

# THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

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as second class matter.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low vaulted past.  
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine out-grown shell  
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,  
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No. 1.

"In men, whom men pronounce as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men, whom men pronounce divine  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
I hesitate to draw the line,  
When God has not."

—Joaquin Müller.

## YOUR BEAUTY IS MINE.

"My greatest desire is to absolutely *do* as much as I can that will be beneficial to the race. My desire that *all* lives shall be *beautiful* as well as useful takes me in with the race, and I care for no further personal consideration."

Now this man is away off the track. If we all lived up to the idea that "*that takes me in with the race*," there would not be a beautiful nor really useful or satisfied soul on earth—not one. You cannot and never can, beautify or satisfy the world except as you beautify and satisfy the individual.

And one individual cannot do a thing, *not a thing*, toward beautifying and satisfying and making useful another individual. If individuals were like china teacups, all to be fluted and banded and printed with the same little decoration, burned in the same kiln and set in a stiff row behind the same little rail, one individual might be able to help beautify, etcetera, another.

But there are just as many patterns of beauty and satisfaction and usefulness in this world *as there ever were people in it*. If you could succeed in fluting and printing John Smith after your pattern and setting him up behind your particular rail he would kick himself off and backbite you for your pains. He doesn't *want* your old pattern—he wants to be happy and beautiful in his own way, on his own little shelf.

Which reminds me of a story about two old people who had been most devoted to each other for 70 years of married—happiness, I was going to say, but the end might raise a doubt about the happy part of it. At any rate these two old people had lived a long life together in which each had tried religiously to please and help the other. And now came the parting of the ways. John lay dying and Nancy held his wrinkled and chilling old hand, and the tears rolled slowly down her soft old face. "I must go, Nancy," says Sandy, "after all these years together we must part. Well, I ha' doon me best fer ye, Nancy, lass,—I—ha' doon—me—best." And Nancy's tears fell faster. "Ah, that ye have, Sandy," answers Nancy, between her sobs, "ye ha' ever doon yer duty. And I, Sandy, ha' doon me best by you. Ever ha' I tried to please ye and do well by ye. I ha' even all these years eaten all the crusts, that you might ha' the soft bit o' bread." Sandy gasped and turned his glazing eyes rather wildly on her face. "Eh, mon," he exclaimed, weakly, "and all the time I ate the soft bread to please ye—I likit best the crust." And so those two blessed old geese had gone through life *hiding* their own desires in a *vain* attempt to please and satisfy each other.

*Each judged the other's desires by his own.* What else *have* we to judge others by, but by our own desires and ideals, the patterns of life given to us, for our *own* use.

But these ideals are not given us to beautify and satisfy and make useful John Smith's life, but *our own individual life*. If we do not use them to the best for ourselves they will never be used. *Nobody else wants 'em.*

And if ever *your* life is to be beautiful and satisfying and useful *you* have got to make it so. If you wait until *everybody* is beautiful and useful before you set to work on *your* part you will be

an everlasting disappointment to yourself and friends *and a continual blemish to the world as a whole.*

Whatever you do for yourself is shared by the whole world. If you are beautiful the world gazes, admires, and is inspired to work out a little more beauty for itself. A large audience sees a beautiful, graceful actress and every woman in it goes home and profits by what she saw. Sue does it instinctively. To the best of her ability she "vibrates with" the beauty she recognized. But no matter how little she succeeds in expressing the actress' particular tricks of beauty her own ideal of beauty is enlarged or confirmed, and eventually she grows up to it.

Beautiful pictures, beauty in any form, help in the same way.

But never does the actress influence others for beauty unless *she* has first expressed beauty in herself.

These ragged, seedy, unkempt beggars who go whining or ranting about in the name of "socialism" or "populism" or "public ownership," are influencing the world *against* these things, because they *neglect themselves*. All their attention is turned on the other fellows, and they not only accomplish nothing for themselves but they *prejudice the other fellows against their cause*. But a sleek, well kept, *self-supporting* man who talks socialism *et al* in a quiet voice at opportune times, gains the good will and the ear of the other fellows. He has expressed in *himself* a measure of beauty and usefulness which commands respect from the other fellows. So the other fellows are inclined to "vibrate with him."

*What you have expressed* of beauty, satisfaction, usefulness, enriches the whole world.

*What you neglect* to do in the way of *self-culture* is an inexcusable blemish for which the world does well to hold you at slight valuation.

Now don't write in here and tell me I am "against" socialism, populism, public ownership. I am against *nothing*, and I am distinctly *for* government ownership and socialism of the right sort. But I have no use for the down-at-the-heels ranter. Set thy house and thyself in order and then if *thee* has any time left I will hear thee—if I am not already convinced.

Looking as a whole at things to be reformed, saps courage and power. "The fool looketh afar off" and makes much over the things that need "reforming."

There is *nothing* needs reforming. *It only needs growing.* It needs building to *specifications*. The specifications for *your* particular corner of the building are in *your* heart. Mine are in *my* heart. If each of us attends strictly to doing well *our* part we shall get all the honor due us, and all the money too; and the Great Whole will progress as fast as possible.

But if we stand off from *our* part, and spend our time gazing at and criticizing the other parts and hollering at the workmen in a vain endeavor to "reform" them and their parts, we shall exhaust our energy in a useless endeavor, and get in the way of the other fellows beside. They will wonder what seedy old curmudgeon that is trying to run things with his tongue. Oh, I have seen this sort of "reformer" in plenty. But I have yet to see any real good he has done.

And yet, and yet—there *may* be a use for him. There are things I never found a use for, and yet others buy them. There may be uses for the seedy "reformer." God bless him anyhow. His heart is right; his Father is my Father; his intentions are good. I don't like his ranting and

his rags, but maybe someone else does and there is plenty of room for us both.

Requiescat in pace.

Wake up and "polish up the handle to your *own* front door." I'll go see if mine needs another rub.

Do you remember the fellow in "Pinafore"—

"He polished up the handle to the big front door—

He polished it up so care-full-ee

That *now* he is the ruler of the Queen's Na-vee."

## FOLLOW MY LEADER.

"Concerning certain things, filled with the keenest desire to follow the most direct path, I question the right way; I frequently get two 'answers,' if I may use the term; each directly contrary to the other. But I am learning. Yet—bless you! how can one follow every impression? I may be (to illustrate) impressed to go to a certain place; very well, I get ready and before starting out comes a second 'impression' to remain at home. In that case, I think I will do about as I AM minded to!—if I can discover what that is. I fear you will think me a rather flighty individual—but I'm not; I am a staid, matter-of-fact business woman, with as much work on my hands as more than one woman ought to have, perhaps. But I am managing very well—and intend doing better every day."—Ada C. Stoddard, Boston.

This matter of following the spirit (I can hear Helen Wilmans sniff!) is a very simple matter. It only seems complex because *we* are complex. We are divided in our own minds and every one of these divisions feels its own particular "leading of the spirit." Instead of being ONE person, with ONE thing to do NOW, we are a dozen little minds or more, sprawling out all over creation and doing things in the past and future as well as in the present.

To get correct and unmistakable directions from the spirit is a matter of getting down to the *single blessedness* of THIS MINUTE, as if it were the *only* minute that ever was or will be. Past and future are all in your mind, and can be got out. The way to get 'em out is to LIVE NOW, as a child lives. Follow the spirit NOW, and keep at it until you grow the habit.

Every one of those "leadings" comes from the spirit. When you first begin to listen to the spirit you will find it talks too much, and tells you too many things at once. This is not the spirit's fault, but *yours*. You have too many ears out—every little division of yourself has its ear to the telephone, listening for all sorts of leadings, good, bad and indifferent. YOU, the rightful ruler of them all, hear the conflicting messages and exclaim "Oh, dear!"—you are paralyzed and *afraid* to move either way.

When I first tried to follow the spirit I had the same trouble. At that time I supposed that part of these promptings came from *me* and a very few of the best came from the spirit. I had not learned that I and the spirit are ONE and indivisible, and that *all* my impressions came from THE SPIRIT.

But of one thing I was quickly convinced: to *doubt* the source of my leadings was to paralyze activity. So I made up my mind to do my best to catch the mind of the spirit and then, after acting upon the leading I *would not permit* myself to question. I shut my jaws doggedly and stuck to it that that *was* the leading of the spirit and that all the rest of the impressions were not worth notice. Even when the outcome of my following the leading seemed to be altogether wrong, I yet stuck to it that the spirit led me. I simply said "scat" to every suggestion to the contrary.

Up hill and down dale I stuck to that statement



—"The spirit leads me *now*; it leads me *right*; I am following it into all truth; I can't go wrong; I am right, even though all the world and a good many of my own thoughts say I am wrong; I am doing right as the spirit of truth leads me."

Of course I had funny experiences and did queer things such as I would never think of doing now. But that mode of living did the work—it polarized my whole being until every atom, every corner of my mind, became focussed to the same purpose, the purpose of following NOW the spirit of truth. All those little idle and irrelevant and conflicting leadings ceased, because they became organized as a whole, all pointing at any given moment in the same direction; whereas before they were pointing in opposite directions.

I wonder how I can make clearer this matter: after all it is a matter of Attraction, just as Helen Wilmans says. At first the mind is divided in all sorts of directions, past, future and present and each feels its little attractions: it is an unorganized mind, a mind full of a conglomeration of ideas unrelated to each other, and all wandering around at their own sweet will—just as various tribes used to wander the earth, crossing and re-crossing each other's paths, sometimes combining but more often conflicting. And just as those ancient tribes have combined to form nations, just as they have come together and begun to work for larger purposes; so our mental tribes amalgamate and add to the harmony of our thought life. A king-thought of great power attracts and "benevolently assimilates" whole hosts of wandering tribes of thoughts, thus feeding its own power and wiping out opposition.

A really ignorant person's mind is like the world in earliest times—traversed by countless disconnected tribes of thought, and ruled by whichever one happens to come uppermost for the moment.

The ordinarily intelligent person is like a world full of nations, which have organized most of these nomadic irresponsibles and set them to work for fewer, but much larger, purposes. Such an one has one part of his mind organized for business, another for social life, another for pleasure, others for his fads; each of these organizations of his mind representing a nation, NOT ANY ONE OF WHICH IS FULLY OR AT ALL TIMES DOMINANT. There are fewer conflicts in his life because the purposes, or king-thoughts, are more powerful and their sections more completely organized. But still, there are conflicts in this man's mind-world. Business interferes at times with pleasure, and religion with both, and vice versa; just as Uncle Sam interferes with England on the northern borders of Alaska and China and Russia and Japan mix up in Crimea.

You see, every nation looks out first for itself. Until all nations combine in one mighty Purpose for the good of every individual, there cannot be perfect harmony. Always there will be interference of one part with another. John Bull thinks the spirit leads him into South Africa, Paul Kruger thinks the spirit leads him to fight him off. Uncle Sam is led of the spirit into the Philippines, where the spirit sics the little natives on to drub him. Then Uncle Sam questions whether he was led aright! Indeed a goodly part of him is dead sure he was misled. And some of the parts of him that were sure he was wrong in the first place, are now coming around to the other point of view! And so it goes.

But the time will come when Uncle Sam and John Bull and Kaiser Wilhelm and all the rest of the greater powers will combine in ONE Great Purpose of doing the best for every member of every race. Then there will be benevolent assimilation with a vengeance, for a time. But the end thereof will be peace and plenty and individual development, and development of the earth in all its parts. Darkest Englands and New York slums, foul prisons—all prisons—insane asylums, mosquito swamps and Saharas will melt like mist before the sun, and the earth will fulfill all prophecies of blossoming as the rose. The lion and the lamb shall lie down together because

benevolent assimilation and meat-eating are obsolete.

Oh, you need not laugh! This is PROPHECY, and if you keep your eyes open long enough you will see it all come to pass. If you get sleepy you will be benevolently assimilated yourself, by the worms. And then, after a Good Rest you will hear Gabriel's Trump and open your eyes on just such conditions as I AM prophesying.

But no matter whether you see this condition come to pass outside of you, the day is NOW here when you may bring it to pass within you, by the identical methods I have indicated and by which I have organized myself.

When there are individuals enough so organized within themselves it will be an easy matter to organize the earth as a whole. And thus comes the fulfilling of the prophecy concerning the 144,000 who shall rule the earth and bring all others into the kingdom.

Now let us again get down to the individual. There came a time when I grew tired of the broils between the Uncle Sams and John Bulls and Kaiser Wilhelms, et al, of my own mind, and I RESOLVED to set up a King-Thought which should be powerful enough to rule the whole lot for the good of the Whole. My King-Thought was simply that, if I could get down to the spirit I should be in touch then with THE MIND OF THE WHOLE—the mind which knows in detail what is best for the whole—the mind which is in and through all things and which is a sort of COMPOSITE of ALL minds. If I could get in touch with this mind and be led by it I should be able to do that which is best for me as a part of the whole. I should find in that mind all harmony and wisdom—the harmony and wisdom of ONE PURPOSE—the joy of each.

So my King-Purpose from thenceforth was to let the universal spirit lead me to do my share in perfecting a harmonious organization.

Of course this King-Purpose swallowed up in time all other purposes, and I am becoming a perfectly organized mind—a One-Minded, instead of a many-minded, individual. Gradually the processes of benevolent assimilation are being completed—all my erratic, savage and half-savage tribes of thought are either dying off or they and their progeny are coming into useful citizenship in this One-Mind organization.

The only way to find out if a thing is true is to act upon the supposition that it is true. That is what I did—I acted upon the supposition that I am this minute guided aright; and I kept cheerfully at it through thick and thin until I began to see that it was really true. I kept at it until my doubts and questionings all disappeared for want of recognition.

What I have done you may do, and greater things, too.

Take the One-Mind for granted and let it lead you into all truth; and your earth shall blossom and rejoice as you have never dreamed possible.

But let not him that wavereth expect anything. To keep steadily on, is the secret of Getting There. This ONE thing I do, until all the little side issues are benevolently assimilated—is the road to real success.

### HOW TO BE WEALTHY.

"If you are afraid to use your money, if you are close, saving and skinflinty, in word, thought or deed, you are laying the foundation for unhappiness and poverty. The miser is not really rich, he is poor, poor, POOR." (W. E. T.) "I put it there because I want to be reminded of it all the time,—it has set me to thinking lots. I don't know where to draw the line between 'economy' and 'skinflinty,' and it gives me constant trouble to decide. It is awfully easy, I find, to follow out the economy bent till it becomes 'closeness,'—at the same time, it would be very easy to give myself the rein the other way, and 'just let her go' into extravagance. I suppose it might be said 'Draw the middle line,' but it is very hard to know where or what is the middle line,—and hence the question arises, on which side shall we err? My present opinion is that I had better err on the 'let her go' side, as I am by nature strongly inclined to economy and self-denial. I am inclined to think that Economy with me would soon lead to penuriousness, and that therefore I should pursue the other tack. Besides

what do these texts mean, if not that? 'Give and it shall be given unto you,—good measure etc.,' and, 'If a man ask of you a coat, give him twain' (or something to that effect,)—give him twice what he asks for. As I look at the great God of Nature, He is extravagance itself,—the grain of wheat is multiplied manifold,—the air we breathe, the water to drink are all in riotous profusion. And everything else till Man gets a hold of it, and surrounds it with his 'little fence,' and says, 'Thus far and no further.'—Pigott.

It is not what you spend, nor what you spend it for, which makes the difference between wealth, opulence, and skinflintiness. Skinflintiness all lies in the attitude of mind which is constantly straining ahead to make a dollar buy more than a dollar's worth. The bargain counter conduces to skinflintiness, but it is a result and not a cause of it.

The man who, desiring a certain thing and having the dollar to pay for it, yet "hates to spend it," and thinks of a dozen other things he would like to have "thrown in" for the dollar,—such a man is a skinflint. He is not spending like a lord.

The man who desiring a certain thing and having the dollar to pay, parts willingly with the dollar, even if it is a last one, and goes rejoicing on his way with the new purchase,—this man spends as he should. He is willing to pay full price, and he enjoys his purchase.

The skinflint's is spoiled with visions of a dozen other things he would like to have squeezed out of that dollar. He, of course, expresses it this way; "I've parted with that dollar for this thing, but there are a dozen other things I 'ought' to have too." You see, "ought" is a great word with a skinflint. I used to be one and I know the vernacular. He thinks he "ought" to be "saving" and "economical."

When he is a confirmed skinflint he always thinks the other fellow "ought" to come down on his price, and he parts with his dollar only because he MUST in order to get that thing. Sometimes he will wear out \$2 worth of shoe leather traveling around town trying to find that article for 99 cents. The skinflint is always nearsighted. He looks so closely at that dollar in his grasping fist that he fails to see his shoe leather and his time and energy expended in trying to crawl out of paying a full dollar. He "hates to do it." No matter how many other dollars he has he "hates" to pay out this one for this particular thing.

All this "tendeth to poverty" and it likewise generally attends poverty; though there are well-to-do folks who are skinflints—and on the road to penury.

We are most of us skinflinty in spots, especially when our income is shrinking and coal sky-rocketing. I used to be skinflinty in large spots, because I thought I had to to live at all. And the closer I got the "tighter" money grew with me.

At last I "caught on" to the knack of spending like an opulent queen what I did have to spend, and from that day things began to get better. I do not mean that all at once I went to spending recklessly for all sorts of things I happened to fancy at the moment—a glass of ice-cream soda, or a new ribbon I saw in the window, a new shirt-waist I thought pretty—I still denied myself all "luxuries."

And right here I want to tell you that it is these little wishes of the moment which are the real leakages that keep our pocketbooks flat. Not only that, but the gratifying of every momentary whim depletes your stock of Desire just so much. The cutting off of these little leaks permits the tide of desire to rise higher within you, for the accomplishment of things worth while. In the same way it permits the rising of the money tide in your purse. Cogitate this well.

I not only did not fly into all sorts of momentary indulgences, but I began to put more thought than ever into each expenditure I made. I bought nothing that was not necessary, and I always "slept on it" before I decided that it was necessary. Then I consulted my cash and decided what was "the limit" I could use for this purpose. Then I went over in my mind all the things I couldn't have if I bought this. I let go definitely of each one of these. I said, "Get thee behind



me—I choose this one thing and you may go away into forgetfulness—I do not want you." Then I went down town and "looked around" until I found just the right thing to suit me. Sometimes it was on the bargain counter, sometimes among the new goods at highest price; but when I found it I was *pleased* with it, and I paid *gladly* for it, and took it home and *enjoyed it forever after*.

I used to be a great hand to be "sorry I hadn't got something else," but I never made a purchase in this new way which I did not enjoy fully until it was worn to shreds.

This was the beginning of opulence for me. After a time I found my desires growing *stronger and more definite* AND LESS NUMEROUS. And at the same time I began to discover *more money in my purse*, AND FEWER DRAINS UPON IT. I know by right of discovery and experience, that *this* is the road to wealth. And I know that what I have done in this line every one of you can do if you will. It will take you a longer or shorter time to accomplish just in proportion as you work faithfully at it *all* the time, or just spasmodically once in a while.

It is all a matter of establishing a right *habit* of thought. A few thoughts once in a while will not do it, but persistent effort *will*. Anybody with gumption enough to learn to read can learn to think opulently. And as soon as the *habit* is formed he will find that he *has* plenty for *all* his desires. More than this, spending will be a pleasure to him, and the thing bought a joy forever.

### BEAUTY-CULTURE.

If you would grow young and strong use the *eliminative* part of your system. Quit *hanging on* mentally, and eat the foods and do the things which will assist nature to throw out dead matter—"Brain-Ash," as Sydney Flower calls it.

Air and water and fruit and exercise, are nature's eliminants. Revel in these. Meat and pastries and white bread, cake, etc., are clogging. Eschew them. Exercise is the greatest eliminant of all. Use it to the full. If your work is not active and outdoor, then get a course of instruction in physical culture and go in for that with a WILL.

Here is something to begin on. Do not aim so much to acquire strength as to *cultivate* your nerves and muscles to fine, graceful, quick action. Stand nude before the glass and see how beautifully you can make every motion. Admire your form and seek to develop it to its best. Are you stoop shouldered? Then see how straight you can stand, chest out, weight on balls of feet. Stretch all your muscles, and then relax them. And shake yourself as a dog shakes itself when coming out of the water.

Cultivate facial grace too—smile and make your eyes sparkle! Bring your mouth up at corners! Smooth your forehead upward with palms of hands, or tips of fingers. Wherever you see something which might be bettered make the motions for bettering it! Keep at it for half an hour or more daily, night and morning.

The WORD may be with you for anything you want, but *you will have to make the motions for it all*. Another cannot do that.

All this will give you self-reliance and self-possession, and you will grow into a far more beautiful and charming person than you have ever hoped to be.

But in and through this all you must cultivate Mental expression. See that you are kind to all people and things, and your work too. Help other people to have *their* way, just as I am helping you to have *your* way. Where you can do nothing to help them just *will* the help—send out your Good Will to them. Smile on them and be encouraging to them in thought as well as deed.

—No, I never am despondent. But I used to be so three quarters of the time. When you are despondent make a business of *acting* the exact opposite. Go before your glass and smile and draw up your mouth corners, and talk to yourself as you would to another—tell yourself the *truth*, that you are *not* despondent, that you have

all the world before you, that all people are your relatives and friends, that life is JOY! Keep on saying it all and smiling as if you realized. Five or ten minutes of this sort of exercise, done with a will, will put to flight all the blue devils in creation. If you persist in it the blue devils will get tired of coming—as they did to me.

—If you are cultivating your spending capacity faster than your *earning* capacity you are developing a one sided character—or lack of character. When you get into debt you are simply *reminding* yourself that your spending propensities are growing like a healthy and hideous octopus. In the meantime your earning side is being sucked dry faster than it can be replenished. Just quit feeding the octopus. And quit pitying yourself because you can't fill his insatiable maws. Turn your back on him and attend to the *earning* side. Put thought, energy, will into that, and starve the octopus until he has a little Sense. Common Sense in spending, always with a sense of *reserve funds* on the earning side, is the absolute essential not only of wealth, but of health and happiness. It is *uncomfortable, dis-easeful*, to be sucked dry by the spending octopus.

—A man is tied to his work as long as he *thinks* he is. When he knows himself as the only power, either to tie him or take him elsewhere, he begins to follow his best desire, and finds success anywhere.

—Sydney Flower says the way to keep off old age is to stop thinking. Helen Wilmans says the way to do it is to think. They are both right. All depends upon your definition of the word, think. Helen says you are to rise into the "ideal brain" and think all sorts of limitless things about yourself, your neighbor and the world. Sydney Flower doesn't call that thinking at all. To him, thinking is that eternal mental re-hashing of *things*, that we are all more or less acquainted with—that mental going over and over what she said, and how provoked I was, and what he said and how I wish such good times would come again. Thought, to Sydney Flower, has to do with the past, the future and limitations—a sort of mental tread-mill of hurry, worry and apprehension. Now I wouldn't call this sort of thing *thought*. It is mental *habit*, and is thought-less. And I detest it as badly as Sydney Flower does. I find I can stop the tread-mill by rising into the "ideal brain" and doing some *real* thinking. By leaving limitation and dwelling with the Limitless I find *new* thoughts, instead of old thoughts about the same old things. Thoughts are flying through the air. It is only a question of whether we *rest* in the "ideal brain" and *let* the thoughts come, or thresh around in the every-day brain and churn up the same old things. But it is certainly true that we must quit this mental threshing around if we want to be youths instead of mummies.

—Somebody wants to know who will accept for publication articles on the new thought. *Freedom*, Seabreeze, Fla., and *Mind*, 569 Fifth avenue, New York, and *Unity*, 1315 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo., are always ready for good, live articles. And yes, *Magazine of Mysteries*, 22 N. William street, New York, accepts suitable manuscript. Then there are others I do not now recall.

—"My husband is very negative and subject to every positive person he meets. He is seldom frank, but silent and negative. We are trying to sell out and he will not ask a good price for things. We are not getting what we should."

You and your husband are playing at tug-of-war! You are pulling in opposite directions, and the ultimate cannot fail to be a tumble for both. Better lose all the money and property you have than to do that. John is not so "negative" as you imagine. He is "still water." You are agitated water. He sets a lower price than he would, because he *feels* your mental tug against him. In your attempt to offset him you set a *high* price! If you quit tugging against him you will come a lot nearer to gaining what you want. LET GO! To hang on is simply disaster for both of you. Pull *together*. If he will not pull your way, then see that *you* pull *his* way. The spirit of truth speaks to him as well as to you, and all things

will work together for good to you both—IF you *let* them. It takes *two* to make a tug of war, and *either one* can stop it. If you are wiser than he then *you* are the one to stop it. *Let go*. Set no prices in your own mind. Leave that all to THE SPIRIT in John. Accept the prices he gets as the *just* prices. AFFIRM that your own comes to you, and take what comes *as* your own. Pulling together will bring better prices than pulling apart.

—Oh, dearies, I am here for a regular jubilee. This is the first number of Vol. V. of *The Nautilus*. Every month for four years *Nautilus* has sailed out into the world. Never once has it missed, and only once has it ever failed to go into the post office exactly on time. That once was before I found the Transcript Company to do my printing. We began with a very modest little "mansion" indeed, which has grown in size just as fast as a modest and pay-as-you-go little craft could. When we began nobody outside our birthplace, Portland, Oregon, had ever heard of us. Now we are known and welcomed all over the world, and we are growing at an enormous rate. So I rejoice and shake hands all around with the readers who are giving us such a hearty welcome and support. We have been giving you our best, and thus increasing our capacity as well as our quality. So we shall hope to please you still better in this fifth year of our sailing.

—Faster and faster our subscription list is going up. We can hardly keep pace with the demand, and almost every month we find ourselves running short of papers, though we keep enlarging our orders and trying to keep copies enough on hand to supply all demands. If you ask for back numbers and do not get them you will understand the cause. I'd dearly love to supply everybody if I only could.

—This month we have had a new edition of "Just How to Concentrate," which was not ordered quite as soon as it should have been. Consequently there is a great stack of addressed envelopes piled up here, awaiting the new books, and all over America there *may* be people who are wondering why we are not so prompt as usual. The books will be here within a day or so now (October 8) and then there will be mailing day with a vengeance. Two inquiries about these books came today, and others may come. Of course these will need no answer, as the books will go out this week. But if you have not received your copy by the time this paper reaches you please send me *another* postal card and I will send you another copy of the book forthwith. And I hope the new edition will please you so well you will forgive me the delay.

—"Do you think it possible for a person 85 years old to attain physical immortality?"

Certainly! All things are possible to him that *believes*, goes in to win and *keeps at it*.

—Here is a request to know about the relative values of olive and other oils. I doubt if there is any difference so far as nutritive value is concerned. My own special preference is for Wesson Cooking Oil. I use it for *all* purposes, and I venture to say if you will use up one quart of Wesson oil, using for salads and all, you will ever after use no other. The Wesson oil taste is much easier of cultivation than is the olive oil or olive taste, because Wesson oil is tasteless as water. Now don't ask *me* about how to get this oil. Remember the parable of the unjust judge and keep after your grocer until he supplies you.

—"The first principle of success in life is to pay your debts. If you contract an obligation, meet it. If the debt is a trifling one, a dollar, two dollars, pay it. Do this for selfish reasons, if for no other. No man ever yet succeeded in 'beating' another. He can only 'beat' himself. He can only injure himself. To render to another his due is to attract towards you currents of success for yourself. To repudiate or defer payment of even the most trifling obligation, is to stand in your own light. This is the working of a law that is older than the hills."—Sydney Flower.

—Try grape-nuts with pure unsweetened grape juice and water, half and half, instead of cream. It is fine, and more wholesome.



## MY NEW BOOK.

Girls and boys, I have just finished a new book which, in an olive and silver binding with a new picture of the author, is ready for delivery. It contains the same number of well printed "antique laid" pages as "Constitution of Man," 65 pages; and will sell for the same price, 50 cents. I expect this new book to sell faster than "Solar Plexus" book, which has and is having a phenomenal and increasing popularity—because it is *plain and helpful*. The new book is plainer yet, and more helpful, covering in general and in detail almost every exigency of human life. It is called

## "ELIZABETH TOWNE'S EXPERIENCES IN SELF-HEALING,"

and is really a history of my own life for the last twenty odd years. Those who want nice little, flowery homilies which painstakingly avoid the personal "I" will please not send for this book. But those who want real experiences in the new thought and its application will find this book a mine of information. I have shown plainly just how I grew up in the new thought, healing myself of almost every imaginable kind of disease from heart trouble to the catching-cold habit, from all sorts of chronic and acute things, and from all sorts of faults of disposition and temperament. I have described every method I used in overcoming not only diseases mental and physical, but *poverty as well*. And incidentally I have described at length the methods I have used and evolved in the healing of *others* as well as myself. Not a thing in my experience have I glossed over or omitted. The book is an inspiration, and has been written in a white glow of purpose to *reveal a soul's efforts and progress and accomplishment*, to the end that other souls may see and understand and be inspired to greater self-conquest and self-expression. It contains more of *me* than anything, or *all* things else I have written. For this reason it will appeal to *you*. In essence we are *One*, and our most *honest* self-expression is what most helps, teaches, inspires, all other souls *who are honestly seeking* along similar lines. I love this new book because it is *myself*, my victorious, evolving self. I hope *you* will love it not because it is *me*, but because it *helps you to be YOUR victorious, glorious self*. That is all I write for—to *inspire you*.

—All these people are right—Wilmans, Shelton, Dewey *et al.* Each sees the Whole Thing from his own standpoint, and describes it the best he can. When you have listened to THE SPIRIT—not the writers—long enough, you will understand too, and then you will be able to understand all these writers and see just how their teachings dovetail together. Just remember that ALL are good and right, and listen to the spirit to show you How they fit. Nobody can do that for you. Aspiration straight to the spirit is the only real enlightener.

—To the young man who lost his best girl because he was "afraid" to speak: I trust your losing that girl has taught you to get up and Hustle when you want anything—even if your knees *do* shake and your teeth chatter a bit. If you have learned that lesson well enough to PRACTICE it, the girl was well lost! But, she is not lost. If she was ever yours she is yours now, and whenever you are *Both Ready* she will come to you. There is where it all lies—in being ready. You were not ready before! You had been letting your weaknesses govern your actions. You followed your Fears instead of following your faiths and love. So you were not ready. In order to get ready for the things we Want our days must be a succession of Doing things according to our Faiths and Loves, instead of procrastinating according to our doubts and fears. See? Now begin. You need not treat or fret or fuss to bring your desires to pass. They BRING THEMSELVES TO PASS. The less you think about them the better, but whenever they do come to mind just say to yourself, "My Own is coming to me!"—and then go about the work of Now with a glad heart. The work of Now the spirit will teach you. Ask it, in *your own heart*, what to do NOW in order to work *Out* the best that is within you. Do the thing which

lies nearest at hand, and see how Well and cheerfully you can do it. Everything so done develops your capacity and power and brings you that much nearer to the point of Readiness for the great moment you desire. Keep living your best and Knowing that all you desire is yours.

—"I begin to think that peace and concentration are names for the same thing."—D. C.

Exactly. The mind is a lens, like the lens of the eye. If one keeps it eternally bobbing one never gets a true impression. An agitated mind is the *only* preventive of "concentration." The mind is a natural concentrator of impressions, just as the eye is. Like the eye, it must *rest* upon that which is to be received—it must be still; not with a strained, *fixed* stillness, but with an easy, poised quietness. True peace and concentration are the same state.

—Here is a man 72 years old who says he has found by experience that it *does* make a difference what we eat as well as what we think. He has adopted the no-breakfast plan and plain diet and "says grace" at meals; and he notes a steady improvement in power. His "grace" is like this: "I demand that the best life-supporting elements in this food shall be assimilated by my system, and shall build *better* cells and tissue than that broken down by use. I ask and demand this in the name of the organic builder." Sounds rather orthodox, does it not? But such suggestions persisted in twice a day would undoubtedly act powerfully toward stemming the tide of old age. This man is E. R. Rockwood of San Francisco. Then there is in the same city a Captain Diamond with similar views who is 106 years old and an athlete, with muscles as supple and joints as movable as those of a child. He is a strict vegetarian, eats two meals a day and *uses* himself. He not only has never used stimulants of even the mildest sort, but he says "sugar is coming to be admitted as one of the fiercest of nerve stimulants and narcotics," and he will have none of it. He has never married. September and October numbers of *Physical Culture*, Townsend building, New York city, have interesting articles and pictures of him. There is no use talking, if we ever overcome death we must begin by overcoming ourselves, including our old fashioned appetites and our mental and physical laziness. These 100-year old kids are not to be sneezed at when it comes to practical demonstration.

—"If you should ever consider changing the name of your paper, *Nautilus*, I would suggest that you call it *The Best Yet*, for that's what it is."—R. E. Elwell, New York.

—"I began about two years ago, by simply praying, at a certain time every evening, with all my might, that I might become a better and more powerful woman. (I am a free thinker, and never had anything to do with churches.) In a few months I sent \$5 to Prof. Murphy, Nevada, Mo., for his Course of Instructions and got the Idea of Suggestion. At this time I was doing laundry work and working *very hard*. I thought I should give out. So nearly all my suggestions for a year were for Strength. I grew in strength all the time and I did an immense amount of work. I did that year my housework and took care of a lot of poultry and earned \$228.88 in laundry work besides. Since then I have taken *New Thought* from Chicago. It has been the greatest help to me and now I am subscribing for your teaching. I endeavor to hearken to the guidance of that great Presence that surrounds and presses against us on every side. I have left off the worst of my hard work, though I have plenty to do. My husband works nights at the Rutland Sanatorium for Consumptives, as night engineer, so I am alone nearly all the time and have now a fine chance to develop myself. I spend three hours a day, if not more in these exercises. I want to be a powerful woman for good. I want to benefit humanity in some way."—Mrs. W. A. R., Rutland, Mass.

Now there is a woman whose spunk and gump-ton I glory in. Instead of using "the new thought" to "get above" her work she took it right down *into* her hard life and pegged away until she got the upper hand of it. She did it so resolutely and well that she soon graduated. Now "things are coming her way." Let the complaining ones who are sulky because "the new thought" does not carry them to heaven on flowery beds of ease right off quick,—let them get into this woman's spirit and go in to win and

stick to it. Success is certain to such a spirit, but it must *grow*.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Bigelow of Baldwinsville, N. Y., sends me a package of prepared wheat which she uses moistened with cream, tea, coffee or water, instead of bread. It tastes *good*. Thank you, Elizabeth, for that and the recipe for making, which I give herewith:

"Take about three quarts or more of wheat and after looking well over and washing, place in a flannel bag and soak in a large pan or pail over night—so it's about half covered with the water. In the morning about nine o'clock I run it through the (next to the finest wheel) meat cutter. When it's all ground I add about a quart of bran and mix well, then to two coffee cups of this add a teaspoon of salt. In cold weather I have *three* cotton bags which I put this amount into and hang them over the register to dry, shaking them up every day. In a few days when *thoroughly* dry I run the wheat through a coffee mill kept for the purpose. In summer care must be taken that it does not mold while drying. When all is ready I put in glass cans ready for use. I never cook it but moisten with cream—milk, weak coffee—or tea—or any way you wish. It is now three years since I have eaten wheat in this way and bread is so *tasteless* now."

## LOST AND FOUND.

Away out alone on the South Dakota prairies stands a group of two or three large, handsome and substantial red stone buildings which have for several years been unoccupied. They were erected by a packing company that was shortly absorbed by a trust, which simply closed up the South Dakota house and left it to the mercy of nature's disintegrating forces. It seemed a sad thing to look at those fine buildings and grass-grown grounds. "What a waste of money and work!"—exclaimed my thrifty friend regretfully.

But after all it was not a waste of either money or work. The same money which paid for those buildings is still circulating through our pocket books. Money is of absolutely no value except as it circulates, or is at least get-at-able. How much wealth is added to the world's resources by Captain Kidd's buried treasure? One might call that treasure lost, but the money which paid for those buildings was not lost. It went out from the company's coffers in a thousand rills, through the pockets of the workmen, to the butcher, the baker, the Standard Oil maker and the rest of us. And the company's coffers lost their identity but they were filled again just the same, from the trust coffers. And so the money goes, but it is not wasted you see—it simply keeps on circulating.

And neither is energy wasted. The architect who planned those buildings learned a lot from his work and he has planned better buildings ever since. The workmen all devoted their energies to the laying of stone and the working out of details, and every one came through with more experience and energy than he had when he began. Using energy develops it, you know. Every man received his money for his work; he developed energy and intelligence on those buildings; and when he had finished his work *he was more valuable than* when he began it. The men who formed the company received *more* money for those buildings than they put into them. They too gained in experience, wisdom, energy, and are now members of the big trust with more money and prospects than ever.

So, I cannot see that there was either money or energy lost on those buildings. Even if they remain unused until wind and weather and green vines work together to reduce them to picturesque ruins, away out on those rolling prairies of Dakota, there will still be no waste. If that time arrives the Dakotans will point complacently to their "ruins," and pride themselves upon being quite up to European date. Ruins, vine clad and solitary are far more valuable than packing plants.

But this is all a dream. Long before wind and vine can do their work Sioux Falls will have crept around those buildings and breathed into them the breath of mill life. Wheat and corn will flow into them and good flour and meal will flow out to gladden all the world with stored sunshine from Dakota.



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

## CHASTITY AND THE REGENERATE LIFE.

I find a great deal of practical common sense concerning the regenerate or immortal life, towards which we as a race are growing, in the columns of *The Flaming Sword*, the official organ of Koreshanity. Dr. Teed's teachings along this line are based upon a solid foundation, so far as I am able to judge, and are free from those airy flights of the imagination which characterize so much of the writings upon this subject.

Dr. Teed teaches that the first great step toward the regenerate life is to obey the law of conservation. This law applies to both men and women. On the mortal plane one generation no more than makes its appearance before it begins to die that the following generation may live. This process must be reversed. Gradually the idea of self control is growing up in the minds of both men and women, and when a sufficient number shall have focussed their thought upon the idea of conservation, it will begin to take actual shape in the lives of the race and the forces of generation will function on the regenerative plane.

Dr. Teed says truly in a recent article:—"No iteration nor reiteration of the formula that 'there is no death,' will ever transform a fallacy into a truth. Mortality is a fact, and it is the status of present so-called life. But the fact of mortality does not militate against the fact of the possibility of the attainment of immortality. *'This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortality must put on immortality,'* means that the mortal in the body shall become immortal in the body. Nor will the immortal state be attained through mere belief and a process of willing or thinking."

The attainment of the regenerate life can come about only through an understanding and application of Divine Law. It is a matter of unfoldment, growth, and understanding. There must first be the strong, *unwavering* desire to know the truth as it relates to the attainment of the immortal state, and then faithfulness in the application of principles as fast as they are revealed to us. We must have more than a mental conception of the principles. We must *live* them constantly. We must *prove* them by making them manifest in our lives. Until we do that we shall not be able to successfully demonstrate our ability to cope with negative conditions, nor rise above the mortal plane upon which the great multitude are now living. Some one must demonstrate the possibility of immortal life. Some one must render such obedience to Law as will make it possible for the principle of immortality to manifest in their lives right here and now. Whoever makes the attempt in earnestness and sincerity to live up to the higher plane, is making it that much easier for others to do the same.

**"FAVORS."** A favor is generally supposed to be an unselfish act. As a matter of fact it is never such. There is, in strict truth, no such thing as unselfishness. If we do another person a favor it is really because it seems to us that it will bring to us satisfaction and happiness. Nine times out of ten we do another person a favor under the hope of reward. Perhaps the reward hoped for is to consist of gratefulness on the part of our friend. This is as sweet incense to our nostrils. It tickles our pride. It makes us feel comfortable and complacent. Nevertheless the time will come in each and every life when it will be necessary to learn to love and serve *without* hope of reward, without a return of any sort, without even gratitude. Learn to work and to serve *for the sake of the working and serving*, for your *own* sake, if you would be happy.

We often hear people say that such and such a person does not "appreciate" what others do for him in the way of favors. What right, I ask, has one person got to expect "appreciation" on the part of another? None whatever. If you do another person a favor it is *your* business, not his; and you have no right to expect any return whatever. You are *not* dependent upon any one person or persons for your happiness and well being, there-

fore do not act as if it was their duty to render homage for your "favors."

Mind your own business and you'll be much more likely to find a firm and stable foundation for happiness.

## ENTHUSIASM.

Enthusiasm is a mighty good thing. Enthusiasm and love are what steam is to an engine. But enthusiasm without a particle of common sense to back it becomes a thing to be avoided. You have all known the over enthusiastic person. He was constantly giving birth to schemes which were to make him everlastingly rich or famous. Did they pan out? Not in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred. The enthusiast soared to the seventh heaven mentally for a few days, perhaps, and then dropped to earth with a dull thud. Perhaps he was just as ready to fly off the handle again in a little while. He's "built that way," you know.

Now, as I said in the beginning, enthusiasm is a grand thing; but he who is burdened with an over supply needs to go slow and "get down to business." Steam will not accomplish anything unless it is directed into proper channels. Enthusiasm spilled all over a twenty or thirty acre lot doesn't do much good. Enthusiasm harnessed to some good business that one is adapted to will bring in dollars and cents and lead to happiness and prosperity in general.

It often happens that the enthusiast is away down in the depths mentally after he has been dropped a few dozen times or more, extending over a period of several years. He gets to imagining that life is a sort of failure and that the world is pretty much against him. But it isn't. Not a bit of it. He's just learning a little horse sense, that's all. About the only way most of us acquire any horse sense is by having it hammered into us. Even then it seems as if some people never get beyond the stage where continued hammering is necessary. But as "continual dropping will wear away a stone" so the school of experience will turn out your enthusiast some day as a graduate and he'll be a person to be proud of, too.

So, my friend, if you have suffered in the past through being blessed with a super-abundance of enthusiasm and what you have thought was a too vivid imagination, I now bid you take courage. Learn to use your splendid powers and not let them rust in idleness. Do something useful. And again I say to the over-enthusiastic, *do something useful*. Therein lies your salvation.

## WHISKERS VS. POPULARITY.

I want to address a serious word of advice to Dr. Paul Edwards, Professor Knox, and such others of the brethren as wear long whiskers. For many moons Elizabeth has been expressing her disapproval of long beards, and insisting that those men who wore them could not belong to the very elect. When I pressed her for a reason for this unaccountable aversion she could not give any—except that it was so. After our very pleasant chat with Dr. Edwards, who called upon us recently, she very nearly became a backslider from her former position, and yielded so far as to admit that a man's teachings *might* be pretty sound even if he *did* wear whiskers. But here the other day I received a letter from Kate Boehme, and among other important matters she mentioned the fact that she, too, did not care for the writings of a man who wore whiskers. This confirmed Elizabeth in her opinion, and now no one will ever be able to convince her that the youth of our land should not be taught early in life to use the razor and soap.

Now, as I said, I want to address a word of advice to the bewhiskered brethren. There is no knowing how far this opposition to the hirsute face covering may have already progressed in the minds of the fair sex, and if you desire to preserve your popularity with them, I advise you to purchase without delay a package of Sydney Flower's "Hirsutan" (patented in Europe, Asia and Africa as well as North and South America) and use it faithfully and persistently. Do this without delay as you value your popularity and success.

W. E. T.

## BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\*\*\* Our recent reviews of "The Story of Mary McLean" attracted quite a little comment from *Nautilus* readers, and all who mentioned having read the book were deeply interested in it. It is strange how opinions differ regarding this work. *The Psychic Review* gives it an unqualified scorching. Nevertheless I am firmly convinced that it is a great and good book, and one that will outlive hundreds of the popular novels of the day. Mary McLean's book contains a true picture of her life, and truth is worthy of attention, even though it be not presented in the most attractive form.

\*\*\* "A Benevolent Feudalism," is the title of a unique and interesting pamphlet published by The Collectivist Society, P. O. Box 1663, New York city. Price 10 cents. This society is engaged in an intelligent effort to promote co-operation along very fair and liberal lines. They believe in reform of a practical nature, and that great economic changes must be brought about by degrees.

\*\*\* Man can enjoy freedom of action within the Law, but this very freedom depends upon Law.

\*\*\* A river would not be a river at all unless it was confined between banks.

\*\*\* A man would not be a man except for his instinctive observance of the principles of his being.

\*\*\* The fatalists say that, because the above is true, man is not and never can be free.

\*\*\* Perhaps this is so in the sense that he can never act contrary to the Law which expresses itself in his being, and all his acts are governed by this Law.

\*\*\* Freedom without Law is unthinkable. But freedom within the Law, to the extent of our knowledge, is possible to all intents and purposes.

\*\*\* Seek to co-operate with the Principle of things. Seek the guidance and advice of the "still small voice." Listen for its promptings. Keep silent. In this direction lies satisfaction, happiness, and a useful life.

\*\*\* "Creative power does not lie in things or shapes, for all forms are partly, at least, under the domination of the disintegrating principle. Creative power is only manifested by passage from the unseen to the seen. It cannot be taken out of things, but must come from the unseen."—*Evolution of the Individual*.

\*\*\* "You will note I urge you not to stop to deny evil. If it is not, let it rest in nothingness. In other words, do not seek to find the evil about or in you and then deny it. You call a negative and an exceptional force about you by so doing. The atmosphere of attraction can never be created by shouting negatives."—*Paths to Power*.

\*\*\* By the same token, if you want health do not deny disease. Disease is due to the curative processes of nature, or more accurately speaking to our resistance to those processes. Spend your time in thinking about what you want—not about the things you do *not* want.

\*\*\* By reading "Paths to Power" I have learned a great deal about the *method* by which we attract to ourselves from the outer world such conditions as correspond with our thoughts. Mr. Wilson claims that it is only through the medium of our personal atmosphere that we come in touch with the Universal Life. The atmosphere is the point of contact with the world of vibration. By properly adjusting our atmosphere we may influence the conditions of our environment.

\*\*\* Having built up an atmosphere of self-confidence and trust in the All Good, we are in position to make connection with the universal supply; but if we allow this atmosphere to become disturbed at any time through fear, hate, or anger, we send out through the ether vibrations which will re-act in such a manner as to break the connection and cut us off from the supply. If a man who was using a telephone should suddenly become angry and tear down the transmitter he would effectually destroy his chances for further conversation until the connection was re-established. So the man who causes his own atmos-



phere to become agitated with violent emotions, cuts off his connection with the All Life.

\*\*\* Mr. Wilson has this to say concerning doubt: "We can direct our thoughts if we will; but we cannot direct them if we stop to question whether they are right. That we must *know*. Doubting disturbs the atmosphere about us to such an extent as to deprive it of all its attractive force to bring to us the thing we would."

\*\*\* Concerning the part which will-power plays in making the necessary changes in one's atmosphere I find the following: "No great will-power is required to produce the atmosphere one desires, or to keep it thereafter. Willingness that it may come, with the faith and trust that always precedes works, is the simple guide."

\*\*\* A glass of warm lemonade, unsweetened, taken each morning on an empty stomach will be found a good cleanser and eliminator. The acid in the lemon aids the warm water in washing away waste matter.

\*\*\* All vegetarians need to be very careful that they secure sufficient proteid in their food. Peanut butter has a considerable amount of proteid in it. If milk is agreeable it also can be made to furnish considerable of this necessary element.

\*\*\* Figs are quite valuable as a laxative. Eaten on an empty stomach they will be found effective with most people. They possess considerable value as an article of diet.

\*\*\* Ella Wheeler Wilcox is to be a regular contributor to *New Thought* hereafter. Next year she will be associated with Mr. Atkinson in the editorship of that magazine. The enterprising Mr. Flower will also publish two books by Mrs. Wilcox during the coming year.

\*\*\* Someone sends me another clipping from the New York *Journal* concerning vegetarianism. The writer says: "He who thrives best on vegetables is he who thinks least." This is a very superficial view of the case. This writer is evidently one of the kind who supposes that vegetarians live on turnips, beets and cabbages. The up-to-date ones use instead fruits, cereals and nuts. In my own case I find that these articles of diet are *much* more easily digested than meat and fish, and that my brain is clearer and I am able to perform more mental labor than when eating meat. There is no doubt that many vegetarians are underfed. That it is a necessary sequence of going without meat I do not believe. Both experience and chemistry prove that meat is not an essential food for mankind.

\*\*\* Intuition is a funny thing, and it often works when you are least expecting it to. Some few weeks since I had occasion to recall a certain name and address, and found myself unable to do so. I went on about my work and suddenly there flashed across my mental vision a registry receipt card which I had received some weeks previous with the correct name and address written upon it. Nearly everyone has had similar experiences of the subconscious mind working in one direction while the conscious mind was engaged in another.

\*\*\* When you eat, thoroughly masticate one mouthful before taking the next one. If you will watch yourself for a little while the chances are that you will find yourself taking a second mouthful almost as soon as you have begun on the first one.

\*\*\* The author of "Paths to Power" has very decided views as to the best method of "going into the silence." He affirms that in order to get the best results you must sit for a stated period each day in the same chair, at the same hour and in the same room. He states that the best results are obtained by sitting up straight, with the head erect, so that the spinal column will be perfectly erect. The next step is to relax and become perfectly passive to the world of vibrations, and then keep clearly before the mind's eye a picture of the thing desired. This picture must be sharply defined. A shadowy image will not do.

\*\*\* After a period of daily relaxation and sitting in the manner specified a strong, peaceful, uplifting influence will begin to be felt. Every

atom of the body will begin to vibrate in harmony with nature. You will come to look forward with calm pleasure to the hour of your sitting. The thought of the atmosphere which surrounds you at this time will steady you amidst all emergencies, and under all conditions. The strength of God will become your strength. You will feel the vibrations of the Universal Life upbearing you.

\*\*\* If you have heretofore been unable to obtain satisfactory results by sitting in the silence it was because something was lacking in your method. You must comply with the conditions of the Law, just as you would in any other undertaking.

\*\*\* There are some new thought people who disparage any attempt to reduce to mathematical exactness any method of "going into the silence." But the universe is based upon mathematical law, and whether one consciously renders obedience to it or not, yet obey it they must to obtain results in any kind of growth. Intuition will point you to the proper methods to pursue in obtaining any desired results; but when you see clearly by the intuitional sight you will also see with mathematical precision.

\*\*\* A lady writes me a long letter—without enclosing even postage for a reply—and wants to know how she shall get away from herself. She fears death, and she lacks patience. The best advice I can give is that she forget herself in doing something for others. Above all let her cultivate patience. Patience comes from *letting go* of things, yielding yourself entirely to the guidance

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DO NOT ask to substitute other books for the ones mentioned.

of the One Life. Impatience is due to selfishness, a desire to make everyone do as *you* think they ought to do. Give up this desire and practice doing as others think *you* ought to do, for a time.

\*\*\* I was reading a few days ago (I have forgotten where I saw the article or would give due credit) about a man who was almost a hopeless invalid. He had tried various kinds of treatment, but without any relief. He was tired of the world and tired of himself. One day he sat watching his wife shelling peas. Suddenly it occurred to him to help her. He did so, and by so simple an act the current of his life forces was started in the right direction—outward and away from himself—and from that hour he began to improve. He found something helpful to do for others each day, and before long he became so *interested* in helping others that he forgot himself—his body—and nature quickly restored him to health.

\*\*\* The vibrations of the Infinite Life are ever ready to flow into our individual lives and restore them to harmony. But it is necessary that we first place ourselves in an attitude of receptivity towards these vibrations, and mentally invite them and agree with them instead of resisting them and shutting ourselves away from all contact with outer life.

\*\*\* So long as death is looked upon as an *enemy* to be overcome it will never cease to terrify. The way to overcome fear of death is to recognize and meditate upon the *absolute unity of Life*. Death is merely an absence of life. It is no-thing. Life itself is eternal. It may manifest through various instruments, but it never dies. So long as we *fear* death we shall never find the golden key to continuous consciousness. Fear ever

stands between us and the object of our desire. Banish fear by waiting daily in the silence until you *know* that all Life is One. W. E. T.

## THE GLAD HAND.

—William Walker Atkinson, author of "Thought Force," and co-editor of *New Thought*, needs no introduction to you, but his new book does. It is just out in a royal purple silk dress with gold trimmings, price \$1. And the rich dress isn't a bit too good for what is inside. I suspect this book is better even than "Thought Force," which is certainly one of the most *satisfying* books we have ever come in touch with. "The Law of the New Thought" only needs an introduction to make for it an eager welcome by every reader of the older book. William Walker Atkinson *understands*—he senses the occult things which underlie. And he has a happy faculty for making *you* understand. In this new book he not only explains the underlying causes but makes clear the manner of *using* the Law of Attraction in individual cases. See ad. in another column.

—Here comes *The Anvil* again from Milo Norton, 26 Upson street, Bristol, Conn. It is ringing with good news and promises of a special "Thanksgiving number." And there is a prize puzzle, a brand new one of Milo's own invention, to go with each year's subscription at 50 cents. Milo is a "government ownership" crank. I am with him for government ownership of everything in sight, and out of sight, too—coal, for instance.

—Have you ever read "The Art of Mind-Building?" It is most interesting and instructive, being the only authentic account of the practical experiments and conclusions of that noted young scientist, Prof. Elmer Gates. See ad. in another column.

—Here is a most interesting little book called "Sex, or Pair of Opposites," by Sara Thacker, Applegate, Cal., the price of which is 25 cents. It tells a lot about polarity, correct living and thinking and kindred subjects.

—If you have not yet accepted *Freedom's* offer (see ad. columns) you had better do it this minute. After the "monster edition" is in print you will have to pay ten cents a copy, and it will no doubt be cheap at that. But just now you have a chance to kill two birds with one stone—get a free copy and help stop Helen Wilmans Post's hollering for new names. Now's the time.

—"These Are My Jewels," is a new thought story for young folks of all ages, written by Stanley Waterloo and published by Coolidge and Waterloo, 87 Washington street, Chicago. It looks like a "dollar book." And it is about the most natural and spontaneous new thought story I have ever seen—unless I except "Johnny Pool, B. B."

—Here are "Easy Lessons in Realization," by Kate Atkinson Boehme, all out in a new green and gold volume which sells for \$1. Mrs. Boehme is certainly one of the clearest and most charming writers I know, and this book is especially good and will surely bless every reader with new inspiration and wisdom.

—Here is a copy of "The Procession of the Planets," with the compliments of the inventor and author, whose ideas I like—some of 'em. He publishes *Higher Science* and sometimes he grows pessimistic and sarcastic about the Bible and preachers, etc. This I don't like. But when Franklin Heald sticks to his text he is a whole Bible with concordance, etc., thrown in. The price of the above book, paper bound, is \$1, and the address is 215 Stinson block, Los Angeles.

—"Strength From Eating," is a new dollar book by Bernarr McFadden, editor of *Health Culture*, etc. It will prove of great value to those who desire scientific living. He explains disease and rational treatment, different food fads, fastings, one-, two- and three-meal a day plans, etc., in plain and sensible terms. And his tables of food values are most complete and valuable.

—At last I have heard of one man who says his weight was materially and permanently re-



duced by thought alone. He is R. O. Shively, 409 N. Bush street, Santa Ana, Cal., and a Christian Scientist did it with her little formula. Good.

—Shelton takes great uncton to himself because Burnell writes "pure metaphysics." He says the rest of us mix our metaphysics with all sorts of other stuff. Well, what of it? I am not expounding metaphysics nor any other kind of physics. Metaphysics met physics, frowned at physic and set itself up as the Great God Know-it-all. I am giving you LIFE as I find it. And I find that metaphysics bears about as much relation to Life as Peter's famous toe nail does. It is a fad for the "exclusive." Give me life more abundant. \* \* \* P. S.—All that Shelton really means is that Burnell's "metaphysics" fit in with his own.

—The full address of Mrs. Katharine G. Brown, whose new zodiacal sign sofa pillow covers I mentioned in a recent issue, is 221 W. Church street, Elmira, N. Y.

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Innovations pure and sweet,  
Zephyrs gentle rise and meet.  
All the glowing crimson east  
Brings our answer as a feast—  
Elizabeth's thought has flown  
Through the ether all unknown;  
Happy, happy have we grown.

Tune the thought, strike the lyre,  
Open up your strong desire;  
Wait not years nor days. Let go.  
Neither let us wait to know;  
Earnest endeavor we must sow.

—E. A. C.

Just to celebrate the Nautilus' fifth birthday I have published the above acrostic. It was written by a loyal Success Circle member in Massachusetts, and I know you will enjoy it doubly because of that. You will do well to memorize the second verse and get into the spirit of it for the coming year. It's good, and emphasizes my king-thought that to do things is the road to knowing all things.

\* \* \* And whilst I am departing from the usual order of talking to you in this column, dearies, let me say that it is *not necessary* that you send a photo. I like to have one because the reading of character from the face has been a lifelong "fad" with me. By your picture I am sometimes enabled to better understand and touch you. But I want no one to go to the expense of having a special photo taken for me. It is not needed. Another thing—I love fine photos and have a large collection of them. If I receive a handsome picture I am always specially charmed. But a snap shot or even a "stamp" picture, and especially a "multograph"—several views on a little slip—will serve the purpose exactly as well as the largest photo. One more thing—*send no pictures to be returned.*

—"He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."—Proverbs.

—"Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth."—Bible.

—"A few weeks ago I sent for your book entitled 'How to Wake the Solar Plexus.' After reading it carefully two or three times I started to carry out the instructions set forth therein and took my breathing regularly. Since then it seems that everything has gone wrong, and I write to ask you how you would explain this. I am now more unpleasantly situated than ever, and it seems as though everything is combining to down me. I have not given up my breathing, but keep it up daily, hoping that perhaps after all only good may result from the chaotic circumstances in which I find myself."—P. L.

The same thing often occurs after beginning with "new thought," or after mental treatment, or after a dose of medicine. There is a general upheaval and then a settling into better lines. We used to call this "chemicalization," and it was quite the usual thing. Now we are outgrowing it, and only the most pronounced and energetic characters have such marked upheavals. Your own intuition guides you aright—keep it up daily and you will quickly realize that all things are working together

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