

# THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office  
as second class matter.

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

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,  
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

No. 2.

—“Oh, the joy of a manly selfhood!  
To be servile to none, to defer to none, not to  
any tyrant, known or unknown,  
To walk with an erect carriage, a step springy  
and elastic,  
To look with a calm gaze or with a flashing eye,  
To speak with a full and sonorous voice out of a  
broad chest,  
To confront with your personality all the other  
personalities of the earth.”—Walt Whitman.

## SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

Recently I have had a shower of letters from people who complain of self-consciousness and the blushing habit. They want to know the cause, and particularly the cure, of such dis-ease.

The root cause of all so-called self-consciousness is really self-UN-consciousness, a lack of self-knowledge and self-valuation. The girl who knows and values herself, who is conscious of her every act and thought as something good and valuable, is never *unpleasantly* conscious of self. One of the sweetest and most charming and beloved girls I ever knew was also the most self-conscious. She was full of little cultivated graces and poses, facial expressions and tricks of speech, all practiced before the mirror and before her admiring mother and aunt. If she happened to assume unconsciously a becoming attitude her admiring relatives chorused, “Oh, Lottie, you look so sweet that way!”—and Lottie’s eyes would shine and she would repeat the pose before the glass, and later before her friends. If for a moment she did happen to forget herself one or the other or both of her adoring relatives straightway reminded her.

But being reminded of herself had not the effect upon her that my correspondents complain of. If she blushed—and she often did, because she cultivated blushing, having learned that it was pretty and becoming—she blushed with pleasure and then laughed such a charming little laugh, along with those who noticed her flush. She liked to be noticed. She liked to blush. She liked to remember herself.

Why, do you suppose? Because she was perfectly certain she was the only Lottie in creation, a work of art as well as nature, a thing of beauty and a joy forever to all who looked upon her. And she *was* all that. I knew her quite well for years; I watched her grow up. She was called “affected,” but that was the *only* unpleasant adjective I ever heard applied to that girl. She was sweet and pretty, graceful and self-possessed and *always* the perfect little lady. What “un-affected” girl did you ever see with such a record as that?—only *one* little flaw, and the flaw was always *artistic*. And mind you, it was the raw, uncultured, jealous observers who called her “affected”—the people who looked for faults and found only “affectation.”

Lottie fascinated me—she was everything that I had supposed an “affected” and “self-conscious” person was not. She was pretty, graceful, kind and beloved. So I kept wondering how it could be. It was not until recently that I understood the case.

It is not self-consciousness which lies at the bottom of all those unpleasant symptoms of blushing, awkwardness and heart burning; it is the *kind* of self-consciousness. And parents are to blame for nearly every case of this kind. Lottie’s parents praised where others blame. Lottie’s mother called Lottie’s attention to her *good* points, and as a consequence, whenever Lottie’s attention was turned back toward herself she thought of those good points and was willing to be looked at.

Most mothers are eternally reminding their

children of their faults; so whenever the child’s attention is called to itself it is conscious, *not* of itself as it *really* is, but of itself as it *has been criticized*. It is conscious of its *shortcomings*, not of *itself*. It is *ashamed* of that which it has been taught to recognize as itself—its faults. So its moments of self-consciousness are painful ones, and its actions are awkward and stiff. More than this, its natural resentment makes it stiff, harsh and unkind in manner and speech.

The child who has grown up in an atmosphere of criticism and correction is, in its self-conscious moments, just as “affected” as Lottie ever was. Lottie affected *pretty* little airs and graces because, always having pleased others, she always *expected* to please. The criticized child affects awkwardness and resentment and sharp retorts and suffers their accompanying pain because, always having *displeased* she always *expects* to displease; and she is pained and resentful over it.

I wish we had all learned the art of appreciation before our children were born. The world would be full of Lotties, and the pain of self-shame unknown.

Perhaps you think you would not like to be a Lottie. But you would. She, like all girls, outgrew, in time, what is called the self-conscious age; but all the *lovable* things grew with her. She is not now a self-conscious, affected woman. She is one of the most graceful, tactful and self-possessed *ladies* you can imagine. Can you not see the immense advantage in the self-culture she has had? All children go through the self-conscious stage. During that age most of them are fixing upon themselves awkward, uncouth actions which stick to them later in life, creating *more* unpleasant self-consciousness. They keep on berating themselves for their shortcomings, and they continue to *act* them out. They are never at ease except when alone. All this tends to secretiveness and resentment and unhappiness.

But while most girls, and boys, too, are acting awkwardly Lottie was acting *prettily*. Every day settled upon her habits of the desirable kind, both of body and *mind*. Lottie practiced *smiles* before the glass. And it is an established fact that to make the motions of a smile will eventually cause the feelings that match. Lottie practiced graceful movements too, until they were habitual. Consequently by the time she outgrew the self-conscious age she had every reason to be pleased with herself.

The girl who is satisfied with herself can forget herself with comfortable mind, and she can come back to herself again, still with a comfortable mind. She can therefore *afford* to be natural. But the girl who is *not* sure of her movements and manners and tact can *never quite* forget herself. Always she carries a sub-conscious burden of shortcomings which makes her painfully conscious and awkward. She is never *quite* at ease even when alone; and never even approximately so when in the presence of those of her own station in life, or those of a more cultured class than her own. Only with those she believes are decidedly “below” her can she feel at all at ease. She is conscious of lack in herself and every time an eye is turned in her direction she thinks she is being criticized. Then comes shame, resentment, rebellion, heart burnings, discouragement.

Now you will guess that one who can dissect and describe so-called self-consciousness so accurately, must have likewise experienced it. I have—in all its phases. As a child I was the most *un-conscious* being in creation. I went about like a walking interrogation mark seeking whom I might extract an answer from. Of myself,

my looks, my actions, I had no more thought than of the jibbering jabberwock. Indeed not so much. Only as someone cornered me and *made* me think of myself did I ever give myself a thought, and any jibbering-thing would take my attention off again. I simply was not interested in myself at all. I was a healthy, wondering little ? directed at all the outside world. One reason for this was probably that I was never either appreciated or depreciated. I was simply let alone. My mother died when I was quite young and my father was always chary of both praise and blame. So I “done growed” like Topsy, without thinking or caring anything about the process, or my relations to others, or my manners either.

But this could not always last. When I *did* begin to take notice of myself I realized that I had no manners at all and didn’t know how to talk. Of course I immediately grew self-conscious and looked with suspicion on everything connected with myself. By this time the housekeepers and some others with whom I came into contact enlightened me with their opinions of me and my actions. I was freely criticized, and every attempt was made to make me over or tone me down. All this simply *set* me in my old habits and made me defiant. I grew awkward and painfully self-conscious whenever attention was called to myself, and I remained subject to a dis-eased self-consciousness and all its attendant evils until I learned something of its nature and cure. Since then I have outgrown it completely.

One great factor in my overcoming of self-consciousness was the attempt to ACT as if I were *not* self-conscious. Very few people ever knew I was troubled with self-consciousness; they were deceived by my determined *action* of self-confidence. They never knew the tortures I went through at times—I was too *proud* to show it. The *spirit* led me to take just the right course for overcoming this trouble. I *acted* self-confidence until by practice I came to really *feel* quite a measure of it.

The *spirit* led me likewise to cultivate my manners and motions as well as my mind, much as Lottie did, to the end that I feel surer of myself.

But the real emancipation came when I began to *appreciate myself*.

We cannot blame our parents for not being like Lottie’s. They did as well as they knew. As well blame our grandmothers for using tallow dips instead of gas. It is *we* who are making these new discoveries in the mental realm—our forebears were literally not up to it.

Neither can we excuse ourselves on the plea that our early education was not along the lines of self-appreciation. Our mothers and fathers are not the only ones we have had—we are *our own* mothers and fathers, and we are daily bringing up ourselves, either in the way we should go, or in the way we should *not* go. Because we were not taught the three R’s at six is no excuse for our not learning them at sixteen, or twenty-six. Because our parents in their ignorance did not appreciate us, or pretended not to, is no reason for our continuing in the slough of self-depreciation and shame and awkwardness. I got out of that slough, and so can you. What my parents failed to teach me I taught myself. You can teach *yourself*. Think with Ella Wheeler Wilcox:—  
There is no thing thou canst not overcome,  
Say not thine evil instinct is inherited,  
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life  
forlorn,

And brings down punishment that is not merited.  
Back of thy parents and thy grandparents  
Lies the great, Eternal Will. That, too, is thine,  
Inheritance strong, beautiful, divine;



Sure lever of success for him who tries.

"Pry up thy faults with this great lever, Will."

Self-appreciation is the point of the lever by which we are to pry up and utterly rout the foolish fault of so-called self-consciousness—the habit of shamed self-consciousness and its attendant heart- and face-burnings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now let us examine the nature of our lever's point, self-appreciation, and the mode of application. Self-appreciation is not conceit, though in its infancy it may wear that appearance. Conceit is the outer garb of the *soul* of self-appreciation. Conceit has to do with the outer appearance only—it looks after the outside of the platter that its neighbor may receive a good impression. So long as that object is attained conceit smooths its ruffles, perks its head, spreads its peacock tail and is complacent, even though the inside is a sham, or a mess of corruption.

Not so with self-appreciation, which has to do not with outside appearances *only* but with the whole being. Conceit is the refuge of the man who does not understand himself nor others; self-appreciation is the result of self-knowledge.

And self-knowledge *includes* a knowledge of the universe as a whole, and of every human being as a part of that whole.

A man is not bounded by his skin, nor yet by his clothes; he is bounded by the confines of space and eternity. All that is or was or ever will be are parts of himself. The conceited man's neighbor, before whom he is making a show of himself, is as much a part of himself as his legs or his arms are. It is as if he paraded himself and his accomplishments before *his own image* in a mirror. His neighbor apes and minces and prances in response to his own motions. The harder the conceited man tries to show off the more competition his neighbor offers—for him to beat. And there is no end to the show—and the competition provoked. The conceited man is getting out of the world just what he puts into it—as he gets out of the mirror just what he puts into it. It is all a part of *himself*, but he does not know it. He is ignorant of the nature of himself and the world, and therefore his judgments of values are all crooked.

Did you ever think of the meaning of that little word "ignorant"? The ignorant man *ignores* things that are. All growing in knowledge is an opening of the eyes to things as they are. The conceited man does not ignore *appearances* but he *does* ignore the *cause* of appearances. He ignores the greater part.

The truly self-appreciative man has opened his eyes to himself as ONE with The Whole. He has ceased to ignore the *occult* nerves and arteries which run through and sustain us *all*. He no longer imagines he can raise himself by *appearing* to do so. He no longer struts and mouths to deceive—*himself*. He is no longer so deeply concerned with the outside of people and things.

He is now ready to accept himself as he is, without elation and without shame. He is ready to *be himself*, instead of trying to *appear* like someone else. He is opening his eyes to sides of himself other than the outside. Appearances loom less large as *realities* come into view. He is beginning to *truly* appreciate himself and others.

The conceited man always suffers from painful self-consciousness. But he will not admit it. He *pretends* its opposite, and his paradiings are all made to deceive *you* into thinking he is all right. He is pretending to appreciate himself.

After he pretends long enough he really succeeds in getting up a little *real* appreciation. All the time he was pretending, *the spirit* was revealing to him more and more of himself and other people. His "suggestions" of self-appreciation were working; and at the same time the spirit in him was revealing to him his real nature, and the real nature of other men and The Whole.

Really, he is a bigger, better, more useful genius than he ever tried to *appear*, even in his most ignorant and conceited days. The *soul* of his conceit now rules him—he appreciates himself, and others. He has waked up to the truth of what he *is*—a GOD, the only one of his par-

ticular pattern that ever did or does or will exist. "Said I not unto you ye are gods?" Of course!—he is just beginning to see how that may be.

Now an ignorant lubberly churl who knows what he is, will act his nature twice over; he will act twice as stupid and awkward as will his brother who doesn't know that he is ignorant and lubberly. And a god who *knows* that he is a god will act twice as godly as the one who ignores his godship. When the conceited man was trying to convince himself and others that he was a god, he did not do half so well as he does a little later when, between himself and the spirit, he is really *convinced* that he is a god of unique and useful pattern.

Now that his position in the universe is assured he can afford to quit pretending and trying, and just be himself, after his own peculiar pattern. Now that he knows he is neither below other people nor above them he can afford to be One with them. Now that he knows his pattern is peculiar and *valuable*, he quits trying to ape or to improve upon the patterns of other gods. Now that he knows every *other* god's pattern is unique and valuable and fitted into the right place he ceases to puff himself up as the only and original god of any importance.

He lets go, takes a long breath of relief and lives as a god is made to live—happily, freely, kindly.

Ah, the millenium'll catch him if he don't watch out.

Now, dearie, if you will just keep on being as conceited as you can the spirit will work in you and with you until you grow a real knowledge and appreciation of yourself, and *out-grow* all painful self-shame and burning blushes.

Be your own mother and auntie and bring yourself up as Lottie was brought up. Love yourself; smile at yourself in the looking glass; *praise* yourself; hunt diligently for things to praise yourself for. Try to please yourself in every little thing. You will be surprised to see how quickly you will begin to respond and improve in your mannerisms and expression, and in your *feelings*. Hold little conversations with yourself, both before the glass and in the dark. Be the loving, praiseful, gentle mother—*smile* and see how beautifully you can encourage and praise and love your beautiful girl-self. Then be the girl and *thank* the mother and smile back at her and try to please her and improve yourself to please her more. To please your blessed mother-self you will go forth light hearted, and you will see in others a thousand little things that will give you hints for self-culture. If you have time and money you will take dancing lessons, and Delsarte, and calisthenics and gymnastics. But better than those will be the thousand things you pick up and try on before your mother-self with her shining, approving eyes. Oh, life will grow light hearted and full of loving effort for you. Everything will be a joy because everything will be *appreciated*. And in due time you will outgrow the "affected" stage, just as Lottie did, and blossom out into a living joy and blessing to yourself and others.

Better "affect" a loving, appreciative mother-self now, dearie, and the very nicest "ways" you can think of, and in due time your blushes and gawkiness will disappear.

To continue to frown at yourself and blush furiously at others will only fix the habit. Never mind for the present if you do blush furiously or feel gawky! Just go home to your mother-self and be petted and *appreciated* and comforted, and *encouraged* again. Then go on again.

See you pay *good* attention to the highest appreciation from your mother-self; but never, *never* be down-cast by *anybody's* fault-finders. Turn your back on the ill-bred criticiser, whether he be an enemy, a (so-called) friend, or a phantom of your own brain.

Live to please your mother-self; and verily all desirable things shall be added.

—WHY do you write in to inquire when your subscription expires? The date is plainly printed on *every* wrapper, right opposite your own name. If it says "feb 03" your subscription expires with February, 1903—and so on.

## THE SPIRIT AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

"I was washing my breakfast dishes one morning when it occurred to me to go and visit a friend who lived several miles away. I did my work and started to dress for my journey when there came over me such a feeling of depression, or despondency, or gloom, that I could not understand. I kept on getting ready, all the time trying to reason away the feeling. But it would not go. Finally I got my hat on, and one glove, and started for the door, when such a *heaviness* came over me that I turned back into my room and sat down, saying, 'God, I want to know what the meaning is, of all this.' The answer came loud, strong and firm, 'Stay at home.' I stayed, and taking off my hat, gloves and cape I felt so light I seemed to walk on air. At the time I supposed the voice (I call it voice for want of a more definite term) had told me to stay at home because someone was coming to me for help. This was my first year as a teacher and healer. But not a soul came that day, nor that night, and the thought flitted through my mind that perhaps it was all nonsense after all and I might as well have gone. Well, the outcome was that the train I would have taken met with a fearful accident in which many were killed or badly injured. This is only one of many similar experiences I have had. I do not stop to reason out things. The world has tried for 1900 years to follow reason, and look at the outcome. I follow my intuition and it never fails me."—Flora P. Howard, Los Angeles, Cal.

One's reason is not a thing to be belittled and denied. It is his crowning glory, created for use.

But it is not *all* the wisdom a man has access to, nor is it the greatest. The man who exalts his understanding above the wisdom of the rest of creation, and *un-creation*, is a fool and sure to come to grief.

But he who rejoices in his personal understanding or reason as the *means* by which he *taps* the source of all wisdom, is in a fair way to profit by his own intelligence and the universal intelligence besides.

Everybody knows his foresight is not so good as his hind-sight. He has demonstrated the fact many a time, by as many little tumbles off his high horse. Really, it seems as if he might have learned by this time not to be quite so sure about his reason.

After Mrs. Howard knew that the train she meant to go on had been wrecked she saw, plainly, *why* it was unwise for her to go on that particular train. Her reason had been enlightened, her hind-sight perfected.

By what? By *universal* intelligence. Suppose New York City should set itself up as the center of all wisdom—suppose she were to say, "What I cannot reason out is not worth knowing." Suppose she continued to send out decrees into all the world, but turned up her nose at the messages *sent in to her*. What do you suppose would happen? She would go to smash in a week. It is *by her reception* of all those messages as to outside doings, that she is enabled to reason out her business problems and send out messages that *move* the world. To exalt New York knowledge and reason, and despise *outside* knowledge and reason would quickly ruin her.

Intuition is the wireless line by which we receive directions from *every other station in the universe*. After Mrs. Howard had received and obeyed her message from the universal—some days after—she knew *why* she had been so directed.

He who is puffed up in his own conceit is eternally despising his intuitions, following his back-number *reasons*, and getting into the "accidents." Then he wonders *why* he is so abused.

You see, we have *none* of us ever passed this way before. *This* day is a new day; *this* bit of road has *never* been travelled before. Nobody can *know* by reason what we shall run into just around the bend there. He may make a rough guess at it, but he cannot know.

But—there is *Something* which, whether it knows or does not know consciously, what is, or will be, around that corner there—there is *Something* which can and does send us by the wireless line a message to *keep away*, or to *go to it*, as the case may be.

Now Mrs. Howard was a woman with no desire to be in such a smash, and she *believed* her intuitions would keep her warned away from them.



Now next door to Mrs. Howard there *may* have lived another woman, just as "good" as Mrs. Howard, just as devoted to her intuitions, who received a message to go on that train. At the same moment Mrs. Howard's heart grew heavy and she heard the message, "*Stay at home*," this other woman's heart grew light and she heard the message, "*Go*." So she went blithely forth to the train. She mounted the steps and walked into the car and along past several vacant seats before she felt the *impression* to sit down. She sat down and gazed happily out of the window.

By and by, as they were bowing swiftly along there came a sudden crash, and shrieks, and hiss of steam. Then there was *work* to do.

This woman neighbor of Mrs. Howard's, beyond a little shaking up from which she almost instantly recovered, was entirely uninjured. There were dead and dying in front and behind her, but she was safe. There was work to do and *she was there to do it*.

You see, *this woman* was a physician and surgeon, and the only one on the train. She had been years preparing for such work, and *she believed her intuitions would lead her, strong and well herself, into just such opportunities as this*. So the message which depressed Mrs. Howard brought light to the soul of this woman.

Each received and interpreted the message according to her own particular character.

And what about the injured and killed? They too were "led by the spirit." Each by his own *self-built* character related himself to his particular "fate." I wouldn't wonder if a good many of them did it by filling up on the accident and criminal columns of the daily papers. The man who *thinks* in terms of accident is pretty sure to meet them. But probably more of the "victims" were drawn through their *false religion*. The man who thinks himself (who *really* thinks it, "in his heart")—who thinks himself a "vile worm" and a great sinner deserving of a "bad end," and yet who has not "repented," is daily relating himself more closely to all sorts of violent and horrible things. And everywhere and at all times the violent man, the strenuous man, no matter how "good" he may be, is preparing himself to be led into whatever catastrophe fits him. There is no hit and miss about our "fates"—we get just what we are fitted for.

And through all ages we have been fitting ourselves; and *we are still at it*. He who is not busy fitting himself for the best is relating himself to the less good. He who fits himself to die with his boots on will die so. He who fits himself for "accidents" will die by an accident. He who fits himself for LIFE may perchance never again see death.

When the bubonic plague is about to appear in a place all the birds fly away. What warned them? Oh, that was *only* "instinct"—something common, that we wise beings never use.

Before Mt. Pelee spit destruction all the wild animals (not one of whom could have had any personal knowledge, or any *record* of volcano lore) all fled the vicinity. The tame animals whimpered and cowered and those who could ran away. Then the people's hearts began to sink and the most ignorant of them ran after the animals. As Mt. Pelee grew more emphatic in her prophecies all hearts grew heavier and heavier and all souls heard the message "*Go*." Then there was hurried preparation for a hasty exodus. But no; the *wise, educated, sensible* men put their heads together and decided that they *would* not and others should not be guided by any such common thing as "instinct," or by their own sinking hearts. No! Even though their hearts fell into their shoes and their knees knocked and their teeth chattered they would be sensible, they would; they'd use their divine reason, they would—Mt. Pelee had never destroyed them before and it wouldn't now.

So the wise reasoners corralled the poor fools. And they were well corralled. Only one ever got away.

Now just *what* this spirit is like that tries to lead us into all truth, is a thing I don't know. But that there *is* such a spirit that pervades and

would save all creatures from harm I *do* know, both by intuition (the spirit's witness with *my* spirit) and by actual and repeated experiences. Of both kinds: I have been led of the spirit into ways of pleasantness, peace and plenty; and before that I turned up my nose at the spirit and went my own way into all sorts of troubles.

And I have a theory, based on the spirit's witness with mine, as to what this spirit is and how it acts. The spirit is the universal intelligence which fills this universe so full there is not room for anything else. There are just little eddies and whirls and currents and cross-currents in this great ocean of intelligence. And you are one eddy in it, and I another; and each of us sets up little swirls and currents that move us about and move other things to us. And when a leaf floats by it is drawn into our eddy, but when we swirl by a *rock*, the rock is unmoved and so are we. We are not *related* to the rock.

When gold is placed beside a horseshoe magnet it stays put. The magnet and gold are not interested in each other. But that does not prove that the magnet is stupid and dead. No, there is a great current of *longing* in that magnet. If it had means of locomotion it would go about the world seeking, seeking—perhaps never knowing just *what* it was seeking, but still seeking. And by and by it would begin to feel a *definite* inclination to go in a certain direction. Now if it is just a fool magnet without great pride in its brains it will *follow* that definite inclination. And as it journeys the *drawing power* will grow, and it will journey faster, and behold, it will fly into the arms of its affinity, a steel bar. And it will cling and cling, and the bar will cling, and *joy* will be born.

It takes two, and an exchange of intelligence, to bring joy into being.

Or perhaps our magnet will stay at home and long, long, until it draws to it steel filings.

This is not so fanciful as you may suppose. All things are intelligent. All things are putting their little compulsions on all creation for satisfaction. And in due time *all* compulsions *will* be met. The great sea is *seething* with intelligence, and affinities are coming together.

It is the *attraction* of the magnet for the steel that constitutes what I call the spirit. That attraction is *intelligence*.

When in doubt as to the meaning of your solar center feelings, do nothing. Come back as Mrs. Howard did, sit down; be still; *ask* for the meaning; and obey.

—So many people complain of poor complexions and want a remedy. And really it is amazing how few people with clear skins one meets on the street. And the remedy is so simple too. I could a tale unfold on this very line, but time and the spirit forbid just now. I will give you simply the necessary directions. If you have for a *long* time had a blotchy skin I defy you or anybody else to heal it by mental treatment alone. But if you will couple a cheerful mind with correct diet, exercise and bathing, you can grow a fine complexion in a few weeks time. It takes *all* these things to cure a chronic case. Begin by living a full week on nothing but fruit, water and air. Use most of the water on the outside. A *hot* bath once or twice a week; a *cool* bath (not shockingly cold) *every* day, after exercising quite vigorously. Twice a day, night and morning, is better still. Eat for breakfast all the *fresh, raw* fruit you want, without cream or sugar, or drinks of *any* kind. Begin the noon meal and the night meal with one ounce of nut meats, English walnuts or almonds, and two ounces of dried raisins, prunes, figs, dates, etc. Chew these together to the last degree of pulpiness. Then complete your meal with all the *fresh, raw* fruit you want, any kind you like, *juicy* fruits preferred. Drink nothing but water, or half water and half grape juice. (Welch's Grape Juice may be had at the drug store, or you can extract your own from Concord grapes as for jelly; bottling *boiling* hot, *without* sugar.) Or use cider, *fresh*; or lemon juice and water. *No sugar in anything*. At all times of day and night take *outdoor* breathing exercises—

at least 70 slow, full breaths *every* day. Keep your bedroom windows *wide* open *all* day, and *well* opened ALL NIGHT. After the week is up continue the fresh fruit breakfasts, and use the nut and fruits for *one* of the other meals, eating a regular dinner for the other meal. White flour breads, pastries and meats should always be avoided as much as possible. All clogging to the system. Bad skin means that you eat more clogging foods than you can assimilate or throw off. Another might take care of more than you can. Fruit, water, exercise and a happy mind are nature's eliminants. If your work is active you may need nothing special in the line of exercise. If your work is sedentary use light gymnastics night and morning. And whatever your work is, BREATHE. Now I bid you to a feast of fruit and a fine complexion. *Will* you come? Or will you send all sorts of excuses instead?—as did the men in Jesus' parable. You *can* do anything you *choose* to do. If you are too indolent to follow these directions you deserve a blotchy skin. \* \* \* If your case is chronic the blotches will come and go for a time after taking up this treatment, but the effete matter will soon be all thrown off and in a few weeks time you will look like a different being.

—A divided mind spells fizzle, a whole mind means success.

—"Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind."—Emerson.

—Ad rates for *The Nautilus* are now \$3 per inch, no discounts for time, space or agents; and you will have to come early and bring the cash to get in at that. I had to reject over \$100 worth of clean advertising for November issue, and December bids fair to be as bad. *Nautilus* now reaches fully 65,000 people (counting five readers to each paper) every month, the most of whom show their confidence in it by answering its ads. Our subscription list is going up faster and faster and everybody seems *well* pleased. The proof of a paper is in its cash subscriptions. Thank you, friends.

—If you want to wake bright and fresh in the morning never go to sleep when you are half asleep and dead tired. Wake yourself clear up first, with a few vigorous exercises with full breaths of *fresh* air. Then start right by *letting* go definitely of everything on earth and launching yourself freely into the limitless sea of joyous LIFE which is all about you. Close your eyes and *float*. Now tell yourself *positively* that you are going to sleep like a healthy Moses in the bulrushes, afloat on a living tide; that you will *enjoy* your rest and wake in the morning stronger and happier than ever, and with more WILL and SENSE and LOVE than ever. Keep up this practice until you have mastered the fine art of sleeping to *live*.

—We have just had a happy visit from O Hashnu Hara and her husband, of *Wings of Truth*, 12 St. Stephen's Mansions, Westminster, London. They are a charming and wide awake pair. If it were not for their awfully Englishy brogue and fresh, rosy complexions, I'd take them for live and prosperous and breezy westerners. Their every day name is de la Perrelle, and they live principally on fruits and nuts and look the picture of youth and health.

—"Let your light so shine that others, seeing your I AM, may also rejoice in their own I AM."

Shelton writes that version from the "City of Angels" where he and his wife are having a glorious time. And *Christian* goes right along at the old address where all Shelton's mail is directed—1657 Clarkson street, Denver. The November *Christian* is great. Shelton and the Divine Feminine seem to lend it more enchantment the farther away they get.

—Buy *Young Men's Home Journal* at the newsstand, or send ten cents to 24 West 22d street, New York. It's alive and growing and you will like it.

—Eleanor Kirk's "Prevention and Cure of Old Age" is a jewel. Such inspiration and helpfulness is rarely found in one small volume. It will make



## NEW SUBSCRIBERS!

"JUST HOW TO CONCENTRATE" is my latest booklet. Practical, illuminating. Tells how to restore memory and other faculties and return to youth, happiness and success. A copy will be given free with each new yearly subscription to *The Nautilus*. To every old *Nautilus* subscriber who sends me one new yearly subscription, I will, if requested, send a free copy of the book, besides the copy sent to the new subscriber. Or send three new yearly subscriptions and I will send each one a copy of the "Concentration" book, and to you, if this offer is mentioned, I will send a copy each of "Just How to Concentrate" and "The Constitution of Man," or one year's subscription to *The Nautilus*. Do not ask to substitute other books for the ones mentioned.

your hair stand on end and turn brown again. And it will smooth out literal as well as figurative wrinkles, and put starch into limp backbones. If you are half asleep send 50 cents to Eleanor at 696 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and get waked to the joy of living.

—To be a success life must be a succession of successes.

—"The city hospital is full all the time to its utmost capacity. Recently the doctors decided to operate on a young man for appendicitis but they had to wait a day for a room at the hospital and by that time the young man was better."—*Daily Herald*, Port Huron, Mich., September 29, 1902.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good!" And just *having to wait* cures more diseases than appendicitis. The Law of Attraction understands its business.

—"I wish you would give your ideas regarding: Whether our thoughts come *into* us from the outside, or whether we manufacture them within."

Thought as thought does not exist except within us. It is like that old catch question—"If a tree fell in the midst of a desert with no one in ear-shot, would there be any sound?" And the answer was, "No; because sound is the result of vibrations striking the tympanum. Without a tympanum there can be no sound." Those are not the words of the old question and answer, but they express the idea and illustrate my point—though the statement itself has since been questioned by new scientists. That which produces thought is everywhere present, but only as there is a brain does its action produce thought. A French brain receives the omnipresent vibrations and produces French thoughts; a German brain receives the same vibrations and produces German thoughts; an American brain receives the same and produces slangy thoughts;—all from the same Cause. You can readily understand this if you listen to half a dozen people who are witnessing the same occurrence. Every one thinks his own particular thoughts about that one occurrence. The vibrations of that one thing produce varying and often conflicting thoughts, because the receivers vary in quantity and quality. Thought is produced by the action of energy upon form. According to your formation, of brain and body, will be the quality and quantity of your thought. Be not discouraged!—your form is being continually built and rebuilt and refined by the action of outside forces, both those of environment and those of "the soul," or unseen side of you; so that the thoughts produced in you today are not so fine and lofty as will be those of tomorrow. \* \* \* I fancy body and soul are one, as steam and water are one; we see the bounds of the water, but the steam that rises from it seems to have no bounds. Just so with body and soul. And I fancy memory is registered in the tiniest atom of both—that the tiniest atom enfolds ALL wisdom and all memory. You can catch a glimpse of the wonders of that statement by remembering that the tiny bit of protoplasm which develops as a bird is exactly like the tiny bit which, under other conditions, remembers to unfold as a man. All wisdom and all memory are latent in every atom of matter, and of spirit, only awaiting proper conditions to unfold it. (This is enough "pure metaphysics" for one number of a LIFE paper like *Nautilus*!)

—"I received duly the copy of 'Experiences,' and yesterday I had the pleasure (with others) of hearing it read aloud. We got started on it and found it so interesting, like a charming novel, that we couldn't rest easy until it was finished. That is a splendid book you have written and you have put lots of yourself into it. Surely it ought to give courage to us who are still 'in the meshes' to see how splendidly you surmounted difficulty after difficulty."—Charles H. Whitney, Waltham, Mass.

## INDIVIDUALISMS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**THE FUTILITY OF FRETTING.** Much is being said and written nowadays about the foolishness of worry, and I hope the agitation will be kept up until everyone is interested in dispelling this arch deceiver from the human consciousness.

Did you ever think of the utter uselessness of fretting and worry? We will suppose that you are in severe financial straits, that you do not know where you are to get the money to meet large bills which will become due in one month's time. Under these circumstances ninety-nine men out of every hundred paralyze themselves by worry. But what earthly good does the worry accomplish? Without the worry, by letting go all thought of the future and living in the present, ten times more work could be accomplished in the same length of time. You could get a clear view of the situation and work intelligently and with an economy of force if you would quit worrying.

The undeveloped, untrained mind finds it very hard to give up the habit of worrying under adverse conditions. Time and practice will accomplish it, however. Let go a thousand times a day of everything that has a tendency to worry you. Your worrying cannot possibly do any good, and it does accomplish much harm.

Freedom from worry is based upon faith—a steady, unwavering faith in the underlying goodness of all things—a faith that whatever comes to you is for your good, and designed to teach you some needed lesson. This faith can be cultivated. It will grow up by degrees as soon as you make a systematic attempt to "let go" of worry.

To have faith you must accept seeming failure as a means of growth and not resist it. If you set your heart on some particular line of conduct and say "success must come in this way and no other," the chances are ten to one that you will fail in your effort. This is to teach you not to put your faith in things, or in your own wisdom and greatness, but in that eternal Principle which lies back of all things.

Such an experience of failure will also keep you from getting into a rut. If one thing fails you will be led to try something else. As long as things run along very smoothly you are not apt to learn to trust in Principle. You grow materialistic and do not realize that your success depends not upon the number of dollars that flow into your coffers through any specific undertaking, but upon your consciousness of oneness with Principle which makes possible all success, and which converts seeming failure into a choice blessing.

I repeat: Your success or your failure is not a matter of dollars and cents but of your confidence or lack of confidence in your own soul and the Principle of Power and Success which manifests through you.

"Under all circumstances keep an even mind." Cultivate a calm and steady faith. Let go of failure, if it comes your way. Let go of the fear of failure. If your way is blocked in a certain direction, begin again and try another road; but above all do not allow your faith to become shaken.

Trust, work and keep an even mind. Every day at a certain hour go alone and let your mind rest on the thing you desire. This will help to bring you into a condition of at-onement with Principle.

**BACK TO THE CENTER.** Youth lives at the center of being. Old age is forever straining out to the circumference—looking back into the distant past or forward, with fear and trembling, to the future. The young child lives in the now. He has confidence in the future. He has confidence in humanity. He lets go easily and quickly of what is past. He adapts himself to conditions as they arise. If you would be young, study the ways of the young. "Become as a little child" and you may return to the health and happiness and delight in living which was attendant upon your youth.

Soon after the child's reasoning faculties become developed he begins to be misled by the senses and by the traditions of the race. In other words

he begins to be hypnotized by the world's belief in evil, calamity, death, etc. He learns to fear and his fears grow and develop as he advances in life until they rule him to the exclusion of the true and natural impulses with which he started out in life.

Fear is a denial of truth. It exists only in the heart of those who are hypnotized by error. Scarcely a living person is free from the influence of fear. Yet only life is real and true. Suffering is simply a turning away from the light. It has no basis of reality except as we give it life by allowing our thought forces to flow in its direction.

Man is misled because he trusts to his brain and reasoning faculties rather than to his intuition. Reason fears where the intuition knows that "all is well." The brain and reasoning faculties easily become hypnotized by the physical senses. This leads to all sorts of evil and establishes firmly the habit of fear.

The brain and reasoning faculties are easily accustomed to working in a rut of fear. The only way to get free from this bondage is to turn back to the center and seek enlightenment from the intuition. The senses are only instruments of the soul. Reason is forever limited in its conclusions. But intuition is the voice of truth itself.

The first step towards following the voice of intuition is to still the noise of the senses. Go alone and become quiet. Relax physically. Relax mentally. Listen. When your day's work is done, throw out of the mind all thoughts connected with your work. Learn to turn to recreation (re-creation) as a child turns from one form of amusement to another. When you go to bed at night, be very careful to let your last thoughts be peaceful ones. Form the habit of keeping the mind tranquil at the hour of going to sleep.

When you awake in the morning, and especially before you arise, do not let the mind strain out before you to the work of the day. Live each hour, so far as possible, by itself. Let go of everything mentally a hundred times a day and sink into yourself and rest. Keep this up until you have formed the habit of living from the solar center, of keeping quiet inside, of being poised and ready for whatever comes to you.

A child is poised. His mind is ready for whatever comes to him. The strenuous business man is never poised. His poise is constantly upset by worry and unwise effort until he forms the habit of straining out in this and that direction and seldom or never returns to a normal and natural condition of repose.

This unnatural condition is intensified a thousand times by abnormal habits of eating and drinking. When the mind begins to lose its poise the appetite becomes deranged. Custom and tradition in relation to eating and drinking are sufficient to kill off a well and healthy man within a few years if he follows them out. It is a wonder that the human race is as tough as it is. Only nerves of steel and a constitution of iron can stand the diet which modern customs provide.

If you would be healthy as a child get back to a simple diet and simple methods of living. Eat only when hungry. Eat only a few kinds of food at any one meal. Better still (if you are already feeling the effects of wrong living) eat but a single kind of food at one meal. Get plenty of sleep. Pay attention to bathing and exercise. Do not give up your regular work to do this. Regular employment is necessary to health and well being. Regular employment is conducive to concentration, and a reasonable development of concentration is essential to health. A strong man will quickly "go to pieces" if kept from work in any form.

The normal life is the child-life. Get back to normal methods of thinking and living and you will find health and happiness.

**HAVE AN OBJECTIVE POINT.** You say you desire to be well. In what way do you desire to be well? Have you learned to be still, and keep constantly before the mind an image of yourself as you wish to be? Do you devote a given period each day to cultivating health? Do you put yourself into these sittings, or do you



simply spend your time in idly *wishing* that you *could avoid* the pains and ills of life, and *get away from* your present environment? Do you drift, or are you steering straight for some specific goal?

Unless you can answer most of these questions in the affirmative, you are not taking the direct road to health, and it is no wonder that you do not meet with much success in your efforts to apply the New Thought in your life. You would not think of starting out to erect a house until all the specifications were clear in your mind. In the same way when you start out to cure yourself of disease and get into a condition of harmony with the Law, the first important step is to fix clearly in the mind's eye just what you desire to accomplish. Set a mark which you desire to reach. Then work steadily and intelligently to that end. Each day, as you sit in the silence, call up the same picture of what you desire to become, and fill it in mentally, detail by detail, until it stands out clear and sharp. Let the mind rest in the consciousness of that picture until the picture becomes expressed in your life as a reality.

Do not fret your mind as to *how* all this is to be accomplished. Wait patiently in the silence, *in faith*, and the *way* will be revealed to you. When you see the way and when methods become clear to your mind and self-confidence is born, then go ahead and accomplish, always keeping clearly in mind your objective point.

W. E. T.

### BRIEFS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\*\*\* *Wilshire's Magazine* (published at Toronto, Ont.) continues to improve. The editor, H. Gaylord Wilshire, is now running for Congress in New York city. A few months ago he was seeking to get himself elected to the Canadian Parliament. Gaylord is a persistent worker for the cause of Socialism, which his magazine represents. His November issue contains a very appreciative article on Walt Whitman.

\*\*\* Here comes a man who says he has, within 60 days, received three astrological readings from as many different "professors" and from the readings themselves you would never know they were intended for the same person as they show such variation. There may be several reasons for this. In the first place there are a large number of people advertising to give "readings" who have only a smattering of knowledge concerning astrology, and who do not give enough time to their horoscopes to insure satisfactory and accurate results. Astrology is a complicated study so far as the ordinary mind is concerned, and to be able to use it with certainty much time is required. Again, different astrologers might bring out different points of a horoscope. As to the prediction of specific events, the indication of lucky and unlucky days, etc., I have yet to find an astrologer who can do satisfactory work in this respect.

\*\*\* Speaking of astrology reminds me that Frank T. Allen, the Brooklyn astrologer, is now located in the Banner of Light building, 204 Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.

\*\*\* Dr. C. W. Close, 126 Birch street, Bangor, Me., is about to begin the publication of a new monthly magazine to be known as *The Phrenopathic Journal*. The subscription price will be 25 cents per year.

\*\*\* The faculty of adaptability is necessary to health and success. If you haven't learned to adapt yourself to other people and to give up your will at times and learn of others, then begin to do so at once. Here is something on this point from *A Stuffed Club* which you will do well to heed: "Men who refuse to be taught are found in penitentiaries, work houses, stone piles. In business they represent the class that goes broke. They fail in business and professions. As clerks they are forced to change positions often. They are the people who complain that the world is against them; that they have no luck. Belonging to this class are those who never do anything well, and worst of all they will not be taught. They are so peculiarly constructed that they can see

the faults of others, but never their own. Their failures are forever attributed to the faults of others, but they never have any themselves. When they fail they do not stop and say: 'Why did I fail? Others have succeeded, I should have and would if it were not for some avoidable fault of my own. What is it?' And go to work to find it, but not so; in many cases these people flatter themselves into the belief that the fault lies at the feet of those directly or indirectly connected with them. Admitting that part of the fault was due to others, does that excuse a failure? It may excuse that failure, but it does not excuse another under the same circumstances."

\*\*\* Dr. Latson has an excellent editorial in the current issue of *Health Culture* upon "The Strenuous Life," from which I clip the following and advise you all to paste it in your hats: "The highest life is the simple life. The keynote of wisdom is to realize the unimportance of being important, and the importance of being unimportant. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' prayed a wise man. A small wage, earned by some active, diversified work (work which can be done without depriving another creature), peace of mind, freedom, leisure, love, sympathy. Such a life is better, wiser, truer, stronger and more admirable than the life of him who staggers under the heaviest possible weight of wealth, power and glory, but who has no rest, no peace of mind, no freedom, and who has not learned to love his neighbor as himself."

\*\*\* "I seem to be bound with something I don't know what. I have hardly patience to write a letter to anyone. Death looms up before me and I hate it. \* \* \* How can I get rid of myself?" First cultivate patience and get rid of the fear of death. Get rid of all fear by cultivating faith. Don't deny fear or death or anything else, but get the idea fixed in your consciousness, and keep it fixed that whatever comes to you is for your good, even death. Walt Whitman says:

"Has anyone counted it lucky to be born?  
"I hasten to inform him or her that it is just as lucky to die, and I know it."

\*\*\* Patience is the greatest of virtues. He who has not patience cannot have faith. Patience is the power to let go, to wait for the ripening of the unripe fruit.

\*\*\* Would you fret and fume over a tree of green apples because they were not good to eat? It is just as useless to get impatient over other manifestations of nature's laws.

\*\*\* "I seem to be bound with something, I don't know what." I'll tell you what it is that binds you. It is too keen a consciousness of self. Get rid of selfishness. Let your consciousness flow out to others. Get interested in work. Sink your consciousness in the One Life. Do this instead of idly dreaming.

\*\*\* *Good Health* for November publishes a good article on *The Foolishness of Flesh Eating*, from which I quote as follows:

"Let us first consider the relative food value of grains and meats. The total nutritive value of lean beef is 28 per cent; pork, 61; poultry, 26; mutton, 28; an average of 36 for the four leading kinds of meats produced on the farm. The nutritive value of wheat is 86; oats, 80; corn, 84; an average of 83 for the three leading cereals grown in the United States. Rye, barley, and rice would raise the average a little, but as we do not use them as stock food to any great extent, they will not be considered.

"Going into details, we find that the meats above mentioned contain an average of 17 per cent of albuminoids, and the grains, 11 per cent; the grains contain 66 per cent of starch, and the meats none; the latter have 15 per cent fats, and the former 5 per cent; the grains are only 13 per cent water, while the meats are 64 per cent; a small amount of salt and cellulose makes up the total nutritive values.

"As 83 is about two and one-third times 36, therefore flour, oatmeal, and cornmeal contain two and one-third times as much food substance as beef, mutton, pork, and poultry. This is not in accordance with the erroneous ideas entertained by many people, but the results of chemical analysis that cannot be disputed."

\*\*\* Ping Pong is said to be a fine game for those who wish to reduce their flesh. The constant stooping necessary to pick up the wayward

ball is the most effective kind of exercise for those troubled with adipose tissue. By the way isn't it funny that Sidney Flower hasn't yet announced a cure for obesity? Mayhap he has and I have not seen it. Also he should put on the market some preparation to make thin people fat.

\*\*\* Grapes are great blood purifiers. Eat plenty of grapes in season, and when they are not procurable use the unfermented juice which you can buy by the bottle at any drug store.

\*\*\* Bernarr McFadden, editor of *Physical Culture*, has just commenced the publication of a new weekly paper called *The Cry for Justice*, which sells for two cents per copy at newsstands.

\*\*\* Don't become an extremist on the subject of physical culture. Moderate exercise is beneficial, but the development of great knots of muscle is foolish, and in the opinion of many intelligent physicians injurious. At the Mechanics' Fair in Boston recently I saw the representative of a well known instructor in physical culture doing his stunt. His arms and shoulders were abnormally developed, but in other respects he looked much below par. His breathing exercises were simply ludicrous as he puffed and blew like a porpoise. Anyone who undertakes such severe exercises will surely experience great discomfort unless they constantly keep them up.

\*\*\* The very best forms of exercise are those which combine recreation also, such as riding, wheeling, etc.

\*\*\* "We do not listen to new propositions with receptive faculties. We listen with our prejudices. All existence is a battle-field, and our narrow prejudices will battle against their overthrow, though their marshalled foes be the white-clad heroes of Truth. Again and again we have seen this battle fought and won by right; still the ignorance of today finds its supporters and defenders among the accepted scholars of today. Where is our boasted intellectual growth? Where our vaunted progress? We are today the slaves of prejudices; our environment is our prison-house." —"Paths to Power."

\*\*\* It often, nay generally, seems that people are more anxious to cling to old ideas than they are to know Truth. Freedom from prejudice means new and a thousand times fuller life. Lay aside prejudice. Lay aside belief. Lay aside all but faith and let the Spirit guide you "into the way of all truth." This is the way to be healthy, happy and successful.

\*\*\* Can you picture the manner in which a child goes to sleep at night? His mind is not straining out into the past or future. He is centered. He is full of faith. He lets go of all that has occupied his mind during the day, and as he sinks to sleep nature takes full possession of his being and re-creates him for the morrow. This is the way that everyone ought to go to sleep, with the mind as free and peaceful as a child's.

\*\*\* Whosoever sinks his own life in the Universal Life shall find peace and tenfold blessings.

—"I shall never forget my emotions when I first learned that the character of the vibrations of the tones of the voice could be photographed. This is done by speaking into a tube over the other end of which is stretched a delicate sensitive film especially prepared for the purpose. It has been demonstrated in the experiments made in this line that tones of anger, envy, selfishness, etc., give the forms of bugs, worms, and other repulsive things, such as represent cruelty and disgust. But loving tones, tones that are expressive of kindness, benevolence and other desirable qualities vibrate in the form of flowers, and I once saw the likeness of a perfect rose taken in this way. I often wonder why the significance of this demonstrated fact is not more widely considered and acted upon." —Lois Waisbrooker.

We used to read with bulging eyes an old Grimm's fairy tale that went something like that. The beautiful and good young lady dripped rubies and pearls when she spoke, and when the ugly, mean one talked vipers and toads fell from her lips. Blessed old Grimm's imagination wasn't a bit ahead of the truth. In the light of these things do you still wonder why some people are afflicted with vermin? And can you still doubt that people can get rid of pests by *speaking* the right Word? Go to, oh, ye of little faith, and try it for yourselves. Speak words for what you want.



## THE GLAD HAND.

—I have been reading Harry Gaze's 20 Lessons on "The Science and Practice of Living Forever." A saner or plainer exposition I have never read. I believe he is right in all he says, and he leaves nothing out. Breathing, diet, exercise and sex are all put in their proper places, with valuable hints for development on each line. The 20 Lessons are richly bound and beautifully printed in 20 separate booklets, which sell for \$5 the set. They are worth it. Address him at Los Angeles, Cal.

—"On the Banks of the Mohawk River," is a new song by W. Herbert Cook; words by J. B. Smith. Price, 50 cents.

—One of our latest exchanges is *Banner of Light*, a large 8-page weekly paper published at 204 Dartmouth street, Boston, and of special interest to spiritualists. But I find in it lots of good things for those of other faiths.

—*Success* is another of our late exchanges. It is a large \$1-a-year monthly to be had at any news stand. Full of pointers and inspiration for success growers. Buy a copy and I wouldn't wonder if you sent in your subscription. If you should send \$1.50 now you would receive 12 numbers of *Success* and a copy of Carnegie's famous new book, "The Empire of Business"—a book which sells elsewhere for \$3.

—"How to Know Your Future by Your Hand," is a 25-cent book on palmistry published by the author, Martini, at Allentown, Pa. Martini has done a lot of wandering and hand reading and fetched up this summer at Newport where he is said to have read Alice Roosevelt's hand along with others of the 400. So I presume he is fully qualified to expound palmistry to the 4,000,000. His book seems to be definite, reliable and interesting.

—"Living Within," is "a New Book on the New Thought," by John W. Zeagler, 1343 So. 15th street, Denver. It is daintily bound in blue cloth and sells for 50 cents.

—"Soft Persuasion," is a little white and gold paper covered "Tale of Prenatal Culture," written by "Irvén" and published at *The Century* office, Adelaide, Australia. Price "sixpence"—about 12 cents.

—"Solution of the Kitchen Problem," is a treatise on uncooked food, by Edgar Wallace Conable, Roswell, Col. Price, 50 cents. There are menus for every day in the week, with many valuable suggestions.

—"The Origin of Man," is an interesting 25-cent pamphlet by F. M. R. Spendlove, M. D., 2713 St. Catherine street, Montreal, Can. A scholarly treatise which will start your thinker.

—"The Secret of Opulence, or The Royal Road to Wealth," is the latest 10-cent booklet by Dr. Close, Ph.D., S.S.D., 126 Birch street, Bangor, Me.

—*Chat* is a breezy as well as helpful little magazine published by Patrick J. Sweeney, 150 Nassau street, New York, who is a shorthand reporter. Send 5 cents for a sample, or 50 cents for a year of *Chat*. It's good.

—*Sunshine Bulletin* is the "only official organ of the Ray Williams Sunshine Society." It seems to be a shining little *Philistine Jr.*, and comes from the Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y. Price 50 cents a year.

—"The Majesty of Sex," is "A Song of Immortal Life," by Nancy McKay Gordon, Box 527, Denver, Col. It is a beautiful volume, price \$2. If you have eyes to see this book will show you the wonders of life. If you have ears to hear this book will give you harmonies celestial.

—And here is, "Are You Really Living?"—by Leslie Boucicault, 1839 North 11th street, Philadelphia. Ask her the price. It is prettily presented, in "antique laid" with flexible red cover, and is a really charming book full of common sense mental science written in a witty way that you will enjoy.

—Dr. Hanish is a wonderfully successful teacher of the art of living. His "Health and Breath Culture" teaches much that I have not

seen elsewhere. It is well worth careful and persistent study, and faithful practice. Twelve lessons bound separately, price 50 cents each, or \$5 the set. Address *Sun-Worshiper Publishing Company*, 1613 Prairie avenue, Chicago.

—"The History and Power of Mind," is a fine and scholarly presentation by Richard Ingalese. Cloth, 288 pages, price \$2, published by The Occult Book Concern, 63 West 45th street, New York. The book is logical and most comprehensive, and explains clearly just how to use the power of mind in any desired direction. The chapters on "The Art of Self-Control," "Meditation, Creation and Concentration" and "The Law of Opulence" are especially fine.

—Here comes the "Monster Edition" of *Freedom*, the number for November 5. It looks like a glorified resurrection! Thirty-two larger pages than usual, beautifully illustrated on good paper, wire-stitched and trimmed. And it is full of goodness. If you are at all interested in the New Thought movement or in beautiful Seabreeze, Fla., and Helen Wilmans Post, you will want some of these papers for yourself and friends. If you are not you'd better send anyway and get interested. Might as well leave out one of the "three R's" as Helen.

—"The Immanence of God," is a dainty paper bound booklet by Levi Wilson Platt, 431 Charles Block, Denver, Col. No price given.

—It never rains but it pours good things for us. This week it was good shows. Monday morning we had passes and a letter from Walter E. Perkins for "Jerome, A Poor Boy," his new play adapted from Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman's sweet New England story of the same name. And following the letter came "Jerome" Perkins himself, just a wholesome boy with innocent blue eyes. But he is an artist, and everybody knows him as "My Friend From India" and "The Man From Mexico." His new play is splendid. Go see "Jerome"—he is a subscriber to *Nautilus*. And then we had Mrs. Le Moyne in her newest success, "Among Those Present," which is not only perfect as a play but it is flawlessly presented. Full of *humanity*, high and un-affected moral tone, and the keenest wit and humor. Mrs. Le Moyne is the most effective of preachers and yet you'd never suspect her of preaching at all. Both these plays left me with a clean taste in my mouth and a warm feeling in the region of the solar plexus. Go see them both.

—"I am trying to master the mysteries of occult teachings with a view to attaining spiritual lucidity. I feel as I should imagine a fly does when he is entangled in a spider's web. I make quite an effort to free myself but I seem to make so little progress."

That is just the trouble—too much effort. Quit trying to free yourself. You are free. Be still and know it. Keep saying over and over to yourself, "I AM free." Keep saying it until you realize it. What do you want to "be free" from anyway? From things? Well, all the things that stick to you are your things. You drew them and you hold them. You are the lasses and things are the flies you draw. The only way to quit drawing flies is to quit being lasses. You can change your own character. But not by kicking, struggling, lamenting. Be still. Rise into the "ideal brain" and imagine a more desirable character for yourself. Imagine the highest, best, most loving character you can, with things to match. Take a whole hour for this practice, every day for a year. Take the same hour every day, as nearly as possible. Turn your back on things and just imagine clear to the heights of Transfiguration Mount, and live there. Then go out with the glory of it in your soul, and keep on living it as well as you can. Keep at it. Some day when you have forgotten to care anything about the flies that troubled, you will find them gone. You will find yourself no longer a sticky fly-paper for undesirable things. Character is built in the ideal brain, and your things always match your character. Value character, right, truth, God, above all things—let God absorb you away from things—and you will find all good things added.

## The Success Circle.

Do you desire to better your condition? Do you desire to help relative or friend to better his? Then join us and GROW SUCCESS. Anyone who sends me \$1 for my books or subscription to THE NAUTILUS, is entitled to one year's membership in the Success Circle. To get best results you should have THE NAUTILUS, each number of which contains a special letter to the Success Circle; and a copy of "How to Grow Success," price 50 cents, containing full directions to the Circle members. Other of my books may be substituted for the above mentioned, but NOBODY'S ELSE; and money sent for DELINQUENT subscriptions will not count on this offer. Additional members of your family who wish to join the Success Circle AT THE SAME TIME YOU JOIN, may do so by sending with your order, 50 cents for books or paper to that amount. Unless these orders come in one envelope each member of your family is privileged to join only upon sending \$1 for my books, or NAUTILUS, to that amount. NOTE TERMS CAREFULLY. There will be NO deviations. I teach the Success Circle through "How to Grow Success," which contains full directions; and through the monthly letter to the Circle, printed herewith. And I speak for all members the Word of Success, for which I make no charge. "How to Grow Success" is uniform with my other 50 cent book, contains a new three-quarter length engraving of the author and each copy is signed and numbered in my handwriting. It is a text book for the Success Circle. I have a real personal INTEREST in each member. In joining write me a brief and TO-THE-POINT statement of your desires, and if possible send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back. Do not send one that must be returned, and see that postage is fully prepaid. ELIZABETH TOWNE.

When I receive a letter which says the writer has "so many desires it is impossible to enumerate them," my heart shows a tendency to get into my shoes. Such an one is really a hard case. Desire is the creator; but when desire is spread over a host of things it is no longer desire; it is mere shallow wishing, and accomplishes little. You can no more spread out your wishes and works over a multitude of things and bring success, than you can clean a dozen rooms all at once. One thing at a time. Be definite. What do you want? Call them all up in a row for inspection. What will you have first? Decide upon one thing and then banish the other wishes until this one is realized. Make your mental demand for this ONE thing. Be still, and let the spirit tell you what to do, and how. Keep affirming it. Be faith-full to this one thing until you realize it. When it is well in sight call up your wishes again and make another selection. Then banish all others and WISH HARD, and AFFIRM harder, and work faithfully for that one. One thing at a time and that well done, is the road to all accomplishment. And each thing well done increases your capacity. One thing properly "demonstrated" over makes way for better and quicker "demonstration" over the next thing. \* \* \* When you are learning to do things it is wise to begin on the easy ones. So in choosing which of your desires shall engage all your attention NOW it is usually best to choose, not the hardest and biggest one, but the one nearest at hand and most reasonable and easy. Generally this is the quickest road to realizing the big desire, as well as the lesser ones. \* \* \* Now ready, dearie. Look the desires over judiciously. Decide. CHOOSE. Now go in to win and keep at it with quiet confidence. My WORD is with you and success is yours.

—A canvasser came to our door yesterday with some "linen mats." I never heard of such a thing, and I love linen things, so my curiosity got the best of me and I looked at his goods. They proved to be two gaudy rugs and I said "No, thank you." But he insisted—Mrs Hurley had bought two at \$2 each and I could have these at the same price, "50 cents down and 50 cents a month" if that would be any inducement. I said it wouldn't, and held the door open. He slammed his rugs together and walked out, and I heard him rap at Miss Clancy's door across the hall. Five minutes later there came a tap-tap at my door and there stood Miss Clancy. She wanted to know if I had bought anything of the man. He told her I had bought two rugs of him at \$1.75 and he would "close out" the last two to her at \$1 each, 50 cents down! She said "No" and he "sassd" and took himself off. Now that man was young, decent looking and well dressed, but he had no sense. I wondered how he could bear to lay those gaudy rugs down across my dark, neutral Wiltons and then insist upon my buying them—that was bad enough.



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