



THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

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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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HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

NO. 8.

The Spirit of Good which is me, turns
all things to beautiful results.
The Spirit of Good which is me, turns
THIS thing to beautiful results.
Be still, my heart, and see.

—Within the temple of my heart
The light of love its glory sheds.
Despite the seeming prickly thorns
The Flower of Love free fragrance spreads.
Perennial springs of bubbling joy
With radiant sparkling splendor flow.
Intoxicating melodies
On wings of heavenly zephyrs blow.
Yea! Peace and bliss and harmony—
Bliss, oh how divine!
A flood of rolling symphony
Supreme is mine.
Free birds of golden plumage sing
Blithe songs of joy and praise.
Sweet children of the blushing spring
Deep notes of welcome raise.
The roseate hues of nascent morn
The meadows, lakes and hills adorn.
The nimbus of perpetual Grace
Cool shower of nectar softly rains.
The rainbow arch of charming colors
With smiles the vast horizon paints.
The tiny pearls of dewdrops bright
Lo! in their hearts the Sun contain.
O Joy! the Sun of love and light,
The never-setting Sun of life
Am I, am I,
Om.

—SWAMI RAMA.

IMMORTAL THOUGHT.

"If I am God can I have any mortal thought? If I am God why is not all my thought God-thought? If one has mortal thought must there not be a duality of being, mortal and divine? This is a vexatious problem to me, and I hear so many conflicting theories." E. C.

I AM of every being is God, the *only* power, wisdom, will, mind; the only actor in all action; the only creator, disintegrator and recreator. The I AM of you is One, the Only One.

The I AM or ego or spiritual being of you is a thinker. All thinking is done by the one thinker—mortal thinking or immortal thinking.

Your body is an organization *within* you, the real you, the I AM, the thinker,—an organization within you of the thoughts you (the I AM or God) are thinking. Your body is the present conclusion of all the thoughts, good, bad or indifferent, true or untrue, mortal or immortal, which you have thought, unthought or rethought from the beginning of eternity; and hourly it is being changed by the new thoughts coming to you. The real you does the thinking, recording conclusions in the body—which, mind you, is *not* you; nor does it even "contain" you; you are omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient spirit or mind, and your body is *within* you. In you (God) it lives and moves and has its being, and by you (God) it is held together.

You have all-power to think all kinds of thoughts; and you *use* that power. You know you do—you know you think good thoughts, bad ones, mortal ones and immortal ones. Why question it? You think all kinds of thought. But that does not make you all kinds of a being. You are the One Being to whom all kinds of thinking are possible, just as you are a being to whom all sorts of acts are possible.

In their essence, thought and action are one. Are you a human being when you play on the piano and an animal when you sweep a floor? Are you a human being when you walk and a fish when you go swimming? Of course not. You are the One Being whatever you choose to do or think—you are God-being. One time you think mortal thoughts and the next time you think immortal thoughts (results always recording in your body) but always you are the same God-being.

And you *feel* all sorts of ways; but always you are *you*—the same One, God-being.

Your mortal thoughts are your thoughts of mortality—of death and all that leads to death—of sin, sickness, unhappiness, all that *tends to discourage you from wanting to keep on living and thinking*. Your immortal thoughts are your thoughts of life, activity, love, joy—all those thoughts which make you *want to live more*. One thought differs from another but YOU go on forever, the same One God-being.

Your mystification all comes from confounding yourself with your thoughts; from thinking of your thought-built body as you—which it is not.

In its deepest analysis your body and *all* your thoughts are purely mortal thoughts, and only your real *you*, the thinker, is immortal. To be immortal is to be subject to no change—which is true of Life Principle only. To be mortal is to be subject to change and death—which is true of *all* thought, even thoughts of life, love, joy. All thoughts are fleeting and therefore "mortal" applies to them. Evil disappears before good thought, and "Good doth change to better, best."

The body is eternally changing—eternally receiving from the Self or spirit higher thought and eternally sloughing off lower thought. Body is mortal and *will never be anything else*. It will never cease to change; it will never cease to receive new thought and slough off back-number thought; it will never cease to "die daily." If it could for one hour cease this daily, hourly dying, this casting off thought which is out of date, it would die altogether.

Individual *hanging on* to dead thought is the cause of all old age and somatic death. The body instead of throwing off its dead and dying thought through its eliminative system, allows it to continue piling up in the body until death of the entire body comes as a relief. And the God-self goes on to new incarnations.

All bodily energy is the energy of *live thought*. Death comes to the body when dead thought preponderates. "Except ye become as a little child," whose daily dying is perfect, you shall continue to grow old and die the somatic death. A child hangs on to nothing. Every new thing charms it completely from the old, and its intense mental and physical activities keep the old moving out and off to make room for more of the new. Can you give any reason under the sun why human beings should not continue to live the child life and escape death of the body as a whole? There is no reason to be found in science, logic or nature; the one reason lies in our artificial living. We stuff the mind with unused knowledge; we stuff the body with twice to ten times the food we need (all food is thought, too); we glory in "owning" more things than we can possibly need or use; we spend our time straddling our possessions to keep others from using them; is it any wonder we become literally *loaded DOWN* until our bodies are too cumbersome for any life more strenuous than that of the grave? Life to us is *too* real, too earnest; we want too much; and as long as we persist in living at this dying rate the grave will be our goal.

I said that in its last analysis all thought is mortal thought. This is true of *formed* thought, or *thoughts*. Thought substance is eternal; thought substance is "matter," without beginning or end; and matter in its original state is mind or spirit—the One Thinker and his thought material, one and indivisible. Thought substance is immortal, unchanging; but all *forms* of this thought substance are mortal, ever changing. Think of the ocean—the water is ever the same but the *waves*, the *forms* assumed by the water, eternally change; so with thought substance and thought forms. The body being an organization of thought forms, of "mortal thoughts," must "die daily"; but that thought substance from which all its forms are made is *immortal mind*—is the *God-self*. Your body is simply a series or growing organization of fleeting eddies in your immortal God-self.

Too wonderful to grasp? Well, never mind—better *not* grasp it *too* tightly anyway—it might prove only another weight on your mind! Let the thought come and go in your consciousness, as waves come and go on the ocean; by and by you will "realize" that it is true—that you and the Father, body and soul, are *all One* and eternal.

Just take it for granted, dearie, and love and be radiantly happy. So shall you use mortality to prove immortality.

PHRENOLOGY AND NEW THOUGHT.

"Phrenologists and New Thought thinkers are closer together than any other class of reformers, but we often wish New Thought advocates, instead of recognizing three or four functions of the mind, would realize that the human brain possesses forty-two well established organs or faculties, through which the mind manifests itself into forty-two different or distinct phases, and that these faculties, like the keys of an instrument, with the forty-two notes in combination, give an unlimited number of phases of character.

"New Thought writers continually advise concentration of mind, for the accomplishment of a single object. Phrenologists know that concentration or continuity is only one faculty of the mind. Many persons lack that faculty; to such the advice to concentrate is good, but many other persons who have too much of it (are too monotonous already) that same advice to such persons is bad; the trouble is, New Thought writers do not know who needs or does not need such advice, and like the drug doctors who give the same dose to all adults (according to the book) without reference to the adult, whether he is of a nervous or lymphatic temperament; they make mistakes that often end disastrously. Some years ago a phrenologist told a lady that she had excellent talents for journalism, but that her self-esteem was too small, she had no confidence in herself, therefore her talents would lay idle unless she asserted herself before the world, and had confidence enough to undertake responsibilities. He told her how to cultivate the faculty. This lady is now the highly talented editress of *The Nautilus*, published at Holyoke, Mass., and is a great advocate of New Thought. But she certainly makes a blunder when she estimates other people by herself, and advises all her readers to assert themselves, to cultivate self-esteem—as if every one needed such advice. She says walk right up to your desires and say 'I will,' 'I can,' and you will succeed in that which you undertake to do.

"Now we desire to know if Mrs. Towne really means to say, because one 'desires' to be a great writer and asserts himself he can become that whether he possesses the necessary literary talent or not?

"One may have ambition or desire to become famous in some line of work if approbation be so excessively developed as to lead to vain ambition, and self-esteem be large enough to give him confidence to go ahead; but all the ambition and self-confidence in the world would not enable him to succeed in any vocation for which he did not possess mental qualifications or talents peculiar for the undertaking.

"Desire does not necessarily indicate talents. If

one does not possess special talent or mental faculties for the work to be undertaken, he will make poor progress though his ambition or approbation and self-confidence be excessive; nor will all the 'concentration' he can cultivate, or all the 'Will' New Thought writers prate about do very much good; to cultivate a faculty or faculties takes years of persistent effort when those faculties are very weak.

"New Thought advocates remind us of the old couplet—

'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pyrean Spring.'

"They only know part of mental science yet. They are finding their way gradually, but they will never be able to unlock the true door or gateway of the mind until they get the phrenological key."—Prof. Allen Haddock in *Human Nature*, San Francisco.

Humanity is becoming conscious of its oneness. The world is evolving. The above article is another of the countless millions of little proofs of it which are constantly revealing themselves to those who know how to look for them. A few years ago Professor Haddock scored mental science as unadulterated rot and intimated that its leading exponents were either knaves or fools! I well remember a roast or two he gave me! But I knew he was laboring under a misapprehension and I surmised he would some day recognize the kinship of mental science and phrenology. So I did not fly off the handle and write him to "stop your paper at once." I thought it would be more fun—and more instructive—to keep an eye on him. And this is one of my little "rewards"—added to my virtuous feelings!

More new thought writers are also students of phrenology—and all other methods of character reading—than Professor Haddock guesses; and it is not because we fail to understand phrenology that we advise as we do, but because we have caught glimpses of the soul behind the brain. Phrenology is to real mental science what anatomy is to the true art of healing, what the letter is to the spirit.

The mind or soul built the head. To understand the construction of the brain is interesting and useful as a proof that we have arrived at some understanding of the soul's modes of action. It is also valuable as affording us hints for further development. But its field is limited, and he who would trace life to its source must go deeper than phrenology; he who would change what phrenology tells him must leave phrenology behind and enter unexplored realms; must realize that the fact that a thing has not been done is no proof that it cannot be done. Phrenology is the earth side of mental science, and new creations are not of earth. The pattern is in the mind or soul.

That phrenologist told me that I was so lacking in self-esteem that I could not be what I was fitted for. He told me to cultivate the faculty, but that it "would take years of persistent effort" and that it was too late for me to accomplish much. I was then over thirty. And he was no fool, nor was he a pessimist. He was a remarkably good character reader, a blind young man named Cooper, well known in the West.

Not long after I saw him Prof. William Windsor, known all over the land, came to the Hotel Portland (Portland, Ore.). I went through his classes, and one day he examined my cranium and told me exactly what had been said by the blind phrenologist.

I was then a new mental scientist, and I tried my best—urged by that same shriveled bump of self-esteem—to extract a little encouragement from him to the effect that I could at least do something in the literary or business line. He tried not to hurt my feelings but he told me the unwelcome truth as he saw it—he gave me to understand that such a hole where self-esteem ought to be was a fatal defect, not to be overcome by less than a life time of persistent effort, after which—if it were not for the fact that I must then die of course—I might hope to accomplish something in a literary line.

I went away disheartened. But I had already a glimpse of the real life principle behind things—the power of concentration and will—and I soon recovered my poise. After a day or two I began to hear the soul's whisper, "ACT as if you had the desired self-esteem—ACT, and prove that real

self-esteem is not in the cranium but IN THE SOUL—that the sum of your power in any line is not bounded by your skull."

Within a year from the time I met Cooper—during which I continued in class teaching and healing, and had three of the four articles which I wrote published in *Mind and Freedom*—I conceived the idea of publishing *The Nautilus*. In just three weeks from the time the idea came to me the first number was issued.

And not one soul among my many relatives but saw for me ignominious failure, and embraced every opportunity to paint it in lurid colors.

I listened to all, saw the reasonableness of all they said and more besides, and was serenely unmoved. Never before in all my life could I stand against "practical" arguments without clenching my muscles and doing it by sheer brute will—driving through in spite of the arguments, the truth of which I could not help seeing. But this time there was at the center of me a steady something which seemed to need no protection or defense, and about which their arguments flew without once striking the mark. In those few months I had made connection with the universal source of all esteem—I felt myself backed by God himself. Gradually the clamor of their argument died away into a sort of pitying silence which seemed to accord me the right to learn by experience if I must!

Professor Haddock once intimated that the phrenologists who told me I had a hole where self-esteem ought to be did not know their business; or else that my self-esteem is a bogus affair which would not stand much of a real test. He was wrong on both counts. He must acknowledge that my self-esteem stood a hard test before *Nautilus* saw the light, and it has stood many another since. And whatever any phrenologist might say in an attempt to impeach the quality of my self-esteem would only make me smile—I know from full experience the difference between absence of self-esteem, self-esteem, and imitation self-esteem. Until I made connection of the real article my only refuge was the bogus; I "put on a bold front" over a quaking void—and few observers knew the difference.

One of Professor Haddock's greatest bug-a-boos is the idea that mental science teaches that anybody can become a great writer who desires to, whether or not he is adapted for such a career. What we really teach is this: No man will have the desire who hasn't it in him to develop into a writer. He may have a wish to be a writer, but wishes are to desire what wavelets are to the lake. Desire is a steady, deep urge which will never quite down, though it be lost sight of for months or even years at a time. Desire is the voice of developed faculties. It is the attractive power, the magnetism, of the organized being. Whatever faculties are most fully developed will express in desire.

It is as if every little cell in the dominating group of faculties sent forth its little urge, and all these little urges united in one swelling, steady stream which carries us easily in the right direction for their satisfaction. Because the dominating group of faculties does dominate it will in due time have its way; even though the other lesser groups carry us hither and thither in short-sighted efforts to gratify themselves regardless of the desires of the dominant group.

Where a man totally unfitted for a literary career claims to "desire" it you will find upon careful consideration that he only "wishes" it; that is, he is being sidetracked for the time from his real desire, and he will not long persist in the efforts necessary to develop into a writer; he will be easily discouraged, and will in due time turn to something else, either in answer to another "wish" or through coming back again to his real desire—the underlying thing for which he is best fitted.

The most of our so-called desires are merely the transient "wishes" of the faculties of imitation and approbation. We admire some great writer and think he must enjoy his fame, and immediately every little cell in our big bumps of imitation and approbation cry out, "I want to be a writer." Then after a time we meet a great artist and fall into

a state of admiration for him; whereupon all those same little cells send out their tiny urges—"I want to be a painter!"—and our "desire" to write disappears. And so, as long as we live in our imitative and approbative faculties we are pulled hither and yon by our admirations, each "desire" dying to give room for another; always seeking, never satisfied because we heed not the voice of the dominant group whence comes real desire.

But what of it? We are here to grow in wisdom and knowledge, and we need every class to which we are drawn, to round out the God-man consciousness. What if we do try to write when we are not fitted? Life is a school and we are all children in attendance. Every effort made, every work taken up, develops judgment and capacity for other lines of effort; by it we grow in wisdom and knowledge. Why do we learn Latin, Greek, or chemistry at school? Because we mean to use for the rest of our lives, only Latin or Greek or chemistry? No; but because we want to develop our faculties for use in all lines, or in any line which we may afterward desire to take up. By and by we may forget the Latin, Greek or chemistry but we shall never lose the brain connections and convolutions set up by their study—we shall never lose the increased capacity gained on those studies.

It is the same with all the efforts of our lives. The phrenologist will tell you that to get into the "wrong business" is a great calamity—that the man who does not "find his work" until he is forty or so has wasted his time. But I say unto you that this is a mistaken, a shortsighted view, based on the letter of life and not the spirit. The man who fails to find his work until he is forty was not fitted to pursue it. It took every one of those old ups and downs to develop capacity, wisdom and knowledge and heart enough to enable him to handle his real work when the time came; and beginning at forty he will make a greater success of his work than if he had been pushed into it twenty years earlier—just as a boy will succeed better at college for having passed through each and all of those preliminary classes.

I tried, one after another, a dozen or more different lines of work before I found my present work. I was compelled by lack of money, as almost every man or woman is who later succeeds. I am naturally "versatile"—a jack at all trades—with a desire (?) to excel at that which I see my neighbor doing. As soon as I prove to him and other observers that I can do it as well, or a little better, than he does it, my interest flags and I turn to something else—imitation, emulation, approbation, the bogus-desire urges. Thus I lived in the old days, and felt myself tossed, unstable, cursed. And there are millions like me.

But it was all good. The One Spirit pulled the strings of my being and made me dance in just the right way for my own good and the world's. I simply did not, and could not then, understand; hence my unrest and sense of failure. Now I can see it all. "If our foresight were only as good as our hindsight!" Not one of those lines of work I took up and then abandoned,—not one but I am using now in my work, and using it every day. I see now that my present work could never have been done if I had left out even one of those experiences. They were my preparation classes, and not one could have been omitted without making me "fail" at "commencement"—commencement of my real work.

And I am still going through classes, preparing for still higher "commencements"—with all eternity ahead.

The phrenologist is too much of a specialist. He selects your best developed group of faculties and tells you to keep on developing them. He intimates that success can be yours only as a result of harping on one string. A good violinist can play you a beautiful tune on one string, but if he kept on playing on one string you'd grow deadly tired of his beautiful tune. So, the man who keeps specializing on one line grows deadly tired of life—and quits it.

It takes an all-around development to satisfy God and the human soul, hence our attractions to

all sorts of lines of effort except the one the phrenologist thinks is the only one.

Right here comes the "concentration" which Professor Haddock says is not good for everybody. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might" is true concentration, without which no man can succeed at *anything*. The fact that some men have not gumption enough to know *when to transfer their concentration from one thing to another* does not change that truth. Concentration must be trained as a servant; in some men it is allowed to usurp the soul's authority or will.

New thought teaches the *direction* of concentration, and leaves the *quantity* to adjust itself. The phrenological faculty of continuity keeps the mind following one trail—keeps it "running on" in one line, regardless of whether or not the body keeps up with it, or whether such running on serves any good purpose. New thought teaches the *calling in* of the mind, and the *directing it* to practical uses; and calls this "concentration." New thought concentration is a *focusing of all faculties*, accompanied by intelligent *direction* of these focussed powers to the accomplishment of its purposes. "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do*"—that is the first step, to choose a practical direction for mental power to run in; then to follow it as far as *intelligent choice* dictates. The man with too large a bump of continuity needs the same practice as the one with too small a bump—the *practice of intelligently directing his mind along purposeful channels*. The mind with small continuity skips onto irrelevant topics and has to be brought back; the mind with over-developed continuity pursues the suggested line after that line has ceased to be relevant to the individual's *purpose*, wherefore it has to be brought back. In either case the mind flies the track of the *thing in hand*, and must be brought back again.

Continuity and lack of continuity are like two pups harnessed to a sledge; one is apt to fly the track on one side, the other on the other side; and in either case the driver must coax them again into the straight ahead course. New thought people refer to this process of coaxing the energies into line for the accomplishment of a *present purpose*, as concentration.

And we teach the necessity for frequent periods of rest from this coaxing into line—plenty of play time for the "pups" as well as the other faculties.

Life is a school; every experience a class, each with its own particular sort of work; and all our schooling should be a succession of specializings, with *all* our energies focussed or concentrated on each class of work in its turn. Each kind of work in its place is *best*, and *leads to better*—if well done; and *each comes in its place*. This is a fairly good sized universe, with a quite wise Soul over it; and I don't believe that even a speck of stardust, let alone a man, ever gets out of place.

So, dearie, wherever you find yourself do with soul and mind and body what your hands find to do, for you'll soon pass into another class.

So shall peace be with you, and unfold into full joy of doing and *loving*.

The school of life is the happiest place in heaven, when you know how to take it; and the way to take it is with a grain of salt for the phrenologist's dictum and heaps of faith in your own desires and wishes as the voice of your best needs.

You are not built in such a way that you must needs run to a phrenologist or anybody else to find out what line of work you are fit to pursue. *The spirit in you* directs by the Voice of Desire and Wishing and *all* roads lead to the Rome of self-knowledge and self-unfoldment. To this Voice new thought calls your attention.

TURNED TO BEAUTIFUL RESULTS.

"Do you ever meet something which seems to knock your whole theory to pieces? Here I have felt that the Spirit did lead me, that I was in close touch with the Spirit, yet after fighting against it as long as I could, I have finally consulted an oculist—two of them—who tell me my sight is in a most serious condition and that I should—at first symptoms—ten years ago have worn glasses all the time! Not once has this alternative been suggested to me by the Spirit!

I am more at sea as a result of this affair than I have been in my 'New Thought' life! I don't want to speak of this to one of those I have interested in these subjects! A line or two in answer to this in your paper will apply to many cases, I presume. Honestly, though, it's a great shock to me!" A. B.

Every one of us has prejudice-hardened brain-areas where the spirit *can't* make itself heard. A. B. doubtless had a prejudice against glasses and couldn't have heard the still small voice say "Wear 'em." She was stubborn, you see—kept "fighting against it" all those years. And thought the spirit led her to fight—which it doubtless did. She feared a great fear and developed it by fighting—as a trainer develops an athlete by boxing with him. Now the great fear rules the trainer.

Better heed a small fear when it first shows itself, face it squarely, and then set mind and body to remove the cause of the fear. Glasses purchased ten years ago and worn daily at intervals, simply to *rest* the eyes, *might* have saved all this trouble. Intelligent attention to *small* physical complaints will prevent large ones.

But don't believe all the bug-a-boo stories of an oculist. His neighbor oculist next door would probably tell you an altogether different story. Always remember that what an oculist or doctor gives you is *his opinion*, and that *any* man's opinion may be erroneous. Get out of the hypnotic glamour which emanates from professionalism, and use *your own* judgment and FAITH. Refuse adverse suggestions from *any* source—especially when they tell you of irreparable harm.

FOR PRIZE AWARDS

See page eight of this NAUTILUS.

There is no such thing in earth, heaven or hell as irreparable harm.

Know that the spirit *has* led you, even though not in the exact way you would have chosen. Know that the spirit *leads in spite* of whatever unsuspected prejudice-hardened brain areas you may have. Know that *all* things work for good—even *this*. And set yourself to find the good and *repair the harm done*.

What life has done once she can do again. As long as life lasts it is not too late to turn the tide of dissolution in *any* organ of the body. But the longer the dissolution has been going on the more attention, intelligence, will and persistence it takes to change the current. *But it can be done*.

If I should find my eyes *beginning* to trouble me I would heed the call and correct the causes immediately. The *first* cause of *any* disease is constitutional, not local. If my eyes troubled me I would first clear my system by a series of short fasts, along with plenty of *all-over* exercise, as much as possible out of doors, including plenty of systematic full breathing accompanied by positive affirmations of health and joy.

I would rest my eyes often by changing work, and by stopping frequently to close them for a few moments and then to roll them slowly three or four times from right to left, and then from left to right—rolling them clear around, as if following the outline of a great upright hoop in which I was standing upright. This movement brings into play certain eye muscles and nerves which are never used in ordinary work, thus correcting the usual eye strain. If I used glasses at all it would be for the same purpose—to change for a time the focus, resting the tired muscles and nerves. I would use my eyes without glasses until slightly tired; then rest and exercise them a bit and wear the glasses for a time while working. At the first symptom of tiring with the glasses on I would repeat the rolling exercises and lay the glasses aside again; repeating the change as often as necessary.

And every time I was in any way reminded of my eyes, especially every time I exercised them or changed to glasses or back again, I would take full, even breaths of *fresh* air and tell myself positively and repeatedly that *I am growing strong and my eyes are gaining fast—that my eyes are developing, growing, in wisdom, power, life, beauty and joy of seeing*.

All failure of eyesight is probably due to overworking one particular set of eye muscles and nerves; giving them more work to do than you give them energy to work with. These nerves and muscles fag out just as you would if kept at one particular kind of work until it became mechanical and then hateful to you.

All your body is intelligent and must be treated considerably if you would have it work well and grow strong at it. *Respect* your eyes, and give them rest and recreation enough, *change* enough, to enable them to *enjoy* their work. If your eyes receive respectful treatment they will with every year *increase* in usefulness and intelligence.

A. B. did not respect her eyes; when they complained she reproved them and told them they *could* do it and they *must*, so there! She used brute will upon them; instead of treating them in the respectful, kindly manner which would have roused the will *within* them. Have you not seen a mother *drive* her child, and noted the *inertia* and resentment of the child? Have you not seen another mother smile at her child, turn its attention by a story which roused the child's *desire* to do, and then noted the *ease* with which the child obeyed? The first mother tried to move her child by *her own* will; the second one kept her own will passive and *called out the child's will*—by sympathy, faith and the power of her own soul-shine.

Eyes are made of the *same* stuff as children, and need the same sort of treatment. A little change for them, a few smiles on your part, plenty of *faith in their right desire and power*, and they are ready again for work. And by and by they will have learned to work happily along without any *particular* thought on your part.

A little humoring, a little more patience, a lot of cheerful belief, and plenty of *repetition*, will rouse the eye-will to *habitual* good and happy work. If you take pains to apply these at the *first* symptoms of rebellion your work will be easy; if you persistently ignore and frown upon your eye-rebellion until rebellion becomes habitual and eye nerves and muscles badly fagged it will take more time, attention, humoring and repetition to get your eyes back into their naturally good humored and willing condition—to get *their* will roused.

Eyes develop by using them; but *not* by using them *against their will*.

But why should a failure to demonstrate "seem to knock your whole theory to pieces?" It would not *unless there was something wrong with the theory*. When you fail to add a long column of figures correctly it does not "knock the theory"—the principle—of addition to pieces, does it? It simply makes you look for and correct your own mistakes in applying the principle. If your theory of life and healing is correct it will not be so easily knocked. You will simply find, and correct, the spots where you failed to live up to your theory.

And why should you be "ashamed" to speak of this to any one of those you have interested in these subjects? Does an occasional mistake before her class disqualify a school teacher, or nullify the effect of the thousand and one correct "demonstrations" which have gone before? Does her little mistake cause all her pupils to straightway despise and renounce arithmetic? Or does it set the bright ones to work to demonstrate for themselves the problem the teacher has failed to work out? Pupils do not despise or renounce arithmetic or mental science because of a teacher's failure to solve some one problem. And if the teacher takes her mistake with calm good nature and sets herself to correct it, her pupils do not despise and renounce *her*. On the contrary they think all the more of her *because of her manner of meeting and overcoming a temporary defeat*.

The crowning glory of any human being is the ability to turn WHATEVER happens, into beautiful results; and the whole world does quick and instinctive homage to her who manifests this ability. See how the world loves and honors and sits at the feet of Helen Keller; *not* because she manifests sight and hearing or great learning; but because she has turned to beautiful results the

lack of these. The world rejoices in her because she can say with Walt Whitman:—

"And I will show that there is no imperfection in the present, and can be none in the future, And I will show that whatever happens to anybody it may be turned to beautiful results."

The restoration of Helen Keller's eyesight and hearing would have made of her a nine days' wonder, quickly forgotten; but the beautiful results, in heart and mind and deed, to which she has turned her misfortune, have given her a large and lasting shrine in human hearts.

Our failures are God-given opportunities to gain more glorious results.

LOOK FOR SPECIAL

On page seven of this NAUTILUS. The offer will be open but a few days and not repeated, so act now.

—Procrastination is the thief of time and the embezzler of happiness. It does not pay to live on the "going to" plan. Do it now.

—"If it is utterly impossible for you to give up the uncongenial work you are doing, get into harmony with it. Every rebellious thought concerning it depletes your force." Dorothy Quigley.

—"Since man came into existence he hath had too little joy. That alone, my brethren, is our original sin. And when we learn how to have more joy, we best get disaccustomed to cause pain and to invent pain unto others." Nietzsche.

—Dr. William C. Gibbons of Osceola, Wis., one of *Nautilus'* very first sweethearts, has been made a Swami of Vedantic Philosophy. He is now "Swami Narad," meaning "Heart of Love." Swami Rama, whose poem appears at the head of this number of *Nautilus*, performed the necessary ceremonies, and fifty guests witnessed. The Swami Rama is a native East Indian with a mission for educating his countrymen in America and then sending them home to infuse East India with western exoterism as well as esoterism. Success to his mission. We are none of us the Whole Thing, and east and west need each other.

—More new thought colonies! And California is the favored spot for their establishment—the land of fruit, flowers and co-operation. If we all go there to co-operate I'm afraid it will tip the continent—with only E. W. Dodge's colony at Ruskin, Tenn., and the American Co-operative at Lewiston, Me., to keep the balance. The latest is Dr. Mary A. Janney's colony near Santa Cruz, Cal., where there are no fleas and you can if you wish, live in a tent the year around and radiate Higher Thought without let or hindrance. For further particulars write Dr. Janney at 1010½ Washington street, Oakland, Cal. And here's health, happiness and prosperity to you all.

—"I have always had a strong will, but will, ambition and energy seem to have failed me." M. H.

Been using your will too strenuously—probably on other people. Will is vital energy and can be exhausted by too steady use. But a few days of rest and full breathing, and the tide of will, ambition, energy, will rise again. And frequent short rests will obviate the necessity for semi-occasional long rests. Nothing like a daily half hour or hour of relaxation and silence for keeping will, ambition, energy, at full tide. Will, ambition, energy, all come out of the stillness, and can be had from no other source. Every sense of depression, every "going wrong" of things, is a hint to go into the silence and get filled up again with will, ambition, energy, love and wisdom—they are all one, and all flow in together if you will only be still a while and let them.

—"All warnings of danger and presentiments should be used to make you firm and faithful to speak for the safety of those whom the evil prophecy concerns. Let such prophecies be to you what the danger signal is to the locomotive engineer, a sign to bring in the saving principle of the Almighty, and not let the ones in danger go on to destruction. Instead of being frightened or dismayed, you should realize that such things are only helps to those who believe in the power of the good word. There is no certainty in any prophecy of evil. At any moment the true word can annul it, even though the evil prophecy were uttered by a prophet sent of God. Jonah was sent of God,

and though he prophesied the terrible downfall of Ninevah within forty days, because of its sins, yet it did not come to pass. Why? Because it took advantage of Jonah's prophecy and repented, and the Good prevailed with the people, and the way was prepared for God to save them from the consequences of their own misdeeds. Thus Jonah's prophecy defeated itself, and was really a divine *of mutual good will*. It is distinctly an old thought success. No decree of evil is sure. No curse can stand before the true Word—the Divine Blessing. For every word of evil, do you send forth a word of good, and though a thousand evil words were spoken, ONE good word can put them all to flight. 'And five of you shall chase an hundred, and an hundred of you put ten thousand to flight,' Lev. 26:8. 'One chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight.' Deut. 32:30.—Annie Rix Militz in *Primary Lessons in Christian Living and Healing*." (See ad.)

—"My head seems so tired of thinking of things which are of no use to me." I. H.

Try thinking of things which are of some use, to yourself and those about you. "Set your mind on things above" the useless things, and every time you catch it droning along again in the old ruts reset it on things above. Set your mind on the things you want, instead of letting it run on things you don't want. This is the *only* way to form a new habit of thought; but it is sure. You formed the old habit of thought in the same way—by letting your mind run in unpleasant directions until it made deep ruts to run in. Now you must turn your mind in new directions, and keep turning it until new and pleasanter channels are made for it to run in, and the old ruts are leveled over. Oh, you can do it if you will! And you will. Don't look for great results from a day's practice; if you do you'll be discouraged and "tired," and your mind will run back again into the same old ruts. Simply keep pegging away NOW—look not backward to see if you are improving, nor forward to see how much more there is to do. When I was a child learning to play on the piano the first thing I did at practice hour was to run through the front of my book to see how far I'd gone, and then I ran through the back to see how much farther I must go; and I'll never forget the discouraged feeling which came over me as I realized how little I had done. And many a time I'd exclaim, "O, what's the use—I'll never succeed"; and away I'd go before half my practice hour was up. But when I forgot to think about my progress and got interested in my lesson time flew, my hour ran into two or three, and I gloried in every minute of it. Comparisons of what you have done, with what there is yet to do, are odious; and nothing else so discourages you and paralyzes your efforts to "set your mind on things above." And persistent practice will accomplish anything. Go in to win and stick to it. Think health, happiness, prosperity, love, joy, NOW; and keep doing it, NOW.

—"Help me to triumph over my persecutors in the science. I live every phase of the science and consequently am persecuted." P. E.

To be "persecuted" is certain indication that you are *not* living "every phase of the science." If one could in this day and age live the new thought completely he would be the greatest wonder of all ages, and even his persecutors would be transformed into friends and admirers. No one has yet fully incarnated the new thought. Even Jesus did not, nor did he claim to. No man liveth or dieth unto himself alone—we are all bound together by invisible nerves and arteries. One cannot be perfect until his environment is at least approximately so—any more than one's foot may have the smallpox while his arm is entirely free from it. The virus of the old thought of evil, hate, persecution must be eliminated from the entire social body before any one person can be wholly free from it. The new thought is casting out the old thought poison, but the work is only well begun and not half done. When a new thought believer is "persecuted" it indicates two things: First, he has not yet cast persecution out of his own mind; second, he is trying to force a dose of new thought down other people's throats—which is not the new thought way of administering new thought. Cast not your new thought pearls before old thought swine and they will not

turn and rend you. If they are trying to rend you look for the flaw in your own application of new thought, not in them. *Go into the silence* and stay there until they quit their row. Quit proselytizing and they will quit persecuting. *Use new thought methods instead of old thought ones, and your "persecutions" will dissolve in the sunshine* method to preach anything from the house tops or hammer it down on the pulpit, regardless of the opinions of your hearers. It is distinctively the new thought method to *preach by the silent Word or affirmation*; to express new opinions only when one is reasonably sure of a sympathetic hearing; and quietly *stop* at the first sign of positive opposition—stop until the opposers have softened to receive new thoughts; and to let your practice do the rest. Jesus of Nazareth preached new thought in old churches and was "persecuted." The wise will not follow in these particular footsteps of Jesus. Martyrdom awaits just round the corner for any man who seeks to change other people's lives. Moral, don't go round the corner. Go straight ahead; mind well your own business; and you will find the other folks coming around the corner to *follow you*, instead of "persecute" you. A heart full of good will and a discreet tongue are of greater worth than many "triumphs." We are all getting there—don't hurry your neighbors.

—"The only flaw I can see in your theology is the seeming indifference (though at heart I know you are not indifferent) to our hurts. The child gets a bump and the mother kisses while she says, 'You are not hurt, there is no pain, you should be brave.' The tender touch of the lips soothes our injured feelings and helps us to be brave. We do like to be molly-coddled." Carolyn.

Of course we do; and the desire for coddling and the fear of not being coddled, have made all the failures on earth. Why, then, should I coddle myself or another? Why should I *help* you fail of your highest ambitions? The difference between success and failure is the difference between "seeming indifference" to pains and inconveniences, and molly-coddling. The mother kisses her child because she loves it—she kisses it when it is hurt and still oftener when it is happy. And love makes happy the lover and draws the loved one to express love and thus be himself happy. But a wise woman does not accompany her kiss with such nonsense as the statement that the child "is not hurt" when it is; nor does she say "there is no pain," and yet admonish him to "be brave." Why be "brave" if there is no pain? She acknowledges the truth, but says cheerfully, "Never mind—it will pass," and then says something or does something to turn his mind from the hurts. HURTS GROW BY RECOGNITION. The professional pity-er, be she mother or friend, or simply one who gushes sentimentally in print at so much per, is your worst enemy—without knowing it. Your best friend is she who makes light of your hurts and turns your thought into happier channels; for only as the mind runs in cheerful channels will it ever accomplish anything for you or the world. Joy is strength; to make light of your troubles is to increase your light; and light, life, wisdom, power, love are one. To mind your hurts is to hurt your mind. You despise a man who wants to be molly-coddled; you know he is cissified, and a leaner instead of a lifter, and you despise him for not being a man, with ability to take a man's part in the world; and you know coddling disqualified him. But you want for the goose, the molly-coddle sauce which spoils the gander! What geese we mortals be!—especially us women (and womanly men) who want to "welter in a sea of sensibility" over our miseries and wrongs. We think we are happier in being miserable than we would be to be happy without being miserable. But it isn't so. And there is little hope for us until we learn to inhibit pain and maudlin sympathy for our weaknesses. Only as we rise into a sense of our power and wisdom and active love (the truest sympathy is negative love) shall we do away with pain and grow for ourselves a new and glorious heaven and earth. Arise, oh, man and woman, make light of thy pains, and make tracks for heaven and joy.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

FEAR Fear is due to foolishness and ignorance. Fearlessness is attained through faith and love.

Fear is the absence of faith and love.

When we act and speak from the deep impulses of the soul, we are freed from fear.

"Perfect love casts out all fear."

Fear is a child of the senses, an attribute of the sense consciousness. It has naught to do with that Eternal Principle upon which our being is based. It has naught to do with the soul.

Fear is born and bred in the bones of the race as a result of centuries of cultivation. Always we have feared that which we could not understand, instead of having faith in the unknown object and seeking to find out its uses.

As we cultivate a faith in the beneficence of Nature's laws, we shall find that she is not unkind, and that there is nothing in all the universe that need inspire us with fear, not even fear itself.

The universe is ever kind to us if we are responsive and do not set up resistance.

There is not a man, woman or child in existence who cannot, to some extent, cultivate fearlessness. And there is not a human being in existence who would not become a more happy and useful member of society if he would learn to outgrow fear.

It is hardly necessary to point out how fear constantly keeps us from doing our best and living a natural and healthy life; how it magnifies all obstacles and even creates a thousand calamities none of which ever come to pass.

Just consider for a moment the weakening, disorganizing effect upon mind and body of constant foreboding, fear, shrinking and the turning back of desires. Consider how fear demoralizes the mental forces and destroys nerve force.

How may we escape all this and cultivate sound nerves and a peaceful mind?

First of all, by cultivating faith in the Eternal Principle of the universe as manifested in all the operations of nature. We are an integral part of the great Whole, and everything and everybody is friendly to us. We are *one* with Principle.

It is resistance and opposition to Nature's laws that causes the inharmony that we fear.

There is a place for everything in Nature, and everything is in its place at the present moment. There is a place for each one of *us* in the universe, and a particular work for us to do right where we are *now*.

The Supreme Power of the universe makes no mistakes. What seem to be mistakes are as necessary and useful as successes. What seems to be an evil to us will turn to good in the light of our faith in the One Principle which is back of all manifestation.

Since we are one with that Supreme Principle of the universe, why should we fear? Let us seek to realize this oneness, and to act accordingly.

We shall find progress easiest if we invoke the power of habit. It is easy to form the *habit* of fearing the future, of shrinking from that which is new or unknown.

We can reverse this habit and learn to keep the mind calm and the nerves steady in the face of new or unusual experiences. After a time it will become as easy to exercise self control as it was formerly difficult.

Cultivate daily and hourly a consciousness of the inward Spirit, the Principle of your being. Cultivate peace of mind and faith and love. This will keep you firm and unmoved amid all the exigencies of the outer life.

Practice daily meditation that your mind may become tranquil and poised. It is the continual lack of poise and self control, the continual giving way to fear or anger over *little* things that renders the nerves weak and makes you full of fear and foreboding.

Do not allow the sensations of fear to take control of your mind. Stay your mind on the Eternal Principle. Seek the guidance of your soul. Seek the calmness and repose which springs from the center of being.

Love all things. Meet all circumstances with

love and trust, in the belief and faith that they harbor only good for you. Emerson says, "Belief and love—a believing love—will relieve us of a vast load of care."

Do not say that it is impossible for you to do these things without stultifying reason. There is a reason which lies back of all these acts, but you will not be apt to perceive it until you have made the attempt to act as I have stated, then after a time reason will become enlightened as to the why and wherefore.

Faith, love, instinct, are higher than reason. They are the enlighteners of reason. It is first by the cultivation of faith and love that you become free from fear—faith in the One Law which works through all things, and love towards its various manifestations.

Learn to depend upon your intuition and it will protect you from all real dangers.

Learn self reliance above all else. Seek to solve your own problems. A leaning nature is full of fear, because it has not yet learned its own strength. You can only develop your own strength through self reliance. To be self reliant is to be free from many forms of fear.

In conclusion, if you would attain freedom from fear take well to heart these words of Emerson: "The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word. * * * For you there is a reality, a fit place and congenial duties. Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which flows into you as life, place yourself in the full center of that flood, then you are without effort impelled to truth, to right, and a perfect contentment. * * * If we will not be marplots with our miserable interferences, the work, the society, letters, arts, science, religion of men, would go on far better than now, and the Heaven predicted from the beginning of the world, and still predicted from the bottom of the heart, would organize itself, as do now the rose and the air and the sun."

He who is conscious of oneness with Supreme Principle need not fear.

THE FREE SOUL Organization is, to a great extent, simply a crutch to lean upon. The

Individual and the Law furnish all the organization that is needed. The Soul that is at-one with the Spirit does not need to lean, because he knows that all things are his, and that the power of the Spirit is far beyond the power of any earthly organization. There are times and circumstances when an organization may help you. But do not allow yourself to be turned away from the One Source of all power by the semblance of authority. It is the Individual who must make his own at-one-ment with Spirit, and organization is helpful only so far as it aids him in doing this. It can never do his work for him. Belonging to a church will not save you. Burnell has a few pertinent words on organization in a recent number of *Christian*. He says:

"How could there be any need of influence or organization? These are but crutches for the lame and weak. Brotherhoods for the foolish and cowardly; organization for such as would gain an influence beyond intrinsic power; but the real Christian is omnipotent without these regalia of error and superstition; let us away with monkeys dressed up as play officials, dancing to the pipers of imbecility. * * * If the infinite and eternal energy be against us, we are doomed beyond parley or peradventure; but if the power at large be our friend, what more can we have to apply for?"

Sometime, when we grow far enough, an association of individuals may spring up naturally, in response to the prompting of the Spirit, which will be free from the dead trappings that encumber organizations on the old plane. This association of free souls will recognize the supremacy of Spirit in all things, but will not undertake to regulate the thoughts of its members. The bond of the Spirit will be the only bond that holds them together. No individual will use the association as a means of promoting his personal influence or power.

Why should we run after organization? Each individual stands alone with the Spirit. The power of the universe is back of each one of us. What more can we need? A very little organization might destroy our sense of one-ness with Spirit, and lead us into external by-paths.

Trust the Spirit within and it will lead you safely into all truth and wisdom.

BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * The cry of "unclean" frequently comes from people whose own backyard fences would be improved by a generous coat of whitewash.

* * * Prof. R. E. Dutton, the hypnotist of Lincoln, Neb., who has been in trouble with the Federal authorities for sometime, has won his case in the United States District Court and the indictment against him has been quashed.

* * * "I like you because you are so civil," writes a subscriber to the editor of *Ye Quaint Magazine*. This to my mind is a doubtful compliment. Too much civility makes you go to sleep. There are some magazines that are fat and prosperous so far as appearance goes, yet they have so much darned civility and good form oozing from their pores that it makes me sleepy just to look at their covers. I like a few rough, jagged corners once in awhile. Too much civility is overwhelmingly depressing.

* * * "What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend. * * * And the blindness of the intellect begins when it would be something of itself. The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself. All reform aims, in some one particular, to let the great soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey."—Emerson.

* * * Who can fathom the versatility of a woman's knowledge! The other day while Elizabeth and I were sitting by the side of a little creek out in the country she entertained me with a detailed and minute description of the wild flowers of Oregon, giving their names and describing the appearance of each one. When I attempted to recall the flowers of New Hampshire (my native state) I met with poor success as to names and details of appearance.

* * * Activity is the law of life. All our faculties must be healthfully employed in some direction or they become useless. Sitting still and *thinking* of exercise is not enough. Thought must be carried into *action* to achieve results.

* * * Above all else seek poise of mind. Avoid the control of impulse, the emotions and fancies of the brain. These are the servants of the soul. Let none of them become masters.

W. E. T.

—Do you see those lines at the top of page 1? I sat at my desk at six o'clock of the morn after my birthday, with the sweet sun smiling over me; and those lines came out of the silence. I give them to you. Take them into the silence every day for a month, and you will begin to glimpse the I AM glory of them. They are a true talisman of love and joy.

—"I have treated a six-year-old child four months for sucking her thumb—with no success. Is it too much to ask you to give me a helpful hint, if you can? The trouble has existed since birth." A. J.

Use a little old thought along with your treatment. Use your ingenuity to rouse in her the *desire* to break the habit. At night muffle her hands securely. Continue this until she learns to sleep without her thumb in her mouth. Keep telling her, whenever the subject comes up, or at bed time when you muffle her hands, that she *doesn't want* to suck her thumb and that she isn't going to. *Smile and make light of it all*. Whenever you catch her thumb in her mouth take it away gently, gain her *full* attention, look into her eyes *smilingly*, and say it again. Put something bitter on her fingers to remind her—and never scold when she forgets; make light, *make light*. Kindness, faith, patience, unfaltering persistence, with positive affirmations, will break any child of any trick; or train it to any new trick. Same treatment self-applied to children of a larger growth will accomplish any desirable thing under the sun. Look into your own eyes in the glass, gain your *full* attention, smile, and tell yourself you will and you *can*. If at first you don't succeed keep at it until repetition does its perfect work.

Experience Corner.

(Send in a brief account of your own demonstrations over unpleasant circumstances of any sort. The relation of your successes at self-healing will afford suggestions and inspirations to others who are trying to live according to new thought principles. Write your experience on one side of paper, take care not to mix it with other communications, and SIGN FULL NAME AND ADDRESS. Also state whether or not you wish your name left out of print. E. T.)

—"From the atom to the word of God, everything is governed by the law of love. Some months ago, I realized that to be in harmony with God's laws I must learn to love everything. Well that was a sticker. How under the sun, was I, with my strong dislikes, to learn to love everything? I was in a very unhappy state of mind I can assure you. Well I made up my mind to have a try at it anyhow. I knew there must be some way, and I made up my mind to try and find a way. Finally I hit on the following plan. Every one I met, every living thing that came in my immediate vicinity, I said to myself, 'I love you.' Sometimes I felt as though I would like to say, 'I hate you,' but I kept right on, day in and day out, and one day, (about four or five days after I started), it flashed across my mind, that I really was feeling a thrill of pleasure, at meeting a person who had previously inspired me with dislike. And from that on, it became easier and easier to turn on a flood of mental love at will. And there is as much difference between my happiness now, and then, as there is between night and day. Brotherly love for all." Charles E. Boyce, 19 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn Borough, New York City.

—"My little mother is, nervously prostrated and very feeble, suffering all the ills of nervous prostration. For her sake I gave up my school work temporarily, but have never been able to go back to it. The position is still held for me but probably my school days are over, after my twenty-five years successful work. My dear mother objected to a nurse, refused to have any help around the house, etc., and thinking it was only for a short time, I did as she desired and for the first time in my life went into housework, along with the nursing. I put all my New Thought theories and beliefs into practice and have never for one hour given way to depression or grumbling. I am simply tied down, shut in, and a very busy person. Do every thing myself! And the success I have had with the cooking, would do you good to know about. The good health I have experienced has been a wonder to onlookers. I have been a surprise to my husband and to myself. My cares, perplexities and duties have been almost too much for one, but I have done each day's work with love, with interest and with a joy. It is a joy to find one's self capable in unexpected ways. People have almost ceased to pity me, and a number are coming to me for cheer and encouragement. But not for an hour or a day have I let up in my affirmations, aspirations and endeavors. I have my aids near at hand. In various corners of the house I can see pinned up, some helpful article on happiness or cheer or courage. And during the months of my trials and troubles (?) I have collected nearly one hundred laughing pictures, cut them out of papers and magazines. I am making a scrap book now, interspersing the faces with the articles on smiles, laughter, good cheer, etc. Over my kitchen table, right in the midst of toasting forks, egg beaters and cooking spoons, I have your picture and three good hearty laughing pictures. Your face says to me—'You're all right, keep on, be brave, do your best NOW; this is your duty at present,—you are rounding out your life in these trying experiences.' Then I laugh at those dishes and put more love into the shine on my lamp chimneys and begin to sing to myself. I breathe, too! That 'Solar Plexus' book is a dear. So you see I am trying to radiate sunshine and it is a pleasure to beam on milk man, butter man, grocer boy, and to be full of cheer and courage if any one happens in. Auntie (of San Francisco), and her husband, Dr. Brackett, have given me many helpful pats in their weekly letters. I tell you, there is more than one way to experience success. My year's experience and growth in overcoming self is worth many dollars." Cora T. Lindley, 1504 Brady street, Davenport, Ia.

ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

—Edgar Wallace Conable and his *Pathfinder* are now located in the City of Angels, new thought and blossoms, Los Angeles, Cal.—Box 1045.

—"Radio-Mentation" is a dainty little blue and white booklet by Katherine Jarvis Cheney, Box 538, Chicago—with an attractive half-tone of the author.

—"Clouds and Sunshine" is "an Idylle" of medium difficulty, for the piano. Composed by John Stauss, 1503 Carondelet street, New Orleans. Price, twenty-five cents.

—Dr. George W. Carey is on the program of speakers for August at the Onset Bay Association meetings. His address is 204 Dartmouth street, Boston, care *Banner of Light*.

—"Why, oh, Why," is a new song by Myra A. Smith, Box 58, Green Forest, Ark. To be had of her for fifteen cents a copy, or in lots of twenty-five or more, ten cents per copy.

—"Black and Blue, and Other Happy Studies," is a new twenty-five cent booklet by Eleanor Kirk, 59 West 89th street, New York, which is more effective than rose-colored glasses. Good for you or your friends.

—"First Lessons in New Thought" is a particularly handsome little cloth bound volume by J. W. Winkley, M. D., editor of *Practical Ideals*, published by James H. West Company, Boston, and sold for sixty cents, postpaid; paper binding, thirty cents. These "Lessons" are so plain that any new thought baby can thrive on them and any grown-up receive fresh impetus.

—"Chaldeo-Babylonian Civilization" is a ten cent booklet by Judge Parish B. Ladd, published by Singleton W. Davis, 852 East Lee street, Los Angeles, Cal. Presents translations from tablet inscriptions, which indicate that many of the biblical legends of creation, the flood, etc., are derived from these earlier records.

—"Health Hints" is a neat little booklet published without the author's name. The Hub Mail Order, Box 1739, Boston. The company's letter to us says, "It may interest you to know that it was written by a member of your Success Circle; the price is fifty cents, and although small in size it contains a good deal of information condensed." May its hints help many.

—"The Perfect Round" is a rich little volume in green cloth and gold, by Francis Allen Ross, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.; 128 pages; price, \$1.08 postpaid. The chapters are, "Nature of Man," "Health," "Our Center," "Perception of Truth," "Relation of the Ideal to Growth," "The Perfect Whole" and "Man is His Own Star." A helpful, practical book.

—"The Foundation of All Reform" is an interesting and highly instructive treatise by Otto Carque, 765 North Clark street, Chicago. There are chapters on "Man's Position in Nature," "Chemistry and Physiology of Nutrition," "The Raw Food Question," "Superiority of Fruitarian Diet," "Diet-Reform the Ultimate Solution of the Economical and Social Problems," and "Ethics of Diet Reform," along with "A Few Daily Dietaries for Fruitarians" and other valuable information. And the book is well printed and bound in cloth, and sells for only fifty cents. Address the author.

—One of the many interesting articles in May number of *Suggestion* is "Character in Handwriting," by Jean Higinbotham Tucker. Ever see *Suggestion*? Best of its kind. Run by Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn, the suggestion crank and Elmer Ellsworth Carey, the distilled water crank, both doing their little best to turn the world. Published at 4020 Drexel boulevard, Chicago; price, \$1.00 per twelve numbers—good and big ones. Ask them for a sample copy. And send a dollar to me for a year's subscription to *Suggestion* and receive also a year's subscription to *The Nautilus*.

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ELIZABETH TOWNE.

TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:—

"I enter into the silence twice a day, for nearly an hour each time (am a night watchman with plenty of opportunity for quietness), and do not seem to need nearly as much sleep nor nourishment as formerly. For some time I have kept a list of those I wish to help, and I take this with me into the silence. But recently I have added another list, and it has been a very great help to me, causing me to feel that I have a right to the Tree of Life NOW, and a right to enter through the strait (not straight) gate into the City of the Spirit NOW. It is a list of those who are my enemies—and there are some who have wronged me very much. I wish all the Success Circle members would try this and see what a blessing it will be to themselves as well as to the enemies." C. H.

Those who would be something more than mere dilettantes in the new thought invariably find the spirit leading them to treat their enemies as well as their friends; and woe betides him who refuses, while joy betides him who obeys.

Of course, in reality we have no enemies. The One Soul of all mankind prompts all action, and all work for the good of each. Each is here to grow in wisdom and knowledge and enjoyment of God, which is wisdom, knowledge and enjoyment of his own real self and the real self of all others; and the acts of our "enemies" are as potent teachers, sometimes more potent, than the acts of our friends. At the center we are One, Indivisible, Harmonious; at the circumference we seem to be many and inharmonious. But unhappy is he who dwells in the seeming and believes he has "enemies"—he lives in a nightmare which only the Truth of Being can dissipate.

"To know all is to forgive all." As long as a man considers himself an enemy he can never "know all"—he is prejudiced and cannot learn all the "enemy" knows. So the spirit leads him to be a friend to the "enemy"; to "treat" the enemy to his best mental statements of good will and good cheer; to invite the "enemy" in from the outer darkness and to entertain him mentally as a friend.

The first and greatest effect of treating another is to soften the treater's own heart and prejudices; to soften and dissolve the barriers to his own progress; to open his heart and mind that he may make a beginning at "knowing all." Before he began the treating he saw only from his own little standpoint. As his heart and pre-judgments soften he begins to see also from the "enemy's" standpoint. He "grows in wisdom and knowledge" of the "enemy's" motives, and behold, they are not so ignoble as he thought. He also gets another view of himself. He finds his own real intentions, and the "enemy's" real intentions are ONE, and that each has lost sight of their deep and real intentions in the little game of surface cross-purposes in which they have been engaged.

As the treater's own pre-judgments dissolve and his heart softens he finds himself feeling good will and love toward his "enemy" and all mankind. This feeling of love, which is the joy of life, is his real reward. It brings a thousand emolu-

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ments in its train, but the great reward, and the test of true living, is the joy, the growing joy, of loving.

And the crowning emolument of loving is being loved. As the treater's own hate-hardened heart and judgments soften he begins to live, to vibrate with growing love-power, TO WHICH EVEN THE ENEMY HIMSELF MUST EVENTUALLY RESPOND.

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So go on treating your "enemies," dearie; so shall you grow in love and wisdom and knowledge until all barriers are dissolved and your soul knows itself God as well as man.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

—Have faith in what you don't know. It is all good, as you will prove in due time.

—It will be to your advantage to read carefully the "P's and Q's To Be Minded," on page 7 of this paper.

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We have closed the prize list contest and awarded the prizes as follows:

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The ten friends whose lists brought NAUTILUS the ten next largest numbers of subscribers were: Mrs. H. S. King, 220 W. Garfield street, Nevada, Mo.; Kathleen S. Bliss, 209 Beckley building, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. H. A. Cornell, 375 Halsey street, Portland, Ore.; Ada C. Stoddard, 4 Thwing street, Boston, Mass.; Mary R. Tebbetts, 111 N. 1st street, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. W. S. Myers, 709 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo.; C. J. L. Pierce, 13 Crescent place, Brockton, Mass.; Adelaide Smith, 533 Carroll street, St. Paul, Minn.; Carolyn D. W. Stiles, San Juan, Porto Rico; Mrs. E. M. Amory, Dows, Ia.

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Reading Character from the Handwriting	von Hagen	Made Plain
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Or each of the winners may select instead of either of these dollar books, any of my own books to the amount of \$1; or *Nautilus* subscriptions to that amount; or may have a year's subscription to *Nautilus* and the Success Circle along with the Lessons on the Attainment of Success.

Of course we cannot send out these ten book prizes until we are notified as to the choice made. So send us word as soon as possible, and your prize will be sent by return mail.

I want to thank *Nautilus* friends for the interest taken and the fine lists of names sent in, in response to my request; and especially do I thank you all for the good will expressed in your letters. I wanted to send every one of you a prize! But I send you instead my best vibrations for health, happiness and success. And later I'll send your friends other samples of *Nautilus* which may bring them into the fold. We are all growing, you know, and so is *Nautilus*. Faithfully,

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