



# 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 unresting sea.—Holmes "The Nautilus."

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No. 3



ELIZABETH TOWNE



WILLIAM E. TOWNE

## GREETING!

Here is a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year too.  
And a wish that all good fortune and joy may come to you;  
E'en if the year just passing held tears and trials sore,  
Let us look for naught but sunshine in 1904.

V. R. H.

## REAL VICTORY.

To forgive wrongs darker than death and night;  
To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;  
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates  
From her own wrecks the thing she contemplates;  
Never to change nor falter nor repent,  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, brave and joyous, beautiful and free;  
This is above life, love, empire and victory.

—SHELLEY.

## TO FREE YOUR SOUL.

"My age is rendering my mind sluggish, and I can't think clearly and remember as I would like to." E. M.

Cart before the horse; "age" is not the cause of a sluggish mind; a sluggish mind is the cause of old age. A sluggish mind is a lazy mind; made lazy by burdens and non-use.

The body is the burden of the mind—the self-made burden.

Mind is soul; omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent. Mind is that ethereal energy in which the body lives, and which lives in the body; that energy which creates and re-creates the body, which builds and unbuilds the body at will. Mind is the free energy which is the real self of us all. In it our bodies live and move and have their being, and by it we live and move and are.

Mind takes a tiny speck of amoeba—a mere point of consciousness; mind tosses this speck around and about, draws to it other specks of protoplasm (other points of consciousness); mind plays with them lightly, easily, almost unconsciously, organizing, building, binding, circulating; and behold a baby—a soft, sweet thing without thought of burden—a tender, almost fluid body through which mind loves to play, and with which mind loves to play. No "sluggishness" in a baby; its body is very little burden to itself.

And yet in a way it is a burden; it is a sort of anchoring point to keep mind from making too wild a flight; but an anchor not too heavy to move at will.

But mind keeps on growing its anchor, and by and by, if it is not very careful, its anchor becomes too heavy to be readily moved. Then, instead of saying, "My body is too heavy to be easily moved," some of us say "My mind is sluggish."

The mind is never sluggish. It is the same

free ethereal energy it was when you were young, and when the universe itself was but a baby. Your body is growing too dense, too heavy, to be readily used by mind.

The brain is an organ through which mind plays. The nerves are mind-made highways and byways over which mind runs to exercise itself. Muscles and bone are simply beaten tracks where mind has long played.

The brain is a condenser of mind into thought; just as the window pane on a cold morning is a condenser of vapor into steam.

As the steam grows heavier on the cold window it trickles downward in tiny streams of water which channel the pane. As mind condenses into thought on brain area it trickles away through nerve channels—away to its work of making and unmaking according to its quality every cell and atom in the human body—away and away through nerve channels and capillaries, and on out through our millions of skin-gateways, the pores—on and on to cleanse or contaminate, to raise or lower the temperature of our own personal atmosphere—and still on, to be felt by other lives whose development happens to be akin to ours.

The secret of eternal youth and brightness of mental action is the secret of childhood—the secret of a clean, active body, a body through which mind may play freely. Mind is eternally young. Only its instrument, the body, grows old; grows stiff with beaten tracks, and burdened with unnecessary matter.

Scientists tell us from actual observation that bones grow hard with lime deposits, and that the cells of old bodies contain a sediment which must be to the cells at least a burden, if not a positive poison. And we need no scientist to tell us that there are too many cells or too lazy ones, in a wrinkled skin.

What is commonly called a "sluggish mind" is simply a burdened body; a body whose nerves do not afford free play for the mind. Nerves are hollow tubes in which lie a sort of delicate jelly which is the medium of thought transmission. This almost fluid substance is the most delicate matter in creation. It is easy to see how layers of unnecessary fat, or half-dead cells, or other unnecessary matter would crowd these nerve highways and interfere with the free play of mind through this delicate substance.

What is matter? Simply mind fixed; mind which has played in definite directions until it has made channels in itself and for itself. As steam, water, ice are all one, so are mind and matter one; so are mind and body one.

All bodies tend toward fixity; and fixity is death. All mind tends toward fixity; toward following channels of thought. An entirely new thought simply makes a new channel in which succeeding thoughts are only too ready to run; to run until the channel is a beaten track; to run until from its own deposits the nerve channels are choked and cut off.

Even in a wrinkled, stiff, clogged, almost ossified body, mind still plays—plays until it rends the beaten tracks asunder—until it disintegrates that which it has too stiffly integrated. Death itself is life; it is the work of mind which has made its play a serious matter; it is mind's destruction of its too unwieldy anchor; it is mind's destruction of its cramped quarters—quarters too cramped for play.

Mind must have play, even if it has to work at death to get it.

Mind is the only power in heaven or earth or hell. It builds its own body, and when it has ceased to be satisfied with a body it vacates—to play elsewhere. Perhaps it leaps to better environment and builds a new body. I fancy it does; and that it has always been doing so; and will continue until it succeeds not only in making beautiful child bodies through which it can freely play; it will continue until it discovers the secret of keeping its bodies soft and sweet, beautiful and mobile—ideal homes to play in, to dream in, to love in.

And I believe mind is discovering in this very century the secret of eternal youth and beauty. I suspect that already it has discovered the principles, and probably some of its practical applications.

How are we to keep the body a satisfactory playground for mind? That is the gist of it all. And the key has been with us at least 2,000 years—maybe longer; why Jesus had it—"except you become as a little child"—"of such is the kingdom of heaven"—"heaven is within you"—heaven, where sin, sickness and death are not. The key is here;—heaven, childhood, is within waiting, pressing, urging to get out into your body; and YOUR BODY IS TOO CLOGGED, TOO STIFF, TOO DULL, TOO HARDENED, TOO BURDENED, TO RECEIVE IT.

What makes your body hard and dull and burdened? It is clogged with dead or half-dead matter; which is dead or half-dead thought. Remember, all is mind. Your body is made of thought—of condensed mind. And the food you eat is made of thought—of condensed mind.

And condensed mind is on the way to death. The mind needs enough condensed mind to afford substantial channels for its play. But our bodies grow too substantial, too condensed.

How to stop the hardening process at the right point—that is the problem. Let us go to the child again. The child lives in the Now. Its little troubles slip away and leave it still enjoying the Now. It carries no mental burdens or grudges. Its mind is free, and plays straight through its troubles and on to the next thing; while our grown-up minds habitually pick up the troubles and grudges and carry them along.

This is no fancy; it is literal, exact truth. Every cell in the human body is the incarnation of an idea. The child-mind lets go its burdens and troubles—it does not incarnate them in its body; while we grown-ups hang on to every burden and grudge and thus incarnate it.

And the ridiculous and yet portentous part of it is that we consider it a virtue to do this! I well remember how ashamed I used to be because I couldn't grow pale and wan and feel continuously heart-broken over my troubles! I thought I must be very light-minded and shallow! As if to be light-minded were not life itself, and the very greatest of virtues.

We make heavy, stiff bodies by incarnating heavy, stiff ideas. A child incarnates bright, interesting ideas, and is therefore light-minded—life-minded.



Lightness and life are one.  
Heaviness and death are one.

Now, our *food* has something to do with the incarnating of ideas. Just *what* becomes of assimilated food nobody yet knows. It may be that cells are made of food; it may be that they only "use" food, as Brown says. I fancy cells "use" food exactly as we use it—however that may be. I suspect we really take the *soul*, the highest of its "vibrations," the least *dense* part of itself, the "energy," from what we eat; much as fire takes the soul or energy from wood. And as the fire leaves an ash so our digestion leaves an ash, which must be got rid of if we would keep digestion in good order. Neither a choked digestion nor a choked stove will run well.

Notice the child again. When the mind *plays* the body is active. A baby is never still. All its running and playing *shakes down the ashes*. This keeps its body clean. Active physical exercise keeps the lungs going too. Oxygen is necessary to combustion, either in a stove or a digestive apparatus. Physical activity *turns on the damper*. The fires burn more freely; *energy is released faster* and INCARNATION OF IDEAS PROGRESSES FASTER. All this is "normal" in a child; that is, incarnation of ideas and decarnation of ideas are balanced, and the cremated material is well cast out.

In us grown-ups there is much ash and there are many dead cells which should be cast out. We exercise far less than a child does, we breathe less, *we eat as much or more*; consequently elimination falls behind assimilation. There are ash deposits, lime deposits, uric acid deposits literally at every turn—all for the want of a *good shaking down* and opening of dampers. We call it "constipation" or "indigestion" or "rheumatism," or some other long name.

I wonder why physical activity is such pleasure to a child and such *hard work* to a grown-up. I think I know why. A child's cells are incarnations of happy interested ideas; so *alive* that they not only are *easy* to move, but they *impel* motion. You know yourself that when you feel particularly happy you immediately look about for something to *do* or somewhere to go. Interested, happy thoughts incarnate in cells that simply can't keep still. They delight in stirring about and *cleaning out the ashes*. No dirty sediment in *happy* cells.

But a very *great* majority of the cells in grown-ups are the incarnations of "must" and "trouble" and "grudge" ideas. And you know very well what effect such ideas have on you as a whole; you feel disheartened and "imprisoned," and you just want to sit and brood about it; you don't want to move, even.

A *large* majority of the cells in grown-ups feel that way all the time; so grown-ups find it an effort to exercise vigorously and breathe fully. And every day they incarnate *more* unhappy ideas in more heavy, lazy cells, and physical effort grows more and more of an effort; so much of an effort that they begin to talk about "saving their strength" because they are "growing old." And all the time it is "saving their strength" which is *making* them grow old—which is shutting off the dampers and leaving the ashes to clog the fires of life.

And they keep on *eating* as much as ever, giving the fires as much fuel as ever; but failing to clean out the ash. The result is a so-called "sluggish mind," old age, death—besides all manner of disease.

I have no doubt that in time we shall be able to maintain a balance between elimination and assimilation with less exercise than a child uses; but if we do we shall have to cut off at least three-quarters of our food supply, besides seeing to it that our cells incarnate at least a good majority of happy, interested ideas instead of dull, stupid, unhappy ones.

In order to turn the tide of old age we must do a lot of things. It will not pay to neglect *any* means of growing young and balanced. We need to work from both ends of being; to incarnate the best of thought only, and to *give it the freest conditions for incarnation*. A clogged body does not afford ideal conditions for incarnation.

For a "sluggish mind" or diseased body the quickest, surest cure is to cut off the food supply, shake down the ashes vigorously and use the lung bellows with a will. And at the same time drink plenty of water to flush out the sediment.

You see, the strong, *alive* cells will survive this starving process, while the lazy, stupid, half-dead ones will either wake up and grow strong and useful and happy, or they will starve to death and be cast out of the body. A nation which spends its time in feasting is soon wiped out; a body full of too well fed cells will soon rot in its own excesses. But nations or cells which have to *hustle* a bit or starve, are the ones who grow strong—and eliminate the weak.

Cells which incarnate bright, happy ideas are always strong and positive; while cells which incarnate weak, unhappy, ideas are always negative and weak. *It is these latter cells which perish when food supply is cut off*. Only the strong, lively cells remain. This accounts for the fact noted by every one who tries fasting—the fact that fasting seems to increase both mental and physical activity. Why should it not?—the stupid, weak, unhappy cells were *crowding* the strong ones and preventing free action. Starve them out, and the strong cells, incarnations of strong, happy, active ideas, quickly express themselves in happy activity, mental and "physical."

These stupid, weak cells are not gathered in one part of the body you know. They are spread around everywhere in layers and coteries; brain, nerves, capillaries, arteries, veins, muscular tissue—each has its own burdens of hanger-on cells; just as each community in the world has its burden of shiftless paupers who live at the expense of others. As the world is made up of but two classes, those who lift and those who shop-lift—"those who lift and those who lean"—so the body is made up of two sorts of cells, those which *lift themselves and us*, and those which lean on, and crowd, and *sap the energy* of neighboring cells—and ourselves.

*And it is the leaners, the paupers, the useless hangers-on, which perish FIRST when food supply is cut off*. The strong wake up and hustle enough to live on. The strong survive.

Don't you know how stupid you feel after a heavy meal? Haven't you noticed how much more active lean people are than fat ones—how much more work they can accomplish with ease? Haven't you noted in history that the people who did the most *good* in the world were all abstemious as to diet? Haven't you noticed that all prophets and messiahs were great fasters? Don't you remember how Esdras, when he prayed for spiritual enlightenment was told he *could not receive it* until he had lived a long time without food less ethereal than the blossoms of wild flowers? Imagine wild rose leaves as a steady diet! Don't you remember how Jesus prepared himself for his supreme temptation—by a forty days fast? Don't you remember how he fasted before Gethsemane? Haven't you noticed that most of the world's greatest teachers, artists, musicians, were so poor they lived on the ragged edge of starvation whilst doing their greatest works, and how afterward when the world lavished its feasts upon them they *ceased to do mighty works*? Don't you know how Tolstoi lives—how he sits down at his wife's banquet and eats black bread and porridge? Do you remember the beautiful things Bret Harte wrote when he was a hard-working, ill-fed miner in the wilds of California, and the idiotic drivel he ground out in Boston while being feted daily as a lion and all-around jolly good fellow? These are just a few of the innumerable straws which show the way the winds of inspiration blow.

If you want high thinking, vital energy, power, wisdom, love, inspiration, beauty, eternal youth and joy, begin by *low living*.

It's easy if you really *want* what you profess to want. If you really *want* an active, inspired mind you will try *anything* that even promises it. What are a few faint feelings when you really want a thing? Poof!—less than nothing!

And yet we all want the minimum of uncomfortable feelings. Do you wish to know how to starve out the cumbering cells of your body with

a minimum of uncomfortable feelings? I'll tell you.

The principle is this: *Begin on easy things and stick to them until they are habitual*.

Begin by leaving off one meal a day; preferably breakfast. At the breakfast *keep away from the table*, but drink slowly a full glass of water, hot or cold as you prefer; and take twenty or thirty slow, full, even breaths of *out-door* air, affirming mentally with each inhalation, I AM (think of yourself and the universal I AM as *One*); holding the breath a moment; and affirming LOVE as you very slowly exhale.

Whenever you happen to feel "faint" before your noon meal is ready take a few more sips of water and a few more full breaths of *out-door* air, with affirmations. Never *strain* the breaths; make them as full and long as you can *easily*. Practice will make them longer and fuller. Turn your mind resolutely away from the idea of food, by *getting interested in what you have to do*. The idler will suffer a thousand pangs to one felt by the person who gets busy.

When your noon meal comes do not allow yourself to eat quite as much as usual (this will be far easier than you think) and take particular pains to *enjoy* every mouthful and to chew it *very* thoroughly.

Keep at this *every* morning. Every permitted backsliding weakens your will and character, and postpones the formation of the new *habit* you are trying to form. In a few days you will have *no* ill feelings, and in a few weeks you will cease even to remember such a thing as a morning meal. Not only this but you will begin to feel *better* than ever, and be able to work with greater ease and pleasure.

Then you are ready to form still another habit. Drop out *all three* meals, using water and breathing as directed above. That is, take no food from six o'clock one evening until noon the second day after—a thirty-six-hour fast. Then live as usual for a week, and repeat. Fast the same day each week, thus making use of the law of periodicity or rhythm. The "Mazdaznans" fast every Friday.

Of course, the first thirty-six-hour fast will bring more or less weak and wobbly feelings; which can be minimized by frequent sips of water and full breaths of *outdoor* air. The second week's fast will prove easier, the third still easier. About the third or fourth week you will begin to feel *better* and more active and light mentally and physically, *than on the days when you are not fasting*. You will have formed the habit of fasting; you will have begun to reap its benefits in increased mental and physical vigor and joy. Your body cells will begin to *glory* in this weekly house-cleaning day. That is what it is—a temple cleaning day. Released from the old daily grind of disposing of three meals a day, the digestive system *learns* to use that day of freedom for *cleaning out the corners*—just as you take occasion to clean out things when John goes away for a day or two, leaving you without that three-meal-a-day grind. And how pleased you are at the release from routine (even though you are sorry John is away), and what *satisfaction* you find in washing up the dust-laden things on the top shelves, redding up the tumbled closets and dresser drawers and making things spick and span. Perhaps you are very tired too—a bit weak and wobbly—but how pleased you are *deep down*; and now if John goes away *another day next week*, as he thinks he may have to, you can get the curtains all done, and a few pillows recovered and *then you will* be happy. What fulness of joy there is in a clean, uncrowded place to live in! How much *happier* you are when things are clean! How much *easier* everything seems when the house is *in order*! And you will find by careful and persistent experience that a weekly body-cleaning gives far greater returns than an outward house-cleaning—returns in life and love and wisdom and joy of living.

Now if, by the time you have established this body-cleaning habit you feel entirely satisfied with your mental and physical condition it is time enough to call a halt. No-breakfast and one-day-a-week clean-up may keep you in apple-pie order.



It will if you eat sparingly and of plain food—plenty of fruit—at your meals, use plenty of water, exercise and AIR, and take pains to incarnate only your best thoughts—thoughts of love, joy, peace, gentleness, good cheer, helpfulness, inventiveness.

But a touch of "sluggish mind," or of "feeling bad," or a touch of cold, "indicates," as the doctors say, more fasting. If you are not satisfied with your physical or mental condition it is always safest, easiest, and *least expensive*, to fast.

If you take longer fasts always observe these rules: Use quantities of water and air as directed, at frequent intervals; break your fast at the first sign of hunger after the tongue is cleaned—or after, say, forty-eight hours; and make your first meal an *exceedingly* light and well masticated one, using but one or two articles only. Orange juice is excellent for breaking a long fast. Any *one* thing which you feel would taste the best, is usually the right thing for you—if used sparingly and with thorough chewing.

If you want to take a long fast better work up to it by a series of shorter fasts, each a little longer than the last. That the body grows accustomed to fasting, so that there is eventually no shock or strain attached, is shown by the fact that a first fast always quickly reduces the weight, while after repeated fasts *the weight is not affected even by several days' continuous fasting*. Edgar Wallace Conable lost only a pound or so in a twenty-one-day fast during which he exercised vigorously and worked regularly. And he walked twenty miles in the mountains just before breaking his fast.

Get a clean body, dearies. And *stay* clean. An ounce of preventive fasting will save a spell of typhoid, not to mention innumerable colds. And it will free your soul to higher expression.

### PLEASE LOOK!

At the special offers on pages 7 and 8 of this Nautilus. You are all invited to partake.

### MARRIAGE CONTRACTS.

—"That article of yours, 'So Near and Yet So Far,' in November *Nautilus* has worried me to an extent I am ashamed of. To my 'judgment' that article is disingenuous. It is not so much that you jumped on that poor soul with hob-nailed shoes, but that you formulated the 'jump' quite as the husband might have done. That is, if *she* would repent and change her course, she would soon find that *he* was all right, and—inferentially—all the trouble was of her making. Not one word on the other side! You even quote your own experience *against* her. My dear, *did* you really find that your 'trouble' was of your own making, and *did* you really change ANYTHING except your own amount of distress during the process of disintegration? Marriage is the only contract which society does not promptly admit to be broken when either party refuses to fulfill his obligations—as agreed to. And in view of the custom of ages, and the instinct in woman formed by such custom (which instinct makes the establishing of individuality the *very* hardest thing in life for a generous woman), I think that your implication against the woman, trying with all the light she's got to keep her side of that very one-sided contract is simply—cruel! I wish I could get at that girl and tell her that her *only* chance for happiness is through the paradox 'Whoso will not lose his life cannot find it.' Whoso will not 'let go' of the love which his five per cent judgment claims as his only *righteous* chance, cannot inherit that which the ninety-five per cent would attract if the five per cent were 'offered up' to the spirit. This is the first time I have ever disagreed with your point of view." Jane.

That article, "So Near and Yet So Far," has brought forth volumes of comment, most of it highly favorable and nearly all of it from women themselves. But among the writers were three critics, and among the critics one of the brightest women I know, whose letter appears above.

And she says that article is to her disingenuous. Of course it is, for she has not yet arrived at the point of *giving up her own way*. She is still a Pharisee of the Pharisees—on the surface. She is proud; she *knows* she has done her best to bring things right—according to her judgment of right;

and she *does hate* to acknowledge her foolishness! She will "hold fast her own integrity" as long as there is a shred of it left! Don't I know? Didn't I do exactly the same thing? Of course. But the pressure of the great spirit of love, wisdom, justice, was too much for me; I *had* to give up my judgment; I *had* to acknowledge that there *must* be the same spirit expressing in my husband's judgment; I *had* to let go, be still and get at *his* point of view. Jane, too, will have to do it. And the fact that that article "worried her to an extent she is ashamed of," is the proof. When Truth presses her point we worry until we can hold out no longer; then we give in.

One of the other two critics writes that over that article she "shed the first tears in over seven years." Then she asks me if I don't think I was a "little hard on the Taurus woman," and goes on to reveal plainly that her tears were those of *self-pity*. Don't I know? Haven't I shed quarts of such tears? Of course. But not more than an ounce or two were shed after I gave up my own way. But this second critic is arriving just as I did, and as Jane will—arriving all unconsciously to herself. Her letter sounds like a chapter from my own thinking of a dozen years ago. She gives a bird's eye view of her husband—no, of her husband's *faults*; she tells how she reads new thought literature on the sly—just as I did; and she winds up with this *piece* of good advice:

"I will say to such, live your own life as God intended you to, regardless of the fact of your husband. Be brave, hope, will and pray. Dress, look sweet. If your husband tells you he doesn't care how you look but to not come near him with your foolishness, as mine does, why, let him live his life in his own way, make home attractive for your own sake, read good books; and in time books will be your chum."

The third critic, too, is full of self-pity, though she does not mention her tears; and her letter is a long portrait of her husband's faults. She wants a little encouragement to leave him, but she is afraid he will go to the dogs if she does. So, like a generous woman, she sticks to him and makes the best (?) of a bad bargain.

Jane says my article was "cruel." Dearie, it was—as the surgeon's knife is cruel. But it is the truth, and it hurts but to make way for healing. The woman who blames has in her eye something worse than a cataract. The woman who sheds tears over her "fate" is moved by the "meanest of emotions." She attracts "cruelty," not only from that article, but from her husband.

It takes *two* to quarrel, and *either one* can stop it. It takes *two* to maintain "strained relations," and *either one* can ease the strain. The principles I tried to elucidate in that article are as applicable to a man as to a woman. But it was a woman, a Taurus woman, who asked me; therefore I talked straight to her. And I am a Taurus woman who has been through the same mill; and I wrote not from a hardened heart but from one made tender by experience and the Spirit of Truth. My point of view "might have been the husband's" if the husband had been an unusually just one. And I must say the husband's point of view is more apt to be *just*, than the wife's; for the reason that a woman is more apt to be blinded by *emotional self-interest*. In proportion as man or woman is ruled by emotion his judgment is distorted. *As a rule man's judgment* is straighter than a woman's. But judgment is a shallow thing, based upon *already revealed facts*. Woman's intuition goes to the heart of things and flashes facts into revelation. Women as a rule *see farther*, but are apt to misjudge what is *close at hand*. Only as man wakes in woman and woman in man do right judgment and love commune. Why not judge with the husband, as I *feel* with the wife? Is any man *totally* depraved?

Jane feels abused because she thinks I think that in family strains the woman is more at fault. In a sense I do. Women cannot only make and unmake empires but they *DO* make or fail to make harmony at home. Why, men with all their power are mere rag babies in the hands of women of *tact*. Women are the *real* power in the world—the power behind the throne. If only they would develop that particular kind of power instead of

coming around in front of the throne to lay down the law!—instead of measuring their *man-strength* against man. Real *woman-strength* will move the most stubborn of men. If I "blame" the woman (*I blame neither, any more than I blame a child for childishness*) it is because *I know she is the ruling power*. Her responsibility is determined by her real power.

And above all a Taurus woman may rule her home—and *does*. Either she rules by force—for she has more than her share of the man in her—and makes war and trouble for herself and others; or she learns her lesson and rules by *loving tact*; in which case her husband rises up and calls her *blessed*. The woman who knows and rules herself is the woman of Proverbs XXXI, 10th to 31st verses. Her husband is honored among men *because he is honored at home*; and because he is honored he *lives up to it*. Why, girls, you hold your husband's destiny in the hollow of your hand, in a far greater sense than any man holds a woman's.

But as I said before, *it takes two to make an unhappy home and either one can bring harmony out of discord*. Any ordinary woman can do it if she will. And any extraordinary man can do it quite as well as an ordinary woman.

This is not a question of what "society" admits; it is a personal question between one man and one woman. It is a partnership, whether society so admits, or not. And the failure of one of the partners to live up to the expressed or implied agreement does not justify the other party in the misdoing of her part *as long as they live together*. Does one theft or murder justify another? No! Neither does a neglectful husband justify a scolding or spiteful wife, nor *vice versa*.

Two people marry *first*, for the happiness of love; and second, for home privileges. No matter whether love flees or not, *as long as they keep up the home-privileges partnership* it should be done in the spirit of harmony. Remember, it takes *two* to destroy harmony and *either one* can restore it. If marriage is not a love contract let it at least be a harmonious business contract. If you can't, or won't, *adjust yourself* to your husband, then leave him. Don't stay and half-do your part of the business and cultivate hate and contempt. It's hell. *Get out*.

I have known several couples who lived years in comparative happiness after love had flown; who were kind to each other, considerate, business-like. The wives made pleasant homes and the husbands came and went at will. In their spare time the wives developed their personal interests and "lived their own lives," as critic number two advises. When the husbands took cranky streaks the wives simply made light of it to themselves, and forgot it as soon as possible. They lived on as comfortable terms as if the wives were simply *first-class* hired house-keepers; little crankisms were all in the bargain. Eventually every one of these couples separated, and nearly all the parties are now *happily* married. And *every couple parted amicably*; each being *satisfied* to terminate the old partnership.

To me a divorce is not a disgrace, but a family row is. And I suspect that most divorce rows are worked up to *drown guilty consciences*. Neither has done his best by the other, and he knows it; so he raises a great row to fix attention on the other's short-comings that his own may escape observation.

Until a man and woman have succeeded in living up to their home privileges in a manner befitting honest and intelligent man and woman, *they can't be sure that they are not fitted for a real loving union*. Friction over small things obscures vision and judgment, and hate hides the loveliness that *must* lie in every being. Get rid of the rowing over little things of every day life, and you will be able to love as much as your marriage will permit; and you will be free to dissolve the entire partnership if you desire.

Did I *really* change anything? Yes. Is it "anything" to bring peace and quiet pleasure and comfort and appreciation where their opposites were wont to hold bacchanale? Yes.

No woman who *honestly tries* the course I have



endeavored to outline will ever doubt that she really accomplishes *something*; neither will she regret.

Here is a word every married woman will do well to heed as long as she lives with her husband: *If you can't have your way without a fuss, then try his with a good will.*

Peace be unto you; peace which is the foundation for all you desire.

### CONVERSATION.

So many people express the desire to be good conversationalists. And so few people attain the art of conversation. And yet conversation is the simplest thing in the world.

But it is the easy thing which is hard to us convention-weighted moderns.

"Conversation," according to "Century," means "Informal interchange of thoughts and sentiments by spoken words; informal or familiar talk." And according to the same authority "conversation" originally meant "general course of actions or habits; manner of life; behavior; deportment, especially with respect to morals." Then it grew to mean, "familiar intercourse; intimate acquaintance or association; commerce in social life."

So the word which originally referred to all our acts and associations has come to mean simply the exchange of ideas *about* those acts and associations.

And it refers to the *familiar* interchange of ideas. "Con" means *with*; "verse" is from *versus*, to turn; and to converse is to *turn* your thoughts *with* another, and to cause another's thoughts to turn *with* yours. It is a reciprocal turning—you go with him a bit, and he goes with you another bit, and so on. If he would have you go a mile with him, you go *two* miles, willingly; and *vice versa*.

*The same law which, when acted upon, brings harmony into family or social life is the law of delightful conversation, the law of love, of give and take.*

Conversation is first of all, *familiar* interchange; familiar INTER-change. The man or woman who talks a blue streak (until you are blue) is not a good conversationalist. He is absorbed in his *own* point of view; he has no use for *your* point of view; he simply wants you to pat him on the back. There is no real conversation, no real interchange of ideas, with a chatterer who never lets you get a word in straight, and who will not listen to the few you manage to insert edgewise. A man who talks a steady stream is no more of a conversationalist than is a surly hermit or a tongue-tied booby.

And an argument is not a conversation, because an argument is an *opposition* of ideas instead of an interchange.

"Familiar inter-change of ideas"—why, that is what takes place when you and your beloved meet. You are never tongue-tied with him, though you often sit in sweet silences. You talk to him as the spirit in you moves, and when he speaks you listen. You are *at home* with him.

Therein lies the secret of conversation. What you have been seeking is the ability to prance around easily on mental stilts. You sat bolt upright in your tightest clothes in your stuffy, unused mental parlor, facing a Somebody you wanted so badly to *impress*. You felt stiff and anxious and entirely absorbed in your own point of view. You hardly heard what he said, so anxiously were you searching your mental crannies for something smart to say.

You can't converse on a perch like that. Come off! Never mind how you look, or what he thinks of you. *Get interested in what he says.* "Concentrate" on the one thing he is saying NOW. Go *with* him. Ask questions! Don't try to make him think you know all about it—nor anything else! Nothing pleases a man (or woman) so much as to have you ask questions. And to please is the first necessity of conversation. To displease is to shut off the flow of ideas.

*Keep in mind that your main object is to get at HIS point of view; NOT to show off yours.* The first thing you know you will really be conversing—inter-changing ideas.

Conversation is a natural enjoyment. Be natural, and look for the other fellow's point of view, and conversation will follow.

Self-absorption is the only conversation-killer. Go *with* the other fellow, and then go on beyond him; he will follow and go you still one better. You will draw out each other's ideas.

Conversation is mental co-operation.

—Blessed are the peace-makers for they see good; and to see good is blessedness.

—"Henceforth I no longer ask good fortune—I myself am good fortune." Whitman.

—"Enclosed find \$1 for Nautilus and Success Circle for another year. I want to say we have gained much benefit from both and hope to gain more. Of all the books on the new thought I have bought from you, Mr. Towne and others, I always feel more pleasure in reading those from your pen than all the rest. Your 'Solar Plexus' book and your kind letter of a year ago started me on the right road and I can't forget that, but your books suit me as no others do *anyhow*." F. J. K., Tarrytown, N. Y.

## 6,000

### NEW TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ADDED

This month! A friend has arranged to have Nautilus sent to 6,000 people for 3-months. He wants the entire 6,000 to send in their renewals promptly. If the wrapper around this Nautilus bears your name printed in purple stencilling you are one of the 6,000. Read carefully the three numbers you will receive, this being the first. And note the clubbing offers on pages 6 and 7.

—"What am I to do with a husband whose chief fault is the habit of 'chewing the rag'—eternally 'kicking' because things around the house are not just as he would like to have them. I want to cure him. How shall I do it?" G. B.

By curing yourself. It takes two to chew the rag and either one can stop it. Ever see a puppy worry a rag? Of course you have; and every time he showed signs of going off you shook the rag a bit to start him up again. Every time your husband stops chewing to get his breath you give your end of the rag a twitch and off he goes again. *Dead silence* will break anybody of chewing the rag. If you can't keep dead silence whilst he chews, why, walk quickly out of earshot. And do it at the *first* sign. It is *opposition* which keeps anybody chewing the rag—nothing else. And the opposition may be mainly mental on your part, but as long as he feels it he instinctively chews. *Agreement* will stop him. Cheerfully agree with him that you are at fault, correct the fault and *never attempt to excuse yourself*. That only twitches the rag. And between times see that you let him see by the little attentions every woman knows how to give, that you really *want* to please him. Learn the fine art of jollying your husband into thinking he is the best fellow on earth, and the smartest, and that you'd run your two feet off to please him. That is the way to convince him that you are the nicest girl in the world and the best housekeeper, and that of course you can't be expected to keep everything spick and span all the time. And it is a sure way to bury the rag.

—"Some of my readers will be surprised to note that I am now in favor of physical culture, under certain conditions. \* \* \* Having practiced physical culture without any appreciable benefit in past years, and being subsequently restored to health by mental culture, I at one time naturally exalted the latter at the expense of the former. \* \* \* But for reasons given in Lesson Nine I have reached the conclusion that there is a way of combining mental science with physical culture to the great advantage of the individual. Always keep uppermost in your mind the conception, for which the Radiant Center stands, the conception of your oneness with the Universal Energy, and of your consequent control over physical conditions, and then go in for hygienic reform, deep breathing and physical culture if you will. They will all help you, provided you use them as servitors and hold yourself in command. \* \* \* They will not help you if you get slavish, and lose your natural spontaneity of action through obedience to their precepts. \* \* \* It may agree with some one else to go without breakfast, and it may not agree with you. Some one may thrive on grape nuts, but that some one

need not be you. On general principles, over-eating is injurious, but there is no uniform measure which shall determine what each individual shall consume daily. A chronic "faster" may go without food for weeks, while a three-days' fast might ferry you over the Styx. \* \* \* Experiment all you will, but do not follow any particular method just because some health reform advises it. Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good—*for you*. \* \* \* Life is a long experiment anyway, and I believe in experimenting. It takes us out of beaten tracks, breaks up monotony, and in consequence awakens new life. Just watch people who do everything by the clock, with mathematical precision, and who have never changed their habits for years, if you want to see dead people with a mere semblance of life."—Kate Atkinson Boehme.

—New Year 1904.

—Happy New Year.

—The acme of great things accomplished.

—The encloser of still greater things to be.

—There will be 366 days in 1904, every one better and bigger with possibilities than the last.

—Opportunity knocks at your door this New Year's Day; opportunity to make a better start than ever before.

—Opportunity will knock at your door 365 times more before the year flees away. See you don't let somebody else answer the knocks. Answer every one yourself, and by next New Year's Day Opportunity won't have to knock; she will find your front door equipped with an electric bell.

—Yes, 1904 is Leap Year; the year when the whole world goes ahead of anything yet seen. Not a leap in the dark though; a leap into the light of goodness, greatness, love; a leap into the great To-Be-Discovered—where Our Father smiles and waits to meet us.

—Leap Year; the year when the girls have their chance; the year when they will make *better use* of their chances than ever before. No other Leap Year was ever like this. Other Leap Years the boys stood back and the girls blushed and went ahead. *This* Leap Year the boys and girls go hand in hand. Ah, there never was such sweetness as this Leap Year holds for boys and girls.

—New Year's Day; the day for resolutions. But in every year there are 364 days more for resolutions and every fourth year one day more. Let New Year's Day set the pace for 1904; but let every other day *keep* the pace, and better it, too. Don't make too many resolutions on New Year's Day. One good resolution well kept is better than 100 well made and half kept. And there is such a thing as making so many resolutions one hasn't time to keep 'em. It is easy to make 'em, but it takes *time* to keep 'em; and while there are 365 days in which to keep 'em there are at least 365 other things for every one of those days. So think well before you resolve; and select one or two of the very best resolutions you know of, for living up to in 1904. My Word is with you for stick-to-it-iveness and the joy of doing. Health, happiness and success follow fast in the train of stick-to-it-iveness and joy of doing.

—Before me is the picture of a very beautiful child with fair hair and brown or blue eyes I should judge. His parents are dead, and through some legal defect in a will made abroad the child was left penniless. His guardian has personally provided for him since he was two and one-half years old, and loves him dearly. He is now eight years old. But the man has lost all his money and his health, and greatly desires that some one of intelligence, culture and wealth as well as love, shall adopt the boy and give him the opportunities which so rare a child should have. If you are such a one write a letter to "Guardian" care Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass., and I will forward the letter to this man who lives near Boston. The guardian writes thus of this child: "The boy is a rare personality—full of human sunshine, magnetic, receptive, observing, without evil, yet strong willed and proud. *He has the soul light.* There must be on your list some lonely heart who would welcome such a companion."



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

"CHANT THE BEAUTIES OF THE GOOD." "Do not bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good," said Emerson.

You hinder or help the development of your friends and associates according as it is your habit to find fault or "chant the beauties of the good."

Anyone can find fault. Fault-finding is disintegrating. But it requires steadiness of character and self-control in no small degree to always recognize the good points in another and give expression only to that which will uplift and help.

Good words are constructive. They strengthen and build up.

An unbridled tongue sends out continually vibrations of inharmony which are destructive.

Good words for another promote good works.

There is an idea in the minds of many people that they can help their friends by plainly pointing out to them their faults.

Mayhap this is so in some rare cases, although I doubt it.

The way to overcome faults in others is to see through and beyond the faults to the real good which lies at the basis of every character.

Suggest to your friend that which you wish him to be, rather than point out what you do not admire in his make-up.

I have known men and women who were nagged into all sorts of extreme acts by well-meaning friends.

Probably you have known just such cases yourself.

And I have known of people who were saved by a friend from serious mistakes without a word being said.

There is a silent influence going out from each one of us continually that either acts as a help or hindrance to our friends.

Resistance to that which we look upon as evil in ourselves or others only serves to strengthen it. Jesus said, "resist not evil."

To continually recognize and resist the faults in our friends, serves only to make them more deeply seated.

Then a great many things which we look upon as faults in others are largely due to our own narrow views of life. We consider certain traits of character as faults because they do not fit in harmoniously with our own ideas and training.

Now when the whole world is singing "peace on earth good will toward men," let us put a little of our sentiment into practice. It is well enough to preach about more charity, but it is a thousand times better to practice a little of it.

Let us broaden out a little and seek for the other side of the question instead of hugging with a life and death grip our own little narrow view of the subject.

**LIFE.** We want more life—more of Life.

We are sick and tired of death—as he has heretofore manifested himself to us. We need to reconstruct our views of death. The monster must change his character, even as all the other monsters which the race has encountered in its journey have changed their characters—or seemed to change them—as we have learned more about them.

We read in the Inspired Book that death, referred to as the "last enemy," is finally to be outgrown. If this be true there must be a commencement made somewhere. Why not by those members of the new thought movement who are now seeking for physical immortality?

I do not believe any of us would care to live here through eternity. Everyone of us would be glad to know that the great change which comes at the end of life could be indefinitely postponed at will, by and through our understanding of and obedience to the laws of Life, and that when we finally desired to seek some other plane of manifestation the change need mean no more to us than going to sleep at night.

And I believe that this grand end can be attained, and that it will be in the not far distant future.

The first step will be the recognition of the friendliness and beneficence of all of nature's laws, when we comprehend them fully. We have heretofore been afraid to trust ourselves to the influence of nature. We have rebelled and resisted at every turn. This has been one of the reasons why death has heretofore been necessary.

To use a paradox, we have died that we might live. Only through the death of the physical body could the pendulum of the real life keep up its rhythm.

You see I believe in reincarnation. To me it is a most beautiful and logical doctrine. But I believe that reincarnation, so far as this planet is concerned, is only a phase of our eternal education. It will cease to be operative when our education here has advanced to the point where we are willing to co-operate with the laws of life, and when the readjustment called death shall take place daily and hourly instead of at the close of what we now term an earth life.

For death is really a readjustment of forces. There is no death in principle. And the Real Man is Divine Principle.

As it is now we enter the vortex which leads to death very early in life. The whole current of human thought and our own fears sweep us in that direction.

What is the remedy? Get out of the current of race thought. Know that there is nothing to fear. Know that all nature's laws are beneficent. Follow the guidance of your own soul, believe in it and trust its leading, instead of listening to the mortal babble of the multitude who are hypnotized by materialism. Co-operate with the forces of nature and practice non-resistance.

Thus will the regenerate life begin to manifest within you. A sense of the eternal will come upon you. But do not think because you have ceased to be hypnotized by the material world that you are to have nothing more to do with it. The material world is the workshop of spirit. Your life will need to go on much as heretofore, so far as the outward appearance goes. But deep down beneath the surface you feel a growing sense of security and peace and fuller consciousness of the world of spirit upon which the material world is founded.

The only way to abolish death is by recognizing Life—Eternal Life.

The new thought movement is the grandest movement of the ages. It is the climax of all other religious and philosophical movements. Crude though it may appear at present, fantastic and full of exaggerations and absurdities, it yet has within it the divine germ of a fuller revelation of eternal truth than any movement that has gone before. And through this movement I believe we shall see sin, sickness and death wiped out forever.

The time has come for us to make a practical demonstration of what we believe. This is the need of the hour. We must put into practice what we have been preaching. The work of regeneration must be carried out in each individual. One accomplished fact in this line is worth yards of theorizing, just at this time. We have truth back of our philosophy and the time has come to demonstrate it. Let us show our faith by our works. Only a living faith can accomplish anything. If your theories will not stand the test of demonstration, then you had better change them for others. We preach freedom from sin, sickness and death, and we must begin to show it forth in our lives. We have done much already in this line, but nothing by comparison with what we can and shall accomplish in the near future. Stand by the faith that is in you.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

## BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\*\*\* You will find many people interested in the new thought whom you would expect to find strenuously opposing it. For instance, take the patent medicine manufacturers. The owner of Cascarets is an ardent Christian Scientist. The Swanson's Five-Drops man is interested in Dr. Hanish's presentation of new thought. Another

prominent manufacturer of patent medicine is a steady patron of new thought book dealers. Still another publishes a liberal "medical" journal of wide circulation which upholds all methods of drugless healing, including Christian and mental science, and opposes the drug habit in general.

\*\*\* I have often stated that all forms of healing were based upon the law of suggestion. The effects of medicine are undoubtedly largely due to suggestion, although I believe that each kind of medicine has a quality or nature peculiar to itself, with power to influence, to a limited degree, the body of the patient provided he is negative to its influence. The chemical action of a remedy upon a diseased function suggests the natural action to the subconscious mind, and this sometimes helps to restore normal action permanently. In his new book entitled "Psycho-Therapy," Dr. Sheldon Leavitt expresses this idea as follows: "The drug, by virtue of selective affinity, irritates (stimulates if you prefer the term) some particular nerve center, or even nerve terminal, through which a customary physiological action ordinarily passes, or in which it is usually excited, the artificial stimulus being accepted by the controlling power for the genuine, and the usual phenomena accordingly developed."

\*\*\* More and more the truths of psychology are being recognized in the business world. The largest and most successful magazine in the country devoted to the interests of advertisers makes a specialty of the psychological side of the subject.

\*\*\* In an article on "Salesmanship" in a recent issue of the magazine just referred to, I find the following: "A certain house manager, owing to family troubles, was unable to manifest vigorous interest in his business. He had good salesmen, yet the trade fell off ten per cent during the year, while other houses in the same line gained. The following year he 'got down to business' and gained twenty per cent with the same salesmen, while the houses with whom comparisons had been made showed no material gain over the previous year. The whole difficulty was with the house man."

\*\*\* C. W. Post, the millionaire manufacturer of Postum Cereal and Grape Nuts, is sending out with each package of his products a little booklet entitled "The Road to Wellville," which contains one of the best new thought sermons I have ever seen. He covers the whole ground of right thinking, diet and exercise. Here is an interesting extract from the booklet, which was written by Mr. Post himself: "Likewise and following the same law, there are two minds, one, the Mortal, which is a reflex from the involved law in the brain. The other or higher mind which is not a product of matter and which may be denominated the DIVINE, plays upon the larger brain [Mr. Post refers to the Solar Plexus or Abdominal Brain. W. E. T.] and sends out its efferent impulses or telepathic messages over the Sensory Nervous system. These facts and their reasons would be better understood by the reader after a year or more of study in Psychology; but it is sufficient for our illustration to thus briefly recite them, in order to drive home the understanding that you think Disease, Anxiety, Hate, Sensuality, Grief, etc., with the lower or Mortal mind, and disease shows forth in the body. When you find yourself using this mind in this way, shut it off, and try the peaceful, happy, contented mind; it stands ready always and will send healing currents over your body. \*\*\* It is of tremendous importance to keep in the right and healthy mind and avoid dwelling in the negative or disease mind."

\*\*\* I wish that I might quote the remainder of this practical health sermon, but it would hardly be fair to the author, and space is also too limited. Who can tell how many people may become interested in advanced thought by reading this little leaflet which is being spread broadcast over the country with the Post products? The new thought is fast creeping into every nook and cranny of the old thought.

\*\*\* I believe we have had occasion before to refer to a little magazine called *Soundview*,



which is published "at Olalla, on Puget Sound, in the State of Washington, U. S. A." *Soundview* generally presents an exceedingly *sound view* of important questions. We are not in the least astonished, therefore, to find this little magazine ardently advocating the cause of vegetarianism. The editor, L. E. Rader, is somewhat inclined to put the sentimental side of the subject foremost, which is all right, although we have never alluded to it because we consider that there are other more practical reasons for outgrowing meat eating. However, Mr. Rader's ideas are so good that I feel constrained to quote a few of them for your benefit. In his November issue he says: "If it makes no difference what one eats, why does poison kill? If it is of no consequence what one puts into one's stomach, where in the name of heaven, is the *excuse* for killing animals to put therein. This of itself is a complete refutation of the very argument used against vegetarianism. The only reason that could exist for the perpetuation of the slaughter house is that flesh furnishes an *absolutely necessary* article of diet—nutrition not found in the vegetable world. But even this contention has been refuted by science and experience. Now, if as these wise-acres say, it makes no *difference* what you take into your stomach, if they have a scintilla of humanity about them they would oppose with all their might the further taking of the lives of animals for food purposes. But no, they write those articles not only to excuse their own acts but to ease the consciences of those of their readers who may yet love the juicy beefsteak—and who want to 'eat what they love.'"

\*\*\* Well! Well! Well! What a lot of sins of omission and commission the new thought is expected to wipe out. One gentleman writes to the editor of *Nautilus* asking if she has a brand of vibrations on tap that will prevent married women sassin' their better halves. He says he would like to secure a bag or two of such vibrations right away quick, as his wife is in the habit of combing his hair with a soup ladle.

\*\*\* If you do not believe thoroughly in your own work, how can you expect anyone else to do so? If you have something to sell, you should be firmly persuaded in your own mind that the world will be immensely benefited by what you have to offer. Whether you have goods or your own labor to sell, seek to give the best possible value for the money.

\*\*\* You are in a particularly positive mood; so is the other fellow; you get to discussing something—important or trivial as the case may be—and the result is a mental explosion—or series of explosions. Now this could all be avoided by the use of what is called "tact." Says a writer in *Mahin's Magazine*: "When we wish to influence the minds of others, it is usually wise to board the 'train of their opinion,' ride with them and apply the brake gradually. The 'engine of thought' is most effectually reversed when not moving forward at too great a speed."

\*\*\* When tempted to ridicule or condemn anyone, first try to see things from their point of view. We are all fallible. Perhaps there may be one or two weak points in our own armor of righteousness, and these may be revealed to us if we honestly try to get the "other fellow's" view of the subject. We need to broaden out in our relations with other people and not get the idea that we are the whole circus, that our way is the only way and that it is our solemn duty to force everyone else to walk therein.

\*\*\* Blessed is the man (or woman) who does not always see the "other fellow" through the small end of the telescope.

W. E. T.

#### ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

—"Harmony; Psychology," is a dainty green and black booklet preserving two interesting essays by Alma Stanford, Santa Barbara, Cal. Price twenty-five cents.

—"Fred Burry's Magazine" is one of the best new thought magazines in the field. Always tastes like more. Price, \$1.00 a year. Published at 799 Euclid avenue, Toronto, Can.

—"Encouraging Words," is a little black and gold volume written by Mrs. Emma L. Williams, Cleburne, Tex. A book of "Essays and Poems Addressed to the Young." No price given.

—"Chips From the Rock of Truth" is a dainty little volume of four essays by Will J. Erwood, 1334 Pine street, La Crosse, Wis.—"designed to aid in the battle with self." Price, twenty-five cents.

—"Just One Power" is a new and exceptionally good new thought song, the words by my friend Anna C. Waterloo, music by James Gill. Published by Liberal Book Concern, 87 Washington street, Chicago. Price, sixty cents.

—"Improve Your Face by Making Faces," is the suggestive title of a tiny, dainty little twenty-five-cent booklet of sixteen pages and six full page illustrations. Written by Prof. Anthony Barker; published by Metaphysical Book Company, Box 360, Washington, D. C.

—"Love of Life and Life of Love," by Leon Andruth, is a chaste presentation of "Truths which every youth and maid should know." Seventy well printed pages bound daintily in green and white, no price given. Issued by Leonidas Publishing Company, 1228 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

—"Backbone" is the suggestive title of an up-to-date little fifty-cents-a-year magazine published at 603 First avenue, Cedar Rapids, Ia. Edited by Robert Joseph Brown, managed by Solon Massey Langworthy, in the interests of their own brand of osteopathy and right living. Good. Ask for sample.

—"The Being With the Upturned Face," is a new book by Clarence Lathbury, published in artistic and substantial binding by Nunc Licet Press, 42 West Coulter street, Philadelphia. Price by mail, \$1.10. A lofty and original expression of high truths; a book for human nature's daily inspiration.

—"New Thought Primer" is another of those generous sized and artistic twenty-five-cent booklets the "Now Folk" get out at 1437 Market street, San Francisco. Written by Henry Harrison Brown, editor of *Now*, and well fitted to present the "Origin, History and Principles of the Movement." A good book for inquirers.

—And here comes Vol. 1, No. 1, of an artistic new magazine called *Wise-Man* and full of "Suggestions of Health, Happiness, Wisdom." Published at 500 Fifth avenue, New York, with Leander Edmund Whipple as editor, and Alexander Wilder, M. D., and Mrs. Eva Best as associates. May *The Wise-Man* live long and successfully.

—Lovers of the occult will find "Nephele," by Francis William Bourdillon, a story of unusual interest. It is a "musical romance" sweetly and thrillingly told—so well told that the sting is taken away from its sad ending. Published by Fenno & Co., New York. Price not given, probably \$1.00. A dainty white and gold volume in a box.

—"That Which We All Long For," by Herbert J. Pigott, 225 N. Carondelet street, New Orleans, La., is a new revised and much enlarged edition of his valuable little booklet on health. All about "Constipation and How to Cure It." Practical, inspiring, new-thoughty way of dealing with matters of diet and hygiene. Price only twenty-five cents.

—Here is a copy of the "New Thought Calendar," sold for thirty cents postpaid, by D. A. Stillwagon, 127 Union street, Flushing, N. Y. The calendar is all in white for purity, and green clover for life and good luck, and brown for practice, with a separate slip for each day in 1904, upon each of which is printed a new thought message for the day.

—"A Man of Destiny," by Ernest Linwood Staples, is a beautiful poem in noble setting. Printed and bound elegantly in limp leather, silk lined, with several fine engravings of the "Man," his first home and some of the monuments erected to his memory. The "Man of Destiny" was Abraham Lincoln, whose life and praises are well sung by Mr. Staples. Price in this style, \$2.00; plainer

bindings at \$1.00, and at fifty cents. Address the author at 799 Liberty street, Springfield, Mass.

—Have you read "John Percyfield," by C. Handford Henderson? It is one of the sweetest things I have read in a long time. Full of that pure sentiment which we love in "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and with very little more of a plot; but *alive*, and broad and deep as life always is. The sweetest of love stories, quaintly told and brodered with the author's high views of all things ethical. A book for true lovers. Published by Houghton-Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50. To be had at any book store.

—Before me is a large book of 380 pages printed on fine coated paper and cloth bound, which sells for \$5. It bears this inscription on the title page: "Compendium of Revealed Knowledge, a Complete System of Anthropology; Blending the spiritual and physical forces in man, occult cause of life, its explanation; the sixth sense, scientific development; Psychic-Sarcology, including vital science, a new and perfect system of healing without drugs; discovery of the psychic globule, a revelation from nature; science of healing revolutionized, the mysteries of life unveiled." Written by C. H. Carson, V. D., 12th and Washington street, Kansas City, Mo. I don't know what "V. D." means, but it might mean Vital Doctor, judging from the looks of his picture in the front of this book. Dr. Carson's philosophy and practice appear to be a successful cross between mental science and osteopathy. The book is scientific and interestingly written, and will repay careful perusal; such as I mean to give it.

### 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. \* \* \* 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 ABSOLUTELY FREE. I will, if desired, enter also the name of your wife or husband or other relative or friend without extra charge. 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." \* \* \* REMEMBER, 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 new 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. \* \* \* When 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. \* \* \* Your order will be filled and the first of the Course of Lessons sent you by return mail. \* \* \* I teach Success by these means, and daily I speak for the Circle collectively the Silent Word of Success.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:—

—"I have followed directions in Lesson I each day for a month, and I feel decided improvement in my condition. I am the housekeeper, and I used to do nothing but hurry and worry from morning until night; but do what I would everything went wrong and everything I ate burned my stomach. But after using the Lesson I do everything more quietly and much *better* than before and my digestion is good." M. B.

That is a good sample of the first reports which come in from Success Circle members. The loss of friction and consequent gain in health are the first results of systematic going into the silence. It is a *fact* that we can accomplish more work in less time and *with pleasure*, if we have FIRST made preparation by relaxing and *letting in* divine power. The energy which flows into us in the silent hour not only *oils the machinery* of life, but it *turns on the steam*. This is why it is best to *begin* a day's work with the silent hour; or at least to get in the silent time before the day is more than half up.

When things "go wrong" it is *always* an indication that you need a quiet time in order that the One Power may flow in again. It is best to *begin* the day aright; and then at every little inclination of fret, hurry or worry, to stop short, and get quiet again for a few moments. A few slow, full, even breaths of OUTDOOR air (open the window if you haven't time to go out) with



affirmations of I AM LOVE—a quiet letting go of things and a remembering of the source of all power—and you will find yourself almost instantly ready to go on without friction, fret, worry, hurry.

Now note this letter from one who does not start right, nor stop to get right:

"In the morning I have not time to practice the exercises, so I put them off until night. And at night I don't seem to have the will-power to hold my mind on higher thoughts. I just want to rest and be let alone."

Of course. She spends energy all day, allowing no time to gain energy from the only source of energy, the silence, where love or God is always waiting to fill whoever comes to be filled. This woman might as well keep on exhaling her breath and then wonder why she felt weak! We have to inhale love or God or power, as well as to ex-hale it in efforts. All weakness, hurry, worry or friction is certain indication that we are exhaling our power down to the last inch. It all means STOP! and throw open your soul windows and let love and life in. And slow, full, even breaths help you to take slow, full, even, soul-breaths of energy. Physical expansion induces mental and spiritual expansion. Soul, mind and body are one you know, and sympathetic action is natural.

One more thing: Don't be too literal in your interpretation of the details of the Lessons. If you can't hold your eyes wide open and unwinking, let them close. Try it again tomorrow, and let them close when they are ready. If you practice long enough your eyes will stay open without

effort. But their staying open is not a thing to be striven for; it is a symptom which will come in due time, as your self-control grows.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

—If "feb 04" appears on your *Nautilus* wrapper beside your address your subscription expires with next number.

—"Nautilus" this month is a real sacred benediction—has blessed me and my wife, making us better." Rev. Andrew P. Stout, Sheridan, Ind.

—"I must thank you for *Nautilus*. Would never be without it, for it develops one's ideas and is a great cure for the blues. It ought to be in every home." F. Muller, Jr., Union, N. J.

—The "Greeting" printed along with the half-tones of William and Elizabeth at the head of this *Nautilus*, was written by my bright friend Virginia Rust Humphrey of Scranton, Pa.

—I had hoped to tell you in this *Nautilus* a little about that New Thought Convention at Chicago. Several have written that it was "splendid," "fine," "great," "wished Elizabeth and William had been there," but so far not a detail has reached me. I presume everybody supposed everybody else had informed us! I rejoice that it was so successful though, and hope to hear about it later.

—We have had a pleasant visit from Milo Leon Norton of Bristol, Ct., the witty and wide-awake editor of *The Anvil*. Mr. Norton used to be a preacher, and looks the part. Afterward he took to carpentering, which he succeeded at but did not like. Now he does good printing and scribbles; which just suits him. His latest scribble is a clever and comical take-off on Burnell, which will appear in his next *Anvil*. Send him five cents for a copy. And when you are in Bristol look him up. He is a cordial fellow and never forgets his friends.

—Anybody who thinks it possible to please everybody should publish a paper as a means of self-enlightenment. Here is a man who wants his paper stopped because he has "a strong aversion to Mr. God, or to anything that argues on that mean creature." In the same mail comes another letter from a man who says he will not subscribe because I "leave God out"; he calls this a "world of strife" and sends tracts to prove he is right and I one of "God's enemies." It takes all kinds of people to make a world. I smile at the kinds who don't know how to take *Nautilus*, and I rejoice in the hundred and forty and four thousand who do. (And they are 1600 to 1 in favor of *Nautilus* remaining a monthly!)

—"Your 'How to Train Children and Parents,' I have read often and get good from it each time. It will be quoted at a 'Mother's Congress' to be held in this city." L. F., Portland, Ore.

—"Your 'Experiences' helped me to conquer a bad habit—inspired me to finish every piece of unfinished work which I had; eight in all and some of them commenced six years ago." L.

—"A long, slow pull—nervous prostration—an operation—two run-arounds, was quite badly hurt both times—and despair I could not reason off! Your Solar Plexus book fell into my hands. I threw myself onto the bed and practiced—and felt the first real uplift I had had since my collapse. Had given up all new thought in disgust, but this was real—was life; how sweet few know unless they have been to the bottom as I have! Each *Nautilus* is read, unless I give it to someone, until it is worn out." Mary Herring Hudson, Havana, N. D.

—"I wish to say that my friend has gained over ten pounds from the good received in reading *The Nautilus*." Homer D. Trask, Keene, N. H. (His friend has as yet had but two or three numbers!) \* \* \* "Soon after I had my son, age fifteen years, made a member of the Success Circle a man offered him a good position. And Saturday last my boy went to college, having earned enough to buy a complete outfit of clothing and books and pay tuition for a year ahead. This is Thanksgiving day and I wanted to tell you." G. P. \* \* \* "My husband's law practice has picked up in a wonderful manner since you put his name in the Success Circle." S. A. \* \* \* "Although still a victim of that busy feeling which accomplishes almost nothing, what *Nautilus* and the Circle have done for me is simply wonderful." M. C. \* \* \* "I have received from new thought and the Success Circle so much good on certain lines. Life has never flowed so smoothly—there seems to be no friction at all on the mental plane, which is saying much for me. And financially things are better than ever." J. I.

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