

THE NAUTILUS.

A Journal of Practical Ideality. The Organ of no School, bound by no Creed. "Consistency" and "Conformity" clipped from its vocabulary. Growth and usefulness, Good and Joy of all, its object.

Learn of the little nautilus how to sail.—POPE.

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

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ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE, 555 Yamhill Street, Portland, Oregon. No. 10.

LIFE.

Be of good cheer, brave spirit; steadfastly serve that low whisper thou hast served, for know, God hath a select family of sons Now scattered wide through earth, and each alone, Who are thy spiritual kindred, and each one By constant service to that inward law, Is weaving the sublime proportions Of a monarch's soul. Beauty and strength, The riches of a spotless memory, The eloquence of a truth, the wisdom got By searching of a clear and loving eye That seeth as God seeth. These are their gifts, And time who keeps God's word, brings on the day To seal the marriage of these minds with thine, Thine everlasting lovers, ye shall be The salt of all the elements, world of all the worlds.

—Emerson.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

Lesson IX.

MORE DESIRE.

Why do you think it a weakness on your part that makes you apply to me, or to any other healer, for help? That idea is based upon a misconception of your own nature. Desire for ANYTHING is an indication of strength, NOT weakness, and the gratification of desire ADDS TO YOUR STRENGTH.

Suppose you were hungry and refused to eat. Would you gain, or lose strength? EVERY desire is a hunger, the voice of a NEED in you; and points always in the right direction. When you DESIRE bread and butter you NEED it to feed your strength. When you DESIRE help from a teacher you NEED the particular mental pabulum which the teacher can supply you.

Your strength lies in your ability to ASSIMILATE what is given you, NOT in your ability to get along without it.

If you refuse to follow your desire in this matter, or in any other, you compel yourself to draw the mental elements you need and MUST have, from a meagre source of supply instead of a rich one. It is as if you refused a rich loan to your growing plants and provided instead only clay.

You are, in the truest sense, the PRODUCT of your environment, seen and unseen. Create and Uncreate. Desire, the Law, has drawn to you each and every particular of that environment, and Desire, conscious and unconscious, is every moment modifying environment. Environment is each moment re-acting upon you, producing changes in consciousness, i. e., new intelligence. The manner in which you respond to the stimuli of your surroundings, seen and unseen, determines the quality of the change in you. If you respond unwillingly, protestingly, to the demands of environment, the changes in you are slow and painful. If, on the other hand, you respond freely, willingly to your en-

vironment, your growth is rapid and delightful.

It is natural to respond readily to ALL the stimuli of environment, and such response is a "lost art" only with mankind. Like all other lost arts, this one of ready response to our surroundings is being rediscovered and put to intelligent use for the blessing of man.

THE IDEA OF EVIL IS THE ROOT OF ALL TROUBLE, EVERY DIS-EASE. Man protests against environment simply because to him it is evil.

Man responds readily to all stimuli which HE RECOGNIZES to be good. ALL ENVIRONMENT IS GOOD, and the RECOGNITION of this fact restores the lost art of quick response to its stimulus; which is the secret of rapid and happy growth.

The key to ALL that the most radical idealist can desire is the RECOGNITION OF THE POSITIVE GOODNESS OF ALL THINGS—the recognition of the POSITIVE goodness of all things.

He who, shutting his eyes to "evil," most persistently and patiently LIVES in the AF-

I WILL

Extend the offer of one month's treatment for financial success to each one who sends fifty cents for one year's subscription to The Nautilus, and a STAMPED ENVELOPE for reply. This offer will hold good only until the last day of August. I am demonstrating

SUCCESS.

Hitch your wagon to my word.

FIRMATION OF ALL GOOD, will most quickly find Paradise regained.

But let me tell you right here that the Christian Science (or, to be more specific, Eddy Science), the Christian Science manner of saying "All is Good," will avail you nothing PERMANENT in the way of growth. To think that "whatever REALLY is, is good," and all the sin, sickness and death in the world is "only imaginary," is simply another way of saying good and evil, God and Devil. Your TERMS are changed but YOUR MIND (all there is of you), still holds the warring elements "good and evil." "As a man thinketh so IS he."

In order to purge your mind of ALL EVIL (THIS purges YOU of all evil,) YOU MUST take SIN, SICKNESS AND DEATH INTO THE ALL-GOOD. AFFIRM them as positively good, until the Good Spirit, the Word in you, teaches your reason to UNDERSTAND HOW GOOD is ALL-MIGHTY, and by the time you have LET it teach you to understand HOW sin, sickness and death in general AND IN PARTICULAR, are GOOD, you will find yourself above sin, sickness and death FOREVER.

You will NEVER find yourself in that heaven where the "without is as the within;" where

your DESIRES are ALL GOOD AND ALL GRATIFIED; where the inner man is glorious and his environment all beautiful; until you can TRANSMUTE each particular "evil," within and without, by RECOGNIZING ITS GOODNESS AND RESPONDING TO ITS STIMULUS.

This is another way of saying "we grow by the gratification of our desires." But we cannot CONSENT to gratify our desires until we KNOW THEY ARE GOOD. Our desires are many times so strong that they gratify themselves in spite of our lack of consent. And we GROW by that gratification, even though because we responded UNWILLINGLY to the desire, we reap more pain than pleasure from its gratification.

I am much impressed with a beautiful little poem written by my friend, M. Virginia Booth, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, which illustrates or rather SUGGESTS the effect of resisting desire. She calls her poem—

RESISTENCE.

I met temptation standing by my way,
Oh, my own life; how beautiful she was,
She held her fair hands out to me and cried,
"Taste of life's sweets and pleasures while you may."
Oh, how my soul was tried, oh, how I yearned
To fold her to my heart in one impassioned clasp.
The temptress, pleading still, "Come on,
Let not this joy elude your eager grasp."
But e'en while yielding to the call so sweet, so strong,
I heard another voice; 'twas low and sad—
I paused to listen and I heard it say—
"Yield not, yield not, or thou art lost."
It was my guardian angel, mindful of my fate,
I looked into her sweet face, and gained the victory.
Thank God, thank God, that she was not one moment late,
Or I was lost and gone beyond recall.
Oh, yes; I do thank God—
And yet, and yet, the joy I lost
WOULD HAVE BEEN WORTH IT ALL.

"I" have two departments in my consciousness, at war with each other. In one department, "Life's sweets and pleasures" all belong; and in the other "my guardian angel" dwells. MY DESIRES called for "sweets and pleasures," and yet other desires called for the good represented by my "guardian angel mindful of my fate." (the consequences). If "I" only had known what I do know now—that there is REALLY no FENCE between these departments of my nature; that ALL is good—I would have "tasted life's sweets and pleasures;" my "guardian angel," (conscience and caution, both the result of education,) would have smiled approval; "I" having responded naturally to ALL my desires, to the stimuli of both objective and subjective environment, would have been the richer AND HAPPIER for the experience, and READY FOR YET FURTHER experience; HIGHER experience, for we soon tire of one kind and reach out for the new. Thus we grow.

But what did "I" do? "I" weighed "good AND evil" (being then too ignorant to know that ALL is good), and chose to grant the desire of the "guardian angel" side of me, the subjective, and IT was content BECAUSE ITS

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DESIRE WAS GRATIFIED. So IT was ready for yet higher experience.

Not so with the objective side, WHICH WAS HUNGRY, its desire ungratified still.

Now these two departments of my nature are interdependent, and neither can be at ease, happy, unless the other is; any more than my head can be happy if I have a pain in my chest, or if my stomach cries for food.

Therefore, through ignorance of the fact that "I" am ALL good, ALL my desires (hungers) legitimate, and THEIR GRATIFICATION A NECESSITY TO FURTHER GROWTH; "I" fed one-half my desires and denied the other half, which never ceased to cry out, "The joy I lost would have been worth" ALL the subjective suffering it had cost.

So "I" am still unhappy, unsatisfied, NOT READY TO GO ON. This regret with rankle in me.

This desire for "life's sweets and pleasures" may be deadened in me for a time, BUT sooner or later IT WILL BE GRATIFIED, for it is the call of the indestructible ME for what I MUST have in order to grow.

If "I" starve this objective side of me too long, I shall die. But death is only a gateway into another state of being, and I shall take the RESULT of all my past experiences, with all my ungratified longings, into this new state.

Perhaps the new state will be (as I am inclined to believe), a new incarnation here. In which case "I" shall come into the world again with a set of instincts or desires which are the result of the RESPONSE I have made to ALL my past environment.

And that old, ungratified longing for "life's sweets and pleasures" will wake up and take on the fresh vigor of childhood.

Now the probability is that this desire will CONTROL me in this new state of being, and "I" shall "drink my fill"—"I" shall be "bad." I shall TAKE all I want of "life's sweets and pleasures" until I am more than satisfied, and ready to give the subjective side of me another hearing.

So "I" may swing from one extreme to the other, and back again, numberless times perhaps; always gaining experience and REASON, until at last "I" shall recognize my own duality, and the UNITY of that dual nature—the real goodness of ALL OF ME.

Thenceforth "I" am FREE to follow ALL desire, for "I" KNOW that all desire is good and leads to more good. "I" am a god. "KNOWING good and evil." "I" am "wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove." "I" create by my Word. "in my own image and likeness." Every good and perfect gift cometh from ME, I AM GOD.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

[Philadelphia Press.]

Professor Edwin Markham, a Californian and a poet, has expressed a widespread discontent and voiced a widespread error by writing of "The Man With the Hoe." It is Millet's picture of the peasant, of which the poem speaks: Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face And on his back the burden of the world. Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not and that never hopes, Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox? Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw? Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain? Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land; To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;

To feel the passion of eternity?

Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns?

Professor Markham, to answer all these questions, asks another:

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,

Is this the handiwork you give to God,

This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?

There is an easier and more scientific answer to these conundrums, and one truer. The "masters, lords and rulers in all lands" have nothing to do with it. Nobody "slanted back that brow." It began that way, only worse, as the monkey's, and it has been getting straighter ever since. This particular man has not quite kept up with the procession, but he still has his chance, if he chooses to use it, and if he will use his hoe, instead of leaning on it, look up instead of "gazing on the ground," and work instead of idling, he will get there all the same.

The climb has been a hard one. There has been no light blown out with in this brain. It has not been lit there yet; but, behind the hill that Millet painted as a background, is the schoolhouse France has built there to kindle "the light within this brain," and the son of the "Man With the Hoe" is to-day M. Loubet, president of France.

This is the path
—the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land.

Neither doubt nor discontent, neither dismay, nor despair, but hard work, plenty of it, and full daily use of all the talent a man has. Of course, if a man chooses to be

—dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and never hopes,
Stolid and stunned—

He can stay so and will, but that is his fault. The ascidian wriggled his nervous system into the beginnings of a backbone, and the next stage paddled until it got legs, and the lemur took to reaching with its forepaws for fruit and standing on its hind ones—instead of being "dead to rapture and despair"—and the monkey got a bit straighter and Homo Pithecus got a thigh bone that he could stand on and primitive man began swinging his club for all it was worth, instead of letting the "weight of the centuries" keep him leaning on it, and so we have all gone on, filling out our foreheads, keeping a stiff upper lip, instead of one "loosened and let down," stepping briskly and altogether to the music of the ages, a triumphal quickstep which has carried the race of victory over one Hill of Difficulty after another.

If the "Man With a Hoe" wants to share this fun, he must brace up like his ascidian ancestor, and if the "Man with a Poem" wants to help this ascent and advance, he will not worry about the "lords and rulers in all lands," but tell his one particular "Man with a Hoe" to get a move on him and take his place in the old procession.

(The above is the best view I have seen of Markham's much quoted poem. The Press writer is one of the right sort. Instead of blaming somebody else for the lack of beauty of the "Man With the Hoe," he shows him his OPPORTUNITIES and inspires him to get in and dig.)

A VISITOR.

Portland had the Fourth of July and the editors all at once. Lots of procession and fire crackers and hearty greetings to our visitors made the day one long to be remembered.

The nicest part of my celebration came the next day, when Fanny M. Harley, of Chicago, editor of Universal Truth, paid The Nautilus a delightful visit. Mrs. Harley is a beautiful

woman. I have forgotten already the color of her eyes or her hair, or the dress she wore, but her lovely expression will be a joy forever. She is one of the most deeply INTERESTED people I ever saw—not simply interested, though she is all that. She is intensely interested in everything and everybody—she is LOVE CONCENTRATED, and when she looks at you you begin to feel warm all over and decide instinctively that life is sweet. And when she talks to you and smiles at you, you begin to get INTERESTED along with her. And when she says good-bye and you close the door after her, you feel as if you had received a fresh impetus toward all the good and beautiful things you have desired and that seemed so unattainable. They seem somehow much nearer to you than ever before. And you wish she would come again.

That is my impression of Fanny M. Harley. She is a perfect expression of mental science principles.

Mrs. Harley had just attended the flower show, held for the visiting editors, and was delighted with the size and beauty of the Oregon roses. They ARE lovely.

Among other things we talked about money. "Why, money represents to me the goodness of God," she said: "I LOVE it. I LOVE every piece of money that comes into my hands. I hold it in my hands and bless it. And when I pay out money I talk to it and bid it go out and bless everybody into whose possession it comes. When I get into a street car I always have my nickel ready before the conductor comes for it. Sometimes I hold it five or ten minutes, and all that time I am treating it to go out and bless the world. Oh, yes; I LOVE my money—it brings me all the beautiful things of life. Without it I could not enjoy these lovely trips!"

Mrs. Harley has the secret of success. She loves, loves, loves, the thing she desires. She CULTIVATES her love for it—she AFFIRMS her love for it day by day. And love is the attractive force of all creation.

"I believe," said Mrs. Harley, "if we who understand the law would unite in concentrating upon this we could do much toward overcoming the distressing conditions of poverty so prevalent, and which the forming of so many trusts seems to be aggravating."

A LETTER.

Dear Elizabeth:

I am so glad that I have come into conscious contact with you and I am not going to make any apology for writing again. Since I make the effort to write to you my brain has been so much clearer, and to-day I see things, as I never did before. Mrs. Wilmans teaches that God the Life Principle, is dual in the sense of being, inner and outer. Interiorly God is Love. Exteriorly God is Intelligence, or consciousness. Love manifesting in Intelligence. Now intelligence may be either positive Good or it may be negative Good, (called evil or ignorance). Whatever the mental condition is the physical will be, as the physical is the organized mental.

Therefore if I think (recognize) Love as expressed in me as Desire, the physical will express the desirable conditions. If, on the other hand, I am too ignorant to recognize and affirm Love this ignorant mental condition or quality becomes organized, and expresses, NOT the absence of Love (health, strength and beauty), BUT THE ABSENCE OF RECOGNITION of the fact that all is Love, ever present Love. The mental being the CAUSE, if the CAUSE is ignorant the effect (body) will of course express this ignorant mental condition in so-called sickness or death. So one needs to affirm of himself and others from the basis of Love (desire), instead of from the physical; thus supplying NEW MENTAL MATERIAL for the organizing Life Principle (law of attraction), and in time the NEW mental quality will take

the place of the old in the body. If I want to manifest or demonstrate—as the Christian Scientist would say—on a higher plane, I must leave the so-called physical and go higher and affirm from the basis of Desire. "I DESIRE to be, therefore I AM."

Do just as you like about answering this. I have not written it expecting you would answer it, but just to express myself, as you say.

Sincerely,

IDA LOGHRY.

Geneva, Neb.

I am proud of my pupil, and she does not need any answer. She has stated the whole principle of life in a nutshell.

—Success.

—I AM SUCCESS.

—You and I are One.

—Therefore YOU are success.

—Real love FREES the loved one.

—You ARE Success, whether you FEEL that way or not.

—"Life is heavenly compared with what it was when you began to treat us."

—"The pain in my side is gone, and oh, it IS SUCH a relief! My side is entirely well."

—"Every man is "open to the truth;" that is, he is open to all he RECOGNIZES as the truth.

—"Since writing I have felt better—ever so much better. You always answer me so quickly!"

—"I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be."—Walt Whitman.

"The cancer is drying up and disappearing. One spot is entirely gone. My complexion has lost all that deathly pallor, and I feel so well and happy."

—"That July Nautilus was a revelation to me. I know now what I should do and will do it. I feel like a new man, mentally and physically."

—"True Healing" is the name of an interesting ten cent pamphlet by M. L. Arvold, 308 West Ohio Street, Chicago. You will enjoy reading it.

—No matter if you have written to me a hundred times before, BE CERTAIN to give always your FULL address. I am not yet a walking directory.

—"Since you have been heard of in our town the patent medicine man's receipts have fallen short seventy-five per cent. and now he has sold out his stock to the M. D., who keeps the drug store."

—The July number of World's Advance-Thought contains a fine explanation of man's part in the production of storms and cyclones. "Explanation Wanted" is the caption of the article. Mrs. Mallory writes many fine things.

—I am in receipt of a dainty little booklet containing the address delivered in New York by Luther R. Marsh, on the 51st anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. My thanks are returned to the author, whose autograph appears upon the fly leaf.

—Love is not sentimental gush; it is a steady flow of GOOD WILL, expressing itself in action. The one who declares "I love you," and at the same time asks of you a sacrifice of your own individual rights, mistakes sentimentality for the genuine article.

Yes, my terms for treatment are one to ten dollars a month, according to your financial ability, of which YOU are the judge. The first month's treatment and one year's subscription to The Nautilus for one dollar. No matter what your dis-ease is, my Word will correct it.

—Mada Paddock Sprague, whose character

readings, from the color vibrations that come with the name, have delighted and helped so many of the readers of The Nautilus, has, like the "Star of Empire," taken her way westward. Her new quarters are at The Lucania, Chicago.

—The new "Psychic Digest and Occult Review of Reviews," published at Cleveland, Ohio, by Robert Sheerin, M.D., is a boon for busy people, and contains a mine of suggestion for every thinker. It fills FULL a long-felt want in metaphysical journalism, and the subscription price is only one dollar a year.

—He who respects himself loves himself too well to allow him to remain in bondage to the opinion of relatives, friends, or society at large. He will forsake all to follow his own I AM. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me."

—Sweetheart, if you want to use my brains instead of your own in solving your own private problems, it is only fair that you remunerate me for my time. If you write me for personal instructions be sure you enclose not less than one dollar for the answer. If you will PRACTICE what The Nautilus preaches, you will have no need of either instruction or treatment.

—Almost every day I receive requests for back numbers of The Nautilus. I have filled such orders until there is not even an office file of papers left. I am entirely out of numbers 2, 3, 4, 5 and 8. If you have, in good condition, extra copies of any or all of these numbers, send them to me. I will return you later numbers of The Nautilus or pay you five cents in stamps for each paper.

—All the treatment in the world will not do for you what you do not WANT done. The same Word heals all dis-ease, all inharmony. But it heals for each one just what he RECEIVES IT FOR. It will heal a dozen ills at once if you can receive it for the whole dozen. Or it will heal you of one disease at a time. Its vibrations will enter every cranny of your mind that is OPEN to it.

—"Experience the Growth of the Soul," is the name of an inspiring little booklet by that bright and practical woman, Flora Parris Howard. The price is only fifteen cents. Mrs. Howard has just issued also a new edition of "Idols Dethroned and Dominion Over the Animal Kingdom." Price, in cloth, \$1.00; in paper, 50 cents. Her address is 721 Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Her books are helpful.

—Publishing a small paper like The Nautilus is a glorious aid in learning to THINK POSITIVELY. There is no room to waste on "maybes" and "perhapes." Writing is a splendid aid to realization. Try it, Sweetheart, and observe the following injunction to CONCENTRATE your thought. Think your ideas into the fewest possible words—and DON'T explore Webster for big words. Here is the injunction, whose author is unknown:

BOIL IT DOWN.

If you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down;
Make it short, and crisp, and snappy,—
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.
Take out every surplus letter,—
Boil it down.
Fewer syllables the better,—
Boil it down.

A horrible fear assails me!—the fear that all my subscribers will obediently follow these directions, and send the results of their efforts to

me! Don't—PLEASE don't! Send them to some editor who publishes a big weekly instead of a condensed monthly! I have to do a lot of boiling down every month and even then lots of things boil over and are left for next time.

—There is no royal road to Wisdom, for there is NOWHERE ELSE TO BE. You are IN Wisdom NOW, and Wisdom in you. By it you are held together. LET it take care of you. Quit striving and LET the truth you have been drinking in WORK YOU ALL OVER. It takes time to be transformed by truth, but there is NO CHANCE of failure. Be still, Sweetheart, and know. The truth will work in you, and WILL in you, and PROMPT YOU TO EFFORT. Be still until you FEEL prompted to some definite action. Desire is the Voice of Truth in you, and is always right.

—In sending money orders kindly ask that they be made out to E. L. Struble. Elizabeth Lois is a beautiful name, and I love it. Elizabeth means "consecrated to Good," and Lois signifies "comforter." My name is appropriate. But when I have to write it in full several dozen times in succession upon as many money orders, I am inclined to wish it were somebody's else name. Will you make a note of this, Sweetheart? And while I am about it I might as well tell you that, if you must send stamps instead of silver, bills or orders, ones are more convenient for me than twos.

—So many people complain of being tired or cross in the morning. That is caused by lack of concentration. You spill your self all over the universe in the day time, and go to sleep with your mind still scattered—literally scattered. There is no tired feeling to a concentrated mind, and sleep is nature's concentrator. Sweetheart, settle your mind before you go to sleep. Read mental science—something that interests you—until you are quiet. Then hold some one high thought in your mind until you fall asleep. You will be alright in the morning. A little practice will accomplish wonders in this line.

—If you have fifty cents with which you would like to make a particularly good investment, send for Helen Wilman's new book, "A Conquest of Poverty." See ad. in another column. Sweetheart, if you will read carefully this book, and practice as faithfully as you can the principles so plainly elucidated and illustrated, you CANNOT FAIL to be successful in due time. But if you ever are a success financially or otherwise you will have to STUDY success and STICK TO IT, just as Helen Wilman did. "A Conquest of Poverty," read religiously every day for a month will do more for you than a month's treatment for financial success by any healer on earth.

—In another column you will find advertised "Education During Sleep," by Sydney Flower, LL.D. Training children is the next finest art to training one's self, and the practical knowledge contained in this little booklet will save both parents and children many hours of hard work and heart-sickness. The principle elucidated might also be applied by wives in training husbands in the way they should go—or NOT go. And I have no doubt a husband might by use of judicious suggestion succeed in regulating his wife's habits more to his liking. If you have neither husband, wife nor children to train, you will still find this little booklet both intensely interesting, and useful in training yourself. You may not be able to talk to yourself after you go to sleep, but you can talk to yourself just before going to sleep, with excellent results.

—To blaspheme is to "speak against." Every

condemnatory thought, whether against yourself or another, is blasphemy, and brings its due meed of "hell fire," i. e., mental unrest. Every ache and pain, mental or physical, (they are one), is self-inflicted; the inevitable consequence of blasphemy. You suffer exactly what you have, in ignorance, condemned yourself to suffer. Every thought of that ridiculous self-depreciation which has so long been the fashion, is bringing you PAIN more or less severe. Begin to think FOR yourself instead of against Quit blaspheming the HOLY GHOST that is in you; that IS you. You ARE ALREADY all that you DESIRE to be. RECOGNIZE the fact and you will speedily change your residence from hell to heaven. You have made YOUR OWN bed in hell—"TAKE UP thy bed and walk." Hell is hot and dry. Get up and dust.

"I send herewith postal money order for fifty cents, together with stamped envelope for reply, in accordance with the terms contained in the printed proposition clipped from The Nautilus, and herein enclosed. As a matter of experiment and with a view of obtaining knowledge I recently paid the fees to some men advertising propositions similar to yours and concerning treatment for financial success. I received from them what I considered a lot of jargon which to my mind was good evidence that they knew not where they were at, and so far as the so-called treatment is concerned I have been unable to discover any effects resulting from the same. However, I have concluded to make one more attempt by way of accepting your offer and the measure of my wisdom or ignorance in doing so remains to be determined."

I wonder what you expected to get for a dollar? You have been in the vibrations of poverty. These men sent you the written words which would have CHANGED YOUR MIND, making it vibrate to the tones of Success. You REJECTED their words as "jargon," and robbed yourself. What would you think of a man who consulted a doctor and then refused his medicine? That is precisely what you did.

"Left an orphan at five years, I have floated about as the wind might drift me. My friends (?) said I was so visionary, so fanatical, so much of a crank, a lunatic, etc., that I would never make a dollar. But, commencing with the year 1867, and without a dollar at command, in five years I made half a million dollars, and up to 1888, a million. I put this all into real estate and lost it. Fortune all gone, but I am pushing on. I fight with bare hands only, and it is slow, but it must be sure. Whether I must give up a great share of my inventions to gain money power, or still fight alone is the question. But win I must. I would have peace and success. How much can you do to help me?"

Peace is within you, and success also. Look within and WORK OUT what you find, regardless of consequences. Through self-trust you worked OUT success once; through self-trust you can work it out again. LET GO the outward—let go your inventions if need be. THERE ARE MORE AND BETTER WHERE THOSE CAME FROM—within your own brain. LET your patents go to bless the world, even though you do not receive full money remuneration for some of them, and KEEP THINKING. THAT is the secret of success. Bank on YOUR BRAIN, NOT on the past output of that brain. Study your own mental attitude as you succeeded before, and you will soon REALIZE that self-trust again, and the consequent success.

"Now I want to make a few remarks concerning your reply to a letter, in the middle column, last page, of No. 9. You say, "The fit survive—those who can adapt themselves to present environment, and at the same time generate thought force positive enough to project a new environment—the others are pushed, moaning and lamenting to the wall, etc." This sounds heartless. Do you ignore existing social injustices that certainly do exist? Are you indiffer-

ent as to whether we shall have a monetary system that is sound and equitable or one that is unjust and oppressive? Is it nothing to you that our present system of taxation is a curse instead of a help, as it should be, to all?—a favored few unjustly rich, millions abjectly poor. I know many persons who adapt themselves to present surroundings, and they prosper to all appearances, but they are not models one would do well to imitate. If this is your teaching, just to the extent that you ignore injustices, it is weakened."—W. G. K.

What I wrote may sound heartless, but it is the TRUTH, is it not? Heartlessness is a matter of opinion. I am not sentimental but I AM LOVE. I do not moan when others moan. I try to understand the CAUSES for the moan, with a view to correcting them. I am indifferent to NOTHING, and it is my knowledge of the absolute justice of ALL THINGS that enables me to view dispassionately the APPARENT injustices of SOME things. Instead of spending time and energy in pointing out the flaws in present systems and railing at the SEEMING causes, I am devoting myself to INCARNATING FORMYSELF, and EXPRESSING to the whole world the principles by which ALL social and economic problems will eventually be adjusted. There is really but ONE problem in life—the problem of the individual. I AM that individual and I AM justice, Love; THEREFORE all my relations to others are just and loving—just OR loving. What would you think of an artist who studied the defects of his neighbor's pictures instead of the PERFECTIONS of the pattern set for him? A GLANCE will show him that his neighbor's picture is imperfect—no need to moan over it, and HIS NEIGHBOR WILL ONLY RESENT AN ATTEMPT ON HIS PART TO SET HIM RIGHT. But let him work steadily at HIS OWN pictures and presently his neighbor by a glance will recognize the superior beauty and WANT TO IMPROVE his own work. Thus by minding his own individual work the artist has himself progressed, AND HELPED HIS NEIGHBOR. * * * The man who adjusts himself to environment and at the same time generates thought force positive enough to project better environment, works as does the artist in my illustration. He wastes no time quarreling with surroundings. He ACCEPTS WHAT HE CANNOT CHANGE, makes friends with it; thinks and lives his own highest so far as he can without interfering with other person's rights to live as they chose; and LETS the others learn of him when they have discovered their mistakes and WANT a better way. The men you mention as "models not well to imitate," do not adapt themselves to environment—they are STRONG ENOUGH TO ADAPT THEIR ENVIRONMENT TO THEMSELVES. THEY SACRIFICE others instead of ADAPTING themselves to others. And they pay for it, an eye for an eye—"we get back our mete as we measure;" though not always "according to the outward appearance," as viewed by a short sighted observer. The COMPULSION put upon the negative ones of earth by these strong ones who are unwise (or are they wise?) enough to TAKE what they want regardless of consequences, is a terrible thing—a giant juggernaut whose wheels crush all in its path. BUT NO ONE NEED REMAIN IN ITS WAY. And the terrible compulsion itself DRIVES men to THINK. And THOUGHT is the only force capable of projecting a new environment. NECESSITY is the mother of all progress. Individual progress is individual salvation from all bondage. ALL is good.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of March 1896, at Daytona, Florida. C. M. BINGHAM, Jr., Notary Public.

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