



THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression. . . .

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Build thee more stately mansions, 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 unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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God is the Whole—love all and you love
God;
Soul and body, sky and sea and sod.

ANSELMO.

Years did I vainly seek the good Lord's grace,
Prayed, fasted and did penance dire and dread;
Did kneel with bleeding knees and rainy face,
And mouth the dust with ashes on my head;
Yet, still with knotted scourge the flesh I flayed,
Rent fresh the wounds, and moaned and
shrieked insanely;
A froth oozed with the pleadings that I made,
And yet I prayed on vainly, vainly, vainly:
A time, from out of swoon, I lifted eye,
To find a wretched outcast, gray and grim,
Bathing my brow with many a pitying sigh,
And I did pray God's grace might rest on him—
Then, lo, a gentle voice fell on mine ears—
"Thou shalt not sob in suppliance hereafter;—
Take up thy prayers and wring them dry of tears,
And lift them, white and pure, with love and
laughter."

So is it now for all men else I pray;
So is it I am glad and blest alway.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHEN SINS COME A-VISITING

"I just heard of a man who has had insanity in his family for over twenty-five years. Now will you please tell through your good paper what lesson could be learned from that? Because a parent does wrong, does it look just for the children to have to suffer too? What would you do if you thought you were going to lose your mind?" Miriam.

The other day I read of a man who came of the union of two families of consumptives. Mother and father and aunts and uncles and grandparents had all died of consumption before the ages of thirty-five or forty. The man himself was thin and scrawny and narrow chested, and about twenty-one or so, when he met a Quack Doctor to whom he told his tale of woe and remarked that "of course he must die as his family had."

"Not unless you choose to," the Quack Doctor replied,—"live as unlike your family as possible and you will not die as they did."

Now the man really wanted to live, and the Quack Doctor's words stuck in his memory. He began to notice how his family had lived, and to instinctively change his ways. They lived in close rooms with shades and shutters tight, trembled at draughts, bundled themselves up to their noses when they went out, stayed in as much as possible, ate three hearty meals a day, and pieced between times.

So the man began to eschew these things, one at a time and as fast as he dared—just to see if that Quack Doctor *did* know anything. Barring a few "colds" his health began to improve. He took heart and tried a little more—lived out of doors as much as he could; took down the window draperies, fastened the shutters back and kept the shades rolled up; moved his bed into the sunniest room in the house and kept the windows open; ordered fresh fruit every day (his folks had almost lived on fried pork and potatoes, and corned beef and cabbage, with pies and black coffee three times a day).

He even began to cultivate a different gait and

carriage. When somebody told him he was growing stoop-shouldered just like his poor dear pa he set himself to straighten his shoulders and widen his chest. When another friend told him he looked at things just as his blessed ma did he immediately hunted for another side of the question to look at.

A few months of this changed living made a different creature of him. He not only looked different but felt and thought and *acted* like a different being, and he began to feel hopeful and energetic. So he kept it up with still more resolution. He went in for early rising and retiring, physical culture, vegetarian and raw food fads, bicycling, golf, tennis, sociability—anything and everything he could think of which he was sure his family never would have thought of.

And thirty-five or forty years afterward he hunted up that Quack Doctor and thanked him for setting him on the road to health, happiness, success and long life. He exhibited with pride his biceps and his six inches chest expansion, and dared the Q. D. to produce from anywhere a sturdier man of his age.

One swallow never makes a summer, nor does a whole family compel one swallow to follow its own bad examples. Environment pretty nearly makes the man; his own way of re-acting on his environment completes the making. Our family starts us off with a certain definite family environment of thought and action. A mere machine would keep on conforming to family traditions until it ran down and stopped in the family burial plot. But a human being is *not* a machine, and it is his business and privilege to *change* his environment, to improve on the family thought and action.

A Chinaman considers it sacrilege to live better or think higher than his father did. If his father lived like a goose and died a consumptive he would deliberately follow. Only the fact that the Chinese are a hard-working, light-eating, out-door-living race has saved them from utter extermination through this slavish adherence to the traditions of their fathers.

All the Chinese are not confined to China—more's the pity. How many of us Americans are afflicted with family pride? How many times a day do we hear the statement that this trait or that is "inherited"? How many parade their resemblance to some grouchy or choleric old ancestor who happened to have "come over in the Mayflower," or who was "the bully of his regiment"? How many of us actually look for family peculiarities and pride ourselves upon family resemblance? How many look with complaisance upon even the worst of family failings, merely because they are *family* failings? How many preserve old recipes and customs and costumes and furniture, and shut out the sunlight and ruin the family digestion to do it? How many whose remote ancestors have been lost in the American shuffle, have set up new family traits and customs based upon the peculiarities of parents or some relative who has made his pile? How many boys are allowed to grow up without "picking up" after themselves simply because "father was just so?" How many girls are humored in every whim because they are "just like Auntie Alice who could never bear to be crossed?"

I know a woman who has been a miserable invalid for years. Once I asked her why she did not try Christian Science or mental science, and told her of some remarkable cures. "Oh, I couldn't take up with such things," she replied, "I feel that my dear mother would not approve of it if she were here—she was such a good Meth-

odist—and I would rather suffer than to use any means she'd not approve."

Talk about Chinamen!

That is the sort of spirit through which we "inherit" the diseases and deaths of our family. The fathers' sins are visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation *because the children hug their fathers' sins*. The fathers' sins are visited upon the children because the children make a virtue and a business of entertaining them.

They can be got rid of as any other unpleasant visitors can be, by *firing them*. If we keep on entertaining them it is our own fault, not our fathers'; they are now *our* visitors, not our fathers'; and the ill results are our own fault, not theirs.

If you want Bible authority for this, turn to Ezekiel xviii, where you will find the matter explained at length, in the words of God himself. You will find yourself forbidden to say that "the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge,"—forbidden, because that proverb is a lie. In verse twenty God says through Ezekiel this:

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall *not* bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children *as long as the children invite such visitation*—invite it by living and acting and thinking as their fathers did.

The young man who listened to the Quack Doctor simply made things so lively around his house that the consumption of his fathers was glad to hike.

The man who has had "insanity in the family for twenty-five years" can get it out of the family by the same means. He can quit living and acting as his crazy relatives did.

Good healthy outdoor activity is the greatest insanity-squelcher in existence. Insane people naturally hug dark corners and think about themselves and their feelings.

I knew a big family in which one girl went insane. They lived on a farm, and the parents and ten of the children lived active farm lives. But this girl who went insane hated work as a cat hates water. She loved to sit in the best room and devour novels, and a call to help wash the dishes or milk the cows made her angry. Her mother was one of the easy-going kind who hated rows. So she never called on Anna except in extreme need and Anna soon learned that a show of temper would get her her own way. She cultivated rages and sentimental reading and grew thin, anæmic and eczemic. And everybody excused her because she was "so odd" and "so intellectual"—and because it was harder work to get her to do anything than it was to do it themselves.

A tall smooth stranger came courting Anna. Nobody knew him and many distrusted him. Her father opposed his coming, but Anna threw such a fit that the opposition was withdrawn and Anna married him.

Then there was nobody to do Anna's work, and she found a hard row to hoe. Babies came, and more work—which was not done. Anna *would* read; babies cried; husband cursed, and finally took to whipping her. Poor Anna's rages availed nothing. She hugged the dark corners and cried over herself as over the abused heroines of her favorite stories. House grew dirtier; babies more numerous and fretful; husband uglier. Then

Anna "went crazy." And never recovered entirely.

I knew another family with insanity in it. The mother was in youth just such another as Anna, and her mother and an aunt or two had been harmless lunatics. But her husband was a man of some character, with such a disposition as that of Anna's mother. He did all his own work and what he could of his wife's. He "saved" her and humored her to the last degree—almost. Babies came with regularity, three girls and then three boys. The husband was modestly wealthy and the entire family wanted for nothing material. But the wife found things to brood over—as anybody will who hates activity and loves novel reading. She wore charming invalid gowns and "couldn't bear the least bit of light or noise." The doctor was hired by the year. Almost from the cradle the children were taught to fetch and carry for their mother, to "save" her feelings and nerves.

Before the youngest girl was in her first teen the mother went into "harmless insanity"—the family inheritance!—"they were always afraid of it of course, and had done everything to prevent it, but of course it was her *inheritance*—insanity in the *family*, you know."

And of course her dear children were in the family too. So they all resolved to "devote themselves to mother, and *never* to marry, waiting for the inheritance to visit them too. Mother had to be kept in seclusion; so the family was secluded. Not one of the girls was ever a child or a young girl. They lived in semi-darkness and walked a-tip-toe that mother be not disturbed. The boys went into business and nobody ever saw them smile. At night they went home to the Family Skeleton. The mother lived until the girls were three solemn, silent old maids. After her death they lived in the same old house, with the same old furniture and Skeleton, and with absolutely no object in life, now that their "care" was gone. How could they help being a little crazy themselves? They hid themselves away and waited for insanity to get them. And it did. They were all a little "touched," but not violent. The boys grew into melancholy old maids, too, and one of them committed suicide.

There was no reason in the world for even one of those children going insane; and no excuse for it except their individual ignorance and consequent individual choice of the modes of life and thought which induce insanity. Each girl went mildly mad, *not* because her mother was insane, but because she chose for herself the ways which lead to insanity. The boys *had* to live a little more rationally—business association compelled it. They lived the home life only half the day, while the girls lived it all the time. This leaven of common-sense business kept the boys from ever slipping quite over the edge from mere sentimental melancholia into the abyss of real insanity. A little business interest would have saved the girls too. And a little *rational living* would have ended "insanity in the family."

Note any person inclined to insanity and you will see first of all a strong disinclination to physical effort. He gravitates to quiet, dimly lighted cozy corners and novels. Poor and uncultured people are less apt to go insane than well-to-do ones, because life compels them to physical effort willy nilly. When poor people go mad it is generally a case of some woman shut in with a lot of babies and no help; or a man or woman who has drudged long and hopelessly at some *one* kind of *indoor* work.

Harping on one string is a characteristic of insanity, as well as a producing cause.

Unnatural living of any sort tends to insanity.

If I had "insanity in the family," or any other disease of mind or body, I'd snap my fingers at it and turn my back on it.

I would follow the directions of that old Quack Doctor.

I would cultivate sensible habits of mind and body.

I would cultivate sensible, happy, healthy people.

The Anna whose story I have told you had one brother-in-law who was criticized for refusing

to receive Anna in his own home. "No," he said, "Anna is like her Aunt with whom she was much associated; I will not risk my own little girls in the same home with Anna lest she influence them in undesirable ways; my *first* duty and desire is toward my children; I will not run the risk of sacrificing them simply to please Anna." He was *right*. Children especially should be kept from association with the sickly or melancholic or unnatural of any sort.

Somewhere in the heart of Europe, in Switzerland I think, there is a whole farming center where every family takes an insane patient or two to heal. The insane one is set down in the midst of a family of healthy, hard-working, hard-headed, thrifty and happy farm workers. He is accepted and treated as a member of the family, every one of whom looks out for him without seeming to. The "patient" is given light work to do and plenty of it—out doors. His crankisms are persistently ignored. In a little while he catches the vibrations of his sane surroundings and goes away cured—unless, as many do, he elects to remain and continue the farmer's life. It is said that these people succeed with almost every case taken.

Surround the mentally weak with an environment of poitive health and sanity and they will certainly come out strong and sane. Children and fools need the same wholesome treatment. If you are positively sane and live naturally, as those farmer folk, you can with impunity, and with positive benefit to them, associate with the mentally unbalanced. But if you "have insanity in the family" and a little fear in your heart, keep as far as possible away from crazy folks, sentimentals and pessimists and their *modes of thought and action*.

Plain living; plenty of useful work and outdoor exercise; association with sensible, happy folk; denial of unhappy thoughts; affirmations of health, happiness and good; control of the emotions;—the man or woman who cultivates these will live long and well and relegate the Family Skeleton to the family ash heap.

TO COMMAND YOURSELF.

"My teacher wants me to sing at a recital the latter part of September but fear or something else keeps me from singing before anybody. I do so well alone or at my lessons, but when I come to sing before people I tremble and shake so that I flat all, or nearly all, of my beautiful tones. Do tell me what to do." L. F.

Not one beginner in a thousand, or perhaps ten thousand, escapes such experiences. Not one enjoys fear and trembling, and not one but winces from hurt pride, at the thought of a flat tone. Fear and trembling and hurt pride are no disgrace, and no human being ever went through life without them.

But to let such things keep one from going straight ahead on the line of his desire IS a disgrace. To let the fear of fear and flating hinder one's song is a *shame*.

The only sensible advice to such a one is the injunction to sing in company every time he or she has an opportunity, until it can be done with perfect ease. There is no other way. But it is a shorter, easier way than the fearful one imagines—a way where anticipation is a monster and realization a lamb.

And the way may be made short and easy. The more *firmly* one resolves, and *adheres* to his resolve, to miss no opportunity of singing in public, the surer and swifter his progress. To know that one's bridges are burned behind him metaphorically speaking, is to take away all incentive to waver between going back or going on; and *ninety-nine per cent of all our tremblings are due to indecision as to whether to go ahead or to run like a coward.*

So, say *yes* the minute you are asked to sing, and *never permit a regret.*

Never look back. He disgraces himself who hesitates when asked to do that which his high ambition encourages.

First, then, resolve to sing every time.

Then resolve to ENJOY doing it.

When practicing accustom yourself to the

thought of an audience, and tell yourself that you *love* to give pleasure. Think well of yourself and your voice, and think nothing at all of a mistake, a tremble, or an occasional false tone. Such things are common to all mankind and angel-kind too, and by practice you will outgrow them.

Resolve that you don't *care* if you make a mistake or two, that you will do your best and enjoy doing it, so there.

When the recital comes and your number approaches, control yourself by full, slow, even breathing. Close your lips and inhale very slowly, filling the lower part of the lungs first; hold the breath a moment, epiglottis open; then see how *very* slowly and evenly you can exhale, emptying the lower part of the breathing cavity first. With each breath say to yourself, *Peace*.

Do this *easily* enough so that you will not need to "catch your breath" in between. Do not fill the lungs too full, nor hold the breath too long. Keep up this even, easy, full breathing, with mental statements of *Peace*, until you have deliberately mounted the platform and opened your mouth to sing.

This simple little exercise has accomplished wonders for hundreds of my correspondents. Use it persistently, and you will be amazed at the degree of self-command it imparts.

Use the same breathing exercise for five or ten minutes night and morning. It will enable you to do wonders in voice control.

Last but not least, affirm to yourself every time it comes into your mind, that you are *not* afraid to sing in public, that you *love* to do it, that you *have* good voice control which is rapidly perfecting through practice. Affirm this many times every day, for weeks.

Go in to win and *stick to it*. Success is sure, and quick in proportion to your resolution.

This same exercise in breath-control will give you command of yourself in any time of stress or strain. Try it. And its persistent daily use will enable you to meet with equanimity, power and presence of mind any exigency with which life may present you.

—The Nautilus fourteen months for fifty cents. Read the special offer on page 7 and tell your friends about it.

—It is said that Adalbert, second son of the Kaiser, is to visit us. He is described as "a lad of twenty years, quite a man, with character, common sense and no nonsense about him." From a lad of twenty years with no nonsense about him, good Lord deliver us. Soggy is the life with no nonsense to lighten it. And the twenty-year-old without yeast is a sorry sight.

—"There can be no true success unless the strong desire within one manifests itself in outward expression—work. And there can be no true success unless this work is the outward expression of the inward thing—desire. The two are soul-mates—desire and work—the ideal and its expression. One may plod along with only one of these heavenly twins, but he will never attain success unless they are both present." William Walker Atkinson.

—Here is a man who says, "You metaphysical people always assume that the fellow who has *not* succeeded or has *not* been cured has failed because he did not do the things you suggest." Of course. Do you suppose I'd go on teaching a principle in which I had not absolute faith? When a man attempts to multiply 20 by 21 and tells me he "couldn't" get 220 for an answer do you suppose I am going back on the principle of multiplication? Hardly. I may not know just *where* he made his mistake, but I know he failed *somewhere* in applying the principle. And my advice would be to quit quarrelling with the principle or the people who *did* get the right answer, and to go in to win and STICK TO IT until he *gets* the right answer; or else can show exactly wherein the principle fails. Of course it is easier to give it up and say, "I have done just as you told me, but the answer is failure, not success;" easier to give up than to keep pegging; but such "resignation" only keeps you hopping on the hot griddle of circumstances instead of hopping off it onto solid ground. Where there is a steady will there is a way.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

IT PAYS TO EAT PURE FOOD. It pays to use care in the selection of proper food and in making proper combinations of food.

It pays to acquire the habit of chewing every mouthful of food until it is thoroughly insalivated and there is nothing left to chew.

We recently enjoyed a brief visit from a hale old gentleman who has given a great deal of attention to the diet question. During the past four or five years he has lived almost wholly upon fruits, nuts, cereals and vegetables. He has also taken the greatest pains to chew all of his food to a liquid consistency. He drinks nothing at meal time, nor for some hours afterward.

The results of this common sense method of living have been most marked in his case. He was formerly troubled with many forms of disease, all of which have passed away. He had inherited scrofula, and had never been free from it up to the time of his commencing rational methods of living. He had been troubled with weak eyes, inflamed eyelids, etc., all his life. He had a bad form of indigestion, with headaches and attendant ill feelings. Now the scrofula has completely left him, his eyes give him no trouble at all, his skin is as smooth and healthy as a child's and his digestion is good. He says he never was so strong at any time in his life before, and never has any bad feelings of any sort such as he used to have as a result of indigestion and disordered stomach.

This gentleman also uses distilled water, altogether and believes it has been an important factor in his regeneration.

The use of meat, in my opinion, can be dispensed with to a great extent, if not entirely, by all who have any digestive trouble, and only good results will follow.

The fact that very strong and healthy people eat meat three times a day is no proof that it is a desirable article of diet. A person in perfect health can eliminate a great deal of poison which has been taken with his food, and suffer no apparent ill effects for a long time.

But when a person with naturally weak digestive and eliminative faculties indulges in foods which contain an excess of uric acid he soon feels the effects of it.

With every pound of beefsteak that you consume you take along with the nutritive part, 14 and 45 hundredths grains of uric acid. Even a strong and healthy man would be stronger and healthier still if he were to eliminate from his regular diet such foods as contain so large an amount of poisonous substances, and the person of weak digestion may find immediate benefit by adopting a healthy, natural diet along with the perfect mastication and insalivation of every mouthful of food.

Wheat bread, rice, eggs, milk, fruits, nuts and moist vegetables contain no uric acid whatever. All kinds of meat and fish contain a relatively high percentage of the acid. This fact, to my mind, furnishes abundant reason for adopting a pure diet, that is, one relatively free from the poisons of decaying matter.

There is a wider interest in the subject of pure food at this time than ever before. The physical culture movement and the great work carried on by the Battle Creek Sanitarium and its allied institutions has given a wonderful impetus to sensible food reform.

The physical culturists are opening restaurants in the larger cities where only health foods are served, and where pure food products can be purchased in bulk. The Battle Creek Sanitarium people also have many restaurants and food depots in the large cities all over the world. Many individuals are also opening eating houses, in a small way, that are run in accordance with the pure food idea.

I believe there is no one thing that will do more to promote good health among the masses than the adoption of a rational and simple dietary which shall include only such articles as are free from uric acid and similar poisons.

It is true that a right mental attitude will accom-

plish much in the way of gaining health and overcoming adverse conditions, but this is no excuse for not rendering obedience to the plain and simple laws of health as they are expressed in diet and hygiene. To ignore these laws and then try to overcome the effects of their violation by mental effort is like trying to lift yourself by your own boot straps, and about as effective.

SUGGESTION OVERWORKED. In a recent issue of the journal *Eternal Progress*, was published a pertinent and interesting article entitled "Suggestion a mistake." The writer says that suggestion occupies the same relation to metaphysics that forms and ceremonies do to religion, and that as set forms mean death to spiritual growth so do the forms used in suggestion produce mental limitation and stagnation. Moreover this writer maintains that suggestion acts simply as a mental intoxicant from which no permanent good results are obtained.

This may be rather an extreme view of the subject, yet I am confident it contains much truth. There are times when suggestion may be of great service, just as there are times when medicine administered by a skillful physician in whom the patient has confidence may aid in tiding the sick one over a crisis.

But the effects in both cases are very similar. All true and permanent healing, all real spiritual, mental and physical advancement and growth must be based upon a personal understanding and comprehension of eternal truth.

A suggestion is based upon some one's else understanding of truth. Unless your own ego awakes and grasps the principle of truth contained in the suggestion and works it out to its ultimate result, no permanent or lasting benefit will accrue to you.

Only self enlightenment and understanding can save you ultimately. Suggestion can never be more than a crutch, just as medicine is a crutch. Suggestion may be a better crutch than medicine, and I believe it is, but it is still only a crutch.

The patient who indulges in suggestion, self administered or otherwise, becomes as dependent upon affirmations, denials and formulas as she was formerly dependent upon pills and powders. At a certain time daily she takes her dose of suggestion just as she formerly took her dose of medicine.

Suggestion has its uses. At certain stages of growth it may prove very helpful. But it is synonymous with hypnotism in that it does not develop the mind and strengthen it normally.

There is something deeper than this. There is a spiritual understanding, a higher instinct, which leads one to follow naturally the laws of health.

THE LIVING SPIRIT IS NOT CAGED IN MENTAL SUGGESTIONS AND FORMULAS ANY MORE THAN IN PILLS AND POWDERS.

Get rid of the idea that you have got to have something external to lean upon. Seek understanding at the fountain head of all wisdom and power.

You want to reach a state where you can nestle into the great loving arms of Nature's blessed silence every night without formulated thoughts regarding the morrow. Let each day be a new day. Cultivate a perfect faith that when the morrow comes all will be well with you. Do not suggest, but simply let go and trust.

You want to aim at a point in development where you can feel that the right thing will always come to you at the right time, and where you will know that it is not necessary for you to deny one thing and affirm another in order to make the right prevail.

Trust the Law of Good and all things shall be yours.

All formulas are merely expressions of what already exists. They may help you, for a time, to realize some grand truth, but beware of making them a permanent dependence and crutch, lest by their continued use your spiritual understanding and self depending faculties become so weakened that they will not bear you up on the path.

W. E. T.

BRIEFS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * And now beautiful brown October is with us.

* * * I'm somewhat like one of McCutcheon's kids who said, "cept spring and summer I like fall the best of all the seasons."

* * * "Prof. J. T. Stenson, director of pomology at the St. Louis Exposition, claims that the liberal use of apples will improve the disposition and elevate the moral nature, removing disagreeable feelings and making existence more enjoyable for all." *Good Health*.

* * * It is a mistake to develop the body to the exclusion of the mind. And it is equally a mistake to ignore the body and cultivate only the mental powers.

* * * Some people seem to esteem it a virtue because they are overbalanced on the subjective side of their natures. But in reality they are deformed just as truly as if one of their legs or arms was paralyzed.

* * * Those who are inclined to be subjective should press out boldly upon the objective plane and cultivate a liking for objective things. The other side of their nature will not need special attention.

* * * The naturally combative person, the one who is afraid every minute that her rights and privileges are going to be sadly disregarded by some obstreperous person with whom she has social or business dealings, should cultivate poise, repose and self control. Such a person "flies to pieces" upon slight provocation, and continually attracts opposition from others.

* * * Many people find great pleasure in opposing a combative person. But there is no pleasure at all in opposing one who says "yes, may be that's so; I shouldn't wonder if it was," and then goes on about his business.

* * * Look out for the man or woman who is constantly trying to "expose" the weak points in some one's else character or conduct. In nine cases out of ten, yes, ninety-nine out of a hundred, he only succeeds in aggravating the shortcomings which he condemns.

* * * Remember that charity is the *greatest* of virtues, and those who practice it towards others are far more greatly blessed than the objects towards whom it is directed.

* * * The wise man seeks to strengthen the weak points in his own character. The fool glories in his own lack of wisdom concerning those things which it would benefit him most to know.

* * * There is an amusing little financial deal described in Elizabeth Banks' "Autobiography of a 'Newspaper Girl'" that shows the fertility of a woman's resources. When Miss Banks first went to London, and before she had become celebrated as a newspaper writer, the state of her finances was extremely low. She waked up one morning to the fact that her purse contained only "tuppence ha' penny," while the furniture in her little flat was mortgaged and there was no immediate cash in sight from her work. Did she sit down and blame her luck? Perhaps she did, but not for long. She remembered that her typewriter was unmortgaged and as good as new. So she took it out and sold it for \$60 and immediately proceeded to buy another typewriter on the installment plan, paying \$15 down. This left her \$45 ahead, which amount paid necessary expenses until she began to receive money for her newspaper articles.

* * * Another time when Miss Banks had succeeded in paying all the money due on her typewriter with the exception of the last installment, she found herself unable to raise the necessary funds. The typewriter agent came at noon to take the machine away, but she prevailed upon him to wait until six o'clock in the evening. Then she sat down at her machine and wrote a story about a young woman who bought a typewriter on the installment. She was unable to pay the last installment, and being a newspaper woman

she proceeded to write a story about her troubles. She took the story to a kind editor who paid her cash for it and saved her typewriter. By two o'clock Miss Banks had finished her story and she immediately took it to an editor who had been begging her to try fiction writing. He pronounced it a capital story and wrote her out a check of sufficient size to enable her to complete payments on her machine.

* * * Pure air and pure blood will cure any diseased condition that is curable. Pure air is not difficult to attain outside of the large cities, and pure blood is the result of eating pure food and taking proper exercise so as to produce proper elimination.

* * * How few people, comparatively, pay any attention to eating pure food and breathing plenty of air. Then they wonder why they have so many bad feelings.

* * * To pure food and plenty of fresh air and exercise, add an even poised mind and you have all the essentials of good health.

* * * Do not allow yourself to fret under any circumstances. Worry tears down tissue, prevents elimination and creates unhealthy nerves. Nothing is worth worrying about. W. E. T.

EVERY DAY ENGLISH.

"I read your articles and am much helped by them. However, I cannot say that I receive the good I would if the slang were left out. It sends a thrill of unrest and resentment through me, and I cannot give the articles to my young daughter to read, since I am having to reprove her often for using popular expressions which I do not consider elevating." O. S.

I use slang because everybody understands it and I can therefore make my meaning plainer. I am teaching vital truths and the main object is to convey those truths to your understanding. You may experience "thrills of unrest and resentment" when I write of the "habit of mentally chewing the rag," but you know what I mean; whereas, if I had expressed myself in mincing English the real idea would have slid off your mind leaving absolutely no impression. Try expressing it that way yourself. You can't do it so that anybody would catch your idea without effort. You think you would learn more from me if I left out the "slang"—if I talked in Sunday language. But you are mistaken. And your child will catch the idea of new thought when expressed in every-day English; while the same idea dressed in high-falutin English would make her restive and resentful. If elegant English and prim manners are the Main Thing you are trying to teach your child, by all means hide *The Nautilus*. But if you really want her to learn new thought principles, give them to her in any form which will hold her attention and stick in her memory. There is a time for cultivating faultless English, but it is not the time which might be devoted to the vital principles of living. Slang words are mere gnats over which many a camel-swallower strains needlessly and to her own hurt. There's a time for everything—even slang. The sailor glories in the ocean's heave; the land-lubber meets it with "thrills of unrest and resentment." The land-lubber isn't used to the roll. But he wants to be, and in time he will be. The stickler for set forms of "good English" meets with resentment the heave of a fluid and living language. But he must get used to it, or continue in resentment and nausea for his pains. To live with life is peace and progress; to live against it is fruitless as well as nauseating. Let's be natural at times, anyway. Let's sacrifice the letter when to do so is to reach the spirit of life and truth and love.

—Look out for the *Nautilus* during 1905. It is going to be greatly improved. Renew early. See special offer on page 7.

—"Be absolutely alone and in silence. Loosen your garments and lie down quietly. Close your eyes for a few moments. Let your arms lie loosely above your head. Lie quiet for a minute or two, then begin to take long, deep breaths; keep this up for five minutes, until you

are relaxed and refreshed. Make the mind as empty as possible for a moment. Say to yourself out loud: 'This is God's world, not mine.' Say it understandingly until the full meaning is fixed in your mind, and brings with it a sense of care and rest. * Keep up the deep, slow breathing; if you find your mind wandering draw the thought back quietly. Concentrate your attention gently rather than with tenseness, which is really nervous strain. When you are calm and passive, say to yourself: 'God watches over me and my life, which forms a part of the world, which lies secure in the hollow of his hand.' * Open your soul in the silence and you will feel your worries and cares slip off; it will settle down calmly and quietly. * Feel yourself born into a new world where harmony reigns, where worries and annoyance can not reach you. Do this regularly for one month at least an hour each day; at the end of this time, if you are patient and earnest, you will find a new heaven, and a new earth open before you. You will find the secret of thorough living, and to keep yourself immune from worry and anxiety the rest of your life time. * You will be able to make these conditions by the withdrawal of your mind, even in the midst of a crowd. You will be troubled at first by your mind slipping off the thought. Bring it back each time quietly and insistently, after a while the power of concentration will increase and your mind will show less desire to wander. * Make yourself just as passive as possible. The more passive you become the more receptive you will be. * It is nature's work, not yours. Nature never worries. * You must not feel discouraged if you are not fully successful at first trying. It is simple when done with an overstrained and anxious mind that desires earnestly to have it effective. Your part is neither to do nor to be, just to let. Say, I have been trying all my life and seem to have made a failure. Now I will try to let something that is stronger than I work for me. Not worry will drive out worry. If you will let it. This attitude of mind is well worth cultivating." (From "Health and Success by the New Thought," a twenty-five cent pamphlet by Agnes V. Swetland, M. D., 1724 Douglass street, Omaha, Neb.)

At the foot of Page 7 you will find a Neat Subscription Blank. Use it and be happy.

—While in New York I stepped into the office of the *Dramatic Mirror* where a copy of the latest number was given me. The first page of reading was all by "The Matinee Girl," and consisted of first class new thought applied to the actress' daily living. It was so good and alive that I am appending a portion of it for the benefit of *Nautilus* readers who do not see the *Mirror*. Many of them do, by the way, for *Nautilus* travels over the country with many a dramatic and operatic troupe. Here is the clipping from the "Matinee Girl":

A brilliant, temperamental friend of mine wrote of her spring "blues" and her doubts and misery to a bright-faced friend of hers.

"I am wretched," she said. "Saul in his worst moments had no disorders equal to mine."

The reply I send on to my friends on tour, because there's a fine whiff of truth and a bracing breeze of hope and self-reliance in it:

"I know just what you are suffering. Your case was my case once, only much worse. I tell you about myself that it may encourage you. If others have been relieved, then you, too, can find relief. If you will just co-operate with me and be faithful to the exercise we will soon have you up and out of your negative condition."

"Then go by yourself, and take the relaxation for half an hour twice a day if possible. I know you are all tied up in a knot inside, if we could only look in and see."

"Let go, let go, let go the tension inside and outside your body. Go over yourself, inch by inch, if necessary, to see that every muscle is relaxed. Feel each one drop, get limp all over, until you feel yourself grow heavy in your chair."

"Then carry in your mind strong affirmations like these.

"There is nothing in the world worth worrying about."

"I am filled with active joy."

"I am positive because the world wants positive people."

"I am filled with love, and I radiate love to every one I meet."

"God is working in me and through me, and I must come into my own."

"Carry with you all the time a mental picture of yourself as you desire to be, and watch each day to see yourself develop into a living likeness of the picture."

"Go out into the park and study the dear chil-

dren. See how care-free they are! How relaxed! There is no tension anywhere."

"Go home and be like those children, care-free. Throw off the burdens."

"Take a deep breath out of doors, counting eight. Hold the breath while you count eight. Exhale, counting eight. As you take in the breath, say to yourself: 'I am drawing in new life.'"

"As you hold, say: 'This new life is giving me a light heart, joyousness, poise.' As you exhale, 'I am breathing out all the old bad habits of thought, all depression, all despondency.'"

I am always glad to receive letters from the girls and the boys, too, on the road. Never mind if we haven't had an introduction *de rigueur*. We are interested in the same things, in plays and players on the stage, and in that greatest of all plays "Life," with its great cast of Men and Women. Write whenever and whatever you like, and the reading will always be pleasant to your friend in *The Dramatic Mirror* office.—The Matinee Girl.

—"When I am made well and strong I would dearly love to be a healer. Do you suppose I could?" M. M.

Why not be a healer *before* you are "well and strong?" To speak for others the word of health, happiness and success is the best self-treatment I know of—the quickest way to grow well and strong. To assume health and strength and to speak it out for others, relative, friend, or foe, is to make quick work of the process of realization. He who waits to realize perfection before trying to help others will never help others nor realize perfection. The man who lives by his limitations will never find his way out of them. The man who *thinks* as if he had no limitations, and acts as nearly as may be as if none existed, will soon find himself levitated over and beyond them, and that without any very marked effort on his own part. I heard once of a girl who was dying of consumption. She was bed-ridden, in the last stages, when the idea came to her that if she could get *absorbed* in thinking about strength and health in the abstract her body would mirror strength and health. So she called for pencils and paper and began to write a novel in which every character was noted for some perfection of form and feature and some achievement in athletics.

She could write but a few lines at a time. Then she lay back, closed her eyes and pictured to herself new graces for her characters, new characters and greater achievements. She became so absorbed in her subject that she forgot the object of her writing, forgot herself, forgot even to eat until reminded, forgot she couldn't sit up. She sat up and wrote for hours at a time. Then she got up and wrote at a table, before the open window. It took weeks to finish that novel. Not until it was complete did she find time to note that the cough was gone, her skin clear and healthy and her limbs perfectly able to carry her. Her mental absorption in her images of health and beauty and achievement had made a new creature of her. And she *stayed* healed. *Imagination is creative power*. As long as your imagination pictures disease and death you will continue the downward road. Fill imagination with pictures of health, happiness, success and you will soon find your body filled with health, happiness and success. Anything which will help you to picture health should be cultivated. Picture and affirm health, life, love, for your friends—and enemies. Go out doors and observe nature's health, life, love. Associate with strong, sunny people and do your part toward adding to the sunshine. Find the bright side of everything. Vibrate with children. Get enthused over a rough house foot ball game. Breathe fully of *out door* air. In short, *cultivate life*. Both death and life are omni-present, and you may have as much of either as you will take *through imagination and will*. Get busy with life, love, beauty, power, health, success and you will know their opposites no more.

—"Violence is transient, hate consumes itself and is blown away by the winds of heaven, jealousy dies, but the righteous thought is a pressure before which malice is powerless."

—Such an equinoctial storm! The heavens rolled anathema, spit fire and wept three inches of water in twelve hours. All because the sun passed over the line! One would think Nature might learn to take that little annual event more sedately, but she doesn't. Wherein she is like some people, is she not?

"O MOURNFUL ROSE!"

THE EXPERIENCE OF A SONG PROVING ITS RIGHT TO BE.

My nearest neighbor on Mars did not aspire to be a poet. She was simply a Listener, who, hearing in the air voices inaudible to others, sometimes wrote down what they said to her. Often their speech was of flowers.

Once, the Listener sent to the *Only Journal* on Mars some of these flower-talks, whose prompt return was not unforeseen by her, since she well knew that the language of flowers is too spiritual to be comprehended by the materialistic mind. Her rejected verses—her spiritual children as it were—she laid away in a darkened room to sleep, but like real children they soon grew restless, and waking, cried, "O Mother! Mother! Let us come out to the light! We are so full of joy we must sing!" * * * *What if these verses were really meant to be songs?* * * * Why, if set to music, might not others be glad to hear them? Did not the Listener herself, in some far, inner realm of being, hear them sung to the most exquisite melodies, with accompaniments as of winds blowing through happy trees, and waters flowing softly over grass, and "lapsing waves on quiet shores?" * * * So the verses were sent to an eminent musical composer for examination, with the request that should they be found worthy of such honor, he would set them to music. He replied that he had "looked over the 'poems,'" as he graciously called them, "and found them for the most part quite musical and well suited to song settings," designating by their titles several that were "certainly very lyric," and adding that if the Listener "were willing to leave the words with him on the chance of his finding time in his busy life to set them to music, he should be very glad." And they were so left.

For three long years the Listener possessed her soul in patience and hope, and then reluctantly recalled the verses, which were returned with the regret that time for the work had not been found by the composer. And yet that musical soul had all the time been in Eternity! * * * Back into the darkened room went the song-children, and tried to be obedient and go to sleep, but felt the ceaseless stir of life within them, and cried as before, "O let us come out to the light! We are so full of joy we must sing!"

So they were sent to another gifted composer, him of the music face! A year and a half passed without word or sign. * * * What if life should cease before these child-voices could be heard? * * * Again were they recalled, and with them came the honest confession of the composer, that "time for the work had not been so much wanting as the musical idea or inspiration which eluded him."

About this time appeared in the most reliable magazine on Mars, an advertisement asking for words to be set to music, by one whose business it was to "introduce, popularize and publish" (mark the word) "meritorious work for authors." A MS. having been sent him brought the response, "You have here a good piece of work. It is clever in conception, and has the true lyric touch. If set to suitable music, it would stand a good chance of success." The requisite fee having been forwarded, the music was promptly forthcoming, but a question being asked in regard to publication, received the reply, "We never under any circumstances publish music." Thus it will be seen how the task of seeking a publisher was unexpectedly thrust upon the Listener, who of her own volition, would never have undertaken a work for which she was utterly unfitted. * * *

The song was now shown to one whose life had been spent in the musical world, who wrote of it as "combining simplicity with true poetry and musical feeling," giving, at the same time to the Listener, a most kindly letter of introduction to a prominent music publisher. Armed with this letter, the Listener went, with some degree of assurance, to meet the dread Unknown. That gentleman was not in, but his genial manager ended a most friendly talk by saying, "Let me show the song to our critic!" Then the Listener's heart sank! Too well she knew that the word "critic" was one with

condemnation. Before she quite realized what was happening, the song-child was being led by the unwilling hand to the end of the long store, and before the great man on the throne could have had time even to look in the frightened face, much less to hear the trembling voice, the manager was back again with the words, "We do not care to take the song." Even that genial nature had been chilled by one instant in the frosty atmosphere surrounding the critic, who, by his latest decision had confirmed himself in the belief that he had dominion over all Mars! Innocent as she knew herself to be, the Listener yet felt as if dismissed in disgrace, and rushed out into the street. * * *

Why should the critic, with one sweep of his fell scythe, wish to cut off the head of every harmless flower that blows? * * * But his reign is almost over. A critic, whom the world awaits, shall one day arise whose mission it shall be to cherish instead of to destroy. * * *

The song-child went back to the other song-children in the dark. It knew the way now.

Months after the Listener went again to see the publisher. He was very busy. At last he appeared and hastily read the letter of introduction. It was then explained to him, that the song referred to therein, had already been condemned by his critic, but on the strength of the letter he was requested to give it his personal attention. It was now made clear to the Listener, how, at the time of her former call, it had been possible for the critic to come to so instantaneous a decision. He had evidently not examined the song at all, but had based his verdict on the supposed knowledge that no good work could come from the composer whose name was on the title page. For the publisher, snatching up the song, never turned a leaf, but as if maddened by the sight of that name, began to berate its owner, making all the while faces and gestures of disgust. The Listener stood aside and looked on amazed, saying to herself, "Never again will I voluntarily repeat this experience." * * * A decree went forth then and here, that the song should be published and should live.

It was next submitted to a good judge of music, who though he appeared to be much busier than had the publisher, yet took time to examine it carefully, going all over it from beginning to end, scanning both words and music, and again for the second time. His very fingers seemed to touch the paper with reverence. As before, the Listener stood aside, and compared this man's action with that of the publisher. She thought, "This is the very same song, nothing about it has been changed. Two men have condemned it unseen, two, seeing it, have given it recognition. It is not the song that is in fault. Its value lies in the eyes that perceive and the mind that interprets."

At sight of the reverent touch, the wounds hitherto received by the Listener began to heal. The "Mournful Rose," too, felt the benignant influence, and from that moment, began to revive and hope. Although she knew it not, every blow she had received, had but made her stronger, because she was true, and what is true cannot be injured. And with the tears still shining on her sweet face, the "Rose" lifted her head to the sun, and for the thousandth time "straitened her soul to endure!" * * *

At last the song was printed, with a beautiful title page, the Listener bearing all expenses, and taking all risks. She was now advised to place it on sale at the music stores, and made vigorous efforts to effect this. But a common greeting at these stores was, "We are already overstocked." At more than one place it was said (and not too gently), "No matter how good the song is, we will not try to sell it, nor will we even look at it." One said, and this was a woman, young and beautiful, "The song is too high-class for our use!" and who, to the Listener's remark, "Perhaps that is a good reason why you should take it!" replied, with a sweet smile, in the gentlest voice with an upward inflection, "No!" And the Listener would like to go back to Mars to see her again, because of her sweet face and her so gracious refusal! * * *

Now from many sources came such words as these about the song: "We liked the sentiment and the music," "We thought the words and music very sweet," "It is catchy, and will take," "It is very sweet in melody, and the words are beautiful," "The music is too flippant for the words. The poem is dainty and lovely. * * * I congratulate you." * * * But the song contained nothing about war, and it would not sell on Mars, the War Planet!

From childhood the Listener had loved to watch the Earth shining in the sky. Attracted now by its light, she resolved to come hither, and chose me as her traveling companion. Swift as thought together we descended through space, impelled by a force purely spiritual. We brought with us the song "O Mournful Rose!" Thou who readest, whose face the Listener has never seen, and never may see, dear and gentle heart, is there room in thy garden for this "Rose" to bloom? A voice whispers: "Away on Mars, a little 'Laddie' who is still a prisoner in the darkened room, awaits his freedom to 'come out and sing,' dreams of his 'Mournful Rose' so far away, and longs for the time when he and his little brothers and sisters, seven in all, shall go singing their joyous songs over all the Earth, 'Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet!' * * * Among these songs is one that shall be immortal, but only the true soul will give it Recognition. That soul the song doth seek throughout the universe. ART THOU THAT SOUL?"

The Listener will never give up. The journey from planet to planet is swift and easy; she will go from one to another till she has made the round of all the planets, for she knows that on one of these dwells the man or the woman who will interpret and reveal to others the inner meaning of these songs, and give voice to the messages that have waited so long to be delivered. This is the belief of the other

WOMAN FROM MARS.

The Success Circle.

The Success Circle is designed to help its members to more fully understand and apply the law of health, happiness and success. * * * By sending me an order for \$3.00 worth of my books and papers you will be entitled to my "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success," and a year's membership in the Success Circle without extra charge. I will, if desired, enter also the name of your wife, husband or other relative or friend without extra charge. They will then be entitled to the special book discounts referred to below. Back dues for THE NAUTILUS may be counted in on this \$3.00 order. * * * OR, you may have ONE membership in the Success Circle for one year, by sending \$1.00 for the Course of Lessons and a year's subscription to NAUTILUS IN ADVANCE. If you are in arrears for NAUTILUS it will be necessary to pay up to date, and send \$1.00 besides, to pay for a year in advance, and the Lessons. * * * OR, you may have ONE membership in the Circle by sending \$1.00 for "How to Grow Success," (or any other of my own books to the amount of 50 cents), and the "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success." * * * RE-MEMBER, no books or papers substituted for mine. NOTE TERMS CAREFULLY, for NO deviations will be made. * * * Every member of the Circle should have besides the Lessons and NAUTILUS, a copy each of "How to Grow Success," "Solar Plexus" book and "How to Concentrate," as aids in understanding and applying the law of success. * * * Each number of THE NAUTILUS contains a special letter to the Success Circle members (see below), and the "Lessons on the Attainment of Success" give full instructions in the self development of health, happiness and success. * * * Hereafter all who join the Circle, or renew their memberships, will be entitled to special discounts on advanced thought books (excepting my own) purchased through William B. Towne. Full particulars regarding these special discounts will be sent you at the time you join the Circle or renew. * * * When joining write me a brief and TO-THE-POINT statement of your leading desires, and if convenient send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back. Do not send one that must be returned, and see that postage is fully prepaid. * * * Your order will be filled and the first of the Course of Lessons sent you by return mail.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:—

"Since the finishing of the third lesson I have repeated them according to your advice for those not fully successful, but I haven't received one benefit. Now I have perfect faith in you and in the manner of accomplishing desires, but what is the matter? I am perfectly well, don't worry, and am determined to win, so there must be a screw loose somewhere. I enjoy Nautilus more than ever." K. B.

Go in to win and STICK TO IT.

If at first you don't succeed, try again—with a little more vim and steady resolution.

If with the second time you don't succeed, do it again—with still more vim and will.

They say the third time is the charm. But if the

third time fails I'd try it the fourth and the fifth, or the fifteenth or the fiftieth time.

If you are *really* "determined to win" you will keep at it until you do. You will follow the directions given until you evolve something better to take their place. You will keep at it until you

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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focus your energies in such a way as to bring results.

Nobody can do it for you. Nobody can tell how long it will take you to do it. It all depends upon you.

You are like a young horse harnessed to a fair sized load. He has never before been hitched to just this sort of a load. He does not know what he can do, but the load looks easy and he settles forward to draw it. Much to his surprise the load remains where it was. He *forgets to pull* and begins to look back at his load and wonder what is the matter. By and by he tries again, with a little more resolution and power than he used before. Again he settles forward in the harness, and this time with considerable strength and resolution. And the load refuses to budge. Again he *forgets to pull* and begins to look back and wonder. The load doesn't look hard—what can be the matter? And his dander begins to rise. He'll see! He plants his feet a bit farther apart and tries again. This time the load moves a little! Another look back, another bracing of feet, another steady pull forward, and away he goes, load and all!

A wise man never gives his horse too heavy a load. He is especially careful with a young and inexperienced horse. If his young horse makes too hard work of its first load he neither loses his temper nor his faith in the horse. He gives the horse a lighter load to practice on. After a few days or weeks he tries him again on the heavier load and the horse trots off with it readily. Later he draws much heavier loads with ease. You see, the power was all there in the horse from the first; but it took practice and will to develop it.

If you have undertaken too heavy a pull it would be wise to let it rest for a time whilst you practice on smaller things. Later you can come back to the greater things and do them with ease and joy.

When a Success Circle member tells me he has followed directions faithfully and hasn't "received one benefit" I know he is looking for big things afar off and overlooks the little things near at hand—the little things out of which all big things are created. It is simply impossible for any human being to spend even one half hour in silence with himself and the Infinite without gaining something. Even if outward conditions seem not to move there will be inner benefits in the way of peace, self-command, wisdom, love and power—the vital things without which conditions are not moved.

The only screw which can be loose is in one's own mind; and alternate goings into the silence and coming out again to put one's best efforts and thoughts into whatever he finds to do, will tighten the screw.

Go in to win and STICK TO IT UNTIL YOU DO.

A faint heart and the give-it-up habit are the only hindrances to achievement, and every man and woman has enough stick-to-it-iveness to overcome these if he will. Our "fate" is in our own hands and hearts—literally. It comes from our hearts through our hands. Hours in the silence with Good, with high ideals and faith, hope and love, give our good fate its life; hours of intelligent, good-willing activity mold its form. Our evil fates come from "giving it up" and threshing around any old way.

Be still and know the I AM God whose throne is your heart.

In all thy ways and deeds acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths to the desired goal.

Yours for Faith and Works,

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"Please state briefly the history and origin of 'New Thought.' I hope it is not Emerson, that juggler of phrases with infinite definitions." *

Cannot be stated briefly enough for these columns. Read "History and Power of Mind," by Richard Ingalese; price, \$2.00; and "New Thought Primer," by Henry Harrison Brown; price, twenty-five cents.

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—"Oh, Mournful Rose," is a dainty and tuneful song, the words of which carry a new thought message so artistically expressed that all humanity can accept and be heartened thereby. The words are written by "The Woman from Mars," whose nearest relative's true name appears on the sheet music, and the music is written by Willard Groom. Price, forty cents; to *Nautilus* readers, for a short time, twenty cents. Order of "The Woman from Mars," 315 North 35th street, Philadelphia. For further particulars see advertisement and the story, "O Mournful Rose," in this number of *Nautilus*.

—In September *Christian* (1657 Clarkson street, Denver), Shelton has a most interesting article on "The Insanity of Inspiration," in which he quotes at length the experience of a prominent Denver dentist, Dr. Stimmel, who was aboard that ill-fated train which ran into a canyon near Pueblo, Col., some weeks ago, killing so many people. Dr. Stimmel was bound for Pueblo, but so strongly was he urged from within that he finally left the train at Colorado Springs, although he could think of no earthly reason for doing so, and several for going on to Pueblo, for which he was bound. He minded his spirit without any reason, and the reason showed up afterward—as it always does. It was this same wreck which William mentioned last month, and it was my new son-in-law who in a dream saw the train run through the high bridge and fall into the river; and found the account on the bulletin boards when he went down to business in the morning.

—Life is full of contrasts. While the Japs and the Russians are decimating each other around Port Arthur the Alliance of Women, with headquarters at Paris, is sending peace vibrations into all the earth. The Japs are fighting a good fight and I think they will win. The Woman's Peace Alliance is fighting a still more glorious fight and it may be a longer one than the Japs', but I know that in God's good time they will carry their ends. Speed the hour! The Peace Alliance has at its head the Princess Wiszniewska and the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, daughter of ex-Queen Isabel II, besides many others of European nobility who have time and wealth to devote to the cause. The League membership is legion and the Prince Wiszniewska is one of the powers behind—the petticoats. It was he who sent greetings to *Nautilus* and forwarded a copy of *The Banner of Peace*, the official organ of the League of Peace, along with other interesting information in regard to the peace movement. The Peace League means not only to do away with all war everywhere, but to buy Palestine for Christians. Success to their efforts and peace to the world.

OUT OF DISMAL SWAMP.

"Wanting is not desiring. It is negative and characteristic of weakness, will-lessness, a lack of determination. Desire is positive! It is the hand of fixed purpose which fearlessly lifts the veil of every seeming. It is the Eye that braves the light of truth; the Voice that answers every challenge; the Heart and Mind that feels and knows the great Under-current of Infinite Good back of every manifestation of life." S. Arbor West in "On Leaving the Body."

This everlasting "wishing" or "longing" for things is like the unnatural cravings of a sated appetite. It is the craving of a soul-appetite surfeited with purposeless self-gratifications. We live too complexly, have too many things to eat and wear. And we have set up the habit of wanting more.

The way to cure an abnormal craving for food is to abstain entirely until the system has time to right itself, and express a real hunger or desire. The way to get rid of this weak "wishing" habit is to quit gratifying it for a time. Refuse every wish which is not an absolute necessity, until the little wish-streams run together into one steady desire or purpose.

Wishes are desire spread over too much territory—a mere swamp of emotion, where a life-giving stream ought to be. Every wish cut off from gratification narrows the swamp; and deepens the wishing; persist in cutting off the

wishes and the swamp will become a river with ever growing depth and power.

The one reason for failure in any line of endeavor, is that men gratify their little wishes until there is not depth enough to that which they call their main desire. You can't spend your money as fast as it comes on ice cream and chewing gum and still have plenty for greater things; neither can you spend your desire-power on little things which depend for their being upon outward suggestion or the cravings of a pampered appetite, and still have desire enough left to carry larger things to successful accomplishment.

And this is the trouble with 999 of us out of a 1,000—our energies go into the little things of life, or into "wishing" for them, and the really important things which would in time bring the little things, are lost in the swamp.

But it's never too late to convert that swamp into a clear running stream of power. Settle a Main Desire and nourish it carefully. "Concentrate" upon it daily; and take delight in cutting out every little wish and longing you can, for the sake of the Main Thing. Every time you catch yourself thinking, "I wish I had an ice cream soda," cut it short off with "No I don't—I desire this one Main Thing."

Keep at it. Don't expect to make the swamp over in a day. Just keep at it, without looking back, and with calm faith in your ultimate complete success.

Never mind if you don't always feel the faith; simply affirm it and go on.

In six months or a year or so of faithful practice you will begin to see a great and soul-satisfying change; your enjoyment of an ice cream soda will be as keen, or even keener, but you will find yourself gazing calmly at this particular ice cream soda without the least impulse to buy it anyway, whether you can afford it or not. And you will find that your Main Desire has become a real stream of power that carries you with joy through the work you used to do unhappily, because you had to.

CONCENTRATION PLUS.

"Is there such a thing as too much concentration—too much going into the silence?" A. W. B.

Of course. You go into the silence to find wisdom, love, power. If, when you come out, you don't use the wisdom, love, power, you are not fit to go into the silence again. You take an emptied vessel into the silence to be filled; when not "sitting in the silence" you empty your vessel of love, wisdom, power, into what you do.

If your principal occupation is idling or drudging (i. e., doing things under protest without pouring love, wisdom, power into them) you go back into the silence with a full vessel, and the effort to get more wisdom, love, power into your already filled self simply makes you fidgety. You are mentally stuffed because you haven't been giving out, radiating, what you already had.

This is the secret of nervous prostration, which attacks chronic worrying idlers, or drudges. This is why nervous prostration cases sometimes get little good from concentration or the treatment of others. They refuse to use the love, wisdom and power they have, in intelligent activity. They will tell you they are "so nervous they could fly"—"so nervous they can't be still, nor sleep;" they keep twiddling their fingers, or rocking themselves, or pacing restlessly, or wringing their hands; they waste energy in continual thoughtless joggings and joggings—waste enough energy in a day to do a washing or to clean a whole house. But if you tell them to clean the house they are horrified and tell you it would kill them—they simply couldn't do anything, and you are heartless to even think of proposing such a thing, etc., etc., ETC.—and all the time they talk they are joggling and fluttering away their energy.

You see they spill their energy instead of using it. It is as if their vessels were shaken and the contents partially slopped out at the top, instead of being quietly drawn off at the bottom to make more room at the top.

When we do a thing with quiet interest and

love and purpose and all the wisdom we can muster, we draw our divine energy off at the bottom—we turn on the stop cocks and let it flow THROUGH the body, bringing cleansing, health, life, to every nerve and artery and tiny cell.

The cure for nervous prostration is to direct the thought and interest into periods of healthy physical effort punctuated by periods of absolute physical stillness. In nervous diseases the thoughts dart ceaselessly from one thing to another; they need anchorage that they may rest. But every nervous person will tell you he can't stop this ceaseless darting of the mind, and he can't.

But he can slow it up by directing it through the body's comparatively slow movements; he can persist in thus slowing up his thought to the vibrations of his body, until finally he gains control again of both mind and body. That mental tired feeling can always be relieved by a good physical tiring.

If concentration in the silence is not at this time satisfactory to you go concentrate your mental and emotional energies in action. The healthy, happy, successful soul has found the balance between outward and inward concentration.

—To preserve this supplement sheet, paste or stitch it in between pages 4 and 5, where it fits.

—"How can I induce an absent friend to write me and pay me a sum of money borrowed?" A. B.

Treat the friend daily for success, freedom, love and the desire and will to square up. Especially speak success and freedom and love for him, and believe in him.

—"I am being treated for the tobacco chewing habit, but I still chew. I thought I would stop being treated and treat myself, as you seem to have done when in difficulties." W. W.

Good! Only cure for tobacco habit—or any other—is to quit. Any man can quit when he chooses to. Until he chooses to stop all the treatment by creation will not keep him from chewing. But it may, often does, bring him to the place where he chooses to quit. The ONLY result of outside treatment is to wake a man to do his own healing. The only real help one man can give another is to rouse in him the desire and will and faith to do his own work.

—"A Cossack, in a fit of drunkenness, had shot a Chinaman, and it was necessary to bring several of the men to the bedside of the dying victim for the purpose of identification of the culprit. The Chinaman, however, refused absolutely to single out the guilty man, saying: 'Why should he be killed, since I must die in any case?' Then they explained to him that the man would only be severely punished, to which the Chinaman responded that since he forgave the culprit there was no reason why he should suffer. Then the theory of punishment was adduced as an argument—the Cossack must be punished in order that he might not repeat the offense. 'But,' said the Chinaman, 'he will never do it again when he knows that I forgive him,' and there the matter ended." "Manchuria and Korea."

—This number of *Nautilus* completes Vol. VI. *Nautilus* is full six years old and with the November number enters upon her seventh or cycle-completing year. We have given our readers an extra sheet of reading matter with this issue, by way of celebrating the occasion. We hope you will enjoy it, and that every one of you will take pains to paste or sew the extra sheet into place so it will not be lost. *Nautilus* is folded and pasted on a special machine which will admit of no changes; so the single sheet had to be printed extra, and folded and inserted by hand. But you will not mind that for once, will you? And next month—But that's another story and William won't let me tell! Just enjoy this month, renew your subscriptions promptly and see what happens!

—"It is interesting always to know how brainy people accomplish the vast amount of work that seems to be the great part of their lives, and how they sustain the tremendous amount of nervous supply that is consumed constantly in the course of their labor. Edison is a mental giant. More vital fuel is consumed, perhaps, by his brain than is consumed in the energy required by a digger of the soil. His manner of keeping himself in good health is, therefore, especially interesting in this connection, and perhaps is described best in his own words. 'I keep my health by dieting,' he says; 'people eat too much; eating has become a habit with most every one; it is like taking mor-

phine—the more you take the more you want. People gorge themselves with rich food' he said, earnestly. 'They use up their time and ruin their digestions and poison themselves. Diet is the secret of health. I eat almost nothing. I eat less than a pound of food a day; three meals, but just enough to nourish the body. I don't really care whether I eat or not; it is not my pleasure. One soon gets out of the habit of caring much about his meals. If the doctors would prescribe diet, instead of drugs, the ailments of the normal man would disappear. Half the people are food drunk all the time. Diet is the secret of my health. I have always lived abstemiously. It is a religion with me. My father before me practiced dieting and he instilled the idea into me.' "Physical Culture."

—"My optimism is grounded in two worlds, myself and what is about me. I demand that the world be good, and lo, it obeys. I proclaim the world good, and facts range themselves to prove my proclamation overwhelmingly true. To what is good I open the doors of my being and jealously shut them to what is bad. Such is the force of this beautiful and wilful conviction, it carries itself in the face of all opposition. I am never discouraged by a sense of good. I never can be argued into hopelessness. Doubt and mistrust are the mere panic of timid imagination, which the steadfast heart, will conquer, and the large mind transcend. * * * My share in the work of the world may be limited; but the fact that it is work makes it precious. Nay, the desire and will to work is optimism itself. Two generations ago Carlyle flung forth his gospel of work. * * * 'Fool,' he cries, 'the ideal is in thyself. Work out the ideal in the poor, miserable actual; live, think, believe and be free!' * * * I can work and because I love to labor with my head and my hands, I used to think I would be thwarted in my desire to do something useful. But I have found out that though the ways in which I can make myself useful are few, yet the work open to me is endless. The gladdest laborer in the vineyard may be a cripple. Even should the others outstrip him, yet the vineyard ripens in the sun each year, and the full clusters weigh into his hand. Darwin could work only half an hour at a time; yet in many diligent half hours he laid anew the foundation of philosophy. I long to accomplish a great and noble task; but it is my duty and joy to accomplish humble tasks as though they were great and noble." From Helen Keller's "Optimism."

—"A certain king, who was a man of great love for his people, was once more troubled than loved by his subjects. After he had been out hunting he caused an officer to publish that he, the king, was now sensible of his faults and henceforth meant to rule his subjects with justice and gentleness. 'He kept his promise so faithfully that they gave him the surname of The Just. Some years afterwards one of his favorite ministers took occasion to ask him what had so soon brought about that great change in his conduct. The king with much kindness, thus explained it: 'You may remember I had been out to hunt just before making the public promise of better government. One of the dogs strayed from the pack to chase a fox and bit him through the bone of the leg. The poor fox went limping to his hole and the dog set off at full speed to rejoin the pack. One of my footmen wantonly threw stones at the dog and broke his leg. A runaway horse passing by at the time, mistook the motion of the man's arm for an attempt to catch him, and therefore kicked out and broke the footman's leg, and the horse, frightened at the shout that was raised, dashed off to a wood, slipped his foot into a hole and got his leg broken. Here was a chain of retribution. I was forcibly struck at seeing how each was paid back for his deed of violence, and it set me to thinking what a load of evil I was heaping up that should fall one day upon my own head. It was this reflection that worked such a great and instant change in my conduct.'"

—"Who is William Windsor, L. L. B., Ph. D.? A name with so many letters attached to it excites the same feeling in me as do the decorations upon the breasts of so called heroes, i. e., men who have perhaps killed some thousands of their brothers. And does not the mention of the 'Hero Medals' offered by Carnegie excite your irrepressible laughter? How ridiculous it all is! Now William Windsor, etc., etc., etc., may be able to manufacture 'literature,' but he could not create one of your sentences to save his neck from the guillotine. If he thinks he can, however, it is not my province to tell him he cannot. Let him match these sentences! 'I AM' is the womb of thought. * * * What 'I do' is borned thought. * * * Most of our thoughts are still-born. * * * That shining way is the Now. When one meditates on these thoughts the slow tear falls for the hosts of 'still-born' whose right it was to fly with gladness through the universe! * * * In his preface to the first series of Emily Dickinson's poems, T. W. Higginson says: 'When a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on gram-

mar seems an impertinence. As Ruskin wrote, 'No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought.' What is 'literature?' Your books are so valuable to me. Because they contain ideas. And your unique way of expressing them, starts them to growing in others' minds from pure delight. For heaven's sake do not ever try to write 'literature' (I know you will not) and keep on saying 'dearie,' just as long as you want to, that keeps you human and gives us such a comfortable feeling! In a review I read of Julia Ward Howe's 'Modern Society' (I think it was by Lillian Whiting). The writer says: "When Lowell was editor of the *Atlantic*, he declined a poem from Julia Ward Howe, with the assertion that no woman could write a poem and that Mrs. Browning's efforts were a conspicuous illustration of her failure to be a poet. Yet Mrs. Howe's thrilling lyric, with that exquisite line 'In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,' and Mrs. Browning's noble poem 'Aurora Leigh' will outlive and outrank any poem ever written by Lowell." And she might have added after Mrs. Browning's name the matchless 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.' Even that genial hearted man and prince of publishers, James T. Fields, so dearly loved by Holmes and all his charmed circle, said to Louisa Alcott, 'Louisa go home to your sewing; you can never be a writer.' Both of these critics were men. When men such as Lowell and Fields et al remember Galileo, Columbus et al, why should they use their puny efforts to restore the inquisition? How dare they set mete and bounds for any one, man or woman, with a 'thus far and no farther, shalt thou go.' I deny any man's right to do this. What gives him such a right? I say nothing against men. I like 'em! When they are men they are splendid. But they do not know everything. And the finest and best of them do not profess to. The grandest woman I ever knew, Elizabeth P. Peabody, grand in heart, mind and soul, whose life of nearly ninety years was spent in loving service for others, often said to me: 'We were put on earth to help each other.' Do we help each other by this eternal adverse criticism? * * * I'd like to write about 17 miles to you on this subject, because you listen, but forbear on your account and my own." "The Woman from Mars."

—"Wish to say that the money spent in joining the Success Circle and in buying your books was fine investment. Something or someone has done wonders for me. Am so much better in every way. Rheumatism all disappeared. By my work and am successful." P. E. * * * "I want to tell you how much I enjoy *Nautilus* and how much good it has done me. It is a perfect inspiration to better living. When joining your Success Circle a year ago I told you of my leading desires, and I am happy to say they have been realized fully. Now in renewing my membership I intend to work earnestly myself, and desire your heartiest 'vibrations' for my success in three things: Perfect health, physical development and the desire that nothing will come up to mar the new happiness that has come to me recently, and that I may see realized in the spring, under the happiest conditions, the new home my sweetheart and I have been planning the past few months." E. M. * * * "Yes, I am improving in many ways and shall keep up a happy front." C. C. * * * "I joined your Circle last September while out in North Dakota. This week marks the end of the third time I have gone through your three 'Lessons.' Great results are at last rewarding my persistency. Dollars are coming in increasing numbers." H. S.

P's AND Q's TO BE MINDED.

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—Those desiring letters of personal advice, encouragement or instruction in the further application of my teachings to individual cases, must enclose for each letter not less than \$1.00 in payment for my time, stationery, postage, etc. In writing make a brief but clear statement of your case.

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ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.