

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression

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as second class matter.

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 out-grown shell
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE.
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A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT.

"The day is fine," quoth Mary Jane,
"Yet, lest it should come on to rain,
My waterproof and umbrella
And rubber shoes I'll take, as well;
For though these may be troublesome
In case the showers do not come,
Methinks 'twere better, after all,
To be prepared, lest worse befall."

"The day is fair," cried Jeanne Marie,
"The day is fair—ah, *tres-joli!*
My gayest hat, my prettiest dress
I shall put on—what happiness!
But if it rains—well, what of that?
I'll get another dress and hat!
Ah, but I'll look so fresh and gay
The sun will *have* to shine all day!"
Alice Reid, in "Harper's."

MORE OF WHAT I AM.

"Please explain what you mean by your oft-repeated 'I AM?' What is it? Who or which is it? Don't answer that 'it is the ego,' 'your higher or real self,' for that makes it no clearer. I know of my physical body, I have heard of soul and spirit. Now, supposing I have these three things, which is the 'I am?' Or is it Universal Spirit, something men call God, that has blended with my spirit and soul?"

I AM spirit, soul and body. Spirit, soul, body, mind, nerves, bones, earth and ether are all phases of I AM, of me. I AM all there is, was or ever will be. I AM all space, all peoples and things that exist in all space. I AM all power.

I AM the Whole Darned Thing.

When I assert I AM I assert my oneness with All Things and the Source of All. When I call upon the I AM I call upon all the forces of the universe.

When I speak the Word I AM I set in motion every atom, to the farthest imagined, in all creation and uncreation.

If I say "I AM wise enough to know how, and powerful enough to do This Thing"—whatever it may be—I set the Great Whole into harmonious action to manifest my Word. I tell you, whatever I say, goes; and makes the whole universe vibrate with it, for I AM the whole universe. Whatever I say goes, and I AM learning to say the Right Thing—instead of the Wrong Thing and the Stupid Thing.

I wonder if you will understand the I AM any better if I tell you that it is the very same "I am" you have been saying in small letters all your life. The only difference is that the little "I am" is ignorant, like the baby it is, and imagines it is just the size of your body, and that there are ever so many million other little "I ams", all jumbled up in the universe in a helpless, squirming, wriggling, cross-purposed mass of miserable worms of the dust, whose only chance of happiness consists in once in a while getting on top and crowing.

The new, calm, capital I AM has learned that I AM ONE, and all this squirming and wriggling is within the ONE, just as all the little cells are within our bodies; and that all the activity is not at cross purposes at all, but is harmonious and beneficent to each and every little wriggling "I am." And behold the I AM has swallowed up all the little "I ams," and they rejoice as One, whilst there is no more fighting to get on top, for where there is no top, everything is on top.

The difference between "I am" and I AM is the difference between finite and infinite; between consciousness of a part of Self and consciousness of ALL of Self.

"I am" consciousness is really "I am not" consciousness. The little "I am" that we say so

glibly and thoughtlessly usually prefaces such adverbs as "poor," "weak," "sick." It is the little, selfish personal "I" that stands before "can't."

I AM consciousness is cosmic, therefore it is positive as well as wise. I AM ALL that is and does. "There is none else beside Me."

I AM One, and all things work together.

I AM all that is, and all that is not.

I AM God, and I AM Man, and I AM One.

I AM the only Actor, and the only Action.

I AM you. Use Me.

NATURAL LIVING.

The only trouble with Thomas J. Shelton is that when he gets to soaring he forgets that he ever walked. He forgets that he walked first, and that without walking, yes, and creeping, he wouldn't be soaring now—by spells. For even Thomas comes to earth with a flop once in a while.

But he isn't the only one who denies the way by which he traveled and dubs as "fads" the steps he took to get there. I remember the first mental scientist I ever heard speak. He called himself a Divine Scientist and his name was Paul Militz. He still teaches, I believe. He was then, some seven years ago, a man of forty odd years, with the most impressive face I had ever seen—a face expressive of all that throbs in the Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhauser. A wide, wide experience was in it—the whole gamut it seemed to me—the trying of all things and the understanding of all; a desire so great that no thing could swerve it; a peace so deep that the ripples on its surface were peace-full like its depths. This is how Paul Militz's face impressed me, ever more deeply, as I listened to eight lectures on as many consecutive days. They were beautiful to me then. But just one statement of his has clung like a burr to my memory. This man stood up and told us that he had studied all isms, and practiced all exercises of which he could learn, for the development of self. He had spent years in searching and seeking and practicing. "But," he said, "in none of them did I find what I sought—never until I turned away from them all did I find the Christ within."

But I know now, and I fancy he, too, knows, that that conclusion was a short-sighted one. It is true that none of these things "save" us, but all of them together are the actions by which we "save" ourselves—the actions by which the I AM presses out into consciousness, into expression. All these years of aspiration and exercising showed in Paul Militz's face and form and every movement. Without those years of spiritual culture he would not have been the man he was; nor could he have thought the thoughts he expressed.

The entire body is a thinking machine; or, rather, a machine through which thought comes into form, into expression.

The body is the negative pole of man, the portion which is acted upon by "the mind."

But the body is not the only thing acted upon. The body is the medium by which mind acts upon environment. A poor medium, a coarse-grained conductor, allows thought force to waste. An untrained body, an unused or abused body is coarse-grained and a poor medium for thought expression.

The best, most successful, most powerful healers have every blessed one of them come up to their eminence through hard work. They have, in their earlier days, had to work, and later they

have drilled in all imaginable ways both mentally and "physically." Helen Wimans worked like a slave on a farm and learned to do well a hundred different things perhaps. In a late "Freedom" she tells about Lida Hood Talbot's fine ability to trim a hat or make a gown, or do half a dozen other things she don't need to do—now. Shelton himself scratched hard for a living, and later he studied all the isms and ologies and focussed the sun's rays in his eyes for three hours a day. I went through with the focussing exercises when I was only seven or eight years old. Our house faced the north and I used to perch on a board across two barrels at the back of the house and stare the sun out of countenance daily. Later I practiced all kinds of housework, sewing, millinery, music and church work, and studied diligently the ologies and isms. I likewise put two and two together and discovered that it required all those exercises and studies to bring my body into a condition to transmit the thought I now generate.

I have seen plenty of people who want to think without doing anything—people who never sent their thought into an act in their whole lives—people who might just as well be bodiless heads rolling around loose, so far as their ambitions indicated. But I never yet heard such a one express an original, practical idea, and I never saw such a one who wasn't dirty, shabby and repulsive in appearance. It is thought expressed through action which saves us from all repulsive conditions. It is intelligent action which is culture.

The kind of action does not so much matter. One may express thought through the commonest acts of every-day life. He may use hoeing or plowing or dish-washing, working buttonholes or breathing exercises as a medium for expressing thought; for any action intelligently done refines his body by so much, and adds a bit to his ability to control and direct his thought.

Unintelligent action is drudgery. The drudge is he who works "because he must"; who repeats aimlessly his acts, from which his thought is divorced. But even drudgery cultivates and refines, though in a much more tedious way than when new thought is expressed through the acts.

People make drudgery of their work by dwelling upon the visible Now until they are sick and disgusted with the sameness. They thus waste all higher thought and courage and faith in mental complaining and dogged, negative will. Their effort to do, and hate at the same time, saps the life from their Ideals, from whence comes their only help and panacea for drudgery.

So the drudge takes twice, or maybe many times, as long to gain a given degree of efficiency, or culture, as the man who uses the same acts as mediums for expressing thought and purpose.

From our ideals and purposes we gain the thought power which makes any act easy and enjoyable.

Shelton says: "The only way to live is to live a natural life. Breathe naturally; sleep naturally; and eat according to the law of your own taste." Now that is all very pretty advice. Take it—if you can. But there is the rub. Correct, i. e., "natural" or easy, breathing, sleeping or eating is the direct result of correct, i. e., natural or easy, thinking. Whoever fears not nor makes mistakes needs no admonishing to "natural living." Whoever fears does not half breathe, and he craves stimulant instead of food. And he cannot sleep naturally.

So the next admonition is, "Don't fear."

And the invariable answer is, "I can't help it." Life is a school for learning to think, a school for the elimination of fear.

Fear is the offspring of *uncertainty*.

There is only *one* kind of fear—the fear of self.

Why is a man afraid of self? Because he is *uncertain* as to his actions and thoughts and their results. When a man has repeated any action times enough to be dead sure he can do it he replaces self-fear with self-confidence. And this self-confidence laps over onto the next thing he undertakes. He reasons that, having mastered one thing he is surely able to master another.

It is thought expressed in action that grows self-confidence and dissipates fear.

It is thought expressed in action that *makes possible* a "natural," i. e., easy, life. Only oft-repeated acts are easily done.

Wild animals follow Thomas Shelton's advice to a dot. But once on a time a wild animal conceived an Ideal. He wanted to do something that none of the other wild animals ever did. Never having done this thing he was uncertain of himself—he was afraid. He breathed short and lost his appetite and couldn't sleep. Then all the other wild animals sang Shelton's refrain at him—"live a natural life—breathe as we do—sleep—eat as we do!" If there had been a lot of other more civilized animals, ones who habitually did the sort of thing our hero dreamed of doing, they would have sung to him that same identical song.

You see, Thomas has *learned* to do these things. He has grown beyond the time of effort and fear and sleeplessness and stimulant. He has forgotten that he ever said "I can't." He soars and makes you wish you, too, might soar.

But I say unto you, train, *train*, TRAIN, hands and feet and head and all the functions of body, until right action is "natural," i. e., easy.

You cannot breathe slowly, fully and with *control*, and at the same time fear or fret. No need to waste time in proving this. Just you DO it and you will *know* of the doctrine.

You cannot stay awake when you ought to be "sleeping naturally," if you will persistently regulate your breathing. Rock yourself to sleep with a slow, rythmical motion of your breathing apparatus. It is jolting, uneven, fretting *thought* that expresses in uneven, short, shallow breathing, such as *always* accompanies insomnia. Regulate just enough of your thought to work your breathing correctly and you will find your entire body and mind "catch the vibrations" and go to sleep as you *desire* it to.

Do you see that you control your breathing so that *what you desire* may come to pass?

The self-controlled Individual can gratify *any* desire.

Shelton and I are working to the same end and we KNOW that mind controls matter. Shelton's strong point is soaring, and mine is *application*. "The proof of the pudding is in the *eating*," not in our opinions.

—"Miss Incognita," by "Don Jon" of 114 Fifth avenue, New York, is an ingenious and charmingly written story that holds the reader's interest intent to the last line. It deals with hypnotic phenomena strung on a thread of disappointed passions and gratified revenge. The former are true to the text books and may be true to life. But I refuse to believe that the latter are true to human nature. I refuse to believe that a woman or man either could hatch so diabolical a scheme for revenge; or work for twenty years to carry it out; or grow beautiful and philanthropic upon such diet. And I emphatically disbelieve that even such an omniscient schemer as "Miss Incognita" can so manipulate humanity. I should guess this story was mothered by an imaginative and impractical woman and fathered by a "faithless lover," and I predict that she will recover long before her heroine gained "revenge." Price of book is \$1.50, in cloth.

—Set yourself to grow more *alive* all over. GET INTERESTED in seeing how wide-awake and happy and DON'T CARE you can be. NEVER MIND the "negatives" of life—let 'em slide, just as a child does. Drop all cares and responsibilities and set yourself to see how much

fun you can get out of each thing as it turns up. Then forget it and go on. Take laughing exercises and breathing exercises—plenty of them. Wake up and have a good time and see how INTERESTED you can get in living and looking pretty and sweet and smiling. Do what you *want* to do, and do it with a VIM. And LET other people do as *they* want to do, and see you smile at 'em and help 'em do it! The God in *them* is *their* guide—you don't know beans about what they ought to do. Let 'em alone and have a jolly time minding your own business. You can't carry other people's business on your mind and do justice to your own. When every fellow learns this—and every fellow will, all in due time—then all the world's business will be done up in apple-pie order.

—Success never seeks the man. And man finds only what he seeks and keeps on seeking. Oh, yes, you say, Newton was not seeking when he lay under the apple tree. But he was. If Newton's mind had not been one insatiable hunger for knowledge of the whys and wherefores of things the falling apple would have told him no more than worm-eaten apples had told a million other lolling boys before Newton's day. Newton's mind was ever seeking, seeking. It had thrown out a thousand little tendrils ready to catch and hold Facts whilst Newton sucked them dry of Wisdom. He lived in a state of perpetual seeking, perpetual *reaching out*—lived in that state until it was NATURE to him. What is natural is done without effort—one *rests* in doing it. One is unconscious of doing it. There was a time when ordinary bodily functions were consciously accomplished, but repeated doing made them habitual, natural, sub-conscious. It is just so with seeking and success. Success is seeking become HABIT. Seeking is an effort just as learning to manipulate piano keys is an effort. After one has *learned* to manipulate the keys there is no effort, no *conscious* thought required. It becomes "nature" to do it. So a man must needs *seek success* until it is his *nature* to seek it, when behold, he IS SUCCESS and no more effort is necessary. Here is a great sentence I read on the back of the last "Philistine": "Success is the Realization of the Estimate which you place upon Yourself." Success is REALIZATION. Seeking *leads to realization*. No man seeks what he does not believe can be found, does he? But any good thing that a man believes he *can* find he will seek for. Isn't that true? So then, the man who is seeking nothing has either found all good things, or else he thinks he is such a puny good-for-naught that he can't find it. Those are the only two kinds of people who are not SEEKING. And I am not real sure that the former kind—if he really exists—is not as much to be pitied as the latter, even if his home is the bosom of "Abraham," or "Nirvana."

—When you see something you want, instead of shutting off your Desire just wake up and gratify it. That turns on the power for *more* Desire and increases your capacity for gratifying it. Don't let "can't" birds nest in your hair.

—Here is a woman, a school ma'am, who "can't pronounce hard words, though she *knows* how, but somehow when she goes to speak them she trips." She "don't see why." Well, I do. She wants to be content with "*knowing* how." She needs to *prove* her knowing by *doing* it about 10,000 times. We don't trip on words we *use*. Anybody can pronounce *anything* glibly after *doing* it many times. When I get a new word I hunt up its meaning, pronunciation and derivation and then I say it out loud, over and over, and weave it into many sentences. After that it is *my* word and obeys me. I have done this all my life. There is no "secret" about a "good flow of language"—it is acquired by *practice*, by *whomsoever* WILL. * * This same school mistress "can't make her voice heard"—which is a fib. She can if she WILL *wake up* and PRACTICE articulating distinctly. * * And she "can't keep as good order as she would like." A whole letter full of "can'ts!"—and all LIES. *Every* "can't" is a lie against the Holy Will within. * * The secret of keeping order in school is to keep up INTEREST,

change the order often and promptly. To do this the teacher must incarnate a live interest herself and must *practice* order, promptness and *precision* in all she does, *in school and out*. A weak, irresolute, complaining and uninterested teacher will spoil the best school going. But *any* teacher can become a model one *if she* WILL, *practice* right qualities in school and out until she literally incarnates them. Two minutes of *breathing exercises*, in unison, all the children standing and all windows open, several times a day, is a wonderful aid in keeping order, interest, good feeling and health in a school room. At least two hearty *laughs* a day is another wonderful aid. A kill-joy teacher never succeeds and ought to be fired incontinently. Any teacher who is consecrated to success in her work can cultivate her own gumption and evolve dozens of ideas that will add to her pupils' and her own interest, wide-awakeness and order. The first step is to throttle every "can't" with a good, healthy "I WILL."

—"Which?" is propounded by "Justice" and published by J. B. Caldwell, 88 Fifth avenue, Chicago; price, cloth, fifty cents, and in paper, twenty-five cents. It is a "high purpose novel."

—Of course you can't prevent "What-if" imps from playing tag in your mental streets. A "What-if?"—is liable to peek in at your window every time you make a motion to do something—especially if you never did it before. But what of it? Let him peek. But you don't have to invite him in and let him run things. Just say nothing and saw wood and he'll soon see "What-if-?" Mind what you are *doing*, instead of trying to scare him off, and he will soon get tired and leave. "What-if" imps find no fun watching folks who *tend strictly to business*.

—"What should be one's mental attitude when witnessing the suffering of some animal, a sight unfortunately too frequent in the streets of a great city? I am thrown completely off my balance by such sights, and the recollection returns to torment me repeatedly for days afterward."—E. V.

Just "treat" abused and abuser to the best you can imagine for them. *Recognize* both as unripe fruit which *is being* ripened. REMEMBER that *all* things work together for good to *each*. *Send out the warmest Good Will to each*—never mind the *feelings*—send the GOOD WILL. Send it positively every time you think about it. *Good Will* is the only power in heaven or earth that can ever transform abuser or abused and do away permanently with unpleasant conditions. In addition to all this, if you can correct the abuse *without abusing the abuser*, then do it. Above all and in all, remember that ALL IS GOOD. Evil, like "chance," is "direction which thou canst not see," and all things tend to "better, best." Let them tend, and *help* them by SEEING GOOD, for "as a man thinketh so is he" and other folks "catch his vibrations."

—Are you going to the second annual Convention of Mental Scientists at Sea Breeze, Fla., next November? It will be the opportunity of a lifetime to kill two birds with one stone, and a half-rate stone at that. You may escape the Northern blizzards that swoop down about that time and enjoy a congregation of some of the nicest, smartest, most up-to-date folks on this mundane sphere. There are the immortal Helen Wilmans and Colonel Post, already there, and T. J. Shelton and Lady Blanche are going, and Hugh and Ida Pentecost and Eugene Del Mar, and ever so many more. If the vibrations of that convention don't beat the band and all the other conventions that ever convened, then my guess is away off. And I dote on conventions—in Florida. I believe this one will be a great inspiration to all who can attend, and the trip will be fine. For particulars write Charles F. Burgman, Sea Breeze, Fla. That reminds me that Helen Wilmans says in a recent letter, "We have killed the Florida medical bill DEAD." Good!

—Thomas J. Shelton announces the advent of an edition de luxe, composite of himself and "Lady Blanche." They call her "Baby Blanche" and her grandmamma keeps her upstairs, whilst business progresses as usual. We heartily congratulate the Baby Immortal upon her good taste in the selection of parents and grandmamma.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

CONCENTRATION. Someone wishes to know if we advise the person who does manual or mechanical labor to concentrate upon their work. Most assuredly YES. Lack of concentration is a potent cause for failure in life, and leads not only to lack of business success, but to ill health and inharmonious feelings as well. Concentration brings freedom of action, instead of binding one in ruts, and develops self-confidence and power. The person who allows his or her mind to dwell on one thing while the hands do another is scattering force and laying the foundation for weakness instead of strength. If you cannot wash dishes well, when it is necessary, and keep your mind upon your work, then you are not fitted for higher work. When you have learned the primary lesson you will find yourself advanced to the next, but it will not avail to shirk the work in hand. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might."

If one does some kind of mechanical work with the hands while the mind strays to something else, the person so working is neither wholly positive nor wholly negative. He is in a condition of mind to be easily "muddled" and turned aside by a positive suggestion from any source. Professor Weltmer defines the correct attitude of mind as either wholly positive or wholly negative. You cannot be both at one time without laying the foundation for future weakness of some sort. By doing one thing at a time with ALL the mind centered upon that thing, you conserve your energy and develop strength which will serve you in future needs and enable you to grow as you desire to grow.

One leading cause of failure on the part of so many people to apply successfully the laws of Mental Science to every-day living, lies in the fact that they will not practice concentration or make a business of *cultivating* the faculties of success. They expect to find some easy method by which the dollars will fall into their laps in the most unexpected manner, and without any conscious effort on their part. They wander all about the field where success may be cultivated without even once getting down to business and making a good, earnest attempt to WORK OUT their financial salvation, and then wonder why they do not succeed.

Here is what Katie Boehme says in the "Radiant Center" to these discouraged metaphysicians, and her sentiments are mine to a "T": "TO DO WELL AND LOVINGLY THE WORK WHICH COMES TO YOUR HAND TO-DAY IS TO SOW THE SEED FOR BETTER THINGS TO COME TO-MORROW."

The Law of the universe is making no mistakes in your education, you may rest assured, and whatever work comes to your hand is the *work you need*—for the time being. The law of growth requires that you first learn to command life *where you are now* before you can pass on to a higher plane. If desire runs ahead so fast that you fail to learn the lesson of the present, the Law holds you all the more firmly *right where you are* until you are ready to graduate into the next experience. Therefore the surest and most direct way to realize your desires is to live well the present and put *all* your mind into your work during working hours.

SELF-RELIANCE. Another thing which will greatly accelerate the realization of your ideals is the cultivation of a firm reliance upon yourself. Learn to RELY upon your own powers. So many expect some one else to do for them what no living being can do except themselves. The most a healer can do for you is to awaken you. You *must* do the work of living and growing yourself. Strength and knowledge will come to you in proportion as you *use* what you already possess. Do something! Be something! Attempt things. Failure can only teach you a needed lesson and success will be found in some other method if not by the one you are attempting to apply. All power to accomplish comes from within yourself. Outside causes may call that power into action, but that rests with you to decide. You make your own decisions and nothing outside yourself will interfere either to save or condemn you. If you comply with the Law of your Being you may accomplish all things. No one can comply with that Law for you, although another may point out the pathway of agreement to you. You can come into agreement with the principle of your being by consciously willing to do so and by trying experiments. Through these experiments you will acquire exact knowledge, and exact knowledge is harmony with Principle. Have faith in and trust your own decisions and determinations. If you lack faith in yourself you limit your own powers of accomplishment. Cultivate faith in self and then go forward and PROVE that it is founded on the bed rock of eternal truth. Let failure only increase your faith, and make the attempt in a different way the next time.

In this connection I quote the following from Prof. Weltmer's book, "Self-Reliance": "Some-

one will ask you, 'How can I use my will?' In only one way, and that is by relying upon it. You can only use the powers that you have within you by relying upon them. You may think that there is some other way, but there is not. You may think that I am not treating you right when I say that the reason you cannot control your physical forces as they should be is because you cannot trust your will. You may say that you cannot, but I know that you can. I know that what one person has done another can do, and that person does not live who cannot trust his will as far as any other person ever did, or cannot use it as far as any other person ever did."

Dear reader, will you ponder these positive statements of truth and let them sink into your consciousness?

OUR FAMILY. We take a personal interest in all the readers of NAUTILUS. Our family is large and growing rapidly, and to each and all we send out silently fraternal greetings and good wishes with every issue. Because of this real interest on the part of our readers and ourselves in each other, we are enabled to do more and better work, and with better results, than if our relations to our readers were more impersonal. The same is true of several of the New Thought papers, which have been the first to foster the personal element referred to.

There are some who claim to believe that the editorial "I" should constantly be a "we," and that personality should be obliterated from a paper. I believe the exact opposite of this to be true. I believe that the more personality the editors of a paper like NAUTILUS are able to put into it the more it will be appreciated by its readers, and the more real help it will prove to be to them. I tell you it is the personal experiences that help us. It is not the cold, impersonal theorizing, even if couched in refined and elegant language, that appeals to us and helps us to solve our problems.

This personal element carried into business relations of any sort will prove to be a stimulus to success. The merchant who comes into closest touch with his customers, either personally or through trusted assistants, and looks most carefully after the wants of his patrons is the one who builds the greatest success, other things being equal. The very atmosphere of many popular stores make you feel at home. But how different in a place where this personal element is lacking, where the assistants are imbued with a spirit of indifference to the customers' wants, and serve you with an air of being extremely bored. We instinctively avoid such places a second time.

The personal element is being infused into all the relations of life more and more, and it is one of the happiest signs of the times. It promotes mutual trust and confidence in your neighbor for one thing and helps to develop that feeling of fraternity which is an omen of the coming age when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and peace reign unto all the ends of the world.

LET GO. The worrier, the person with any form of disease, the poverty stricken, the one who keeps in a constant mental attitude of resentment towards everybody and everything—all these people are hangers on. They get hypnotized by the vibrations which produce the discord until they absolutely and flatly refuse to see the good in life. The consequence is they sink deeper and deeper into the mire of their own fearful imaginings until something comes along to wake them up, draw them out of themselves and induce them to LET GO. Their mental attitude is exactly like that of a person who, we will say for the sake of illustration, has never seen an apple tree. He goes out into an orchard in the month of June when the apples are in a very crude and undeveloped state compared with what they will be a month or two later. He tastes this crude fruit and finding that it is not agreeable he immediately jumps at the conclusion that it will never be any different. So he absolutely refuses to taste the apples after they become ripe, having set up the mental image of the crude, undeveloped fruit and accepted it as permanent. So these people who run up against unpleasant experiences in life (as we all do until we grow into a knowledge of truth), immediately accept those experiences as final, or at least allow their faith to become deeply overshadowed, and consequently they cling to the very vibrations they wish to avoid. The Law is *growing* in you a recognition of the truth that "all is good." You are held by the Law to one set of experiences until you develop faith enough to lift you out of those experiences. As soon as you LET GO mentally faith will spring up; but as long as you hang on it cannot thrive any more than a tender plant could grow where its roots were confined by heavy stones on all sides, or the blood circulate freely through an arm bound tightly with a cord. By hanging on you *shut out* the finer vibrations of life which come to us from the sun, and embrace instead the cold, slow vibrations of mother earth. If you continue to shut out the finer vibrations by mental holding on and by resistance, you may induce a disease so severe that soul and body will

be rent asunder, and the latter return to its source, the earth. If, on the other hand, you cultivate repose and hold yourself more and more receptive to the warm, fine, life-giving vibrations of the sun, you will grow young instead of old and develop health and harmony in place of disease. The sun represents the *spirit* of the universe, the center of *power*, the *finer* vibrations, the universal rather than the concrete. He who turns to the sun for life will not become so lost in the contemplation of *forms* as to forget that power which makes forms possible.

There is much along this line of thought that is very clearly and ably presented in Dr. Doud's new book, "Evolution of the Individual." Here is one illustration he gives which impresses me deeply: "We are like the fish of the sea which has left the depths and ascended river, creek and rivulet until it finds itself hemmed in by rocks and crowded by the shallow bottom. All the world seems to be forcing it out of its life element. That is the way the individual feels at some time during life. The fish was once free in his universal element—water—but his head turned away from the sea and he is lost until he reverses his position and then once more the boundless ocean opens to him. Just so the individual has had his face turned towards the concrete, the lowest vibrations. The instant he faces about and begins to receive the finer, invisible vibrations, he travels rapidly towards the ocean of universal mind. His limitations then begin to fade. He is free. He turns toward the center of power and is master of all earthly things."

By ceasing to hold on to *forms* so intensely and turning to the contemplation of the finer vibrations, and to that power which molds forms, we may pass from the slow vibrations called "death" to the bright and shining light of immortal life.

—"Marriage," by Juliet H. Severance, M. D., price five cents, is published by M. Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

—Yes, your own comes to you. But why do you keep straining after "your own" as if what HAS come were *not* yours? You overlook what has come, and is now yours—you make nothing of it, and thereby postpone the day when other of "your own" shall appear. LET GO and KNOW that what is your own can't get away from you. Know also that what *is* yours NOW—yours to transform and vitalize by *loving attention*; yours to make the best of, that you may be ready for something better as it comes. KNOW that the more you make of what is yours NOW, the more quickly will you draw to you what you claim as yours. For the *loving attention*, or "concentration," which you let *this* circumstance develop in you, *is the power needed to draw the next and better thing.*

—Rev. S. C. Greathead, Clifford, Mich., has reprinted his article on "The Breath of Life"—the one I told you was so good—together with "The Breath of Lives, Which is Zone," and you may get them both for twenty-five cents. Mr. Greathead's new journal, "The Breath of Life," is out and it is a beauty. Price \$1 a year.

—And still it pours!—another new monthly magazine. "The Mental Advocate" is published at 108 West Thirty-Eighth street, New York, by Dr. Paul Edwards. Price one dollar a year. It looks good—send ten cents and see if it tastes good.

—"Within a few days last past, a friend placed in my hands for perusal a few disconnected pages of your paper, the 'NAUTILUS.' Yesterday (Sunday) I was too much indisposed to rise in the early morning and bethinking myself of the NAUTILUS I had the pages brought and read them. Soon after beginning the perusal I smilingly said to myself, 'Why Elizabeth is a dandy!' A little further on I said, 'I like this girl!' and still later I called my wife and said to her, 'I'm heels over head in love with Elizabeth Struble Towne!' She said 'Who is Elizabeth Struble Towne?' I said she is a mental science teacher, editress of the NAUTILUS, Holyoke, Mass., and wife of William E. Towne. The perusal of a sheet or two of her writings has cured me already. To-morrow I shall write Elizabeth.' Jokes aside, I was much helped by the reading and think I may derive permanent benefit from taking the NAUTILUS."

This man has hopped out of bed and is getting there.

—"My eyes are very much better. They get inflamed at times but do not hurt much even then. I feel that they are decidedly on the gain. I have followed your most excellent advice to 'treat them respectfully.' Your help has been invaluable to me."

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Success is the natural result of intelligent effort. Failure is the natural result of unintelligent effort. The degree of success in any man's life is determined by the exact amount of intelligence he puts into his efforts. Take a careful inventory of today's efforts, dearie. How much of it is done perfunctorily, grumblingly, from habit, or "compulsion;" and not because you have waked up, surveyed conditions and ideals, and decided that under these circumstances, and JUST NOW, THIS is the highest, best thing you can do? Unless you have thus decided, this particular effort you are engaged in it is not an intelligent effort and therefore is NOT adding to your success. It is a thoughtless effort, a drudgery, and is wasting your energy and your success. Now quit, SHORT. If you cannot put intelligence, WILL, interest, into this effort and make it serve a purpose, then stop short and sit or lie perfectly relaxed until you can make your efforts tell. Far better do nothing at all than to waste energy in such wasteful effort. At least be still and let energy accumulate. After a bit you will find yourself again able to put intelligence into your motions. When you do not know just what to do and how to do it BE STILL. Be still all over—see how still you can be. Intelligence and power will well up inside and fill you again, to overflowing. Then you will know what to do and how, and it will be joy to do it. In the meantime, whether you are putting intelligence into effort or into being still, SUCCESS GROWS. I AM with you.

—"My Aunt has improved wonderfully under your care."

—"Have derived much benefit from your Success Circle."

—"The Transformation of Evil, a Scientific Mastery of Intemperance," may be had for twenty-five cents of the author, Caroline Wheeler, Lansing, Mich.

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—"One Tramp Who Found a Haven of Rest" is a quaint and fanciful story of the Ideal, by Elizabeth Hetherington, 507 Longwood street, Rockford, Ill. Paper cover, price ten cents.

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—Mrs. Ida C. Craddock, author of two most helpful little books for married folks, is at present teaching at Room 5, 134 West Twenty-third street, New York City. Her lectures upon "Yoga Applied to the Married Life" will elucidate many obscurities. Go and hear her, or write for terms at above address.

—"The Christ Ideal" is the latest fine little volume by Horatio W. Dresser, Boston, who needs no eulogies to new thought readers. It is uniform with "Living By the Spirit," and comes in a little case for seventy-five cents—a delight to the esthetic as well as the intellectual senses. I have not had time to read it, but I know it is good and helpful.

—"The Symphony of Life" is Henry Wood's latest and perhaps his most finished production.

It is certainly concise, beautifully expressed and full of practical suggestiveness. I would like to reprint Mr. Wood's entire chapter upon "What is Disease?"—for the fellow who yet has occasional twinges. But send \$1.25 and read the whole book. There are over three hundred pages, handsomely bound in dark green and gold.

—"The Mind and Its Machinery," Vol. 1, by V. P. English, M. D., published by Ohio State Publishing Company, 13 Plymouth street, Cleveland, Ohio, creates in me a desire for Vol. 2. Dr. English presents in language worthy of his patronymic "the Scientific Basis for Reading Character, a new and simplified description of the temperaments, explaining how to estimate the powers, talents, tendencies and capabilities of man and all other animals. A description of Body and Mind, their mutual inter-relations and the influence of each upon the other, together with a new and original philosophy regarding the operation of a part of the bodily organs." This book is useful, interesting and well worth the dollar asked for it.

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