

# THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office  
as second class matter.

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



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HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

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## FOR HIM WHO BIDES.

For him who bides the march of time  
With patient heart, nor frets nor chides  
But onward, upward seeks to climb,  
To the full measure of his prime—  
For him the darkened heaven divides.

For him is burned the votive thyme,  
And in his voice the world confides;  
Yea! honors wait in every clime  
For him who bides.

His simplest word his fellows guides,  
As swayed the potent archimime;  
Yea! malice from his presence glides,  
Whose faith has made his life sublime;  
And therefore have I done this rhyme  
For him who bides.

—St. George Best.

## MY MUSE.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Oh, World, s-s-sh!

The mills of the gods are going to grind out  
copy;

All the wonders and glories of the As-Yet-  
Undiscovered-and-Unsaid are pressing for ex-  
pression at the point of this well sharpened Black-  
amoor pencil.

Be still, oh, my soul, and let the Great Spirit  
write;

Be silent, oh my Self, and let the Great Self use  
your store of experience to illustrate its remarks.  
Softly, softly, oh, World—listen!

## POINTS ON BREATH.

"I take the liberty, as thousands before me have  
probably done, of writing to you to thank you for  
what your book ('Just How to Wake the Solar  
Plexus') has done for me and what it is going to  
do. I have been following your system of breath-  
ing for about a month, and already have some  
foretaste of the great good it will do me. It is  
wonderful, infinitely wonderful, especially to me  
who have tried a rather large number of physical  
culture systems, based on exercise or diet. While  
I try to, and do, realize and practice, the 'Love'  
and 'Infinite' parts of your system, I take a great  
interest, as you might suppose, I being a boy, in  
obtaining Health and Strength. And there are a  
number of questions which I want to ask, in order  
to save myself, perhaps, from some months of  
error. Does your declaration that 'there is ab-  
solutely no limit to the rapidity or amount of  
radiation which the Sun center sends out' mean  
that your strength, your real lifting power, is con-  
tinually increasing? For instance, does yours, or  
any pupil's, increase, so that they become really  
very strong, like Sampson or David? I am sure,  
at least, that it is an aid to exercise, and you will  
increase faster with it than without it. Does it  
have the result of increasing your weight to  
normal (I am a little light), or of filling out hol-  
lows, as in the collar bones? Does it greatly in-  
crease your power of mental concentration so that  
you can study faster and know things better, and  
read books faster? You know you say the supply  
of radiation is unlimited, so what does the radia-  
tion do? You tell men to exercise several times  
a day breathing at those times; and 'every time  
they think of it to take two or three long, deep  
breaths.' Now I try to do it all the time all day  
long. That is really best for the end in view,  
isn't it? Can you tell me why you say, 'several  
long swigs, abdomen in?' Is that really important?  
Ought I only to fill my chest every time I in-  
hale? In pushing out my lung muscles I often  
bend far backward. I suppose that should be  
avoided? Except when reclining it is somewhat  
difficult to push out my chest correctly. Is there  
any additional information you can give from  
experience to help me catch the knack of pushing  
out my chest and abdomen easily, fully and natu-  
rally so that I can get the swing of it sooner  
than by myself? It is my ambition, by means of  
this system to keep my hands warm, and pink on  
even freezing days, because of the powerful blood-  
flow through them. And if it be natural, I want  
to have such a powerful flood of blood streaming

through my veins that even my thighs feel warm  
and are pink. In fact I gauge how successful I  
am, how well the system is working, by feeling the  
blood flowing powerfully. But on cold days, it is  
very hard to keep my hands from being white and  
chilled, and I want to know what I must empha-  
size to get a powerful blood-flow as soon as pos-  
sible. I don't know whether it lies in keeping the  
bellows open long, or in the rhythm and smooth-  
ness of the breathing. I believe it's the latter. Please  
tell me something, so that in, say, ten breaths, I  
can see my hands turn pink or red, and feel warm  
and splendid all over. I have succeeded some-  
times in doing this very thing. I get so interested  
in breathing at night that I keep it up sometimes  
two hours, and when I try to go to sleep I feel  
wide awake, and fine, and go to breathing again.  
And so I stay awake very late and sleep late in the  
morning. Can't you tell me something, from ex-  
perience, that will help me go to sleep, like Na-  
poleon, the instant I say the word. I want to say  
that, formerly, no matter what I tried, I used al-  
ways to wake with a taste in my mouth, and not  
really refreshed. But now, I feel as lively and  
pure-mouthed as a fawn when I wake."

Here is a young man who wants a whole  
"course" in physical culture, physiology, anatomy,  
and mental culture all rolled into the answer to  
one letter. Rather a large order; but as his letter  
is a sample of many I receive I will try to  
answer it.

The solar plexus, the large nerve center situated  
back of the stomach, was so named because it  
radiates nerves to all parts of the body, as the  
sun radiates energy in all directions. It was well  
named, for this solar plexus is really the sun-  
center of the body. It radiates life, light, wisdom,  
power, love, to the entire body and its aura. It  
draws this life force from the unseen. It is the  
door by which all power enters into the realm  
of expression.

The earth receives the sun's rays of light and  
manifests light and warmth. So the different  
organs of your body receive your solar radiance  
and each reflects its light according to its nature.

And thought reacts and controls the radiance  
of life, or power, from the solar center.

Your brain reflects life as thought.

Just as the earth raises its own clouds and so  
shuts off the sun rays, so the brain raises dark  
thoughts and shuts off your soul radiance from  
brain and body.

Thoughts of fear, doubt, despondency, pessi-  
mism, fault-finding, etc., shut off the solar radi-  
ance. Thoughts of joy, confidence, love, turn on  
the solar power. "I-can"-thoughts open up the  
solar plexus and let into your body the love-wis-  
dom-power which is trying to get in; "I can't"-  
thoughts shut it out.

Now notice that fear-thought contracts the  
lungs and heart. When you feel joyous and care-  
free you take full, free breaths. Your body is one  
—when your lungs and heart are contracted by  
fear-thought, or "I-can't," you are contracted clear  
through, solar center and all; and your source  
of power is shut off.

Your solar plexus is the stop cock of infinite  
power.

Your thought turns the stop cock on, or off.  
Thought contracts the body and turns off the  
power, or it expands the body and lets in power.

Perhaps I should say that will does this. But  
will is the active principle of thought,—will does  
the thing, but THOUGHT DIRECTS it done.

Will is the one power, which comes into being  
by way of the solar plexus.

Thought directs this power.

Now, then, it is sometimes hard for thought to  
direct itself on its own plane,—it is hard to get  
rid of a fear-thought by thought alone.

Why? Because fear has shut your power off.

But it is easy to turn on your power by turning  
on your breath. To take a full, slow breath ex-  
pands the entire body and lets in power. So it  
happens that a few full, even breaths of fresh  
air will ENABLE you to control your thought.  
Along with the long breaths you will take in  
will enough to make it easy to control your  
thought. Did you ever notice how different every-  
thing looks to you after a vigorous walk? Exer-  
cising induced full breathing and you let in so  
much fresh power that living ceases to seem such  
a task to you.

When you are depressed and life is a snarl,  
THEN is the time to QUIT THINKING and  
just go out and breathe and breathe.

Breathing is the easiest thing in the world to  
do; therefore you can do it when you are too  
depressed and paralyzed to do anything else;  
you can breathe fully until you gain power to do  
something else.

It is a significant fact that breathing is the only  
physical function not yet turned fully over to  
the control of subconscious mind. This indicates  
that the race has not yet fully learned to use it.  
If it were fully used and developed it would  
always take care of itself, as other functions do.

Full breathing lets in power. It permits an  
influx of power to every part of the body.

But in order to increase your ability to lift  
you must use your power in lifting; in order to  
increase muscle you must direct your thought  
and will into and through the particular muscles  
you want to develop. If you want to fill out  
hollows use your power to develop the muscles  
and proper poise of those hollow parts of the  
body. If you want to level humps and bumps  
direct your power to that end.

It does little good to fill your body with power  
unless you use the power in intelligent muscular  
and mental effort in desired directions.

Do you know the work of art called "The  
Modern Athlete?" Just a tall man with knotty  
muscles, standing with his weight slumped down  
on one heel, his shoulders rounded, head stuck  
forward, arms folded high over a sunken chest,  
and abdomen protruding below the folded arms.  
I never see that image—and he is ubiquitous in  
the art stores—that I don't feel a strong desire  
to hit him across the shoulders and stomach and  
make him straighten out and put his arms down  
and his chest out. The pose of that "Modern  
Athlete" is the pose of a self-satisfied chump who  
unconsciously invites his enemy to "hit him in the  
wind." He is not poised and ready. He does not  
express either power or alertness, and he is  
nothing but a libel on modern athletics.

You may practice breathing exercises half the  
night every night in the week, but it will do you  
little good unless you use your power in better  
attitudes than the one posed by "The Modern  
Athlete."

Breathing lets in the power, but strong muscles  
and mind come from pressing out power by ac-  
tivity. Unless you use your power for something  
besides mere posing, and painfully incorrect pos-  
ing at that, you will not grow strong muscles and  
mind.

Breathing fills you with power to do. If you  
don't want to do anything the sooner you quit  
breathing the better.

Breathing increases your power to do. Doing  
increases your power to breathe.

When you feel cast down, despondent, fearful,  
paralyzed, go out doors and breathe.

When you have breathed and breathed and can-  
not go to sleep go out doors and use your power



on the wood pile, or a two or three mile sprint, or in any other *physical* exercise which will relieve the pressure of power, and thus quiet your mind.

As you learn to maintain the equilibrium of power which is the normal right of every human being you will find yourself sleepy as a baby at the right hours, and wide awake and active and interested as a ten-year-old the rest of the time.

One should cultivate the habit of full breathing, *through the nostrils*, at all times. But one cannot spend his time in doing nothing else. Take a few deep, full, even breaths when you think of it; suggest to yourself that you are acquiring the *habit* of full breathing; *and then go get interested in what you find to do*. Think at frequent intervals of your breathing, physical poise, etc., but don't be self-conscious *all* the time.

"Abdomen in?" Of course. The man or woman whose shoulders are round and stomach prominent lives mainly in the thought of the **BURDENS** he has to bear and the good things he *wishes* he had to eat. Women are just waking up and getting their minds onto other things besides burdens and stuffing, and the consequences are showing in the "kangaroo figure" and the straight front corset. She is making her back so straight it won't carry burdens, and she is sticking her stomach *in* instead of out. Consequently her *chest* which represents power, life, reason, government, is gradually filling *out*. Instead of slumping down lazily like that "Modern Athlete" she stands *poised*, stomach (abdomen) *in*, chest *out*, head *up*, weight on the balls of her feet, instead of her heels. The *real* modern athlete stands the same way.

It is said that the upper chest breath is emotional; middle chest, the breath of reason; and the abdominal breath the sustaining or physical breath. All hysterical, sensational women lace the waist tight and breathe in the *upper* lungs. When I was about eleven years old I had a dear divinity who was perfection to me, because when she wore a low-necked dress I could see her "fair bosom flutter" with each breath, just as Mary J. Holmes described it in her glorious novels. And she was just the sort of silly, sentimental, romantic goose Mrs. Holmes depicted.

Then I have watched men breathe. Most men breathe *down* and *out*, and the upper chest is almost rigid;—just the opposite of my fair divinity. These same men too are very solid and sensible and healthy.

But it is rarely one sees a woman who uses the middle and lower part of her lungs (reason and physical health breaths); and many women are so cinched about the waist that they *can't* do it. And few men use the upper or emotional breath—because they think emotion and sentiment "silly."

The all-around developed man or woman will use the *whole* chest. He or she will expand outward, downward and upward too, with *every* breath. He or she will be a *poised* blend of sentiment, reason and physical health.

Women, in order to correct their deficiencies need to take off corsets and breathe down and out, to balance the upper chest habit.

Men need to straighten up, hips and abdomen *in*, and endeavor as they inhale to *arch* the chest upward and outward, at the same time *contracting* and *raising* the diaphragm, relaxing the diaphragm as the breath is *exhaled*—exactly the opposite of the common way of breathing.

This same exercise is splendid for women too, to *decrease waist and abdomen*.

Learn to use your chest and diaphragm all sorts of ways. But *aim* for the *full*, even, rhythmic breath, up, out and down, as the *habit*-breath.

Never "bend backward" when taking breathing exercise. Stand *straight* and arch chest out in front. Get the pouter pigeon in mind—just by way of correcting bad habits by exaggeration of opposite. Keep back straight, but seek to make your *upper front* measure bulge outward as far as possible.

Breathing and *vigorous exercise*, plenty of *fresh* air and *fruit*, will give anybody a perfect circulation and plenty of warmth. Cold shower and rub-down *after* exercise, is also a great help.

Aim for rhythm and smoothness in *all* exercising. Jerks and strains are unnecessary wear and tear on all organs.

Only long *practice* will enable one to gain fine enough control of his body to give perfect circulation in the space of ten breaths; *but practice will do it*.

There are hints enough in this article for a whole world of wise men. All you need is *practice*, and the use of your individual *gumption*. The only thing to be afraid of is laziness—and fear itself.

Breathe for dear life and health.

### EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE.

"Have been wanting to write to you for some months. I love *The Nautilus*, oh, so much, if you would only leave out the slang, especially the worst of it. Do you want your friends and patrons to take a paper that they are ashamed to show to their staid Quaker Friends? Some of the worst slang I mean to blot out so it can't be read like the 'whole darn thing.' Now, sister, you know that don't sound very nice, and while it may not be *very* bad, it *does* hurt your influence for good in the estimation of many good people, and must be a bad example for others who are not so good. We are proud of our 'Hoosier poet,' James Whitcomb Riley, and yet some of us would be much prouder if he would not be quite so rough in many instances."—Indianian.

There it goes again! Folks prefer to be "nice" rather than be free, and they have regular doll-baby standards of niceness. And they get mad if you fail to toe *their* scratch—mad or "ashamed" of you. It is funny. And it is most "unscientific" into the bargain. *Who* says "the whole darn thing" isn't "nice"? I say it *is* nice. In its place it expresses what no other words can; it exactly, *nicely*, fits a *live* thought; therefore it is the *nicest* expression possible. If that particular thought never leaped white-hot from your soul as it has from mine then you are the loser. You have failed of that much *life*. And it is very *human* for you not to be able to vibrate with my "slang" expression.

But it is not divine, nor scientific, nor *sensible*, for you to shut yourself up like a clam, or work yourself into a fit of virtue, because you are not *alive* enough to vibrate with a *strong* expression. It is nonsensical and unscientific to set up dummy standards of what is "bad," and "not very bad," "good" and "very good," and then try, and condemn, everybody by these dummies.

There are as many of these doll-baby standards in the world as there are people. Don't you know that? You think slang isn't "nice" and I think it is; and the blushing Hottentot lady thinks neither one of us is "nice" because we don't wear rings in our noses. The Chinese princess, aristocrat of the oldest race on earth, thinks it positively indecent in us to show our big feet and exhibit the size of our waists. Their doll-baby standards of niceness are not a whit more heathenish than is your slang-bereft dummy. The fault with both is that while they may be "nice" they are not *natural*.

As for my own standards, my own doll-babies, I've smashed 'em. Not a vestige left to try anybody by—not even myself. I've quit trying to be anything, and I've quit finding fault with you. I simply *AM all creation and uncreation*. I *AM* as prim as you ever longed to be, and I'm as slangy as they make 'em. I *AM* American, Chinese and Hottentot all rolled into one, and God is my soul. I *AM you* and I prefer your honest slang to your put-on "niceness."

But bless your heart, you are welcome to be just as nice as you please and I'll still be proud of you. And you may be just as ashamed of me and my slang as you like, and I shall still smile into your eyes and know that *you and I are one*, and you are *needlessly* ashamed of *yourself*. You are just the "nice" little flute which shudders when the trumpet blares forth in his free tones. But bless your little heart, the trumpet is *just* as "nice" as the flute, only in a different way. And both are needed to keep the harmony of life from being merely a unison melody which would soon tire *itself* as well as others. Don't fret your soul because the Hoosier poet and I are not flutes. We are all right just the same, and

maybe even your Quaker friends will like us if you give 'em a chance. We have some "staid Quaker friends" already, who like to have the spirit move us just as it does, slang and all.

It would not do for me to be *too* nice anyway. The world is full of folks running about after some nice little god to bow down before, to the eternal shriveling of their own souls and powers. Jesus had to get off the earth before folks would find the God in themselves. Now I like this earth and mean to stay right here; so I have to refuse to be a nice little god. I use slang when the spirit moves. If I *hid* my slang as my "nice" readers do (for every soul that ever trod earth has slang and swear words *in his heart*) then my readers would get a false impression of me. I'd be so much like their doll-baby ideals that they'd come bowing and scraping and prostrating before me. Which would be bad for us both. They might get in my way and be stepped on, which would be worse than slang.

As long as you set up in your mind a little standard to try other people by you are doomed to disappointment and shame. *And you rob yourself*.

The world is a great cyclorama of wisdom. Every little thing as well as every big thing, *means* something. And it means something *GOOD*, for there is nothing evil or low in all creation. Creation is the *body of God*. To think of things as "evil" or "low" or "not nice" is to *blaspheme God*—to think evil of God.

Now I know what it means to live a-tip-toe in a vain endeavor to "get above" everything which is not "nice." I know what it is to cringe and cower and curl away from "evil" or "low" things. I used to hear swear words galore, and I never heard one without curling up and turning up my nose. And I could see absolutely no good in the swearer. His swear words were *ALL* of him, in my estimation.

By and by the spirit showed me that even slang and swear words are good, and that *my criticism and curling-up-act* was a great beam in my own eye—a beam which made me exaggerate greatly the mote in the other person's eye. I quit criticizing and curling up. I *let* him swear. I looked at him *as he was* and tried to *understand the spirit in him which prompted the swearing*.

Then for the first time I began to *learn* things from that man. I began to see beauties of spirit I never before dreamed of, and beauties of *action* I had never before been able to see because I was so busy curling up to *get away* from him. I was amazed at what I saw, and I was ashamed to think how long I had been blinded to the truth of his being.

I learned to uncurl, and to look *curiously* and with open heart, upon all men and all acts. I began to see "books is running brooks, sermons in stones and good in *everything*"—even swear words.

*I came into touch with the spirit in that man*—the spirit which maketh alive the *understanding*. I *uncurled*, and my spirit touched his. Whilst I resented his outward deportment I kept *curling away* from the real spirit within. I never understood.

All outward things are the letters which spell out the wisdom of God. He who condemns and resists even the least of these letters is robbing himself of a portion of the *meaning of life*. He is *refusing* a proffered lesson of Good.

Learn of the world *as it is*. Look *curiously*, instead of critically. Seek to *understand*. Try to *feel with* people, things, actions. You need not adopt all you see or hear. Neither need you fuss at it until it assumes in your imagination such gigantic proportions as to obscure the universe.

From an expurgated edition of nature, good friends, deliver us.

"Nothing evil is, or low;

Each thing in its place is best."

—Oh, yes—send me all the names you can, of those you think might be interested in *Nautilus*. Please write the names on a slip of paper by themselves. I want to spread *Nautilus* over the whole earth and I thank you heartily for every help you give me on this line.



## THE TRUTH ABOUT DIVORCE.

In January *Psychic and Occult Views and Reviews* the editor, M. T. C. Wing, presents a view of "Wives and Work" which is anything but an occult view of the subject. He evidently still clings to the old notion that man was made for the family, and not the family for man. He inveighs against George D. Herron and Elbert Hubbard *et al* because they permitted themselves to be separated from their wives. Apparently he thinks the chief end of man is to tote some woman around on a chip, and the fact that in his callow youth man picked out (or was picked out by) the wrong woman, cuts no figure in the matter. Man must keep on toting her even if he has to give up his life work by which he has been enabled to supply the chip, not to mention the other things the woman demands.

All of which is the very superficial view of the world at large, and has no place among new thought, "occult" teachings. It is entirely too obvious—to the old-fashioned sentimentalist, who is blind to the real facts in cases of separation.

The sentimentalist gets just two views of the family, and draws his hasty conclusions therefrom. He sees first a happy family, a charming, clinging little simpleton of a wife, with half a dozen or so infants clinging to her skirts and bosom, and her round eyes lifted in adorable helplessness to the face of that great, strong lord and master, her husband. In his second view of the family he beholds this strong man turn his back upon this adoring family and walk deliberately forth to self-gratification, leaving them to perish from hunger and grief. Fired with these pretty and entirely fanciful pictures the superficial observer burns with indignation and calls down anathema upon the head of the deserter.

The fact is that no man ever deserts a family under such conditions. There is always a long period of disintegration before any family goes to pieces—a period of which both man and wife are well aware. When a separation comes it is really a relief to both parties. The only real pain in such cases comes from the spirit of *revenge*, or a desire on the part of one or the other to pose as injured innocence, that she or he may rake in the sympathy and fire the indignation of just such uninformed friends as M. T. C. Wing.

I have known a lot of people who separated—known them intimately and observed them well. In not one of these cases did the deserted party claim to *love* the deserter. In all there was a real relief when it was all over. In every case the one thing which had held them together so long was *fear of disgrace*. "Oh, what will people think of me?"—is the first cry of everybody—especially women. It was *that* which made the deserted one unhappy and resentful. It is that which makes many women pose as injured innocents and rate the deserter as a villain. And all the time in *secret* they are glad, glad that they are relieved of the burden of living with an uncongenial husband or wife.

Of course there are other reasons why women hate to be left by their husbands. One is that their support is apt to go with the deserter.

Public opinion keeps many a family in the same house years after it really *knows* it is separated widely as the poles.

The dread of having to take care of herself keeps many a woman hanging like grim death to a man she knows she does not love, and who despises her.

The fear of public opinion and the love, not of money, but of *ease*, holds together under one roof tens of thousands of families who have been *occultly* and really separated for years.

A man is held by the same sentimental notion that M. T. C. Wing has—that he must "protect" the woman. So he stays in hell to do it. He has to stay in hell until she gets out.

In almost every one of these separation cases it is the woman and *not* the man, who gives the signal. In George D. Herron's case the wife offered to take a certain sum of money and release him from supporting her. He met her conditions—and bore all the odium like a man. To her credit be it said she did not pose as an injured woman. I

know nothing about Elbert Hubbard's case, but I venture to say that if he and his wife are separated that *she* was the one who did the leaving act.

We hear a lot about the "Biblical reason" for divorce; but I say unto you that infidelity is no reason at all for divorce. The one just cause for separation is *incompatibility of temper*.

A man is an Individual; a woman is another Individual; and neither can make himself or herself over to please the other.

When two people from lack of similar ideals and aims cannot *pull together* the quicker they pull apart the better it will be for them—and the children too.

I know well a couple who lived together long enough to have grown children. For nearly a score of years they pulled like a pair of balky horses—what time they were not doing the monkey and parrot act. The husband stayed out nights and tumbled. The wife sat at home and felt virtuous. Finally the woman worked up spunk enough to do what she had been dying to do for years. She packed up and left. Now she is happily married to a man she can pull *with*. And he is married to another woman who pulls with him. She has quit feeling virtuous and he has quit tipling. They are both prospering financially. The children have two pleasant homes, and more educational and other advantages than they ever dared hope for. Every-one of the family is *glad* of that separation.

The family is an institution of man's own making. It is a good and glorious thing so long as it serves to increase the happiness and health of its members. But whenever the family institution has to be maintained at the expense of the life, liberty or happiness of its members it is time to lay that particular institution on the shelf.

What God does not hold together by LOVE, let not man try to paste together by law.

One great cause of the increase of divorces is the financial emancipation of woman. Women can now get out and take care of themselves, where a few years ago they had to grin and bear it; or bear it without grinning.

If the new thought means anything, Brother Wing, it means that every individual man or woman, has the RIGHT to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness wherever and with whom he chooses to seek it, so long as he or she does not attempt to abridge the same rights for others. It means that a woman is as much an Individual as a man, and must stand or fall, hold her husband or lose him, *on her own merits*. The new thought deals with Individuals regardless of sex.

Marriage is a partnership, subject in the eyes of Justice to the same rules which govern other partnerships. Let us be just to the deserter, be he man or woman, before we are sentimentally generous to the deserted.

And don't let us be *too* sure that we know all the facts in these separation cases. It is human nature to fix up outward appearances for the benefit of the passer-by.

Seek rather to *understand*. Condemn not.

Has any one told you it is lucky to be married?

I hasten to inform you it is just as lucky to be divorced, and I know it.

## EXPANSION.

"I've been practicing your suggestion in January *Nautilus*, about 'thinking money,' and have succeeded in seeing and counting out any stated number of bills of any denomination that I decide on. It occurred to me that wanting that money, without giving an equivalent was beggarly if not thievish; so I tried a plan of my own for mining my own resources. I stated in definite words the things I can do well enough to have a market value. I thought at first there was nothing. But taking things *separately* was surprised to find so many. Kept thinking of new ones—little things—if nothing more than teaching fractions—or polishing a window-pane—and not considering whether I liked the work or not. It was like gymnastics for refreshing ones feelings—I'll give you the copyright of the idea."

Good idea. Practice any sort of thinking which will raise you in your own estimation *without pulling down the other fellow*.

But never *define* your value to the world and set a fixed price upon it. Never say to yourself, "I can do only such and such things well, and

at best they are only worth so much." This small measuring of things is what limits us. The real truth is that *every bit of money in the world is YOURS*; just as every bit of blood in the body belongs to every individual cell; just as all the air in the world belongs to every individual and thing. You can have all the money or air you can possibly use, and you can have it without impoverishing anybody else. Money *circulates*. The more pocket books it fills, and the *fuller* it fills them, the better for the whole world. Money *flows*, like blood; and as blood carries all needful and useful things to every atom in the body, so money carries all needful and useful things to every human atom. Just as we breathe air, taking it in and giving it out again, so we should breathe money.

The only thing that keeps us from taking plenty of either money or air is *fear*. We are so curled up with *fear* of multitudinous things, seen and unseen, that we don't half breathe with our lungs or our purses either.

We take in breath or money by EXPANDING. We force out air or money by contracting. The trouble with us is that we are *afraid* to expand. We try to bring our ideas and our wants all down to a smaller scale. We are *afraid* to take in big thoughts and ideas, lest we be disappointed. We are *afraid* to EXPECT more than a couple of dollars or so a day. So we stay contracted and the money CAN'T get into our purses.

Wake up. Expand. Take deep, full breaths of air, and your mind and purse expand in sympathy with your lungs.

Think big. Value yourself. Consider yourself worth ALL the money in circulation and all that's yet in the bowels of the earth besides.

You own all you can take in; and YOUR THOUGHT is the place to take it in.

Money is REALLY as free as air. Take it in by knowing that it is yours.

The world is catching an inkling of this truth. Prices are going up. The miner is learning that he has just as good a right to big pay as the mine boss has. By and by he will realize that he is worth just as much to the world as any other man. And the other man will realize it too. The time is surely coming when a miner will be as FLUSH with money as any trust president who ever lived. And he will have as much time in which to do as he pleases. This is prophecy, and you will see it come true. Edward Bellamy was no visionary; he, too, was a prophet, a sure one. The wildest dreams of socialism are prophecy.

The miner who digs out coal is exactly as valuable to this world as J. Pierpont Morgan is, or Andrew Carnegie; he has the same God-given RIGHT to all the air, water and money he can use. What is more, he is coming into his right.

The Morgans and Carnegies are giving him of their surplus; they are giving what they have learned to take in, but which the miner has not yet learned to take.

And the miner is waking up to a glimmer of gumption as to his own value and power.

There'll be wars and rumors of war, but the end will be peace and plenty for every soul. All things are working together for opulence.

Wake up and stretch yourself. Yawn. Take long, full breaths of air and money and glory. All you desire is YOURS NOW. Take it in mentally and work it out physically.

The man who knows his value to the world, the man who knows he is worth all the money there is, and that the world is more than willing to give it;—such a man loves to do his best for the world. He gives freely, joyously, of his energy, mental and physical. He never counts hours and minutes. He does out nothing. He gives himself graciously, like the king he is.

Therefore he develops from within himself more energy and wisdom and power. His best is ever leading to something better, and to his progress there is no end. And his joy is like unto it.

But the narrow-contracted, self-depreciated man is paralyzed mentally and physically. He never half tries. He is an anti-expansionist who stagnates in his own little corner. He gives as little as he can and the world reflects his grudging-ness.

Get out of the dumps. Expand. Head up,



shoulders back, chest out, backbone stiff. All the money there is is yours, in *free* payment for the BEST you can do. Go do it with joy.

### THE NAUTILUS MOVES.

The *Nautilus* celebrated the entry of the glorious year of 1903 by moving into larger quarters. We are still in the same building but have moved up a peg higher and now have the choicest apartments in the whole building, beautiful rooms with east and south exposure and nothing to keep out the glorious sun and air. Our offices are the two "parlors" on the east side of the hall. William has the corner room, with windows east and south; and my room faces east with an immense bay window where, at a darling little weathered oak "arts and crafts" desk I shall find new inspiration for *Nautilus*. Our offices open together with folding doors, always wide open. The window shades are always rolled clear to the top, and pure white renaissance curtains hang in straight lines. The walls are a soft green, ceilings and border very light with white background, and two large axminster rugs nearly cover the floors. In each room there stands a large roll-top desk and a smaller flat-top one, all of "quarter-sawed" and finely polished oak. William sits at his roll-top, and I answer letters at mine.

We have two stenographers who adorn the other two desks. Our girls are small and trim and good looking and each is an artist in her line. Frances Morgan, who is a clipper to work, sits in my room; and Catherine Cronin sits in William's room. Catherine dashes off little poems and things at odd moments, and she took 40 letters and an article from William J. Bryan's dictation when he visited Holyoke. He was greatly pleased with the way she did it too.

Then there is a pretty oak mantel in my room with several pretty things on it, a book-case full of reference books and gifts, and a large couch full of pillows. And all the available wall space in William's room is filled with polished oak book-cases where he keeps his "stock," etc. And there is a thrifty large aspidistra, too. The rooms are lighted by gas and heated by steam. We think they are just about the handsomest, best equipped and *homiest* offices in town, and just the right kind of a place for the radiation of Good Will and Good Literature. Then we have a pretty reception room on the other side of the hall, with walls and ceiling in light wood colors, Wilton velvet rug, Brussels lace curtains, piano, couch, pillows and easy chairs, all in lovely harmonious colors. The rest of the rooms are well worth description too but space is limited and this is enough for once. Some day when we can find time we'll give a reception and you can all come and see for yourselves. In the meantime you can picture us in these lovely airy, clean, artistic rooms, with the sun beaming upon us and our own hearts beaming back again at the sun and at you.

*Nautilus* has built for itself a "more stately mansion."

And the moving in was as fine a "demonstration" as I ever had in my life. There wasn't a hitch anywhere and there wasn't a frown to be seen nor a sharp tone to be heard, and only about two hours of that torn-up feeling in the offices. Of course we thought out all the details beforehand. Nothing like taking thought, to make things run smoothly; not *anxious* thought, but interested, happy thought. I engaged plenty of good helpers, the best to be had, all at their own prices. Then I had one glorious day "bossing" about seven separate and distinct sets of men and a woman, and I think we all had a pretty good time and got through about four days work in one. I made up my mind two or three weeks ahead of time that I would have a *good* time with this moving, that everything would come out just right and that William should not be hindered, nor the girls, in the regular work in the office. The details just "came to me" at odd times, and all Holyoke and Springfield, too, simply outdid themselves in doing just what was wanted, at exactly the proper minute. It certainly is true that the whole world hastens to get out of the way for the man, or woman, who *knows*

where he is going. Not only that, but the whole world hastens to *help* him get there. Forethought of the right kind, decision and precision; coupled with a pleasant address and plenty of *cash*, will make a pleasure out of even a moving day.

By "plenty of cash" I do not mean a wild and reckless flinging of money in all directions. No. I mean that one should not try to buy more than he can pay full prices for and have some left over besides. Necessities first;—let there be plenty of money for the helpers; then if there is anything left buy pretty things. *Never skimp*. Do a thing *well*, or don't do it at all. Always leave a good big margin for emergencies, both in your purse and your *energies*. Never strain anything to the limit.

Yes, moving is fun when you wake clear up and use your energies—when you go in to *make* it a pleasure. Try it next time. You can do anything when you really set about it.

And wish us joy in our new quarters. Our success is yours too, and your Good Will is the joy of our hearts.

—Be happy.

—For your soul's sake be happy.

—For your body's sake be happy.

—For the world's sake be happy.

—The happy man or woman is the true philanthropist.

—You can corner money; you can hide pain sorrow, grief; but happiness will out. You *can't* be happy unto yourself alone.

—You see, money and melancholy are dead things; but *happiness* is ALIVE. It *moves* you.

## COME QUICK!

AND GET A COPY OF "JUST HOW TO CONCENTRATE" WITH A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NAUTILUS, ALL FOR 50 CENTS. A GOOD INVESTMENT IF YOU LIKE US. ADDRESS THE EDITOR AND AUTHOR, ELIZABETH TOWNE, HOLYOKE, MASS.

When you are happy you *can't* sit still. You are possessed to go *do* something for somebody quick. So your happiness is passed on to the next.

—When you are unhappy you go away and mope by yourself. When you are happy you run and find somebody to be happy with you.

—And happiness doubles every time it is divided. The more you give the more you have to keep. Happiness is like a lighted torch—the more torches it fires the greater the light for all.

—Happiness is vibration. Unhappiness is a muffling of vibration. The chief end of man is to vibrate—to *live*—to ENJOY—to be happy. And every human being is a center for the starting of happiness vibrations. He is built that way to begin with.

—The unhappy person is simply a muffled vibrator. He has wet-blanketed himself with *things*. He hugs *things* to himself, and is prevented from vibrating.

—In order to vibrate one must stand out free and clear of encumbrance. He must not weight himself with responsibility for others, nor for himself. He must stand straight *here*, and NOW. Then he can vibrate happiness and set others vibrating in sympathy.

—"The Man from Venus" bobs up again and wants me to introduce him to my readers. He says he believes he can "do as good work as any one in the Field." Oh, Bobby, this is a comedown. Three years ago there wasn't anybody in the Field but Bobby Burns from Venus! Nicht wahr? Now these wuzzy dual-ists seem to have the Field and Bobby comes meekly knocking for a chance to try again. Come on, Bobby. Here's

the warm hand and best wishes for a Glorious New Year. Bobby's corner of the Field is now 919 17th avenue, Denver, Col., where he proposes to dispense his only and original Venusian "psycho-harmonic vibrations" for the edification of the elect, or anybody else who wants to pay for 'em.

—A "formula for constipation?" No *formula* will heal it. Too much formula is one great cause of constipation—too much *hanging on* to the same old thing. LET GO, mentally and physically. Let go what is passing and meet with joy what is coming. Eat lots of fruit instead of meat, and whole-grain foods instead of white flour mix-ups. Exercise freely and breathe deeply of *fresh* air. If you eat fruit enough you will not need to swill down gallons of water every day, fruit being mainly water.

—Publishers of all the leading new thought magazines are giving my new "Experiences" the kindest and most flattering reviews, for which I heartily thank them. Here is what Henry Harrison Brown says about it, in his bright and positive *Now* (1437 Market street, San Francisco):—"I have but one criticism of this book. It is so full of thoughts and expressions I have used for years in my classes and lectures, and have in manuscript that there may be a charge of plagiarism when 'Now' Co. shall publish them. I cheerfully run the risk. Besides its pleasant autobiographical style which is most fascinating, it has some of the most practical things yet written in regard to Self-Healing. 'There are millions in it' for the one who will imitate Mrs. Towne, if health and happiness can in any way be thought of in connection with dollars. I would like to run the book as a serial in *Now*, but as you can all get it so cheaply I will let you read it there and give you something along the same line later." And Eugene Del Mar says in his bright new magazine *Common Sense*:—"Whatever Elizabeth Towne says has the vital touch. She has lived, and her writings ring of the practical. In this little book she relates her experiences in self-healing, and shows her mastery of the healing principle. The book is recommended for careful reading, and it deserves a wide circulation."

—"I have received the book on your self-healing, and it has been read to me. God speed it on its mission to help humanity onto a higher plane. It seems to me that no person can read it without being impressed with the sincerity of your efforts to express, and help others to do so the All Good in life. I must tell you what has taken place with me during the last few days. Just after ordering your book, and probably due to hearing the reading of your ad, I concentrated and then affirmed that I was to receive your mental vibrations. I then went into a passive condition and thought no more of the matter but between that time and the reading of your book, some new ideas on self-healing came up in my mind, also the principle of the rising and ebbing throughout nature. I even talked of this at the dinner table. On hearing your book read, I find that its contents had come to me during the time which elapsed between the time of ordering and receiving it. Never before have I become so thoroughly conscious of the meaning of my true nature, and with the realization of the all power within, came the intuition to hold, and see myself absolutely well and whole. It has had a telling effect upon me. I am just as sure I have been impressed by your vibrations as I am that I breathe." Leroy Berrier, author of "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism," etc.

—"Your 'Experiences in Self-Healing' is simply incomparable. For the enclosed \$3 please send as many more as you can. The two you sent are already doing good duty and I shall give them all away where they will do no end of good. Bless your dear heart for so bravely writing. Of all the thousands of pages of New Thought and Christian Science literature I have read not one has appealed to me like this your 'Experiences,' as the right thing to spread broadcast like the Bible." Mrs. Helen B. Van Deusen, Troy, N. Y.

—*Bible Review* is a beautiful new 40-page magazine exchange of ours. It is published by the Esoteric Fraternity, Applegate, Cal., and edited by Hiram E. Butler, author of "Solar Biology," also of "Seven Creative Principles," which is one of the finest things I ever read. Send \$1.50 for a year's subscription to *Bible Review*, or 15 cents for sample copy.



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**FREEDOM AND LAW.** Freedom and law are natural complements of each other. As well expect height without depth or day without night as to expect freedom without obedience to law.

There is a divine law of order in every department of nature, and in proportion as man understands and obeys that law he is happy and harmonious.

This law is the law of justice. Freedom on the part of the individual to do as he pleases irrespective of the rights and privileges of other individuals, would be a direct violation of this law of justice.

I believe that justice reigns throughout the universe, and that sometime and somehow each individual must render an exact equivalent for all that he receives.

There are many people who are absolutely blind to the law of justice. They think to escape rendering a just return for what they receive. These people are not all found among those who are seeking simply to amass wealth by any means.

The anarchist is a good example of a person who thinks to evade the law of justice. He claims to believe in human freedom, and yet he gives his life, if need be, to invade the right of a president or king to life and liberty.

These ideas were suggested by reading an article in *The Youth's Companion* on "The Pest of Anarchy." This article is so good an expression of my own ideas on the subject, that I will quote herewith the two closing paragraphs:

"It is a plain duty of Congress this winter to enact some law for the protection of the President and the discouragement of anarchy. No thoughtful person thinks that anarchy can be abolished by statute, for laws cannot control or change men's beliefs. Nor will the death penalty deter an anarchist selected by lot to kill a President from trying to execute his orders; his life is already forfeited—to his anarchistic fellows if not to the law. But it is possible to prevent anarchists from preaching publicly the duty of assassination as a means toward putting an end to the established order of society.

There is a spiritual as well as a material bacteriology. The germ of anarchy can be driven from the mind only by inoculation with the antitoxin of the golden rule. The cure must be internal. But while that is going on society must protect itself from the pest as it does from smallpox, the bubonic plague, cholera and other deadly and infectious diseases."

The object of law is to insure the greatest degree of freedom to the largest number of people. That the law is many times abused and its administration attended with more or less oppression is no excuse for its abolishment.

All human institutions are at present imperfect. But to abolish law would be to abolish justice. It would mean a going back to the lowest animal stage of existence where might not right was ruler. Law and justice have been evolved through centuries of slow growth.

When justice sits enthroned in every heart and selfishness is completely outgrown then the outward enforcement of law and order will naturally be done away with, but not before.

"Coke wrote, 'Law is the golden chain that binds the universe to the throne of God.' Coke was orthodox, and yet he saw the blending; had he gone a step further, he might have rightly said that in its entirety, law is complete justice, and justice is absolute right, and on that throne (one in its interlacing) sits Principle or Energy—the center of the universe—the impersonal God."

—From "Paths to Power."

Be not misled by the specious argument that absence of law means liberty. It may mean liberty to the murderer and highwayman, but not to their helpless victims.

Justice reigns, and law and justice are one.

The anarchist is a balance wheel which serves to counteract extreme oppression, but if there were any possibility of his teachings being adopted by any considerable number of people, it would soon be a case of the balance wheel sending the whole ship of state to a common destruction.

National life and the safety and well being of individual life depend upon as perfect an administration of the divine law of justice as may be

possible, and this can only be accomplished through the machinery of the civil law.

All civil laws are attempts to conform to laws of nature or divine law.

**A CONTENTED MIND.** A contented mind is one of the choicest blessings which the gods could bestow upon man.

To have a contented mind does not imply stagnation of thought. An acceptance of conditions as they are, while uttering all sorts of mental protests, will produce the opposite of contentment. Contentment that is real can only spring from within.

To have a contented mind means that you must be satisfied to await nature's processes of growth. It means that you cannot leap at one bound into the full, strong light of perfect wisdom, but must await a gradual unfoldment.

To develop a contented mind you must seek poise and self control. You must recognize fully the rights of others. One of the chief sources of discontent is a desire to make other people over. Learn that each individual has his or her place to fill in the universe, and do not seek to make other people over in accordance with your ideas of what they ought to be.

Recognize the innate wisdom and goodness of that Universal Principle which animates all acts of individuals.

A contented mind follows as a natural sequence when one has acquired faith. A broad, tolerant faith in the eternal, divine part of yourself, that part which is linked with the Universal Life, will produce a contented mind.

If you are discontented and restless, get acquainted with yourself. Instead of looking far out for the satisfaction that never comes, look within to your soul. Go alone and rest in the silence. Cease striving for peace, and lo, it will spring up in a night.

A contented mind is one of the results following work well done. He who skims the surface of life and spends his days in a mad rush for pleasure knows not a contented mind. Nature does not bless the drone, or one who lives on the fruit of another's toil, with a contented mind. It is necessary that we earn what we get if we would be content. No one is ever really contented and satisfied until he has ceased to lean upon others for support.

I often get letters from people who seem to think it is the duty of some relative to contribute liberally toward their support without any adequate return being rendered for such aid. Such help is a positive injustice to all concerned in almost every instance. Such aid is often necessary, at the present stage of our advancement, but ultimately we shall have to learn the lesson of independence if we are to have a contented mind.

Develop your individuality. Unfold your own capabilities. There is no contentment in being an imitator. Stand alone and upright. Express yourself.

A contented mind requires that you should live in the present. Many a person is forever discontented because he lives in the past or in a state of fret and worry about the future.

You are living in eternity now. You will never be any nearer to eternity than you are now. Let that thought bring peace to your soul and contentment to your mind.

Envy not your neighbor. Envy and jealousy are potent causes of unrest.

Forgive all so-called injuries and slights. Hate destroys content of mind. Hate gnaws at the heart like the worm that dieth not. Hate opens wide the gate to the purifying fires of hell. Avoid hate if you seek peace.

A contented mind is the result of harmony with nature. Contentment results when there is a harmonious adjustment of our relations to the Universal Life. Seek to understand this relationship. Seek wisdom before all else.

**HOW TO GET INTERESTED.** "How shall I get interested in persons and things," writes a correspondent. Interest comes from spontaneousness always. Interest cannot be forced. It must well

up from within. It does not come from seeking, but rather from letting go and relaxing. Go into the silence and wait, with a clear idea in your mind of what you want to be interested in. Keep up this practice for a definite period daily. Learn to get in touch with your magnetic, radiant center, and you will find interest growing. Awake your solar plexus. You can learn how in the silence. You can get all the wisdom there that you need.

You cannot get interested in people or things by merely repeating a little two cent formula of words and then giving the matter no further thought.

To be interested in others you must first learn how to forget yourself—something very few people can do. Interest in others is the result of your own life forces flowing outward. It is the result of what is called unselfishness. It is the result of viewing the universe as a Great Whole and sinking personality. It is the result of living in touch with the Universal Consciousness.

If you try to become interested in people whom you feel you ought to be interested in as a matter of duty, you will probably fail. On the other hand, if you seek first to come in touch with the One Life, and let your own soul express itself you will very likely find the desired interest welling up within you in due course of time. "Be still and know."

The warm radiance of a perfect faith in the Law which governs the universe will help you to be interested in all people. Look upon each one as a part of the One Life. Learn to view things from the universal side. The sun shines upon all alike. He does not curl up and withhold his rays from anyone. Be a sun. Send out thought rays of love instead of receiving negative rays of hate and in-harmony.

You cannot be interested in all people to the same extent. Some will appeal to you more than others. But you can shine upon all with whom you come in contact.

## BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\*\*\* The pessimist, agnostic and grumbler is going through one of the hells of purification which all souls must undergo before they are ushered into the white light of freedom.

\*\*\* The agnostic is like a green apple; he is not to be condemned nor emulated. He can do you no harm so long as you do not listen to him.

\*\*\* It is far better to be too credulous and have too much faith than to be a doubter and pessimist. Doubt leaves behind the sting of unsatisfied longing, the bitterness of gall and wormwood. Faith is sweet as the dawn of a pleasant summer morn, and leads to paths of pleasantness.

\*\*\* The Law of Life is thy best friend. If thou wilt follow its leading thou shalt not want. If thou wilt listen to its voice thou shalt be washed in the ocean of stillness; thou shalt have peace and health; thou shalt have all desirable things.

\*\*\* About the 16th of December we received the Christmas number of *Bibby's Quarterly*. I have noticed this unique publication several times before in *Nautilus*. It is issued by Joseph Bibby & Sons, Liverpool, England, and sells for one shilling per copy. The current number is a work of art. It is profusely illustrated, and contains some photo-engravings of a high order. The *Quarterly* is mainly devoted to the interests of agriculturists, and some of the articles would sound queer to an American farmer. Take this sentence, for instance: "Proper rations for an averagely worked ordinary sized plough horse per week are 45 lbs. of good old oats, 30 lbs. of old peas or beans and six gallons of bran." What American farmer ever heard of feeding old beans and peas to horses? Rather high priced food for horses I should think. It also seems that they use the dried vines of peas and beans for fodder in England. This is something I never heard of in this country, although I lived 22 years of my life on a farm. The *Quarterly* also advises that



horses be fed daily a peck of carrots or some similar vegetable. This is new to me also. And listen to this sentence: "There is no corn served to the horse, indeed no corn grown, that varies so much in weight, consequently in nutriment, as oats." Now wouldn't that stagger an American? But in England it seems that *all* grain is called "corn," while what *we* call corn is only known as *maize* in England. By substituting the word *grain* for *corn* in these articles in Mr. Bibby's *Quarterly*, you will be able to get at the real meaning. An examination of the many pictures of live stock in the *Quarterly* will convince anyone that they raise very fine animals in England.

\*\*\* "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." When I put forth my modest essay on "Whiskers vs. Popularity" in a recent issue of *Nautilus*, I little dreamed that it would be read and commented upon at length by my three distinguished contemporaries—the august Dr. Paul ("St. Paul" I believe he was called abroad) Edwards, the logical Mrs. Boehme and the mysterious, biune (or is it triune, I really have forgotten which) being known as Adiramled. But this is not all the notoriety gained for myself and my friend Sydney Flower by the article referred to. Many kind friends have noted my remarks concerning Mr. Flower's preparations for hairless people and those who have too much hair, and have written me letters something like this: Deer Sir:—

I seen yure advurtizement of Sydney Flower's remidys. I am ball on tope of mi head. Pleaz ancer by retern male and let me no if i can be cured, and how much per bottle Flower's famous remidys is sellin for. Don't forgit to ancer at once.

Yures resp.,  
Maria Oldmaid.

Adiramled, I notice, stands up for the fellows who wear long beards. She says the beards are especially useful as bug catchers. But no amount of scientific argument like this seems to appeal to Elizabeth and Mrs. Boehme. As for myself I am inclined to think that a beard is all right on a goat, and that whiskers are becoming to a Thomas cat, but a little out of place on a man.

\*\*\* The world needs helpers who can *think*, who can use their own intelligence, who are not mere machines. The machine can never be aught but a machine. It can never rise to meet new emergencies. But the helper who uses intelligence, who enters into the spirit of his work, can put himself in his employer's place and act for him. This kind of helper is never without a position. He is ever sought for, and strange as it may seem but seldom found. When such a helper appears upon the commercial horizon he is assured of abundant appreciation.

\*\*\* McFadden's new weekly, *The Cry for Justice*, has been much improved, and the price for single copies raised to 5 cents. It is now published in magazine form. I feel that this publication is going to accomplish a good work along advanced lines of thought.

\*\*\* Well, we've done it! Got moved into our new flat. We're not settled yet, however. I presume Elizabeth will tell you elsewhere in this issue more of the details of our moving. Personally I didn't work very hard. The fun began soon after 7 o'clock in the morning. During the day there were two sets of gas men, the carpet man, two movers, two paper hangers, a carpenter and scrub woman working in the flat, and the way Elizabeth bossed the whole outfit was a pretty sight to see. When the carpet man got huffy because the gas men, scrub woman and movers insisted on walking over his territory, Elizabeth smoothed his ruffled feelings with extra sesterces and he went away smiling. It's not bad work, moving, when you get the thing down fine.

\*\*\* Did you ever try sitting quietly in the bright sunshine when something had gone wrong and you were feeling like "blowing up" someone or something? If it's a bright day the next time you feel that way just try the sun cure. My new office room is located in the southeast corner of the building, and the sun pours in upon me all the morning as I sit at my desk. It has a peculiar

soothing and regenerating influence. The unusual brightness is hard on the eyes at first, but they soon become accustomed to it. There is wonderful therapeutic value-in sunshine.

\*\*\* Physical exercise, deep breathing and diet are becoming very interesting subjects to the mass of the American people just now. Almost daily we receive some new publication along this line. There is far less of narrowness exhibited by this class of magazines than was the case a few years ago. Those publications which can see only one side of a question, whether it be mental or physical, are gradually sinking into the background. Out of the chaos of doctrines and fads which now greets the public at every turn some sort of order will come, and the leading truths taught in these advanced thought publications will be crystalized into a system broad enough to include all that is vital in each school of thought. *The Naturopath*, published at 111 East 59th street, New York city (10 cents per copy), is doing splendid work in this direction. Under the recently assumed editorship of Mr. Edward Earle Purinton the magazine will do even better work than heretofore. Several of the newer magazines are carrying on somewhat similar work, while the number of new publications devoted to a single idea or a single view of Truth is noticeably less.

\*\*\* I would not advise anyone to quit eating meat who does not feel that he is fully ready and desirous of doing so. I have made this statement often, and repeat it for the benefit of those who are trying to leave off meat simply because some one else has done so or believes it is good to do so. Meat eating is more or less of a necessity to certain grades of humanity, and will be for some time to come. A healthy, strong person, working daily in the open air, can expel from his system more of the poison contained in meat than could a person of sedentary occupation or weak digestion. When you get fully ready to quit eating meat make a study of the subject of diet, and find out what is best adapted to take its place. Habit counts for much, so your system will have to become adjusted to any kind of a change you may make in diet, and you may experience some unpleasant symptoms after a time. This is due to the effort of nature to throw off the accumulated poison engendered by years of meat eating and other violations of hygienic laws. Eat plenty of fruit, drink plenty of water and practice deep breathing.

\*\*\* Cock-a-doodle-doo! *Christian* is getting red headed. Following the illustrious example of the *New York Journal* and other metropolitan dailies in their Sunday editions, Shelton has had the first page of his January paper done in colors. In the same issue Mr. Burnell does his famous mental contortion act and gives his brilliant and wordy pyrotechnic exhibition. Brother Shelton steps before the footlights long enough to make one of his sensational announcements with which the public is already familiar. If you want to become electrified, galvanized and stirred up generally, read *Christian*.

\*\*\* It is a pleasure to do business with people who are prompt, and who answer business inquiries addressed to them. One of the foundation principles of business success is promptness. When one business man (or firm) fails in this respect he causes more or less trouble to numberless other people, just as one person in a long line before a stamp window at the post office can hinder the whole line for ten minutes, when it comes his turn at the window. If a customer orders a book of me which I do not have in stock, he expects either the book or a definite statement as to when it will be sent, by early mail. But if, as often happens, I forward the order to some firm who is careless in details, and hear nothing further about the matter for weeks or months, even after addressing them two or three courteous letters of inquiry, I am unable to give my customer a satisfactory answer, and he takes his trade to someone else. The consequence is that I lose a patron and the next time I want a similar order filled I forward it to someone whom I think will be more prompt. It pays everyone to be prompt.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

## THE GLAD HAND.

—"The Waters Above the Firmament, or The Earth's Annular System," by Prof. Isaac N. Vail, is a scholarly work which will well repay careful study. There are 400 pages teeming with well elucidated facts relative to the development of this wonderful little world—and others—from its original molten state into its present condition. If you want to understand such knotty but fascinating problems as the origin of coal, the cause of the deluge, etc., send for this book. It is a perfect mine of information, and I have no doubt of the correctness of its theories. They satisfy the last faint quibble. The book is well printed and strongly bound, by Ferris and Leach, 29 North 7th street, Philadelphia. Price, \$2.

—I am in receipt of "The Zodiacal Cards and How to Use Them," with its accompanying 40 cards, by Grace Angela, Inwood-on-Hudson, N. Y. It purports to be "a system of interpretation, mind-training and entertainment based upon nature's correspondencies and the signs of the Zodiac." It looks interesting. Price, \$1 for book and cards.

—Here is a dainty little purple and gold booklet with my own name lettered in gold on the outside, and a blessed little dedication within, by the author. It is "Clairvoyance," by my friend Mrs. Excell-Lynn of Akron, O. (Thank you, dearie.) I don't know the price of the booklet but I guess it is 25 cents; and it is full of beautiful ideas clearly expressed.

—*The Essene* is a little beauty, and it is well edited by J. A. Edgerton and Grace M. Brown, 1756 Champa street, Denver. Price, \$1 per year. Long may it wave, to extend its doctrine of love to humanity.

—*Psychic and Occult Views and Reviews* is for the busy man or woman who wants to keep in touch with all that's doing in the new thought. The editor, M. T. C. Wing, shows rare good taste in presenting just the important points discussed in other publications. Success to him. His address is Toledo, O., and his magazine is \$1 a year.

—If you are interested in the co-operative store idea send ten cents for a copy of *Mixed Stocks* and get more interested. If you are not yet interested send anyway. You need it. Co-operation is upon us and the man who does not get in line will land in the bone-yard. Address 237 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

## 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.

"We build our futures thought by thought,  
For good or bad, and know it not—  
Yet so the universe is wrought.

"Thought is another name for Fate.  
Choose, then, thy destiny and wait—  
For Love brings Love and hate brings hate.

"Mind is the master of its sphere;  
Be calm, be steadfast, and sincere;  
Fear is the only king to fear.

"Let the God in thee rise and say  
To adverse circumstance—Obey!  
And thy dear wish shall have its way."

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



## EXPERIENCES IN SELF HEALING

This is the latest book from the pen of the editor of *The Nautilus*. It is destined to be the most practical and helpful thing she has ever produced. It gives her own real, personal experiences in Self Healing; tells how she cured herself permanently of various diseases, and how others may apply the same law of cure. This book really gives a brief history of the author's life for the past twenty years. It will be found as interesting as a romance. She describes minutely EVERY METHOD which she employed in self healing, and also tells how she outgrew poverty. There is nothing in this life story that has been glossed over or omitted. It is a plain, straight forward statement of VITAL FACTS of the kind you will be interested to know about. 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 helped thereby.

"Experiences in Self Healing" contains nine chapters as follows: "Primitive Healing"—(Telling how the author cured herself of the "hurry habit").—"The Darkest Hour"—(How she learned to think and let go).—"The Dawn"—(How she first saw the light of truth and found a principle to live by).—"Brighter and Brighter"—(How concentration was developed).—"Spiritual Tides"—(How to work with the tides of spiritual force).—"Just How"—(How spiritual activity is awakened and the love nature developed).—"The Spirit Leads Me"—(How to get into harmony with the Law).—"Quick Healing"—(Several instances).—"How I Healed My Purse"—(How the yoke of bondage to debt was thrown off).

This book is printed on heavy laid book paper and bound in olive green, heavy paper covers. The cover page is beautifully stamped with aluminum ink, so that the volume makes a very dainty gift book. 68 pages; price, 50c. Address ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

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Of the many good things which have been said of this little book, we have only space for the following:

S. G. Robertson, Eufaula, Ala., writes: "Since joining your Success Circle, and reading your Success Book, I find things coming my way more freely than ever before. I find business, mind and body all improving. I have been more than a year a student of Hypnotism and mental science, deep breathing, etc., but the little while I have been a student of yours I have progressed more rapidly than ever."

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—Aren't dreams funny? Last night William dreamed he was feeding a number of cows and one of them, a sleek, fat one with dripping udder, very politely asked him if she could have a few more turnips. He said she could. William wasn't at all surprised to hear her polite request. He reflected that *Bibby's Quarterly* recommends turnips for cows and he straightway produced more turnips for this one and resolved to raise a plentiful supply for next year.

—"What influence have the zodiacal signs (or the astrological influences in general) upon the character of the individual?"

About the same influence that the lines on his hands have upon his character—simply none at all. Every individual is a part of the Great Whole, and his character can be read in the heavens, in his face, in the palms of his hands; and I wouldn't wonder if some day it will be read in a single atom from his body. If you are pretty good at "mind-reading" you can often tell by looking in a man's face what kind of a motion he is going to make next; so a bright astrologer can gaze at the stars and make a shrewd guess at the "influences" which are working in any one part of the Great Whole. But he misses oftener than he hits. There are stellar "influences" working in us all, but the only place they can be accurately discerned is in the individual heart. You can come into touch with them in your heart, and I in mine; but neither of us can do it for the other. Did you ever see a healthy, happy, successful astrologer? I never did. Why? Because they gaze afar off and on the outside, for the heavenly influences which can be found only in the silent center of the individual soul—each soul for himself. The Spirit—the heavenly influence—shall lead you into all truth, shall influence you for good. The astrologer labors under the false impression that he can lead you into all truth. And he thinks that gazing at the stars will keep his own feet from pit-falls. It won't. To look where you step and let yourself FEEL within, is the only way to come into real and useful touch with the real stellar influences. Astrology is good for character delineation, or for mental exercise, or for fun; but as a guide it will get you into the ditch about as quickly as anything I know of.

—When notifying us of change of address please be prompt, and give BOTH old and new address in full.

—Dr. Edward E. Gore, editor of *Occult Truth Seeker*, Laurence, Kan., says the editor of *Nautilus* is "a character and almost a genius." Somebody else says genius is the result of an infinite capacity for taking pains—or words to that effect. That's me. So if I am not yet quite a genius I am on the straight road to it; and all my readers are "discovering" me a little ahead of the "common herd." Eh? That's nice. And I am sure to arrive, for I keep pegging away. And you'd be surprised at the number of new subscribers who are daily discovering my evolving genius and adding fuel to the white flame of the divine afflatus. Just as a large audience sends magnetism and inspiration to a speaker, enabling him to do his best and to better his best, so a large, growing and appreciative subscription list adds joy and power to the editor's heart and writings. We are all One and enthusiasm speeds on wings of light from one to all, and from all to every one.

—Here is an order too good to keep:

"My Dear Elizabeth Towne, I plank this quarter down, That I may get—ere it's too late, Both *Nautilus* and 'Concentrate.' The 'New Thought' Ad, is what absorbs, This quarter: Hence yours, J. F. Forbes, Box 458, McCook, Neb."

—"Have had more success since joining the Success Circle than ever before in my life, and I know it will continue." C. J. \* \* \* "I want to tell you what a blessing the little book has proved—'How to Grow Success.' Things come to me as if by magic!—suggestions I never had before. And I am happier too. Oh, I want to recommend that book to the world, it is so convincing. It has brought such encouragement and has answered so many questions for me." A. R. \* \* \* "My success has surely been growing, and instead of securing a new position I have had my salary raised here, which is better still. Like another member at first everything seemed

to go wrong, but now happily things go better and I have been surprised myself at some of the good results." S. N. \* \* \* "I have written to you before when it seemed to me that even the last plank was shaky, and with your reply strength came and now I have abounding health. And you have done just what I have silently asked for the past year—written your own life experiences. I am impatient to read it." H. H.

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## POINTS! POINTS! POINTS!

I repeat the name three times so as to impress it upon your mind. **POINTS** is the name of a quarterly magazine edited by William E. and Elizabeth Towne. Each number contains reviews and notices of the latest and very best new thought books, and brief items and articles upon mental science, occultism, etc. The December number is out in a new typographical dress, and contains the following articles: My Symphony—Brief Points—Telepathy and Thought-Transference—Let Go—On Being in a Hurry—Realization of Oneness—Dress Reform—I Will Trust—Book Reviews—Extracts from "Telepathy"—Book Chat. The subscription price of **POINTS** is only TEN CENTS PER YEAR. While you are about it send ten cents more for a copy of **Points on Success**. A new edition of this booklet is just out. It has been rewritten, revised, and nearly doubled in size. Printed on fine antique paper. Price 10c. Send me 20c before you forget it for both the booklet and paper. Address WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 1, Holyoke, Mass.

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—Send PROMPT notification of change of address, give BOTH old and new address.

—For particulars regarding Success Circle see top of page 7.

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