, to!" Then Tom and Dick exercise their ingenuity to get ahead of Dick and his followers, and to retaliate. And Dick and his followers exercise their ingenuity to circumvent and "punish" Tom and Dick. In the nip and tuck of resistance the original point of difference is completely lost sight of. Harry gloats over Tom and Dick jailed away from whiskey. Then Tom and Dick get out and gloat over Harry who can't long keep them dry. Each hatches schemes of retaliation, and so goes the Endless Chain of Resistance, the greatest Get-Mean-Quick scheme ever invented.

And yet even this works for good—it sharpens wits, grows intelligence; and only by growing intelligence will Tom, Dick and Harry come to see the utter futility of resistance. Resistance sharpens wits to the point of doing away with resistance.

ALL IS GOOD.

No, my friend, there is nothing wrong with the all-good, non-resistance theory. The wrongness is all in your mind, and comes from getting a shortsighted view of creation and its purposes. Get away from the small personal point of view—get into the universal, where creation is One—and you will soon see the reasons and the purposes of things. Then you can no longer believe in evil except as a point of view.

As for Mrs. Eddy's statements that, "you are not sick," "you can't be sick," when you are: Let me say that her statements are just as true as yours, and enough sight pleasanter. Your body is not all of you. The real part of you is the potent unseen universal part in which and by which, your body lives. Your body is all mind, a "statement of beliefs." Through some concatenation of beliefs your body manifests dis-ease—lack of ease or harmony. But your body is not you. You look at your body and say, "I am diseased"; Mrs. Eddy looks at the universal real self of you and says, "You are not sick; you are whole and strong and beautiful and full of joy." If you persist in thinking only of your body as it seems, you hold it in the diseased condition. You are "set in your way." If you let go your body feelings, Mrs. Eddy's statements will enter and change those conditions. In other words, unless you are positive that you are sick, the positive statement of another will enter and make you whole. Or

your own positive statements of health will do the same thing.

Some people call this "suggestion"; others call it Christian or Mental Science; others call it mind healing, or divine healing. It is all one thing, sugar-coated with different sorts of theory to fit the all sorts of people who go to make up the world.

The gist of it is this: Man is all mind—body, soul and environment. Anything which changes his mind changes his body, and eventually his environment too.

To "pretend" desirable things will bring them to pass.

To be too positive about your aches and pains is silly.

We grow by what we receive, not by what we harden ourselves against.

CRITIC AND CRITICIZED.

"I don't want to be criticized."

"But you want to learn, don't you? You surely are not satisfied that you know it all."

"Oh, of course I want to learn, but I want to learn by myself. I would rather be wrong than be criticized. I hate to be told how to do things. I want to find out for myself."

Solomon the Wise reasons not thus. Solomon prayed for wisdom above all things, and in receiving wisdom he received all else.

The man who thinks he would rather be wrong than be criticized is for the time being a moral coward and no Solomon. He values his "feelings" of the moment above wisdom. He does not want wisdom and knowledge above all things; he wants what wisdom and knowledge he can gain without the sacrifice of his feeling of self-complacency. He is complacent as long as his friend says to him, "You are a good fellow, a very admirable fellow"; he feels good as long as he thinks his friend considers him wise; he expands and smiles, and works away in his own good way.

In his moments of confidence he will tell his friend that Wisdom and Knowledge are the greatest things in the universe; that we grow only by the acquisition of Wisdom and Knowledge; that growth is Life, and Life is Love or God. He will enthuse a bit and tell you Wisdom is God, the One Desirable One; and that by growing in wisdom man becomes conscious of his divinity.

Just here his friend, who is a prosy, practical sort of fellow, interrupts him. "See here, Smith," he says, "you are not running this branch of your business quite right. You just ought to see how Thomson does that sort of thing."

He gets no farther; Smith freezes instantly, and Jones' confidences catch the vibrations. Smith is "so sensitive, you know"—he would rather not know anything about better methods, than to stand the shock of a criticism. Jones talks about the weather a bit, and departs.

Smith continues to think he desires wisdom above all things.

He doesn't. He desires above all things to have his bump of approbateness smoothed.

He fails to know himself. And he will not learn himself, because he refuses all truth which does not make him "feel" good.

He shuts himself off from a thousand avenues by which wisdom is trying to reach him.

It is said our enemies are our best friends. Emerson bids us listen to them and learn of them.

Burns exclaims:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!
*It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.*"

Our critics are answering Love's attraction to free us from blunders and foolish notions.

Why not? Why resent a criticism? We are all members of "One Stupendous Whole." Why resent and refuse another's suggestion? *It is our own suggestion, drawn by our own affirmed love for wisdom and knowledge.*

We don't understand ourselves; we don't trust our surroundings. We say we want wisdom above all things; we want to understand. In our heart of hearts we do love wisdom above all

things; therefore we attract it through all avenues.

It is our soul's love for wisdom and knowledge which attracts to us the criticisms of friend and foe.

If we really believed that we attract what we receive; that "our own" comes to us; that all things are working together to gratify our soul's desires;—if we really believed all this we would meet criticism in a friendly spirit, with senses alert to find the kernel of wisdom it is bringing us.

To resent a criticism is to re-send, to send away, a bit of knowledge your soul has been praying for. All because your bump of approbateness has an abnormal appetite for prophecies of "smooth things."

But to re-send a criticism is not to get rid of it. It comes back to you over and over, and perhaps every time in a little ruder form.

If you speak softly to a friend and he fails to hear, you repeat in a louder tone; if he is very deaf you holler, and perhaps touch his shoulder to gain his attention.

All creation is alive, and pursues the same tactics. When you resent, re-send, a criticism, Creation sends it back at you a little more emphatically. If you still resent it Creation puts still more force into repeated sendings. She keeps this up, in answer to your own semi-conscious desire for wisdom and knowledge, until by some hook or crook you take the kernel of knowledge contained in that criticism. Then Creation smiles and lets you alone—on that line.

The way to avoid Creation's kicks is to accept her hints as they come to you in the form of friendly criticism or suggestion.

Not all criticisms are true in their entirety, but every one contains somewhere a suggestion by which you may profit—by which you may grow in wisdom and knowledge.

Don't let that one little bump of approbateness make you re-send that knowledge—and bring down Creation's kicks to drive it home.

But don't get the idea that that little round nub of approbation is "bad." It is not. It is a good and useful member of your family, and deserves to be well fed and cared for and respected.

But feed him so well on your own good opinions that he will not sulk and kick if he doesn't receive unlimited taffy from others. Get away up high in your own opinion. Know yourself a god, unique, indispensable to Creation. *You have powers and wisdom and knowledge not possessed by anybody else in the world.* Nobody who ever lived or ever will is any better or any more of a god than you are.

Neither is anybody less good or less of a god than you. We are different—that is all. Every man has his individual goodnesses and his peculiar point of view—no better than yours, but different.

It takes every man in the world to see ALL sides of ANYTHING, or anybody.

Every individual who is at all wise wants to see all sides of things. The only chance he has of doing this is to look at things from other people's points of view, as well as his own; to put himself in other people's places; to see as others see; to vibrate with the other fellow—who sees another side of the same thing.

Listen to your critic. See yourself as he sees you. He is your best friend, drawn in answer to your soul's cry for more wisdom and knowledge. Be friends with him. Hush the clamor of approbateness with your own high affirmations of your goodness and worth—hush the clamor and listen. The spirit in you will separate the chaff from the wheat of the criticism; a smiling little "Poof!" will blow away the chaff; and your soul will expand and increase in stature by assimilating the wheat.

—"Your most welcome paper came to me yesterday, and I have this morning picked it up to read. I laid it down this moment to write you my thanks for not conceding to publishing your paper weekly. There is enough thought in one of the numbers to last for six months. I have not yet gotten through with your last, and now here is more new thought with which I have to struggle. I say struggle, for that is what I mean. I cannot grasp your full meaning—at least I cannot assimilate

it. I am still at work spelling out this sentence in the July number—'You have been too intent justifying yourself.' I read this the last week in June without much deep thought. I read it again the first week in this month, and have never lost sight of it. I have a way of keeping my place in my short-hand book, by pinning a slip of paper in the last page upon which I have taken dictation, then I never have to waste any time in finding my place when a man comes in to give me a letter in a hurry. On this slip of paper two weeks ago, I wrote that sentence, and you can understand that it has been before me ever since, and more than that I am trying to see now—since I think this must be what I have been trying to do—what I am to do to change the conditions which have come about through, perhaps, just that fault of mine. I wonder if talking it over would help me out, and when I think of that I think of you, and then I go right back to last month and read 'The Pharisee Up To Date.' Don't publish your paper oftener than once a month. You have given us enough to practice. I think if I had any more I would give up your publication altogether. * *

* Now this mental demand for money comes along, with more force than ever. Of course you do not expect thinking people to eat your words and declare your teaching just the thing, unless they prove it for themselves. So you may be sure there is a good deal of rebellion, and discussion, and perhaps some ridicule of your strongly expressed sentiments on the part of those who have not proved your thought to be practicable. I am sure you don't mind that, for I believe it is your intention to set men and women to thinking, and that I can assure you you do. Please keep us thinking. We want to grow. We are glad of your help. When you get ahead of us we climb. Where we will come out, the Father knows; but since we are all struggling upward, onward, Heavenward, I'm not afraid." H. Anna Brunner.

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.

—"I am in business in a small way and do a great deal of credit with a poor class of people. I want to know how I can get my legitimate returns; that is, what attitude of mind must I hold so that a certain few will pay me for goods received." A. G.

It is always a poor class of people who do business on credit, and if you cater to that class you will have to calculate on losses. All the attitudes of mind that ever were conjured up will not prevent losses in a credit business. The only way to make a credit shop pay is to put your prices ten per cent or so higher to allow for loss. Then all your cash buyers will leave you and go to John Smith who sells low for cash; and you will be left alone in your glory with your poor class of people. Eventually you may break up in business, because you are not able to withstand the poverty vibrations poured into you by your poor class of customers. A better way would be to offer a good inducement to cash buyers. One Holyoke furniture store does that. They figure their prices high enough to allow for losses through poor credit; then they advertise ten per cent discount for cash. No matter how small a purchase you make you receive the discount if you pay cash. But this plan would be less effective if one dealt in small goods. Far better sell low for cash, and have backbone enough to stick to your rules. You would probably lose a few of your "poor class of people" at first, but after a bit you'd find yourself gaining a far better class. Success always lies in a cash business, never in credit, though many men are shrewd enough to succeed in spite of the credit system. Get in line for success. The man who does business on a credit basis invites failure for himself and encourages failure and dishonesty in others. If no man could get credit he would quickly form the habit of living within his means, and thus lay for himself the one solid foundation of success.

—"Such qualms as have ventured to attack me have been threatened vigorously with Elizabeth Towne, and have promptly disappeared." Emma B.

I seem to be all things to all men and a scare crow for at least one woman!

—"At last I have my little 'Nautilus' afloat! Five years since first I made the acquaintance of *The Nautilus* and now I have a very nice little

cottage by the sea, which I have named after it. In five years more I hope it will grow as yours has. 'The wind seems fair.' M. E. E., Onset, Mass.

—This issue of *Nautilus* completes Vol. V. That means we are just five years old and next month we'll be "going on six." We close our five years with a subscription list of 10,000 paying subscribers and something like 60,000 readers. Five years ago our subscription list and readers were counted by dozens only. We want at least 20,000 paying subscribers before the end of Vol. VI. We ought to have that many. One year ago we had just 5,434 paying subscribers. We have almost doubled this last year; why not double again the coming year? Surely every subscriber on our list has power to attract at least one new subscriber. What you like your best friends are sure to like sooner or later. And *Nautilus* has the best friends in the world. Such crowds of people as write to me for *Nautilus*, saying, "My friend so-and-so loaned me a copy and advised me to subscribe." Then the new subscriber forthwith shows it to more friends; and so the endless chain goes! It keeps me busy sending out the Word of thanks and blessing to all these friends! And it makes me expect the *Nautilus* list to double this next year, as it did last year and the year before. And it keeps me planning to improve *The Nautilus* and give you more for your money. Oh, I've schemes afoot that will delight you—I think. I'll tell you as soon as I can.

—Read carefully twice over, the "P's and Q's To Be Minded," on page 7 of every *Nautilus*.

—"I've been in Bedlam (know the place?) for some time, over two years. Then I took the July *Nautilus* and devoured it; every straight day for thirty days I read that paper. Then I started in on your book; the one wherein you tell of curing yourself; then 'How to Grow Success.' Then I started out with broom and dust pan and did more work than I'd been able to do before for years—and I did it honestly, too—no corners left. Then remembering your 'graceful mastication' I 'quit directly' and started out for something else. When I began business with the *Nautilus* I did not sit up all day; now I am going right straight along till I'm perfectly well. Do you see why I've got to have every number? I am very glad the paper is a monthly; one could not live more of it. And though it cuts me in many ways, I hope I've sense enough to accept it and 'mend my manners.'" A. N.

—We have run completely out of September number of *Nautilus*. None to be had for love nor money.

—Such stacks of questions I have piled up here to answer in *Nautilus*! I'll do my best to answer all in due time. I like you to send me questions and suggestions, dearies. Please write them on separate sheets of paper, instead of mixing in with orders, etc.

—Here is a school teacher who says that the goodness of her children is "covered up with so much rubbish" which she longs to remove. Any teacher, or parent, with such a conception of childhood will make more or less a fizzle of teaching. There is no rubbish covering the goodness of a child, whose mind and body are pellucid and natural. It takes grown folks to pile on the rubbish of artificial, perverted thinking. A child is a divine dynamo whose energy is waiting direction. Direct as much of its energy as you can, dear teacher, into beautiful expression, and have faith that in due time it will all express beauty. Think of their "badnesses" as so much good, crude energy awaiting direction into other channels. Keep sweet and supply attractive channels as fast as you can.

—"There is no way you can do greater works than by the greatness of your ordinary works." * "If your life is a blank, fill it out and have it sworn to." *Oregon State Journal*.

—"We have read Henry Wood's books and Patterson's and Dresser's, etc., etc., and been helped by them, but this little book of yours, 'Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus,' puts the whole thing in a nut-shell and is so clear and practical that we are delighted with it. I know by experience that every word of it is true. We hope to help many with this book, who have not time for larger, longer works." Mrs. Anna B. Stanton, 313 South Beech street, Syracuse, N. Y.

OUT OF THE RUTS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Perhaps most of us are too apt to bless the ties that bind. Mental ruts are death to the soul. We need change, new activities and interests.

We need change, and yet how many of us rise up on our hind legs at the thought of abolishing our pet habits or methods of doing things. We are not inclined to be adaptable and take kindly to new methods. We love to hang on with both hands, so to speak, to all our little cherished weaknesses.

I remember reading a story once about a romantic young maiden who said she loved to read sentimental stories "and be thad and weep." And most people delight to hang on to their sorrows as well as their joys. Each delicious morsel of agony is rolled under the tongue again and again. Each ache and pain is given a prominent position in memory's gallery, and resurrected for the benefit of admiring friends upon the slightest provocation.

A good lady wrote to the editor of this paper and said: "Some one has been sending me the *Nautilus* for the past year. If they send you money again, send it back. Don't send the paper to me. I don't want to read anything so at variance with my own experience."

Poor soul! She did not want to learn of any experiences which differed from her own. She loved her mental ruts. She delighted to wallow in her own troubles. She wouldn't be lifted out of them, or learn how to lift herself out, for a farm. No, not for two farms.

Now the first great necessity in case you wish to leave the old life behind is that you really *desire* something better. Be honest with yourself. Do you really *want* to get out of the rut, or would you rather hug your troubles and "be thad and weep?" You cannot accomplish anything without a well defined purpose and desire. Then you must proceed to *try*. Wisdom and success reward those who try. "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

The mental rut becomes like a great wall in time, fencing in securely all the natural activities. These walls must be scaled. These chained activities must be released to a normal, healthy experience.

If the walls are allowed to go unscaled too long, stagnation and death result; or nature gives us such severe jiggles and jars, and knocks us up against something so good and hard that we are shaken loose from the old ruts, although we are all the time protesting like a Thomas cat on the backyard fence at midnight. That is, the mortal, human part of us protests. The soul knows it is good for us. The soul knows that *all* that comes to us is good.

Whenever any abnormal condition is established, or any habit becomes too fixed, then good mother nature seeks to teach us adaptability by administering a sound spanking which may not leave us right side up with care according to our own ideas, but is pretty sure to make us stronger and better and more liberal in the long run, and better fitted to perform our part in the Great Scheme.

Ah, that is the trouble with us. We don't want to fit in with the Great Plan. We want to run our own little schemes and follow our own little plans regardless of the Whole. And when that is the case we are quite apt to run our plans into the ground.

The wise man considers the Whole. He puts his trust and faith wholly and unreservedly in the Great Principle which animates *all* life. He places his hand in the hand of his Father and says, "thou knowest what things I have need of." He sees a lesson in every experience. He sets up no hard and fast rules of conduct to follow, but heeds the voice of the Spirit within. He may be a church member and sometimes swear. He may be a vegetarian and sometimes eat meat. He may be a mental scientist and yet sometimes call a doctor. But through all his experiences he gains wisdom and goes on and up, walking closer and closer to the Source of Wisdom, Love and Life.

CARELESSNESS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Carelessness is a bad mental habit. It leads to all sorts of sloppy, slipshod methods.

Almost daily we receive letters from people, containing money for books or papers, and no sign of a name or address. Often the letter will be typewritten, and the signature omitted, showing the carelessness and too great haste of the writer.

Again the names of the books wanted will be omitted, making it necessary for us to address the writer for further particulars before the order can be filled. Others, through carelessness and too much hurry, send too much or too little money to pay for what they want.

Today I received an order for several books, in which were no less than three errors regarding prices, and \$2.25 was sent in excess of what the order called for.

Carelessness shows a lack of concentration, or it may be due to a lopsided development, the subconscious faculties predominating. People who dwell much in the subconscious realms are quite frequently careless regarding their personal appearance.

The well balanced person is careful without being painfully cautious. He pays attention to details and seldom rushes things.

Carelessness leads to disintegration. Carefulness of habit conserves force and builds up all the faculties instead of weakening them.

Carelessness tends toward ill health, because a careless person is negative to all the adverse psychic currents that flow in his direction. He hasn't strength of will enough to prevent their getting in their disintegrating work.

Carelessness is itself a form of disease, an abnormality, where it is a very marked feature in a person's character. I have never investigated the matter, or read the conclusions of others upon the subject, but I venture to say that you will find much carelessness of habit among criminals.

Don't be sloppy.

Don't be careless.

BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

*** Chicago is said to be the worst union-ridden city in the United States. It is only appropriate, therefore, that the latest attempt to "unionize" the new thought movement should hail from the Windy City.

*** Some of our pickets in Chicago report that the union movement among the new thoughters there has not yet become alarmingly dangerous, and that they doubt very much if it ever reaches gigantic proportions. However, if it *should* succeed we suppose it would only be a question of time before no one would be allowed to edit a new thought paper in Chicago, hang out his shingle as a healer or sell new thought literature unless he displayed a union card, and wore a union button, showing he was a member of the trust in good and regular standing, and paid in his little one dollar or two dollars or three dollars per quarter to the union treasury without a murmur.

*** Seriously speaking, it may be possible to organize, after a fashion, a few of the leaders of the new thought movement, but the rank and file are by no means ready for the *outward form* of organization.

*** There is a deep bond of sympathy of thought and feeling which exists among those who are attracted to the new thought. These people are thinkers, sincere investigators, and truly broad minded. But aside from this the ranks are made up of representatives of every conceivable cult and class, who would not blend harmoniously on the outward plane. Only the Great Spirit can bring them together in any sort of union, and this by slow process of growth.

*** As an example of the widely separated classes who are interested in new thought, I may mention that we have among our customers and subscribers Presbyterian and Methodist clergymen; "poor whites" and colored people from

the South, who can hardly write their own names; learned school teachers and editors in India; a German baroness and an Italian countess; a captain in the Salvation Army, who assures me that he has been a student of occultism for many years, that he enjoys *Nautilus* and finds in our books that which satisfies his inmost soul. Then we have doctors, lawyers, and actors by the hundred; society women and school teachers; farmers and mill operatives.

*** Imagine for a moment binding all these people together in an outward organization with cast iron rules. Do you think it would help them? I do not.

*** I received a letter from an undertaker the other day (the second one to patronize us so far as I know) who wished us all sorts of success in our "undertaking" which he said was so different from his own!

*** I see by one of the leading mail order journals that it is becoming quite a common thing among publishers of newspapers enjoying a first-class patronage to decline all forms of medical advertising. While I believe that patent medicines accomplish as much good as the remedies used by regular physicians, yet the advertising of patent remedies is a fruitful source of disease through the power of suggestion. The first aim of all advertisements of this class is to convince the reader that he is badly afflicted with one or more diseases which can only be cured by the particular remedy described therein. To accomplish this purpose powerful suggestions are used, which, acting upon the minds of ignorant and weak men and women, often produce actual sickness, or greatly exaggerate existing conditions of disease.

*** All great artists and writers have been so at-one with the Source of all inspiration that they were almost like spectators when viewing that which their genius had brought into manifestation. Charles Dickens, in a letter to a friend, said: "When in the midst of this trouble and pain I sit down to write my books, some beneficent power shows it all to me, and tempts me to be interested; and I don't invent—really I do not—but see it and write it down."

*** Charles Dickens became passive to the inflow of inspiration from the Source, and thus he was enabled to become the greatest novelist the world has known.

*** When Dickens was writing "Martin Chuzzlewit" (says *Now*), "Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by whispering to him in the most inopportune places—sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force when he did not want her company, and threatened to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better and come only when she was called."

*** The secret of the great actor is that he is possessed by the character he portrays. He becomes at-one with that which he desires to manifest.

*** Do you desire health? Then seek to connect yourself with the Source of health by becoming mentally and physically passive. The All Good cannot use you as an instrument for the manifestation of health when you are in a state of mental and physical tension. Cease your personal strain and become passive to the impersonal urge.

*** "It makes not one atom of difference to the body what one eats," says a prominent mental scientist. As well say that it makes not one atom of difference to a mechanic what sort of tools he uses or to a hill of potatoes what sort of fertilizer it is fed with. A good mechanic cannot do good work with poor tools. A boiler heated with poor coal will not generate a full head of steam. We hear of prodigies in the way of wood carvers who accomplish beautiful work with a jack-knife; we hear of centenarians who have used liquor and tobacco all their lives. But this does not prove that every wood carver should confine himself to the use of a jack-knife or that universal tipping and tobacco chewing should be established.

*** A good, clean, healthy body needs good,

clean, healthy food. "Ye cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles."

*** I know that by long continued training a person might become able to digest glass and crockery as well as anything in the vegetable or animal kingdom. I am not putting any limit on the power of mind. But I am advocating a little common sense in the use of this power.

*** The eastern adept may be content to sit for weeks and months and years and meditate upon his big toe or something equally exciting. But the western occultist makes a wiser use of his powers, in my humble opinion, when he employs them in daily living.

*** A goodly number of the "prunes and prisms" old maids who read *Christian* are up in arms because Shelton's wife had the doctor for her sick baby. The trouble with these good people is that they want to make a creed of mental healing and the new thought in general—a narrow and cast iron creed such as the souls of the hell fire and damnation advocates delight in. "The idea," say they, "of Shelton pretending to heal people by vibrations and then his wife going after a doctor as soon as the baby has the stomach ache." But why shouldn't Mrs. Shelton be allowed to suit herself in the matter? Are the advocates of mental healing to become so bigoted that they will have naught to do with other methods of cure? Is a person going to run the risk of excommunication from this new thought clique if he swallows a pill or employs a surgeon to set a broken limb for him? Let us have done with narrowness and creedism. We preach liberality and tolerance. Let us live up to it.

*** The creed of a great many new thoughters is not so much a declaration of faith in mental healing as it is a denial of the virtue of all other methods, particularly those of regular physicians.

*** Let everyone be guided by his own faith and desires. If the employment of a regular doctor will add to your comfort of mind in any case, if you desire his presence for diagnosis or any other reason under the sun, then why should you let a foolish consistency or a sense of being bound by your new thought professions prevent you from following your real desires?

—Now.

—Live NOW.

—Joy is peace grown up.

—Peace is yours NOW.

—Peace wells from within, to meet small deeds well done.

—Make of each day a procession of small deeds well done; thus will peace grow to joy.

—Your own comes to you. What comes to you now is your own now. Be very good to it; then there will be nothing to regret when it passes away from you.

—Blessed is the letter writer who signs his full name and FULLEST address in EVERY letter.

—Blessed is the man who writes a business-like letter; for verily the girls all love him and fly to fill his orders.

—BLESSED is the woman who writes a business-like letter; for verily she is a *rara avis*; the girls exclaim admiringly—while they love her and fly to fill her orders.

—After reading these Business Beatitudes you will want to know how to write a business-like letter. Here is a good form: "Find enclosed \$1, for which please send NAUTILUS one year and a copy of 'Experiences.' John Doe, 10 West 33d street, New York City." You see, John Doe the Blessed tells in fewest possible words (1) how much money he incloses, (2) exactly what he wants for the money, and (3) exactly where goods are to be sent. If John Doe the Blessed wants to order *Points* of William he writes on another sheet of paper: "Find enclosed ten cents for which please send POINTS one year. John Doe, 10 West 33d street, New York City." You see, John Doe the Blessed Business Man knows that if he writes orders for two people on

one sheet of paper *somebody* in this office must re-write his order and name and address and turn that order over to another clerk; and he knows that whoever does that will wish to goodness John Doe knew how to write a business-like letter. Now after John Doe the Blessed has attended to the business part of his letter he may have some friendly remarks to make to me personally; so he takes a third sheet of paper and writes me a nice, chatty letter which he takes pains to *sign in full*. He puts all three letters, along with his money order, in one envelope, seals it, and addresses it plainly to me; and is careful that his own address appears in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope in case the letter *should* happen to go astray.

—When I open a neat business-like letter I spontaneously speak the Word of health, happiness and success for the writer. Then I turn the order over to one clerk, William's order goes to him and with pleasure, and at my leisure I read my own private little letter. If I am *very busy* one of the girls opens the mail and I see *only what she thinks I need to see*. If it is a long, mixed up, unbusiness-like letter she wades laboriously through it and fills the order; then the letter is filed away without my seeing it at all. When she opens a business-like letter she fills the order and it is filed; and she hands me the part meant for me. So if you want to be *sure* that I read what you want me to, see that you take pains to write a business-like letter. And the *practice* will do you good; it will aid you in developing mental concentration and order.

ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

—If you are interested in the science of breathing send twenty-five cents to Rev. S. C. Greathead, 274 Champion street, Battle Creek, Mich., for a copy of his booklet, "The Breath of Life." It is one of the best things on this line I have ever read. If you are *not* interested this book will surely waken you to interest—and practice.

—Col. Oliver C. Sabin is a true Christian Scientist minus the allegiance to Mrs. Eddy. He is a bright man and good healer, and has written several books. One of his books is "Divine Healing," a course of fourteen lectures teaching Christian Science healing. He will send you a copy for only six cents. Address him at Box 374, Washington, D. C.

—"The Nutritive and Therapeutic Value of Fruits and Unfermented Fruit Juices" is a fifteen-cent pamphlet by Otto Carque. Published by the Kosmos Publishing Company, 765 North Clark street, Chicago.

—"On the Heights of Himalay" and "In the Sanctuary" are two occult stories of more than ordinary interest as to subject matter. They are written by A. Van der Naillen, a German scientist, scholar and traveler, and the latter is sequel to the former. The author out-Correllies Marie in occultism, and is not so extravagant in descriptive. His theories, and the occult lore he has gathered in the Orient, are most interestingly and lucidly told. The books are published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, are well and artistically made, and sell for \$1.25 each. There are a few good illustrations in each, and a good portrait of the author.

—Have you seen *The Higher Thought*, that clean, well edited paper published at Kalamazoo, Mich., by Agnes Chester See and Evelyn Arthur See? If not, send ten cents to them for the September number and read all about the great union new thought movement which has grown up in Chicago since that meeting of May 24. There is to be a New Thought Convention in November which we all hope will be a splendid success. Wish I might attend. For information, address New Thought Committee, 600 Masonic Temple, Chicago. The following letter, clipped from *Higher Thought*, will give Nautilus readers an idea of the principles and scope of the new movement and the intended convention:

"DEAR MR. AND MRS. SEE:

"The inspiration and the harmony of the meeting of May 24, when the many writers, teachers and healers who believe in thought power gathered

to greet their fellow worker, Elizabeth Towne, was a tide in the affairs of the New Thought movement which was well taken at its flood by the Prentice Mulford Club through its indefatigable fathers, and the victory of recognition and acceptance by the public is at hand.

"The time of factions and differences that manifest as childish rivalry is passing, and the many centers of influence in this new presentation of Truth are realizing that it is good to have many ways and methods of giving the great Principle that they have espoused in order to meet 'the many men of many minds' and satisfy them all.

"Young students of spiritual metaphysics are sometimes disturbed when they find such diversity in the teaching, but to me, these different groups are families, who can be as harmonious and one in spirit as were the tribes of Israel.

"There have been ardent longings for the unifying of the liberal believers in Mind, and this movement is the answer to their prayers.

"Happily it is not to be an organization, and is to be kept through right thought and word, as simple and impersonal as it has started.

"The Spirit is ever to be remembered—rules to be as few as possible, and trust in each other to be absolute—trust that each considers first what is the greatest good of the movement.

"There is a motto that might be applied to us most truly: 'In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.'

"In love and truth,

"ANNA RIX MILITZ."

—Dr. Paul Edwards, the genial editor of *Mental Advocate*, is too good to be true long to one community. Even Chicago couldn't keep him. He has flown to Europe, en route to all sorts of wonderful and distant lands; and not only do his works follow him, but also the love and Good Will and Good Words of his legions of American friends. He has left *Mental Advocate* in good hands, and will remain a regular contributor. Grace Adelaide Kiersted, who was the doctor's secretary, and is Everybody's Good Friend, is now sole owner and proprietor of *Mental Advocate*; and her September issue is full of promise of a long life of usefulness and happiness. Success grow for her. Write her at 3000 Michigan avenue, Chicago, and give her my love.

—In *Points* for September is a disgracefully long article of mine giving further particulars about my visit to Portland. But the only way you can get that number is to send William ten cents for a year's subscription. He is again the sample copy habit—on *Points*.

—Have you seen *The Vanguard*? It is a bright, neat monthly magazine edited by J. M. A. Spence at Green Bay, Wis., and devoted to "Modern Thought and Social Progress." Price, fifty cents a year.

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—"Each has answered the question, 'What is the secret of your youth and lasting beauty?' Mme. Patti has answered, 'Keep the mind clear from worry, and the body clear of unnecessary food, and live with the greatest regularity and moderation.' Miss Anderson's answer was, 'To lead the existence you dreamed of. It is possible, you know, for the real and ideal to converge. My present life has realized for me all the old deals and hopes. This quiet existence in the country is what I call ideal living. I like it because it is real, and earnest, and true, and that's why I am happy.'" (From a New York *American* interview with Adelina Patti and Mary Anderson.)

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ELIZABETH TOWNE.

TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:—

Reports are beginning to come from those who are using the new "Lessons on the Attainment of Success." I am well pleased with nearly all the reports. The users are growing in that inward power and self-command which form the only lasting foundation for success. This is the main thing to cultivate; the rest is easy.

A few of the Success Circle students are impatient for "results." Because they are not suddenly lifted into financial freedom they see no "benefit." In success-growing it must be foundation first, last and all the time. It is personal power, and individual ideas and inspirations, which make a worker valuable to the world. These are the real thing of importance; money is the shadow which follows. Personal power and individual ideas and inspirations GROW ONLY IN THE SILENCE. This hour of stillness is the most important thing in life. Let nothing interfere with it. Make the best use you can of every hour of day or night; for right use develops power; but twenty-three hours of the best work will not accomplish for you what this hour of stillness will—this hour when you tap your source of power and wisdom, when you start the flow of power and wisdom.

Keep at it, dearies. Put more will, resolution, regularity, faith, IMAGINATION into this second month's practice. Success is yours.

One girl writes thus:

"It is utterly impossible for me to follow your instructions for want of time, and when I tell you what all I am doing you will see for yourself that it is so. Am doing all my own housework, sewing, mending, washing and ironing, besides being in office. Leave home not later than twenty minutes past eight, a. m., and return about five, p. m.; later if there are errands of any kind to be done. I live quite a distance from the office purposely to get the exercise of walking, which is badly needed after sitting quietly all day. To get all my work done I get up at four o'clock, and from the time my feet touch the floor until I leave the house my hands are not idle one second, nor my brains either. I might as well sit up all night and try to do without sleep altogether as to rise three-quarters of an hour earlier as you advise. With so many things to do in so short a time it would be about as easy to control a fiery young stallion with a piece of tie yarn, as to keep my mind still for fifty seconds in the mornings, much less half an hour. Why, if my brains did not go ahead of the work I was engaged on, I would forget lots of things. I can imagine myself sitting in a chair in the morning, trying to keep from yawning and thinking, for a full half hour. If you would tell me to put a shingle under each arm, stand on the window sill and soar away like a bird or Darius Green, it could be done quite as easily. A year ago I bought a ten acre tract and am having it improved by monthly installments. This keeps me so short of money that it is utterly impossible to meet the payments unless I manage my affairs as I am

doing now. This must be kept up for at least a year and a half longer or until a half acre shedded pinery comes to my relief. I tell you this so that you can understand the situation. After I have finished my payments and can have the work done by other hands you may have a chance to get me in the silence then, but it can't be done now. My only sister who was here with me a year ago and did most of the home work, left for that unknown plane from which we never get any tidings and now I am alone in the world. What am I shared for, poor, unhappy, restless soul hungry ME?" ALICE.

Now that is exactly the wail I should expect this girl to end with. Any woman (or man) who works herself like that keeps her vitality at so low an ebb that she cannot enjoy her work or her recreation. Enjoyment is impossible to one whose physical self is continually depleted by over-work, worry and a continual striving to get somewhere. IF this girl stands the strain for a year or two longer she will have so set the habit of mental strain and physical hurry that only a terrible sick spell, or death, will break it. She is wrecking an evidently fine constitution and mind. And for what? For the pride of possession. What good are possessions to her who cannot enjoy them? "What avails this eager pace?"

An hour a day for stillness would save this girl's mental, physical and spiritual health; it would fill her with such power that she could do the same work in less time; it would increase her wisdom to see many things that were better left undone, that can be left undone without sacrificing her aims; it would enable her to enjoy her work and her aims, and easily reach her goal. It would make life worth living.

"Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?" And THE LIFE is found only in the silence.

Several students seem to place too much stress on their feelings while sitting. Never mind feelings, lights, visions, breezes, etc. Let them come or go; they are nothing of importance, and too much attention given them will side track you from the main object, which is to be utterly still and relaxed that the unseen forces beyond the realm of feeling may play through you to accomplish your desires. And do not take too literally what I said about winking! Get into the spirit of the Lessons and be still without trying. LET the Spirit work in you to will and to do.

"I want to tell you of one woman who was pronounced by four doctors to be dying of inward cancer, but now is restored to almost perfect health through my reading Nautilus to her and loaning her your book on 'Self-Healing.' She has gained fifteen or twenty pounds and her cheeks are as blooming as those of a girl of sixteen. She is so happy." A. J.

"I have been chasing Christian Science and Mental Science will-o'-the-wisps for about five years. I am now trying to forget nine-tenths of the stuff I have read. Most of the science writers are a little touched in the head. The only way to have good health is just to have it—that's all. Life and health are everywhere; all that is necessary is to draw on the supply. I have found the following to bring rich results: Say over and over and over, a thousand times a day if possible, a few words such as, 'I am well and strong, well and strong, well and strong.' Get wrought up over them! Get into an ecstasy of health. Let every atom of your being whirl and vibrate with the joy of existence. Rise higher and higher until every organ in your body sings out in very glee, 'I'm glad to be alive.' That's health." G. P. C.

That is just the thing. Practice it daily and diligently for a month and you will realize the health you are after. Your success will be speedy in proportion as you get enthused over the practice.

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est average out of several hundred. I want to go still higher in Government civil service. You helped me in the former and can do so again in this. When I heard I stood second on list could scarcely believe it. Nautilus has done us a lot of good and we shall always take it." H. C.

"Upon reading your excellent work, 'Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus,' I was somewhat surprised at a strange coincidence between what you say in that book and the traditional Chinese method of breathing exercise, generally practiced by the Buddhist priests of the Zen sect. Such as 'concentration,' the 'I AM the Infinite inhalation' and the best cure for anger, fear and discouragement, etc., are exactly similar in both methods. Now I am preparing a treatise on various methods of breathing exercises, and especially on the comparison between the Occidental and Oriental methods, and want to translate some parts of your work for the purpose of quotation. If you would kindly grant me this privilege I should feel very much obliged to you. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am, Yours Sincerely," K. Sugimura, Hakkeizaka, Pinoli, Tokio, Japan.

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