

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office
as second class matter.

Build thee more stately 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 unvesting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE, }
{ HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

No. 3.

PROGRESS.

I fill Colombo's westering sail,
I work through Cromwell's spleen,
I crush the Bourbons when they fail,
I break the Guillotine.

Who fares with me along the way,
Nor stays for fear and ruth,
His heresy of yesterday
Shall be tomorrow's truth.
—Robert Gilbert Welsh in *Harper's*.

JOY WORDS FOR JANUARY.

"All my life I have been searching for happiness in many different ways, but have never found the real thing."

You have been hunting happiness outside of you. You have expected happiness to flow from things into you. You have expected happiness as a result of making your environment fit you. All your efforts have been put forth in this direction, and you have constantly met with disappointment—and unhappiness. As everybody will whose happiness is pinned to his conditions.

Conditions, like people, are *growing* things; never two minutes in exactly the same state. If you pin your happiness to a thing, or a friend, you will probably have to unpin it before night.

Happiness, *real* happiness of the abiding, *growing* kind, *never* comes as a result of fitting circumstances to your notions. *It comes from fitting YOURSELF to circumstances.* In no other way can it be found.

After all this is much easier to do. There is but *One* of you to be adjusted; while all the rest of creation goes to make up your environment. And your power over yourself is practically unlimited; whilst your power over even your immediate environment is next to nothing. What power has a convict over his prison walls and keepers? But he has *all* power over his *mind*; and he has all power over his body *within the limits* set by his prison walls and his keeper's rules.

A convict can be a fool and fret away his life within those walls; he can sulk mentally, and refuse to use his physical powers as far as permitted. If he does this he falls sick and dies, an unhappy man; unhappy because he fretted over what he couldn't do, instead of doing what he could.

Or, the prisoner may use as he pleases that part of himself which cannot be walled in by any number of bolts and bars. He may think as high and as bravely and well as he *chooses*; and he may use his physical energies as bravely and well as he *may*. He may make the best of his opportunity to learn a trade, and to cheer and help others as he may, even in a prison. If he does this he will be in those grim environs a happier man than are three-quarters of the men who are outside prison walls. Not only this, but he will *win* from his keepers kindness and consideration not accorded the indifferent or defiant prisoner; and he will *shorten his term of sentence*. Still further than that, he will come forth from that prison a stronger, wiser, happier man than he has *ever* been before,—a man better equipped for success *for having been in that prison*; a happier and more successful man than he would have been without that bit of education. There are two of the world's greatest railroad magnates who are examples of this very thing; one of whom is making over London today.

Now, every human being is in a prison of circumstances. He is there because he deserves to be. He has "attracted" it to himself. It is the particular sort of prison he needs *just now*. It

is stocked with just the sort of things he needs to exercise mind, will and muscles upon, to fit him for the next higher class in the line of his desires.

Will he *adjust himself* to it all and work happily, faithfull-y, willingly; and thus *shorten his sentence*? Or will he kick the walls and curse his work—and *lengthen his sentence*? Will he *accept* things and work happily? Or will he grumble and kick, and be unhappy?

It all depends upon *himself*. His environment is his friend if he works *with* it; his foe if he *turns against it*. One is happy with his friends, no matter in what garb they come; one is unhappy with those he is *turned against*, no matter how richly they are dressed or how fair they may appear.

Do you really *want* to be happy? Do you want happiness enough to pay the price for it? Happiness is a jealous god. He simply will not live in the same heart with fault-finding, growls, dislikes. Do you want happiness badly enough to make you turn out all these things no matter *what* happens? Then happiness will come into you and *grow up* in you until it fills every crack and cranny of your being and makes you feel so good that you will entirely forget to growl and find fault and dislike things.

Happiness and Good Will are Siamese twins. You simply must have 'em both, or live without either. Growls and dislikes always send Good Will into the dark closet and then happiness flies away. You must *CHOOSE* Good Will, and keep on choosing, until it fills you and radiates such positive energy that growls and dislikes simply shrivel and cannot get into your mind or heart at all.

That reminds me of Kipling's "Just So Stories," but it isn't so imaginary as you might suppose. There are growls and dislikes flying through the air, seeking *dark auras* where they may abide. You have a Solar Center which is intended to do for your body and atmosphere what the sun does for its solar system. It is meant to radiate *Good Will*, or love, to fill you with light and real soul-warmth of the sort that is instant death to growls and dislikes—as light brings instant death to shadows.

But there is one little spot where a growl or grumble can always get in and *turn off* the Soul radiance and make your face and body and atmosphere all dark, so that all the other growls and dislikes will come in too, and hold high jinks where they ought not to be. Achilles had just one little spot on his heel (the feet represent the understanding, you know) where the enemy could hurt him. You have just one little spot where a growl can enter and shut off all your radiance of light and happiness,—the little spot of *Choice*.

If you *choose* a grumble as it presents its frowzy, bristly head, it hops over the sill and comes in. And the very first thing it does is to touch the button and shut off your *Good Will* radiations. Next it throws open the doors and windows of your mind and invites in all its relations.

To keep out growls just paste up a big notice:—

**NO GROWLS ADMITTED!
NOT EVEN ON BUSINESS!**

If a growl is impudent enough to come in when you are not looking just *throw* him down stairs, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't put him together again.

Now growls are quite as intelligent as other

folks. If they get an unvarying and decidedly warm brogan they give it up and go hunt for somebody who is in the *habit* of letting 'em in. All you have to do is to cultivate the habit of firing them. Then your Solar Center will shine brighter and brighter and Good Will and Happiness will hold open house to every little thought-body that's nice.

And your sentence will be commuted and you will go into a bigger, better place.

And happiness will keep right on growing.

Smile. Smile alike upon just or unjust.

Get interested in seeing how happy you *can* be.

Take a few minutes the first thing every morning to cultivate *real* happiness, which is joy. Sit down with a pencil and paper, in a good, comfortable, *straight-backed* chair. Place the paper on the table and hold the pencil ready for business. Now say to yourself, "*Joy*"; and as you say it make a firm, bold dot with your pencil. Repeat. Make the next dot firmly *right over* the first one—*right in it*, I mean—simply make the one mark blacker and firmer. And mentally *put* that single word "*Joy*" right *into* that firm pencil dot. Put the real JOY into it. See how perfectly *One* you can make the pencil mark and the mental word. Bring JOY *down to a fine point*. Do this 25 or 30 times at a sitting, saying *Joy* very positively with each dot of the pencil. Do it all very *deliberately*, calmly, positively, resolutely.

Then go quietly about your work. You will be surprised to see how smoothly and pleasantly your work goes.

Whenever things seem to get into a snarl, or you feel discouraged or burdened, drop everything like a hot potato, go into another room and use this little Joy-exercise a few minutes. It's magic. Just *do* it and see.

And you will be surprised to see how little time it takes; and you will be amazed at how *much* time it *saves*; time saved from wrangles and jangles, to be used in *Joy*.

This is what the Bible means when it says, "*Break off thy sins by rightness.*" Break off jangles with Joy brought down to a fine point.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

Last month I told you to get down to *one* desire at a time, and to work and treat for that alone. But sometimes it is hard to decide upon any one as the most important. Sift as you may there will still seem to be several things equally urgent. Now, dearie, you *can* work daily for several things, provided you go rightly about it.

When you go to school you work for success in geography, grammar, and arithmetic, and you succeed in all. Not only that, but you do *better* in each than you would probably do if you had one study alone. There is a lot in "getting your hand in" and *keeping* it in. When one puts in so many hours every day, say four, in study, it soon becomes habit and you do it readily and easily; when perhaps one hour a day would scarcely enable you to get well interested before the hour would be over. But if you put the whole of four hours in on one study your mind would tire of the steady strain in one direction; whereas, if you divided the time among three studies your interest would be refreshed and your mind quickened by each change.

But what result would you expect if you sat down with all three text books before you, to put in four hours work at one stretch, dipping a moment into one book, then skipping to the others and back again innumerable times? How much interest could you take in such exercise of the mind? How much could you really take in?

How many problems could you work out if you tried to carry the bounding of the Red Sea and the parsing of a sentence at the same time you worked at the problem? You would fail in every study for lack of *concentration*.

But that is what we are all prone to do with our life problems. We jumble them up together—and fizzle. Whilst we are doing our kitchen problem our minds are trying to practice on the piano, or make money, or "grow spiritual," or "treat" ourselves out of "conditions," or do all at once. Our thoughts fly hit and miss from one thing to another with "Oh, I wish this" and "I wish that"; and all the time our kitchen problem is slighted and we are accomplishing next to nothing if not *quite* nothing, with the other things.

Now if you have simmered your desires down to their last essence and there are still several, instead of one, just divide your time as wisely as possible between them. The better success you make on *any one* the greater will be your capacity for success in the others. Suppose you have a kitchen problem you can't *just now* get rid of. And you *want* musical opportunities, oh, so much. And you *must* have health and money. Now there are three things you *want*—opportunities to practice, health, and money; and there's that kitchen problem you *must* solve. And *the last shall be first*. Give the kitchen problem all the time and thought it needs. To slight that is to reduce the power for the others. Set your time for that. Now set another time for practice, another for health exercise and concentration, and another for concentration for money.

Take health, we'll say, *first* thing in the morning. Rise half an hour early if need be, and make it from 6.30 to 7, perhaps, or earlier. Begin with breathing exercises and light gymnastics enough to *wake up* on. Follow with a cool shower or sponge bath and rub-down *if possible*. Then sit down or lie down for 20 minutes or more and "concentrate" on health and *nothing else*. Keep bringing your mind right down to the word "*Whole*"—"I AM WHOLE." Get *interested* in *imagining* how whole and strong and lovely you are. *Imagine* yourself as you *want* to be.

Now it will be time to change classes and take up your kitchen problem. So put your *whole* mind and body into that. Keep calling in your thought and interest and *putting it into* your work.

After a few days of this you will find your kitchen problem solving beautifully. You will see new things to *omit*, and new ways of doing things, and you will find your kitchen problem becoming a real pleasure and *taking much less time*.

At another time take your hour, or half hour, for *money*. Sit straight and *alert*, take slow, full breaths, and *picture money pouring into your purse*. Get *enthused* over the picture and keep telling yourself it is *real* and the money is *yours*. But *never permit yourself to wonder HOW the money is to come, or through whom*. Simply picture it as coming to you from the "All-Encircling Good." Feel just as tickled over it as you can.

When this half hour money-study is over dismiss it entirely from mind, and keep dismissing it every time it happens to come in again.

When your practice hour has arrived put your whole mind and soul and *imagination* and *affirmation* into that. See yourself a Paderewski preparing for a unique career, and pour your *soul* into sounds for the joy of the whole world. Practice *exactly* the time you have allotted yourself, and use the *same* time *every* day.

Follow the same rule with all these other problems. Be prompt to the *second*. But if something unforeseen *does* happen to prevent, remember that the *most* important thing is to *keep sweet mentally*; and take the first minute you can for your exercises. All sorts of "upset" feelings put your mind out of tune so that you must use *more* time tuning up again before your mental exercises are at their best.

If you do *one* thing at a time as if that were the *only thing you'd ever have to do, with all eternity to do it in*, you can work for several things at once. Remember your school days and use the

same principle these days. *Life is made up of school days*. And success is yours.

Last but not least, remember to take *plenty of recesses* from your work and concentration and practices. If you filled your lungs full of air and then *kept* them full it would be only a matter of a little while until you'd die. It is by expanding and then relaxing, expanding and relaxing, that we keep the breath of life going. To try to keep the lungs full *all* the time would be death. The same law comes into all we do. To work steadily without playing and resting between times, would have the same effect as holding your breath. To work with *all* your mind and soul and body, and then to *let go* with all your mind and soul and body is to complete a real breath of life. All work and no play, or all play and no work, makes us stupid and weak. But plenty of whole-souled work *alternated* with plenty of whole-souled rest, makes us strong and wise, and keeps us *growing*.

So take plenty of little recesses, dearie, every day. Go out and take a sun-bath and a soul-bath, and take slow, full, even breaths of the all-pervading love and wisdom and will of the universe. *Let life live you*. Fluff yourself all out loose and *let* the world-forces and the unseen forces play through you a while.

Then you will feel like being "strenuous" again when the time comes.

THE OLD-CLOTHES MAN.

"Some months ago you wrote in a short letter to me, stating that when a person leaves this earth, death is only a door to another state of life, and that we don't enter it unless it is best for us at that time and place. Do you consider death in all its different forms, in a young person as well as old, best for them, no matter whether they die from accident or natural causes? Mr. Towne writes in his article on re-incarnation in October number, that what we learn during one life is carried forward into the next. Now how much knowledge can a child have learned when death comes, compared to an older person. If death is the door by which we enter another state, and that is spiritual, what comes from that? Do we inhabit this earth again? Won't you and Mr. Towne give us a little more light on the subject?"

When we are children and go to school we work problems on a slate—or used to. If we made a little mistake and quickly discovered it we wet our forefinger on the tip of our tongue and wiped out the mistake, and then filled its place with the correct figure, or figures. But sometimes we made a mistake away up near the top of a long problem of long division, and that mistake was carried on down until there were more mistaken figures than correct ones. Then we wet our little sponge and wiped the whole thing out of existence, and did it all over again. Sometimes we did this several times over before we learned how to do the "sum" correctly.

We are still doing that sort of thing. Life is really a "problem," which must be done by mathematical rule. Our bodies are simply the figures on the slate. Every day we work away like more or less sensible and happy children; every day we find ourselves making and correcting mistakes, wiping off a little here and adding a bit there. *Our bodies* record all this, mind you.

But sometimes we fail to see our mistakes in time to correct them a little at a time, and sometimes we have not the patience to correct them. The mistakes are carried all through our bodies, just as through our problems on a real slate. Then we discover what a *lot* of blunders there are to correct, and we grow discouraged and quit trying. This relaxation of effort and will and *interest*, is the wiping off of the slate. We do it ourselves—do it *sub-consciously*, from the habit of ages of wiping off the slate. That which goes out of a body at death is the *real* person, and he it was who wiped off the slate, who withdrew himself from the body.

No man dies unless he is *ready* to die—unless his mistakes of thinking (*his body is built of his thoughts, you know*) are so in preponderance that he cannot hold himself longer as an *organization*.

A body is an organization of thought things which must *fit in* and *work together*. When a man's mind is filled with *warring, opposing*

thoughts, he is disorganizing himself. It is as if he turned wolves and lions and dogs all into the same corral, to oppose and rend each other, as well as to tear down whatever else was therein organized. Lions, wolves, and dogs are warring organizations.

A man's body in order to endure must be *one* organization,—every part must work *with* every other part. But as long as a man *thinks into* his body, one day good things, kind things; and another day ugly, revengeful, death-dealing things; he is turning lions and lambs together. And it is only a question of time and the kind of thought, when he will cease to be an organization,—he will fall to pieces, a victim to opposing forces.

And a man need not even be ugly himself in order to die. He needs only *recognize* ugliness in others. The Pharisee who has spent his life in ferreting out meanness and obscenity in others is as full of vileness as the nastiest sinner that walks. Man becomes what he thinks upon.

But such an one may be strong and healthy a long time because *nearly his whole body is organized of the one kind of thought*. So full is he of "evil" that he is an *organized* evil—a one-mind of evil.

It is the "good," and the goody-good people, who fill themselves up on the warring factions of good and evil, whose bodies are choked with the warring and who suffer most and die youngest.

The same thing is true of people at all ages. Wisdom does not necessarily come with years, though no soul ever lived five minutes that did not in that time discover and eliminate mistakes *by waking up to more or less truth*. All experience enlightens—even that of being born to die in a day or a week.

Don't imagine babies are such ignorant little lumps. They are not. *They are wise enough to choose their environment*—just the one best calculated to teach them what they most need to know NOW. To be sure they do not choose parents as you and I would go out and look over a stable-ful of horses and choose one. They do better than that. As the birds obey the desire to fly south when winter comes down with frosty breath, so the infant soul obeys its subconscious *desire* for a particular parentage. In other words, parent and child are *attracted*; and each furnishes to the other the particular sort of experience necessary to its *next* further growth.

Just as we sometimes wiped off our problem before we had half a dozen figures down, because we had found our mistake and wished to correct our work; so the infant soul may find a big mistake and wipe out its body—only to begin again somewhere else.

Oh, don't be sceptical because you can't *remember* doing such things. You cannot remember many things that happened just a few years ago. How then shall you remember back to the time you chose your parents? Or still farther back to the infinitely greater number of parents you may have chosen in succession, since the beginning of eternity. *You cannot even remember those problems you put on and wiped off your slate at school*. Is it then wonderful that you forget some other things?

But you can do other problems *like* those you learned on, and do them *almost unconsciously*, so *easy* has it become. You *learned much* on those old forgotten "sums"—you remember the "how," but you *forget where you learned how*.

So, no wonder you forget your old bodies and experiences. *But the wisdom gained with them is still with you*.

And every hour you are learning new truth—and forgetting *how* you learned it.

The babe is conscious, and the babe learns—fast, *fast*. But it forgets *how* it learned. And if it is not *pleased* with its experiences and learning it *lets go* its body and *passes on*—to other experiences.

Those who die, die because they are *ready*. And they "are taken away from the evil to come."

"Accidents" are *results* of "natural causes." An "accidental" death is a "natural" death—and sometimes much easier, and preferable to a so-called "natural" death. Who would not, if left to a

decision unbiased by public opinion,—who would not prefer instant death in the electric chair to a slow rotting by cancer or tuberculosis? One death is as "natural" as another.

No man dies unless it is *best* for him to do so. "Has anyone supposed it lucky to be born?"

I hasten to tell him it is just as lucky to die, and I know it."

There is nothing about death to be afraid of. It is but a wiping off of the mistakes which have handicapped you. YOU go on forever.

Death is as natural and as good, as life.

Only the *fear* of death can harm you; by tearing down your body before you *want* it wiped out.

It is said the first mark of insanity is that the patient fears and hates his best friend. The fear and hatred of death is insanity. To fear death for yourself is foolish. It but hypnotises you, and death charms you as a snake charms a bird. You die before you would need to if *you had not feared death*.

It is still more foolish to fret over the death of another. In this case you not only add the death-dealing forces to your own body, hastening death for yourself; *but your heavy thought handicaps in the outset of his new state of existence, the friend for whom you grieve.*

Spiritualists who claim to see and converse with departed souls often tell their friends that the "spirit forms" are "so weak and worn" that they are not able as yet to communicate with their old friends. The medium says the new made "spirit" is "heavy" over the unhappy state of its earth friends.

Why should not this be so? If our heavy thoughts *ever* affect each other (and we know they do) then death does not change it. *Our thoughts carry help or hindrance to those of whom think, be they dead or alive.*

We think we must eat right and live right and think right for the sake of our unborn or new born babes, that they may have the best possible start in their new existence. We need *just* as much to eat right and live right and especially to *think* right, in order to give our "departed friends" the best possible start in the new life upon which they are just entering. We need to lay aside every small personal consideration, and bid them a hearty good-speed with every thought of them. We need to cultivate peace, and quiet joy, and *willingness* to have them go; for their sakes.

We can easily do this if we remember to be glad *with them*, instead of selfishly fussing around our own little personal "loss." They have wiped off the slate and gone on with added wisdom, to better things. Why not be glad with them, *and for them.*

Whether we are spiritualists and believe in departed spirits; or evolutionists who believe in an immediate re-incarnation; or theosophists who believe in a Devachanic rest before re-incarnation; or Catholics whose friends may be in purgatory; or Protestants who hope they are in heaven;—whatever we are, the fact remains that our friends can no more fly beyond reach of our help or hindrance *than they can fly beyond our thoughts.*

Let us *help* those who have "passed out." Let us "treat" them for power and love and joy and progress. Let us make them glad *by being glad ourselves.*

Death is good.

But it will cease to be necessary as we cease to make and *perpetuate* mistakes.

Being *afraid* of death and mistakes is the greatest mistake of all.

Get rid of it. Face death in your mind, until it loses all terrors for you. Call it *good*. Tell it if ever the day comes when you want to die you will do so with a good grace. Call death *friend*, and not foe. Tell it you may *need* it some day to wipe off your body, but remember that YOU couldn't die if you would. Death is only your old-clothes man—you *may* need him, and you may not.

For my part I don't care whether I ever die again, or not. If I keep on building better and better (and I see no reason why I shouldn't) I shall live right along indefinitely, maybe forever.

But if ever I get myself into such a tangle as some folks do, and as I have got into in times

past, I shall do what Jesus did—give up my body.

Ida C. Craddock, sweet, earnest, clean soul, chose, for the sake of forcing her teachings upon an unready world, to butt her head repeatedly against the stone wall of Law, until she was so bruised and discouraged that she—wiped off her slate by conscious will. She made the martyr's choice and mistake, which means always death.

If ever I got tangled up as Ida Craddock did I might end the matter as she did—as Socrates ended his troubles.

But I hope to avoid the paths that lead to death. I love to live, and I mean to keep on living more and more fully and positively. I am seeking *FIRST* the law of Life and to live it.

Ida Craddock sought *FIRST* to convert and reform the world. The world, which did not want to be reformed, nor even to be taught too fast to reform itself, made things so warm for Ida Craddock that she couldn't stand it.

It *seems* a great pity. But it isn't. Ida chose her own course knowing the result; she has learned her lessons, wiped off her mistakes and gone on to do still better work for herself and the world.

Jesus of Nazareth did much as Ida did. He spoke out in meeting, and out of it; until he stirred people up to crucify him. *He wanted* to be crucified; in order that he might prove he could live again.

But I want to live *all the time*, and I don't care whether or not I prove anything to anybody *but myself*.

Jesus and Ida Craddock deliberately trod the road to death. According to their faith and work it was unto them.

I am treading my own individual path *where no death is.*

Death lies waiting for him who *works against* the established order—who makes crosses and carries them.

Life lies within and without for him who, resisting nothing, *grows out of* the established order—as a branch from the tree.

I believe I have found eternal life. Time alone will prove it.

To live is to love and *work with* all things, knowing that all is good and all is life.

To resist *anything* is to cut off so much of life. To fear death is to bring it upon you.

Get busy with LIFE.

UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

EUGENE DEL MAR.

Our senses are so variously attuned that each is able to comprehend a different range of vibrations. As the vibrations are of increasing intensity, our sense of touch, taste, smell, sound and sight, are successively appealed to. We eat, drink, hear and see only vibrations.

Connecting the series of vibrations that we are able to comprehend, are others that we may not ordinarily translate through the medium of our physical senses. There are domains even of sound and color that we are at present quite unable to grasp. Yet we know that vibrations differ only in degree and not in kind. And while each of its expressions is different from the others, they are all essentially and fundamentally One. There is an infinite diversity constituting a Perfect Harmony.

The Universe is an expression of harmony, and is in complete unconscious accord; while each physical manifestation is endowed with possibilities of consciously expressing and enjoying certain degrees of this harmony. In each division of the vegetable and animal kingdoms and in each individual expression of life, there is a capacity for conscious harmony and happiness that differs within prescribed limits. Not an ability to express separate and unconnected harmonies; not harmonies distinct in kind and unrelated to each other; but various degrees and differentiations of the same One Harmony.

It has been reserved for man to express not only all the range of harmonies pertaining to the forms of life that preceded him, but to attain to transcendently grander heights. As we express

a more beautiful life, body forth higher spiritual truths, and place ourselves more in tune with the Infinite, we become conscious of greater and more restful chords of harmony, of increasing beauties and complexities of vibration, and of grander symphonies of love and peace. It is thus that we ascend the scale of life's harmonies; a scale that has neither beginning nor ending, and which in its entirety constitutes One Universal Harmony.

We are usually given to understand that there are many kinds of Love, each having a separate and distinct existence and meaning. Love is the harmony manifested between human beings when there is a consciousness of intense mutual vibratory correspondence. Love evinces itself in the ability to sense in a particular person many of the unconscious harmonies that equally exist in all. Love idealizes. It expresses itself in an infinite variety of forms, each of which is dependent upon the plane of growth and development of the individual, the degree of the response, and the measure of opportunity. But whatever names we may give to its endless differentiations, they vary only in degree and not in kind, for Love is One and Universal.

Though infinite in variety and in diversity of appearance, there is a Unity of Vibration, of Harmony and of Love. Each constitutes a Unit that is complete in itself. But, deeper than this, we find that together they all constitute but a single Unit, that each may be expressed in terms of the others, and that they are ever in complete correspondence. They are not manifestations of analogous principles, but exemplifications of the same universal and inclusive principle—the Principle of Attraction.

TO HEAL ASTHMA, ETC.

(A man wrote to ask me what to do for his wife, who is an asthmatic. In reply I sent him the following letter—which is about five times as long as I generally write. E. T.)

The "Great Deliverer" within her can free her completely if she will do her part. *Will* she? Does she want to be free badly enough to work for it? I have had many successful cures of asthma among people who have followed my directions. Will she? Here they are.

First of all she must drop all meat out of her diet. Nothing to eat between meals. Breakfast of raw fruit alone, unsweetened and un-creamed. Nothing to drink but water. At noon a good dinner of vegetables, fruits, cereals, whole wheat or graham bread. Unsweetened grape juice and water to drink. No tea or coffee at any time. She can have "fig prune cereal" or "postum" if she wishes, with cream and sugar, at noon meal only. At night she is to use three or four tea-spoons, three probably, of grape nuts, wet with unsweetened grape juice and water, half and half; and all the raw fruit she can want.

She is to read Solar Plexus book every day for a month and get into the spirit of it, and shine for dear life *all the time*! She is to take at least 30 slow, full, even breaths of outdoor air *every* day, increasing the number until she reaches 100. Whilst doing this she is to stand or sit *straight*, chest out, and breathe down and out, taking pains to hold the breath and then let it out more slowly and evenly than she took it in. Persistence will make perfect in this. She is to do it as well as she can until she can do it as well as anybody. With each breath she is to mentally affirm, I AM WHOLE, or I AM LOVE, or I AM POWER—using one affirmation for each day. Solar Plexus book tells how.

If she is hungry or faint between meals a drink of water, hot or cold, as she prefers, and a few full breaths and affirmations will cure it all.

She is likewise to follow directions for dumb bell breathing exercises, given in a late *Nautilus*.

Above all and in all she is to wake up and go at it with a WILL. To put WILL into bodily action, is the cure for asthma. Will is just what an asthmatic is averse to using, will and persistence. Asthma means a curled-up will and it is not easy to uncurl it!

But it *can* be done, and if your wife is ready to make the effort and keep at it she will com-

pletely outgrow that asthma. She will feel like a new woman inside a month.

If she is not ready, let her alone. Do not try to force or coax her. She must use *her own* will if she is to get well.

—Happy New Year!

—Will it be a happy one?

—All depends upon *you*, dearie.

—Happiness is *born within* you; not made from outside things.

—Happiness is conceived when you begin to recognize a One Life which is living you, and others as well.

—Happiness grows in your soul's womb as you let yourself be lived; as you learn to *accept* your conditions as the result of your *present* state of unfoldment, to be changed as your unfoldment advances.

—Happiness is born a strong and healthy babe, as you begin to work *with* your conditions instead of *against* them; as you do your loving best *in* them, instead of straining and striving at your boot-straps to "lift yourself above" them.

—Happiness grows up a sturdy power as you feed it hourly upon the Milk of Love *for your work*; and bathe it constantly in the sunlight of your Ideals. Happiness thrives on *your smiles*.

—Finally, by your careful and persistent loving and feeding, Happiness will grow so strong and wise that it will *take possession* of you forevermore. It will cherish *you*, who have aforesaid cherished it.

—And, behold, all desirable things shall be added unto you. Happiness will have grown into abiding Joy, and will bring to you whatsoever you have desired.

—A Happy New Year to you, dearie.

—A Success-full New Year to you!

—It is yours to take. To make a success-full year you have only to fill the year with success-full days, just one at a time. Go to bed right and get up bright. Do your best and be kind. Success follows.

—Have you sent for "Elizabeth Towne's Experiences in Self-Healing?" Everyone who likes my writings wants this book, and I want every one of you to have it. Everybody who has read it is greatly pleased and I feel sure you will be. The price is but 50 cents. Here are some of the things said about it: "It is one of the clearest expositions of the thought force in healing we ever read," Herbert George. "To the delver in the realms of the metaphysical, the reading of this book is a rare treat and its power for good to the human race is absolutely limitless." Edgar Wallace Conable. "A biographical sketch which holds the reader's attention from cover to cover. Born of Experience, these historical recollections and anecdotes are of very practical, pointed usefulness to the reader." Fred Burry. "Send 50 cents and buy a copy, even if you have to take in washing or cook for somebody to earn the money." Sara Thacker. And in a whole column of review in *Boston Ideas* these are some of the things the editor says: "Elizabeth Towne's Experiences in Self-Healing, written by herself, is one of the most keenly helpful books we have ever read. It could scarcely help being interesting, for it is alive with that peculiarly vibrant vitality which makes Elizabeth Towne's words so widely read and which in the reading brings healing to so many readers. Also, her own picture of her own individual character as it has hewn out the gems of her own self-understanding, self-control, self-development and vibrative power is piquant and impressive in the highest degree. * * * Mrs. Towne tells this all so charmingly, and it is all so in line with what all humanity has to experience and conquer that in its perusal readers will find the courage to arise and become conquerors indeed. For Elizabeth Towne is a true Conqueror and her methods are worth studying. Her story is charged with divine life-fluid and her explanations of the whys and wherefores of the trying contretemps of everyday life will vitally assist many into deeper understanding of the

universal Love which is actually, in every detail, the omnipotent Life of the whole world. It is one of the books that is pressed full and overflowing with affectionate good will, as well as with evidence of the individual working of the Divine Will in a life which has become conscious of its identity with Good. Being such as it is, it will genuinely *pay* everyone who reads. It is daintily printed and bound." Virginia Sheppard writes: "This is your master stroke; the folk who are having 'growing pains' and plenty of them will find them easing up considerably when they get a good view of your pen picture. Mine are almost gone, and I feel much nearer maturity since the perusal of your book."

—Choose you, this hour.

—This hour is the only hour you will ever have.

—CHOOSE you whom you will *this* hour serve—the god of high desire within you; or the mammon of other people's opinions, fashions, customs.

—Other people set a pace you can never quite beat; to follow them is to fizzle. Your own high desire sets for you a particular pace no other man can quite keep step with. To follow this individual pace of yours means success for you, a success all your own; but it means defeat to the imitator. Which pace will you have—your own with success, or the other fellow's with failure?

—What is success? *Success is a state of consciousness of having accomplished what was aimed at.* You can accomplish anything *your own* soul dictates. It may take lots of perseverance, but it can be done; and to do it means a successful life, made up of a succession of successful hours.

—If you would follow yourself to success you must keep your eyes off the other fellow's success. To gaze too long on Carnegie's wealth, or Edwin Abbey's pictures, or to listen too long to Josef Hoffmann or Elbert Hubbard, is to spoil your appetite for your own wealth, and pictures, and music and ideas. When your appetite is poor you are dyspeptic and pessimistic. You say, "What's the use of trying—I can never be a Carnegie or Abbey or Hoffmann or Hubbard."

—Of course not. There is only *one* Carnegie, one Abbey, one Hoffmann, one Hubbard, in all time and space. You can never be one of them; and especially you can never be all of them rolled into one. But you can be something *they* never can be—you can be YOURSELF.

—And after all, Carnegie and Abbey and Hoffmann and Hubbard are all *parts* of YOU—just as your legs and arms are parts of you. The universe, you know, "is one stupendous Whole, whose body" consists of *your* body, and Hoffmann's, Carnegie's, Abbey's, Hubbard's, mine; and whose *soul* is God. So on the soul side, the real and changeless side, there is only One; and *you* are that One.

—When you think of yourself you think of *one*; you do not think of yourself as a collection of legs and arms and things. You say "I," and include all, each in his proper place. But *that* "I" is to your *real* "I," what your hand, or foot, is to your body as a whole. You are not really a soul in a body; you are a *body in a soul*—in the ONLY SOUL THERE IS. This One soul is the real *you*, and when you have thought about it a while you will see how it is. Then you will *glory* in this great Self which fills and actuates all the universe; and you will love *all* people and things as *members of your own body*. Then you will begin really to understand and enjoy *yourself*—which includes all other selves.

—You never feel discouraged because your toes are unable to make music on the piano; why should you care if what you call yourself is unable to perform the same feats that Abbey or Hoffmann perform? Better look at your own soul and do something different. Enjoy Abbey and Hoffmann, and go do other things that *you* can do well. Learn from them and weave what you like into what you do—a thread here and another there. But let the main fabric of your doings be of your own soul stuff, woven after your own pattern.

—"Sankaracharya had a disciple, who served him for a long time, but he did not give him any instruction. Once when Sankara was seated alone he heard the footsteps of some one coming behind. He called out 'Who is there?' The disciple answered, 'It is I.' The Acharya said, 'If the word "I" is so dear to you then either expand it indefinitely (i.e., know the universe as thyself) or renounce it altogether.'"—Ramakrishna.

—Many people ask me what to do for the hair to keep it clean and bright and growing. Good hair, like all other good health, begins with healthy blood and circulation. Healthy blood results from healthy thought and *correct diet*. What is correct diet for one person in one walk of life may be decidedly wrong for another in the same place, or for either under other conditions. Temperament, exercise, etc., all affect the eliminative functions. Too much starchy food, which, being undigested and un-eliminated, produces unhealthy ferments, is probably the greatest cause of all blood troubles and their effects, such as falling hair, wrinkles, etc. To correct *any* physical fault begin with the whole system. Use less, *far* less, starchy and heating foods. Replace these with quantities of fresh, raw fruit at the *beginning* of every meal. Let *tea* and *sugar* and *cream* severely alone. Take more physical exercise, and especially *fresh air breathing* exercises. Take more baths. Exercise the scalp by daily massage, by rubbing the scalp briskly with finger tips, and by pressing the fingers firmly down and moving the scalp around as much as possible on the skull. Shampoo about once a month. If your hair is dry use egg shampoo, and brush the hair daily. If your hair is oily use the best white castile soap with a tiny bit of borax, and never use the brush. If you want a specialist's advice and something to use on your scalp send a few combings, with the roots intact, to Cranitonic Hair Food Company, 526 W Broadway, New York city. They will send diagnosis and prescription free of charge. Theirs are the nicest hair preparations I ever saw, and the only ones I *like* to use. The liquid is colorless like water, and contains no alcohol, and their shampoo soap is delightful. I have used these preparations for nearly a year, and I have likewise been doing all the other things here recommended, and my hair is decidedly thickened and *greatly* improved under the treatment. Of course I attribute most of the improvement to the change in diet and the massage, but the Cranitonic stuff is certainly a great help, and a pleasure as well. And now, dearie, remember this,—it takes *time* and resolute *persistence* in well doing, to make much impression on a head of hair which has been long neglected. But results are *sure*. Perhaps you will ask me "what thought you are to hold" for dying hair. This item is written presumably for those who have *been* "holding the thought" without apparent results—as I did for several years. Then it came to me that I must supplement "the thought" with *action*. So I went to studying causes and thinking out what to *do*. I've been doing it. Faith and works will accomplish anything. The only thought to hold for dying hair is the thought of LIFE. Keep thinking it right in with every rub of your finger tips, until it gets to thinking itself without special effort.

—"I received 'How to Grow Success' and must say I seldom have read a book on 'The New Thought' with greater interest and appreciation. I especially enjoyed the chapters on 'Money-Making' and 'Now and Then'; they are clear, concise and above all practical. A man who lives according to the principles you have outlined cannot help to be successful at the end." Otto Carque, New York.

—Harper's Magazine for December is the best ever. Read every word in it, but be *sure* to read "The Mission of Jane," which is a perfectly told story; and "The Apotheosis of the Rev. Mr. Spangler," which is next door to perfect. Harper's is my favorite magazine. It leaves a clean, warm, *human* feeling in my heart.

—Note William's ad of Course of Instruction in all sorts of things. These are a real bargain such as you will find only once in years. The Psychic Research Company's courses are the best I have seen on these subjects, at any price; and these are the very last copies to be had at any such prices. Order now, for they will not last long.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

THE LEGAL STATUS OF MENTAL HEALERS. It seems not unlikely that the practitioner of mental therapeutics will soon stand on as solid legal ground as the homeopaths and other one-time "irregular" healers, at least so far as the national government is concerned. Justice Peckham, of the United States Supreme Court (the highest judicial tribunal in the country) has recently handed down an opinion which has an important bearing upon this subject. Sometime since a fraud order was issued against the School of Magnetic Healing, conducted by Professor Weltmer at Nevada, Mo., and all mail addressed to the institution was withheld from delivery by order of the Postmaster-General. The proprietors of the school then proceeded to ask for an injunction against the order, which was denied in the lower courts but has now been granted by the Supreme Court, thus reversing all the decisions rendered in the lower courts. All mail addressed to the school will now be delivered until a jury decides whether or not the business of the institution has been conducted in a fraudulent manner.

This decision will accomplish one important result: It will do away, in future, with the arbitrary action of the Postmaster-General in issuing fraud orders against concerns or individuals where the evidence of fraud is largely dependent upon his personal opinion for its existence. While the decision in question does not bear directly upon the legality of mental healing, yet indirectly some important light is thrown upon the subject. Justice Peckham states that the question involved in this decision (which has reference only to the mail privileges of the Nevada school) is altogether a matter of opinion, and that it is impossible to fix an absolute standard of truth by which magnetic healing could be proved to be false or a fraud. One pointed paragraph in this decision reads as follows (I quote from *Banner of Light*): "Suppose a person should assert that by the use of electricity alone he could treat diseases as efficaciously as the same heretofore have been by regular physicians. Would the Postmaster-General, upon evidence satisfactory to him, be qualified to adjudge such claim without foundation, and then pronounce the person so claiming to be guilty of procuring by false or fraudulent pretences the moneys of people, sent through the mails, and then prohibit the delivery of any letters to him?" The following is also of interest: "Many people do not believe in vaccination or in homeopathy. On account of these beliefs, shall vaccination be prohibited, and homeopathic physicians proceeded against by the Postmaster-General?"

The legal standing of the school in question is yet to be determined by a jury trial. If an adverse decision is rendered in the lower courts, it will be very interesting to know what the result will be if the case is carried to the Supreme Court.

It is a matter of considerable interest to note that two out of the nine Chief Justices dissented from the majority decision. The two objectors are ardent Roman Catholics.

Summing up the various features of this decision, it would seem to me evident that the healer is on safe legal ground so long as his business is conducted conscientiously, and where the evidence of fraud is not specific and of such a nature as to place it beyond a question of opinion. In other words, the evidence of fraud must consist of absolute facts. This places the absent healer upon exactly the same legal footing as any other person who uses the mails. The mere fact that he claims to cure disease by absent treatment, and carries on his business by mail is *not* sufficient, it would seem, to convict him of violation of the postal laws, and this will soon be recognized as true by the Post Office Department. I do not think I am sanguine in this opinion.

SHINE. Are you not too much inclined to curl up within yourself when you come into contact with others? Most people are. We need to learn to radiate life as the sun radiates warmth and brightness. To do this we must cultivate poise and patience. The impatient person cannot

shine, except at rare intervals. His personal atmosphere is in a tumult nine-tenths of the time, and when in such a state he cannot shine. Whatever mental attitude we assume toward others arouses like vibrations in them. If we unfold and shine upon those with whom we come in contact we attract vibrations of life. If we curl up within ourselves we render our atmosphere impervious to helpful vibrations from without.

Our aim should be to reach a point of self-control and poise where we can meet all with a calmness and sense of peace at heart and radiate only good will. Negative, weak vibrations cannot then penetrate our atmosphere. We become a sun instead of being a moon. Doubt and fear vibrations are consumed by the warm vibrations of Life as soon as they reach our atmosphere.

It requires work to reach a condition of development where one can always shine. It requires daily aspiration to come into harmony with the One Life. You will have to go into the silence and let faith grow up. You will have to train the mind to dwell in your ideal of harmony. You will have to learn, above all to *let go* so that the spiritual may grow up within you. You cannot learn to shine by intellectual effort only. Indeed, intellect is often a hindrance rather than a help in the unfoldment of the life of the Spirit. There will come periods when all growth seems to stop, and you are apt to feel that you are losing ground. In reality your soul is only poising for another flight. Be at peace. Trust the Spirit within. Go on about your work, doing the best you can each day and spending no time in worry about the past or future. Thus in due time the consciousness of the presence of the Spirit will be born within you.

BUILDING HEALTH. Building health by mental and spiritual methods is not unlike any other work. Most people expect to accomplish miracles when they first become acquainted with the teachings of the new thought. If the race had not been steeped for centuries in negation and doubt, if faith were more generally recognized, then so-called miracles would be more often manifest. As it is, faith is a matter of growth with most of us. It has its birth in a lowly corner of the consciousness. It must attract about it the conditions necessary for growth. All this requires time and attention. The consciousness of the spiritual life requires time to unfold.

The idea that one may become acquainted with the spiritual or unseen side of himself, and thus come in touch with Universal Life or Spirit and draw from it the power to attain health, wealth, and the fulfillment of all right desires seems absurd to a person of material tendencies. Yet the spiritual life is far more real, when once you come to recognize it, than is the life which you see manifested in the senses. And this great, unseen fountain of power may be reached by exact methods just as truly as you can develop the muscles of your arm by regular and systematic exercise.

I mentioned just now, that the spiritual life was far more real than the life of the senses. In strict truth there is only one life, and that is of the Spirit. But that life which we see manifested in the physical is only an infinitesimal part of the whole, and it only *manifests* through the senses. Hence to know real life, the life that changes not, you must get back of the manifestation to the reality.

The first necessity in seeking to come into harmony with the One Source of life and health and harmony is to have faith, no matter how little. Nothing in the line of knowledge is forced upon you. You may shut your eyes and make your atmosphere positive to truth, if you so desire, and thus keep away from a full consciousness of the Source. But if you desire to come into touch with the world of Spirit you must have faith enough to comply with the necessary requirements. The next step is to render yourself passive mentally and physically and receptive to truth, to the vibrations which travel through the ether and which will respond to your desire for health and harmony and your out-reaching to the world of Spirit.

If you are not passive and receptive to these vibrations they are turned aside when they reach

your positive atmosphere, just as the sun's rays are turned aside by a thick black veil. *Your desire* and faith, combined with your receptive mental attitude, furnish the inward conditions which correspond with these vibrations of Spirit, and the vibrations then flow in and touch your consciousness. Thus you are gradually brought more and more in a state where you can realize your ideals, for these vibrations of Spirit are the Creative Power of the universe.

To the end that you may learn to assume the proper mental and receptive attitude, set aside a period of time each day for meditation, relaxation and passive concentration. Take the same hour each day, and occupy the same place. Think of yourself as having a daily appointment with the Great Physician of the universe. Let no outside worry or doubt enter into this season of communing with Spirit. Whatever inharmony or carping doubt or restless impatience or fretful chafing may occupy your mind at other periods of the day, do not allow anything of the kind to hold your attention during this appointed time. Be sure you are alone, and as quiet as possible. Then relax all physical and mental tension. Learn what it is to rest. Let go. Then without any straining or undue mental effort, picture the condition which you wish to attain to. Accustom your mind to resting on this picture.

After you have kept up this daily practice for sometime you will be able to see a slight change. You will feel easier, and more hopeful and confident. But do not watch yourself closely. Forget that you are working or striving in any way for results. Just enjoy your picture. And do not use your will and mental powers during these sittings so as to produce the least symptom of tension. Rather *let* the Spirit shine out from within you, while you remain passive, and illuminate your consciousness until you feel *moved* to go forth and accomplish. Then *act* as you feel inclined to do on the objective plane.

By this method you can build health and success and *grow into* a realization of your ideals. You can learn to draw from the great world of Spirit that which will enable you to be happy, harmonious and conscious of Eternal Life.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

*** "He that believeth not shall be damned" should also read "he that *loveth* not shall be damned." He that loves much believes much. The hater is a doubter. He lives in his own shell. Freedom is gained through a realization of love; and this is all the "saving" there is about it.

*** Harry Gaze will launch a new magazine at Los Angeles, Cal., on January 1. We believe the price will be \$2.00 per year.

*** "Madden Don't Know" is the title of a recent article in *Freedom*. Madden may not know, but I *do* know—that it is becoming the habit of a large part of the American people to use "don't" where "doesn't" should be employed.

*** We recently purchased a copy of *The Cry for Justice*, Bernarr McFadden's new weekly paper, being curious to examine it. We found it very sensational, and its editorials bear the earmarks of having been written for the benefit of the classes as against the mass of people. Nevertheless it contains much matter that will prove of interest to all advanced thinkers. Mr. McFadden speaks in favor of divorce without equivocation or qualification, and for this he is to be commended in our opinion.

*** Mr. Conable of *The Pathfinder* has recently completed a fifteen days' fast. During the entire period of his fast he lost only two pounds in weight, and on the fifteenth day, before partaking of food and between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., he walked a distance of 22 miles in company with Mr. Herbert George, editor of *George's Weekly*.

*** Mr. Conable announces that during the year just closed nearly eleven hundred families in all parts of the world have been led, through his

labors as editor of *The Pathfinder*, to renounce the habit of meat eating. This is a record to be proud of, Mr. Conable. These eleven hundred families, by giving up meat eating, have taken a long, long step toward good health and temperance in all things.

*** Many meat eaters defend their course by saying that meat is the most concentrated of all the foods now known to man, and hence more desirable as an article of diet. They ignore the fact that meat contains poisons which only a strong digestive system can successfully throw off, and however desirable it might be as an article of diet from the standpoint of concentrated nutriment, it is without doubt a most potent cause of sickness and ill health in numberless instances. Moreover, the claims made for meat as a superior article of diet are entirely without foundation, as the advocates of a fruit, nut, and vegetable diet have often demonstrated. Take any table of food values and compare the percentage of nutriment contained in any kind of meat with the percentage of food value contained in nuts, and legumes and you will see at a glance how absurd are the claims made for meat as a valuable article of diet. I know from my own personal experience, extending over a period of nearly two years, that a fruit, cereal, and nut diet is far easier to digest than meat, and with the former diet auto-intoxication with its long string of attendant ills is unknown. Speaking from experience I know that meat is a poor article of diet for a person with weak digestive powers. I fully believe that a very large percentage of people who are troubled with indigestion would be cured or greatly benefited by leaving off meat eating.

*** Here are some chunks of solid truth taken from a recent article on "How to be Well," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, published in the *New York Journal*:

"The most successful athletes today are men who eat no meat.

"From all over the country come reports of conquests won by vegetarian swimmers, runners and cyclists.

"Some of the greatest intellects the world has ever enjoyed were fed by vegetables and fruits alone.

"Gautama, Plato, Plutarch, Swedenborg, Voltaire, Shelley, Tolstoi—these are but a few of the list which might be given of brilliant men of genius who ate no meat.

"The most wonderful human mind I ever came in contact with was that of a Hindoo sage and author who had never tasted meat. And the man's body was as superb as his mind.

"An old physician told me that the most difficult food for any but the most robust digestive organs to assimilate is beef.

"Some day we will all realize that half the ills human flesh is supposed to be heir to are merely the result of an animal diet—the other half of worry."

*** Many people have an idea that Grape Nuts is prepared partly from nuts. On the contrary it is composed entirely of cereals as the manufacturers explain in their printed matter.

*** The editor of *The Sun-worshiper* has a good article in the December number explaining why so many people experience unpleasant symptoms when changing to a non-meat diet. I quote as follows:

"Some people after having lived on pork chops and potatoes, white bread and liquor, pastry and condiments, expect to gain the same stimulation when changing their diet to a purely Mazdaznan (non-meat) one. The nervous system having been kept in action by the giving up of vitalized forces once concentrated in the body, ceases the draining conditions the moment irritants are prohibited, and manifests the true character of the state it has been forced into of which the mind becomes aware, the sense condition becoming dissatisfied as it finds the condition of deficiency in the system rebelling against it, instead of recognizing the fact of overtaxation."

*** I know from experience that after leaving off meat for a while there comes a time when the body sloughs off the accumulated poisons of a life time. This is due to the healing power of nature and instead of being regarded as an unfavorable result of a vegetarian (or fruit and nut) diet, should be taken rather as a positive indication of the great necessity for continuing said diet.

*** "When the spiritual I, the I that represents your true ego, the soul, the deathless I speaks, it speaks beyond the plane of doubt, and it utters only truths. Your conscious self may be appalled at times at its utterances; and, in weakness, this same conscious (intellectual) self questions the soul with 'How dare you?' Thus are the inspirational impulses of man's divinity called to book by the unreal selfhood. Let us look into our selfhoods that we may reach to the real and understand it."—From *Paths to Power*.

"A man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."—*Carlyle*.

THE GLAD HAND.

—Eugene Del Mar, late associate editor of *Freedom*, has started a new "journal of universal thought" of his own. He calls it *Common Sense* and hopes to fill a long felt want. Good! Success attend the new journal, which is sure to make many friends. We all want *Common Sense*. Send for a sample copy, or send \$1 for a year's subscription, to Box 1364, Denver, Col.

—"Avenues to Health," by Eustace Miles, the English champion athlete and instructor and author on these lines, is a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge as to ways and means of curing disease and building up a strong body and mind. Mr. Miles gives you everything from "beef cure," "milk cure," "water cure," "fast cure," to the most transcendental Christian Science, and he gives it in an interesting and lucid manner, explaining the underlying principles of all, and the best methods of personal application. The book is well and substantially printed and bound, 438 pages, price, \$2. From the press of E. P. Matton & Co.

—Speaking of Miles reminds me that a series of articles from his pen will appear in *Physical Culture* during 1903. Also a series by Bernarr McFadden, the editor, on "Physical Culture Simplified." And the magazine is to be doubled in size and price. It is now but 50 cents a year, and all subscriptions for next year will be received at the old price if you subscribe before January 10. I wish every *Nautilus* family in the land would subscribe for *Physical Culture* and get enthused.

—"Health, Happiness and Prosperity," is a dainty little 25 cent booklet by James W. and Olia F. Hummer, Washington, D. C.

—"How to Control Circumstances," is the interesting title of an artistic volume by Ursula N. Gestefeld, 185 Dearborn street, Chicago. This book is wonderfully sweet and lucid, as well as logical and well expressed. "How to Agree with One's Adversary," "How to Be Rid of Poverty," "Human Hens," "The Time for Weaning," "Making Things Go Right," and "How the World Comes to an end," are some of its many profitable chapters. Price, \$1.

—And here is yet another new book by that tireless and progressing writer, William Walker Atkinson. "Nuggets of the New Thought," is a splendid collection of essays which have appeared in *New Thought*. These essays are really pure gold of the kind that makes the new thought mare go. There's inspiration in it, and there's practical common sense galore. A book for human nature's daily food. Some of my favorite chapters are "The Keynote," "Secret of the I Am," "Look Aloft," "The Kindergarten of God," "Aim Straight," "How Success Comes," and "Mental Toxin and Anti-Toxin." Price of this book \$1, in purple silk binding.

—"Mental Science as a Guide to Health, Happiness and Business Success," by Albert Chavannes, 308 4th avenue, Knoxville, Tenn., is a new book which will repay careful study. The author is a close and accurate reasoner, and when he gets through with a subject there is not a sliver left to hang an argument on. This latest book of his should be called "Mental Science for Scholars." It is complete. There are 182 pages, price 50 cents.

—Didn't I tell you so? "Lady Blanche" lent the cap sheaf of enchantment to *Christian* when

she and Thomas J. were away down in Mexico. They rode bronchos and had their pictures taken for the first page of *Christian*. It is a fine picture of Blanche, who rides as any sensible, uncrippled woman should—as men do. Well, they are home for Thanksgiving and better work than ever, at 1657 Clarkson street, Denver.

—"Creeds Outgrown," is a 38-page booklet by Rev. Andrew P. Stout, Sheridan, Ind. Bible exposition. Price, five cents.

—"A Grain of Madness," is a new novel by Lida A. Churchill, author of "Magic Seven" and editor of *The Gentlewoman*. The book is artistically presented, in red and white, price \$1.25, by The Abbey Press, 114 Fifth avenue, New York. This book is full of artistic thrills from start to finish, and will surely have a wide sale. It reminds me of Marie Corelli at her best—Marie Corelli boiled down, and distinctly improved thereby. Lida Churchill is a finished impressionist, where Marie Corelli is flowery and verbose. Both are rather strained idealists, but Lida is less sensational, for all she is so thrilling. And her characters make, in a very natural manner, some very fine discoveries in the philosophy of living.

The Success Circle.

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ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Dearies, I found I had so much to say to you this month that I decided to make a long article of it and invite everybody to our Success sermon. So look for "One Thing at a Time" on another page. It was written for the Success Circle, but it fits everybody.

—In the *Ladies' Home Journal* for December is an article every man and woman with a spark of humor and human nature ought to read. The inimitable "Mr. Dooley" gives his views on Christmas and things. Incidentally he touches the subject of debt, and what he says is too good to keep. I am quoting it for *Nautilus* readers and I am "speaking the Word" for every one of you to feel debt as "Mr. Dooley" does—feel it hard enough to get out of it forthwith, and stay out evermore. There isn't one of you that can't do it if you WILL, and if you feel with "Dooley" you will.

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time, an' says I: 'There's ye'er money that ye've been talkin' about. Now come on.' An' when I lave I'm three feet taller an' three dollars shorter, an' all th' wurruld seems to be sayin': 'An' honest Dooley is th' noblest wurruk iv Gawd.' I feel like stoppin' ivry shtanger I meet an' askin' him if he heerd iv that three dollars I hurled at Dorgan this afthnoon. Such a thing is it to be out iv debt."

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