

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office
as second class matter.

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

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,
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No. 2

It is a comely fashion to
be glad.

Joy is the grace we say
to God.

FOR A RAINY DAY.

—“Just how far is it wise to economize for the future? For instance, I am in some pleasant rooms which I do not want to leave. Now for the sake of saving a little money would it be wise, or not, to go into smaller quarters? I have never yet allowed myself to go backward.” A. B.

I don't know. The spirit of truth will teach you to do what is best in your case. It might lead me to do differently. All depends upon the person.

Jesus could make no provision for the future, and yet if he had lived to be a decrepit old man of 100 there would always have been somebody to lavish money on him. Why? Because he loved and gave himself and was kind.

Money is the cheapest thing in the world. The man who lays up riches in the heavens of other men's hearts will never want for money.

An illustration of this is happening right now out in St. Louis. A man and wife have been for several years at the very top notch of society there. Apparently they had unlimited money, all of which they used in social ways. But not in snubbing Tom and toadying Dick. They have been kind to everybody, high or low, and they have helped wherever they could. The wife is a fine musician and has been for several years at the head of a large choral society, in which the 400 and the shop girls sang side by side. This leader is beloved by all. And no one but a musical director has any idea how hard it is to fill such a position in such a way as to win the respect and love of everybody.

This woman is also the president of the board of lady managers of the St. Louis World's Fair to be held next year, elected by a meeting at which was present that good and gracious woman, Helen Gould, her personal friend.

Her husband is a lawyer (son of a good as well as prominent man now dead), who has gained quick prominence. He has made hosts of warm friends in all circles of St. Louis life. He too has been kind. Both he and his wife have laid up vast riches in the hearts of many individuals, high and low, and they were devoted to each other.

These two young people made no provision for the future. Not only that, but the other day it came out that the husband, in order to supply the lavish expenditure necessary to keep up their position and carry on the choral society, entertaining, etc., necessary, had stolen several hundred thousand dollars from estates which he handled. A sort of Uriah Heep exposed him and pushed proceedings against him, despite the fact that prominent men utterly refused to believe his evidence.

But they had to. Uriah gave things the widest publicity. The papers blazoned every detail.

And when the news came out people burst into tears—in shops, on the street, at home, wherever the news happened to reach them. And men are coming to the front to supply all that stolen money and save the thief from prison.

Generally, when a theft like this is discovered the whole city breaks into “I-told-you-so” and

“now-he'll-get-his-deserts.” And the man is hustled to prison—unless he has shot himself or laid up a portion of his ill-gotten gains in Canada, where United States officers cannot break through and steal his boodle nor himself.

This man will probably go free. Not because he deserves freedom, but because people love him and his wife. It may be that these people who love him and his wife will not only pay all the debt he owes, but they will advance money for him to begin over again. I have no doubt they will do this if he has learned his lesson. If he and his wife have in them the true mettle I suspect they will have learned the lesson that one must not rob Peter to pay Paul either love or money. And having learned this lesson they will begin over again on a cash basis and prove to the St. Louis world that they have learned it. Cowards, and people who have not learned their lessons (and they are always conscience-cowards), would run away and try to hide themselves and their past mistakes. I suspect, and strongly hope, that these two people are not cowards. I hope they will stay in St. Louis, live down the trouble and rise higher than ever. You see, I too love these people, because when they were at the top in social influence, they were kind. They helped the climbers, instead of being “exclusive” and beating back the poor hands that were trying to get a hold on higher things. Their sins were not sins against love. They loved. Therefore I love, and would make good their transgressions if I could. And I hope those will who can. And give them another chance.

It is easy for me to feel thus. It is no credit. I love because others are loving, and because their transgression was not against me personally. My sun shines upon the just so far as I personally am concerned.

But if I had been one of those from whom this man stole!—ah, then I would have a chance to show whether or not I had real virtue—whether my sun of love and forgiveness could shine alike upon unjust as well as just. I wonder—?

But there are people who have done it; who have forgiven the wrongs done themselves, and helped the misdo-er. Read Victor Hugo's “Les Misérables” and get acquainted with Jean Valjean and with the priest from whom he stole the silver candlesticks, and who lied to save Valjean from the gendarmes. And read on until you see the transmutation of his life due to that priest's love-impelled lie.

Oh, dearies, there are many people in this beautiful world who forgive wrongs done against themselves, and then help the wrong-doer. And in most cases the wrong-doer justifies the forgiveness.

It is the hardness of unforgiveness which drives men on to more misdoing. Love covers sin and transmutes the sinner.

St. Louis is a city of great extremes. It is full of boodlers. And then there is Joseph Folk, who being asked to run for office told them frankly that if elected he would do his duty and prosecute the boodlers. They smiled in fancied security and elected him in spite of himself. He did his duty and routed the boodlers. Extreme corruption on one side and sterling integrity on the other. And the people smile and are comfortable. Such extremes of corruption, integrity, and negativeness on the part of the people are amazing. This man of whom I have been writing has caught the vibrations of corruption. There is now a good chance for him to catch Folk's vibrations and swing to the other extreme.

This St. Louis man is a freak. But he is a telling example of the lengths to which a man may go in money matters and still go scot free, PROVIDED he has laid up treasure in the hearts of men. LOVE will cover any sin in the decalogue or out.

There is no fault the world will not condone if it loves enough.

But the man who can gain enough of the world's love to get all his sins forgiven and made good, is the man who loves his world so that he would cover its sins and make good its deficits.

“We get back our mete as we measure.”

The man who, when another's sin is found out can say, “Good enough for him; I hope he'll get his just dues,” will have the same thing said of him when he is found out or when he gets into a financial pinch. He may be respected for his “uprightness”; but he will not be loved; and it is love alone which can flow warm from the public heart and loosen its purse strings to make up for any man's default.

Love and forgive as you would be loved and forgiven.

Be loved, and you need make no provision against rainy days. There will be umbrellas aplenty, and hearts and hearths open to receive even a centenarian remnant of you after Uriah has cast you off.

But in proportion as you don't and can't (?) love; in proportion as you are not laying up treasure in heaven (the kingdom of heaven is in human hearts—nowhere else);—just in that proportion you had better lay up money on earth.

Use a little common sense, dearie. Your own heart will tell you whether it is wise to keep the more expensive rooms. Nobody's else judgment or advice is worth two cents to you.

If you want to be always independent of the support of others; and if you are not daily increasing your money-earning capacity; it would seem common-sensical not to let present luxury eat away future comfort.

If you have a good capital safely invested it would seem unnecessary to save money from present income. If you are actively engaged at something from which you can develop more money at the same time you develop yourself, then there might be reason for never “going backward” in the matter of housing or expenditure.

It is unwise to let luxury or a desire to keep up appearances sap too closely your income; especially if there is within you something which says you “ought to” spend less; or “ought to” increase your income.

Those “ought to's” are the spirit guiding you. Listen. Weigh well.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO BOSTON.

We recently spent two days in Boston, a city we both delight in. There is a calm, experienced atmosphere about Boston which charms me.

In New York one is exhilarated by the spirit of adventure. Glorious new things appear there, and we try them with all faith and much enthusiasm. Later we discard many of the new things, holding fast only that which we prove good. In New York we are not only up-to-date, but sometimes we are a little too previous.

But in Boston we are just right. We do things deliberately and never regret. We may miss a few exciting experiences, but we have the satisfaction of knowing we are decidedly, if not extremely, correct. New York may outdo us in

lavish expenditure, but she likewise sometimes over-does it. In Boston our hats are not *quite* so extreme as in New York; but after all we find them correct among the really cultured New York contingent; and we do not have to discard them long before the season is over, because our maids appear in gorgeous imitations of them.

In New York we are learning by experience. In Boston we know; having learned by the experiences of our eminently respectable ancestors and the mistakes of our New York friends. In New York we are ostentatiously smart; in Boston we are modest and polished and quite content.

In New York we are enthused with a desire to get ahead of the procession; in Boston we calmly review the procession.

In New York we catch the fever of emulation; in Boston our pulses are calm and steady with the sense of lessons well learned and more lessons for the morrow.

In Boston we love our great Museum of Fine Arts, and we decorously adore our splendidly correct Public Library. We gaze at the rich and severe beauty of our Library and our hearts expand. We read that chiselled inscription, "Founded Through the Munificence and Public Spirit of Citizens," and thank God we are not Carnegied as other men are.

That Library is very fine. I wish you all might see it, outside and inside. I wish you could (and would!) spend days just "concentrating" upon the beauties within. That magnificent staircase of yellow Sienna marble taken from an Italian quarry owned by monks, where it took something like six years to cut enough for this staircase, so rare is the marble! The cost of the raw marble alone was about \$75,000. On each side of the stairway a magnificent great lion, done by Louis St. Gaudens, in this rare marble. Above, the wonderful typical paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, most inspirational of painters. Bates Hall; 218 feet long, forty-two feet wide and fifty feet to the arch of its barrel-shaped ceiling. The sumptuous "Delivery Room," (where books are given out), where one could spend hours of pure inspiration with Edwin Abbey's "Quest of the Holy Grail," a series of rich paintings which cover the entire wall space above the high light oak wainscot. The dainty and soul-sweeping "Triumph of Time," which forms the ceiling of the "Children's Room"—the work of John Elliott. And Sargent Hall, where John Sargent the Faithful as well as the Inspired, makes you feel "The Triumph of Religion," the growing expression of the real God in man. Mr. Sargent's faces are smooth, expressive, luminous; untouched by any hint of "impressionism." Among the full length figures here appears the white robed and hooded "Habakkuk" from which have been made hundreds of thousands of reproductions in black and white,—a face at once the fascination and despair of lesser artists.

Then we saw other art treasures too numerous to even hint at. Among them were illuminated old missals, calculated to make a Roycroft turn green with envy. Such beauty of design and coloring of initial letters! Such *years* of patient application to complete even one of those rare tomes! A fit subject for hours of concentration and contemplation for us rush-and-get-there moderns. Would that we might catch a few of the perfection-vibrations in those old volumes.

These are but a hint of the glories of the finest library in America if not in the world. New York may outdo it when she gets to spending her Carnegie millions, but none can ever duplicate nor shadow Boston's unique features and works of art.

We made a visit out to old Cambridge, past the famous old Washington elm, and across the campus of Harvard University. We caught a hasty glimpse of the wonders of Harvard's Agassiz museum, with its unique exhibit of glass flowers. Here are more patience-and-perfection vibrations. There are imitations almost absolutely perfect in color and pattern, of nearly every plant and flower in the world. And the collection is still growing with every year's discoveries. Two men have devoted their lives to the making of

these wonderful reproductions, which as they rest in their glass cases, you could easily mistake for fresh plucked specimens of their originals.

And we saw a collection of nautilus shells—the first I have ever seen. Here were many splendid specimens of the real pearly "chambered nautilus" which inspired Holmes' beautiful poem, and through which I first heard the meaning afterward expressed in *The Nautilus*.

One of these shells has been cut transversely, showing the inside "mansions," the center one tiny and each "nobler than the last," as Sir Nautilus expanded and had to move on. Each tiny room was sealed with pearl as he left it, and only the last and largest room in the pearly coil was left open as his "spirit went back to God who gave it," leaving his "outgrown shell by life's unresting sea"—to inspire a Holmes.

Another thing which attracted us was a large case containing a row of skeletons, beginning with that of the lowest of the monkey tribe, proceeding through all degrees of monkey and man, and ending with the skeleton of an intelligent 19th century man. Every degree was there except the "missing link."

And I must say that as I gazed I felt there must be several links missing. There is a *wide* gap in structure of the frame of the highest monkey and the lowest savage; and even the lowest savage shows a top skull, whilst in none of the simian specimens is there a sign of top brain or skull.

I was a bit disappointed in this exhibit. So long have I depended upon Darwin's statement that there was only one very insignificant link missing in the descent of man from monkey; and so long have I believed the statements of scientists (?) that this link had been found; that it was rather of a shock to find so wide a gap in this particular chain of evidence.

A belief is a poor thing to *depend* upon; and yet beliefs are indispensable to humanity, and the tendency is to depend upon them. The best we can do is to hold a belief *lightly*, so that if it is swept away from us we shall not lose our balance and drop into the depths of pessimism.

I have for several years believed that man has come up through every grade of life. I used to resent the idea that I had ever been a *monkey*. Later, as I grew in consciousness of the oneness of life, I *wanted* man—not to *descend* from monkeys, but to *ascend through them*. I felt that in justice, and to develop love, and wisdom, man must have lived all things. Also it seemed unjust to me that there should be so many creatures who must live and suffer and die with no hope of getting beyond the limitations of animalhood. As my love expanded into universal love; as my justice widened to take in *all* creation; I began to *want* all creatures, from amoeba to man, to have the same life, the same freedom, the same right to heaven. I wanted above all things *freedom at the top*—eternal progress. So it became easy for me to accept the reincarnation belief.

I still believe in reincarnation, because it explains in justice and love a great mass of life's phenomena which could otherwise be attributed only to injustice and hate; and because I can think of no better theory to take its place.

But I am a little disappointed to find Darwin's missing link so great a one.

But there are other proofs.

And anyway, when the doubting Jews called for a sign that things were thus and so, Jesus said there should no sign be given them. And to doubting Thomas he said, "*Blessed* are they which, not having seen, yet believe."

So the non-appearance of that missing link only throws me back on the "righteous judgment" from within, which cometh not from *outward* appearance.

And not the least of Cambridge's sights is Henry Wood, author of many new thought books, and a charter member of the Boston Metaphysical Club. We called upon him at his beautiful apartments on Massachusetts avenue. Henry Wood is a splendid representative of the new thought. He is straight, strong and *alive* as any man of fifty or less, and I could scarcely believe my ears when he told us he is nearly seventy and had been

fourteen years a nervous wreck before coming into the new thought. He is a fine example of the efficacy of his own teachings, which include that sticking-everlastingly-to-it element which is one of my hobbies. Our call lengthened into a visit, so fast time flew in Henry Wood's company.

We visited the handsome new rooms of the Metaphysical Club, in Huntington Chambers, and were welcomed by Mrs. Helen W. Faunce, the secretary of the Club. This Club is the largest and most prosperous new thought center I have heard of, and a decided credit even to Boston, the hub of all culture movements. Much of its success is due to the energy of its officers, but more is due to the generosity and "wide open" policy of its founders and officers. There are no requirements except the payment of an annual fee of \$3. There are no mental reservations nor creed fences to bar anyone. All are welcome to the benefits of new thought literature of all shades, to lectures and music, and to the freedom of the Club's handsome rooms for reading or visiting. There is no proselytizing. *Freedom* is the key note, and people join and pay their little dues, *not* to "support" a cause, but because they are *pleased* with the returns they get for the money paid. The Club is run on the sound business principle of satisfying the real *wants* of its patrons; not on the church principle of *taxing* patrons to support a "cause." May success grow for the Metaphysical Club and all its workers.

We called at the *Banner of Light* Publishing House, 204 Dartmouth street, from which the oldest and most *sane* spiritualist paper I know of, has been issued for over forty years. We met a kindly reception from Mr. Tuttle, who had been with the company for over thirty consecutive years. For five years he had been manager. Such stacks of books of all shades of spiritualism and metaphysics! And forty years of publishing a big weekly!

It would be hard to stay in one office and one line of work so long and not get into a rut; especially if one were not allowed free expression of his ideas, as might easily be the case in a company business.

Perhaps Mr. Tuttle got into a rut and could not stand it any longer. Perhaps that is why, less than a week after our visit, he went away one day and drowned himself. He left a wife and children, no financial tangles so far as can be ascertained, and no explanation of his action; though he made due preparation and left a few directions.

His soul goes marching on. Peace to it, and more power and wisdom.

We came up from Boston on one of the fine parlor car trains of the N. Y., N. H. & H. lines; as it happened to be the handiest. Always before, in these short excursions around New England, we have travelled in the day coaches. As William has never been over four or five hours from home, this was his first experience at travelling in a Pullman. But he is an apt pupil at anything, so I had no fears that he would disgrace us. He didn't. When noon came we went to the dining car and fared sumptuously. William served the soup without spilling it, and at the proper moment he paid the bill and tipped the obliging waiter, all in due form. Then he tipped the porter for carrying off our suit-cases, though he said he would rather have carried them off himself. By this time he had the tipping habit so well formed that he came near tipping the conductor on the trolley car which brought us from the station!

We were gone almost three days and were happy to get back home again. And such stacks of letters as were waiting to welcome us! It was almost as good as another reception such as Chicago gave me! I sat down and read every line of every one of those letters, and had every order ready for Leila to fill, before I even thought about being tired or sleepy. I love that part of my work dearly—it is like meeting friends. It is a *very* busy day when I let anybody else open even one letter addressed to me. And I never fail to send by the wireless line a cordial Word of health, happiness and success to the writer of each letter.

CO-OPERATION.

That beautiful library building at Boston reminded me that we might every one of us be living in equally beautiful buildings if only we were not so cranky. Co-operation built that great library.

Co-operation can build anything it is possible to imagine. Co-operation will some day house us all in dwellings more beautiful and convenient than anything now dreamed of.

Now that is a prophesy, dearies, and THE Spirit witnesseth with my spirit that it will surely be fulfilled.

If we were not so cranky. That's the rub. Every fellow wants things done *his* way, or he won't play. He won't co-operate. He is cranky. The cranky, won't-play fellows never laid a stone nor paid for a stone of that great library—except under the compulsion of taxation. No! They buttoned their pockets tight and stood around and said how much better it could be done if only they were consulted; and anyway you couldn't get enough money to pay for such an extravagant building; and anyhow what's the use in all that lavish waste of money for the benefit of poor people who wouldn't appreciate it (and the rich ones could furnish their own libraries) and who needed bakeries and butcher-shops and flannel shirts and stogie shoes worse than they did marble staircases and paintings and books?

But there were a lot who *did* co-operate. They said, "We'll build a great library for the people and by the people, and not even the people who won't help, shall be able to hinder us."

Then began the real fun of co-operating. Some wanted \$5,000,000 to build it with; others said a \$500,000 library was good enough. Then there were the conservatives who said they thought about midway between these sums was the proper thing. And the middle-of-the-roadsers being in the majority (as they usually are), a vote decided that they'd build a \$2,500,000 or \$3,000,000 library—if they could.

There were a few of the \$5,000,000 men who immediately grew sulky. They walked out, and buttoned their pockets as they went. They stood around and told everybody who would listen that they would have nothing to do with the building of such a shoddy, one-horse library; why, a library which would be a credit to the great literary center of this hemisphere could not be built for a cent less than \$5,000,000, and posterity would anathematize every citizen who had had a hand in disgracing Boston with a cheap makeshift; and no, *sir*, they would not have their names go down in history as those of prime movers in such a petty pretense at honoring our great Boston. So they went out and stood around.

And quite a number of the \$500,000 men went out too. And they too buttoned their pockets and stood around and said things to anybody who would listen. "No indeed," they said, jointly and severally and repeatedly, "we will have nothing to do with any such extravagant disgrace to our cultured Boston; Boston stands for culture of the mind, *not* for wasteful show; and her people are too sensible to ever raise all that money for sheer wanton waste; *the building will never be finished*—mark what I say; and it will stand an unfinished monument to the folly of a few extravagant visionaries who are running this meeting; *our* names shall not go down to posterity to be mocked and execrated—no, *indeed*." So they went out and stood around.

And those that were left co-operated. Some of them wanted one thing and some another. But the majority ruled. When a man couldn't have his idea carried out—when the vote was against him—he gave up his idea and helped develop the plan decided upon by the majority. So it was give here and take there and always the majority ruled. This is co-operation. The result is a far more beautiful and appropriate building than could possibly have been built without co-operation. Even the \$5,000,000 men are satisfied with it; and the \$500,000 grumblers are silenced if not convinced. And every Bostonian is pleased and proud.

And the people are learning to live up to the beauties of that library.

When you visit this Boston library be sure you look about you and imagine what might have been done if *everybody* had co-operated. You will need to stretch your imagination wide!—and wider yet!

For eye hath not seen nor ear heard the glories which await this world through co-operation.

And the day of co-operation is at hand. Have you noted how many new thought people are organizing on a co-operative basis? Socialism is an attempt at co-operation. Unions and trusts are co-operative. A republican government is co-operative. All societies are attempts at co-operation.

Organizations are little schools for learning to co-operate.

But so far they are all inadequate, because every society is banded together for its members, and *against the rest of creation*. Not even socialism can help rubbing it into the rest of creation.

Of course a few socialists are big enough and wise enough to co-operate with all men; but the rank and file won't play at all if they can't play *their* way.

In churches it is the same. A few years ago there was much talk about Catholic and Protestant churches combining and co-operating. But the Catholics wanted the Protestants to combine by turning Catholic, and—the Protestants wouldn't play that way. Then the Protestants tried to coax the Catholics to become Protestants, and the Catholics wouldn't play. So that co-operative plan fell through.

When the Republicans get into office the Democrats won't play. They stand around outside and spit venom. When the Demmies get into office the Repubs stand around and make faces. And so it goes.

The failure of co-operation lies not in co-operation itself; *it lies in the individual*.

And the individual is learning to co-operate by *doing it*; in government, in church, in secret societies, in unions, in trusts, in business relations, and most of all in family relations.

The gist of co-operation is this: *To have a common cause, and then to work the other fellow's way when he won't work yours.*

The best co-operator is the man who can get the most pleasure out of doing the other fellow's way.

And the co-operator who can smile the most sweetly whilst helping the other fellow to have his way, is the one whose wishes are most likely to be considered on the next count.

The won't-play fellow is no co-operator. He is an untutored savage; a co-operator in embryo only. He needs more lessons in the family and in business, before he is ready for co-operation on larger issues.

And eventually all these small attempts at co-operation will merge in one grand PURPOSE to help *every* man in creation to all that is coming to him. Then shall every man work for all the world, and all the world for every man.

In the meantime, "concentrate" upon the gist of co-operation—concentrate and contemplate and meditate long and often. The gist is this: **TO HAVE A COMMON CAUSE, AND THEN TO WORK THE OTHER FELLOW'S WAY WHEN HE WON'T WORK YOURS.**

And go *practice*, dearies. Practice on husband and wife, and business partner, and in social life, church, municipal affairs, politics.

Hold to your highest ideals; but don't be too sure you know *just how* those ideals are to be worked out. If the majority against you is too strenuous it indicates either that your way is not the best way, or that the others are not yet ready for your way. In either case it is foolish to insist upon your way. Better help the other fellows have their way, that they may *prove* whether or not it is best.

All eternity's ahead. Don't be too strenuous. And above all, be kind.

—"Mary the Misunderstood," is a more than ordinarily well written poem by Will Winn. An interesting "glimpse within the soul of Mary Magdalene." Daintily printed and bound, price twenty-five cents. Order of Edward Earle Purinton, 113 West Broadway, New York.

TO BE RESPECTABLE AND BELOVED.

—"I want the respect and love of all with whom I come in contact." F. E.

These are shy birds one never catches by a little salt on their tails. No amount of hunting ever brings them down. But hunt diligently for something else, and the first thing you know you've got them.

To gain the love of others one must not try to. He must be content to *love others*. All the world loves a good lover, but it only pities the man who goes around wanting to *be* loved—pities or despises him.

Such a man is a moral beggar, always so intent upon asking love that he forgets to *give* love.

And the world does not love the sort of lover who only loves *in return* for love. It loves the shining lover who sheds his love like sun-radiance, upon just and unjust, without thought of recompense. If you want to be loved forget it; and go concentrate daily for a month upon that thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians. Then between times, and for the rest of your life, go and *be* love.

And if you would be respected forget all about it; but see that *you* respect *yourself and others*.

Cultivate your bump of self-esteem. Praise yourself to yourself. Be proud of yourself to yourself.

When you see or read about great men *don't* for pity's sake whine to yourself because you are not as great. You ARE as great, and *no other man on earth can fill your place or do your work. And potentially you are greater than any man who has ever lived.*

Put that in your pipe every time you smoke. Cogitate it well and daily; and get interested in doing your own work in your own way.

Rejoice in *yourself*, and you will not be overpowered by the personality of others.

But that is not all. The other half you must do when you meet people you have been looking down upon. *You are as great and indispensable to the world as the greatest man living; and the fool, the ignoramus, the cripple, the criminal and the street beggar, are as great and indispensable as you; and potentially every one of them is greater than any man who ever lived.*

Put that too in your pipe and cogitate it well.

Of course the fool, the ignoramus *et al* don't appear to be as great; neither does the fifth wheel in a carriage appear as great as the other four.

The man who judges by appearances is unrighteous—and disrespectful. And likewise disrespected.

It is *very* easy to respect great men—the snob-bier and more contemptible a man is in his own estimation, the greater his respect for a so-called great man.

But the real rub comes in respecting those beneath you *in appearance*. That is not so easy to do, because the traditions of the fathers have taught us to respect the *appearance* of greatness. Contempt for the appearance of smallness naturally follows.

Blessed, and respected, is he who looketh upon the heart, the potentiality, of all men, and respects all alike; for verily he shall be respected of all alike.

The man most worthy of respect is he who looks neither up to, nor down upon, any man. He respects all, himself not excepted; and is respected by all capable of respect.

And the others—well, he respects their disrespect; and goes his calm way enveloped in his own self-respect.

*Selah. * * * And cogitate. * * * And practice.*

EMERSON.

He came and touched a string on Humanity's Harp so long unused that e'er its notes awakened sleeping souls, he had departed on his way.

Even now many there be who must tiptoe and hold back the breath that they may catch even faint echoes of the strain from that smitten chord that shall nevermore cease to vibrate with the music of spheres.

—DR. GEORGE W. CAREY.

—If you can't have your way try the other fellow's.

—"The Formula for Hate: Keep your eye on each others' deficiencies." Hubbard.

—The formula for love: Look for the good points in each other, and where you can't see good take it for granted.

—"Any fool can criticize a picture," remarks my artist friend, Eva Carter Black, "but it takes an artist to see the good points."

—And an artist does not develop himself by criticizing another artist's work, but by keeping mum and laying for the good points which are in every picture.

—Any fool can criticize another, but it takes a man of good parts to find the good parts in another.

—"If you wish others to remember you with pleasure, forget yourself; and be just what God has made you."—Charles Kingsley.

—"Calm, patient, persistent pressure wins. It wins. Violence is transient. Hate, wrath, vengeance are all forms of fear, and do not endure. Silent, persistent effort will dissipate them all. Be strong."—Hubbard.

—"It is a greater disgrace to be sick than to be in the penitentiary. If you are in the pen, it is a sign you have broken some man-made statute, but if you are sick it is a sign you have broken some God-made law."—Hubbard.

—Have patience, dearies! *Nautilus* will be put into magazine form as soon as such a form will pay without increasing the subscription price. I hope to make the change in the spring. The faster subscriptions roll in the sooner we can make it. So speak the Word for us, and send in all the renewals and new subscriptions you can.

—"You say," tittered the fiancée of the vegetarian, "that you could fairly eat me. Now isn't that contrary to the tenets of your belief?"

"Not at all," asserted the vegetarian.

"But if you ate me—"

"I simply would be eating a peach."

No use talking, the meat diet isn't the only one that makes the mind active.—*Ex.*

—One of the special things we went to Boston for was to have our pictures taken at Chickering's. When you are admiring beautiful engravings or half-tones in *Metropolitan* or *Munsey's*, etc., look in a lower corner and you will see Chickering's name. He is great in his line. Neither William nor I ever had a picture that our friends were pleased with. So we tried Chickering. And got so many good negatives that between us we had seven finished! One of mine is being engraved for a new edition of "Experiences," and you may before long see reproductions of some others; of both of us.

—Rev. Hiram Vrooman called upon us the other day. Such a great, fair-faced, good-natured young giant as he is; only thirty-one years old too, with his "soul-mate" still in the land of dreams. And yet he has already made an enviable name and record for himself among those of America's advance guard of progress. He is president of The Co-Workers Fraternity, which is the trustee of the Co-operative Association of America, which owns at Lewiston, Me., the largest and most prosperous co-operative plant in America. He is also president of the Federation of Religions, minister of the New Jerusalem Church (Swedenborgian) of Boston, and general all-around world-helper. And this is only the beginning. He has glorious plans for furthering the good things of the world, he has the money in sight for doing it, and he looks as if he has health and gumption and executive power enough on tap for a good 100 years of work ahead. He is doing a lot of good and I suspect he will do lots more. Success to him and his movements.

—Last month William told of a young lady who promised to buy a ten-cent book of him if he would only get her a husband. That item touched the heart of another woman, away out in the wilds of Washington state, and she sends us word where this girl and others like her may find their hearts' desire. It is said there are in Massachusetts alone 76,000 more unmarried women than men; it seems that in Washington state there are a lot of unmarried men yearning for mates. So Mayor Humes of Seattle, Wash., has constituted him-

self a matrimonial bureau. The papers say, "Dozens Ask the Executive's Assistance in Securing Wives," and his mail is heavy with letters of eastern women seeking husbands. Before he will list these wife seekers Mayor Humes makes the men prove character and ability to take care of a wife, and then he gives each one the name and address of the woman he thinks may suit. Everything is kept as quiet as possible. Time was when men were in predominance in New England, and just such methods were used in importing wives from the old country. Now the granddaughters of those marriages have a chance to repeat history. It's a good chance, girls. Don't let bashfulness lose you your opportunities. And don't be afraid. The Law of Attraction works as well through Mayor Humes' introduction as through any other man's.

For a Merry Christmas

And a Happy New Year give your friend a subscription to THE NAUTILUS. Just for this month of December, 1903, I will give you THREE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NAUTILUS FOR A DOLLAR and send with each a copy of "How to Concentrate." Send me \$1.00 with the names and addresses of three of your friends, and if you wish send three of your own cards to be enclosed with the booklets and papers. Address:

ELIZABETH TOWNE, HOLYOKE, MASS.

—October third was the seventy-first birthday of my father, John Halsey Jones, a resident of Portland, Ore., since 1852, when he crossed the plains in an ox team, along with his father and mother. My two sisters and brother and their families all live in Portland, and on my father's birthday "Birdie," otherwise Mrs. George D. Schalk, gave a family dinner in honor of the occasion. Birdie is a real genius at planning social functions, church bazars, etc. She could make fame for herself by catering to the New York 400—if she had time! And "Bina," otherwise known as Mrs. W. H. Grindstaff, would make a good reporter. I must clip from her letter describing the dinner. My father, you know, has been a "saw mill man" for forty years or so, and now my brother has succeeded him as manager of the business my father has built up; so you will understand the significance of the special form of decorations. But it will take a real saw mill man to catch the full flavor of that menu! Here is what Bina has to say about it:

"Pa's birthday dinner was the most unique affair Birdie has planned yet. Of course it was a surprise to Pa and to the rest of us as well. The table cover was a rough board eight feet long cut from a log four feet through at one end and a little less at the other, making the slab an inch or so thick, not trimmed off any on the edges. In the center was a large, shallow pan filled with water surrounded by moss and ferns. An old moss covered mill was at one end of the pan (which was bright tin) with a water wheel, and in the water were the gold fish. On the table near this center piece and at regular intervals were red shaded candles set in cube blocks of wood. At each place were individual butter plates sawed out of a small fir pole, showing the grain of wood with the bark around it. Each course, except the turkey, was served with plate set on another slab like butter plates only much larger. At every place was a little wooden plate on each of which Birdie burned different quotations from 'Listen to the Water Mill,' then filled them with her home made candy. Other smaller ones contained salted almonds. The menu cards were headed with the name of the person to occupy the place, and each was a shingle with the following in pencil:

SOUP
Yoke of Oxen
PATTIES
Machinery Oiled
GOBBLERS DRESSED
on both sides, edged
with cranberries, stuffed
with saw dust.
SALAD
Culled Stuff
DESSERT
Cold Tallow
Cake 71 Yrs. Old
Nuts to Crack and Elixir of Life

Of course the Soup was made from two ox tails—the Patties were the giblets (or Machinery

of Turkeys) oiled with cream sauce—Gobblers were turkeys—Salad was pineapple, oranges and cherries with dressing—Cold Tallow was ice cream, and Elixir of Life, coffee. Birdie has a new girl now that Tina brought from Astoria this summer, whose name is Tina also—both assisted at the dinner. Afterward a log rolling contest took place, and one at putting the greatest number of clothes pins on a line in two minutes, and guessing the number of pins in a basket. Herman (my brother) won head prize, a burnt wood nut bowl; and Morris (Herman's boy of eight) the booby, a little burnt wood pin tray or something similar."

—"They kept telling me that he was all right, but he died of diphtheria. Oh, how I called on you for help, as we were almost quarantined and could not write you. Now my trouble is I can not get it out of my mind that had I treated him in the old way I could have saved him, and the agony I suffer at times over the loss of our dear boy is beyond endurance." * * * Do you know that such a letter as the above makes me angry to the very tips of my fingers. The idea of anyone refusing to send for a physician in a case of diphtheria is foolishness gone to seed. The fool friends who kept telling this woman that her child was all right ought to be locked in the asylum for the feeble-minded. Science is sense! Good common sense! If a mad dog bites your child use all the means within your power. And diphtheria is worse than the bite of a mad dog. I am glad that Lady Blanche called the doctor, for it has enabled me to hammer a little common sense into the heads of a lot of lunatics who have gone wild over New Thought."

Thus saith T. J. Shelton in *Christian* of Denver. And I pretty nearly said Amen to it all. This idea of neglecting the physical comfort of a sick person whilst you sit around and perform mental incantations is on a par with the ordinary savage's way of treating the sick. Many a patient dies because his mind was not ministered to; many another dies from sheer "physical" neglect. In very severe cases it takes mental stimulation and physical cleansing too, to get rid of the trouble. When that first telegram came, like a bolt from a clear sky, telling me Chester would be operated on next day for very severe case of appendicitis, the first thing I did was to get still. The second thing was to wire my brother not to allow an operation unless three of the best surgeons agreed that it was the only chance. The third thing was to treat him. As I couldn't treat him a few moments and then dismiss him from mind, I treated him almost steadily all night. I was calm inside, deep down, but my surface mind simply wouldn't be still. So I made it affirm health all night long. The first thing I did in the morning was to wire another healer to treat Chester. I thought this would help to relieve my own surface mind, besides giving Chester the Word spoken by an unperturbed mind. My own mind was freed to attend to its own work for others as well as my boy. Then there was nearly a whole month when Chester was supposed to be doing well. Telegrams daily—"slow case but out of danger." Then came another bolt out of a clear sky—telegram—Chester worse, come. The first thing I did was to wire that healer again—simply to relieve my own mind! Then I treated Chester a few minutes, got quiet, mentally dropped him, and—packed, gave necessary directions, dressed and was off in about two hours. I did all I could think of to help him throw off the disease. Healers and doctors worked together for him—and nobody cared who got the credit, just so he was given the best conditions for getting well. It was a close shave with death, and if one of those things had been neglected he'd have gone under. It took doctors and healers too, and a mother with a cool head in the bargain, to give him his chance. And it took doctors and another healer to enable me to keep a cool head. I knew that doctors knew a lot that I didn't. I wanted everything done for him. And I knew another healer would not be upset mentally by my boy's illness, though his own son's sickness might rattle him badly. I used along with my mental science a little *Common Sense*, which is the best of all science. The boy got well. And I am well satisfied with mental science, and with my own particular "demonstrations" in this particular case. I have had "trouble" without new thought; I have had some "trouble" in it; and I tell you now that nobody can imagine the difference between trouble in new thought and out, unless he has been through it. Trouble in the new thought is no trouble at all. It is peace at the bottom, and conquering hero on top; and God (good) over all and in all and through all.

THE RELATION OF FOOD TO HEALTH.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

My food article in last *Nautilus* called forth so much interest that I have decided to tackle another branch of the subject this month. You good metaphysicians to whom all foods look alike and who scorn to discuss questions of diet, can skip this page.

Some good new thoughters whose zeal and enthusiasm seems rather too uppermost assert that since "all is mind" it does not matter what we eat.

It is true that "all is mind," and that mind accomplishes all things. But mind used material agencies for the accomplishment of its purposes, and certain substances are better adapted to certain purposes than other substances. Mrs. Kate Boehme has a most sensible article upon food reform in the last issue of *Radiant Center*, from which I quote the following:

"Speaking of food reform, I think it a mistake to believe food to have no inherent power for good or ill except that which we give it through our thought. From my outlook on creation I see all things as each possessing an intrinsic value, a definite quality, independently of what the whole world may think about it. This quality is the nucleus of its life, giving it special form, and adapting it to certain ends, like the nucleus of life and growth in a human being, only in lesser degree; i. e., a mineral or plant is, in its way, as much of an individual as I am, but its way is a lesser way, and it cannot compete with my power over it, provided I know my power, and bring enough of it into play."

And as the good workman depends to a great extent for his results upon the excellence of the tools which he employs—tools which are adapted to his particular needs—so the healthy body depends upon foods adapted to its needs. No two people need exactly the same foods.

The consideration of diet is just as important and sensible as the consideration of the question of clothing, bathing or anything else which concerns the body. Mind does all, but only through suitable means.

I quote the following from *Health* upon this point. It expresses my own views upon the subject exactly:

"The mind pulls the aching tooth, but it does it by means of the human hand and the dentist's forceps. One might sit down and try to *think* the tooth out of its socket all day and all night too, and the tooth would not come out.

"Mind builds houses, locomotives, steamships, and everything else man ever builds, but it does not do these things without material and without instruments to do the work.

"How nonsensical to say that mind accomplishes these mighty works without means. But it would seem there are those who so think. I have the first house to see built, the first tooth pulled, etc., without mind and without the necessary instruments to do it with. Mind does all that is done by man, but it does it by and through means."

Each kind of food possesses a definite quality of its own, as Mrs. Boehme says, and it must logically follow that certain kinds of food are better adapted to certain individuals than other kinds. In a normal state and under such conditions as would produce a natural appetite, such an appetite might be an almost infallible guide. But as it is, many are dissatisfied with their present diet and feel the need of a change without being able to see clearly just what kind of a change is best. To such the experience of others along similar lines may be helpful. This is why I am led to discuss questions of diet. I hope thereby to help some to more natural and harmonious methods of living. I do not write for those who are healthy and satisfied with their present diet and feel no need of change. I do not hold up vegetarianism, or any other system, as something to be followed by all. I simply point out where it seems to me truth lies, and such as are in need of my words will heed them.

If "all is mind" then food must also possess the powers of mind to some extent. Food is negative to the body as a whole, yet it possesses a quality of its own which leaves an impress upon the body. Every particle of matter (which is a form of mind) must influence to some extent every other particle with which it comes in contact. It is the mind (the positive pole of being) which

builds the body into health and strength. But as a means to the end the mind selects suitable food.

One enthusiastic and strenuous "all is mind" advocate says: "If food has anything to do with the character of the body a scientific choice of it should develop from the body anything desired." He might with as much reason assert that a "scientific choice" of instruments should develop an expert dentist from a green student. And yet no reasonable person will deny that the selection of first-class instruments to work with will play an important part in the development of a good dentist.

So good food does not develop the body, but it is an instrument in the hands of the controlling power to develop a healthy, strong body. It is a means used for that purpose.

Another new thought argument against the use of common sense in the selection of foods is that it is "a surrender of one's free will." Is it a surrender of one's "free will" to step off the railroad track before an approaching engine? Is it a surrender of "free will" to take advantage of the force of gravitation and dig our wells on high land instead of digging them on low land and forcing the water up hill with a hydraulic ram? Should we systematically persist in taking the latter course simply to demonstrate our "free will"?

The only real will we have is the will of the universe, the urge of the All Embracing Life. And the Universal Will works according to certain laws and principles, and uses means to attain ends. Our freedom is found by working in harmony with the will of the universe, in harmony with such truth as may have already been established. Experience has shown that certain articles of food are better adapted to certain people than other articles. Suppose one is positively enough grounded in truth to gradually batter down these walls which experience has reared, is it the policy of wisdom to do it? It does not seem so to me. It seems wiser to utilize all the helpful forces in nature so far as we understand them.

The purification and development of the body requires the constant employment of physical means to that end. Why should we deny that some of these means can better serve our purpose than others? Why should we deny that one kind of food is better for us than another any more than we would deny that a certain kind of soap met our needs better than another kind, or that certain clothing was best adapted to certain seasons of the year.

Friends, do not be alarmed for the safety of your metaphysical principles when the question of diet is mentioned. Be reasonable, calm and use common sense and the bugbear will not harm you. Do not select your foods in the fear that certain kinds will harm you, but rather because you believe them best adapted to your present needs, and use, all things considered. Select your food as a mechanic would select his tools.

W. E. T.

BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

*** According to the editor of *Now* no one can be a Simon Pure, Dyed in the Wool, Eighteen Carat Fine new thoughter who believes in vegetarianism or discusses questions of diet. We commend this to the notice of the Chicago Convention, and trust that they will incorporate it in the 999th article of their creed. Those accused of holding heretical ideas regarding diet, fasting, vegetarianism and common sense should be cross-examined by a special committee appointed for the purpose, before giving them seats in the Convention.

*** It is coming to be recognized as a fact by scientific men of standing that the majority of people eat too much, and that a large share of ills that flesh believes it is heir to would disappear if less food were taken. Here is an interesting item bearing upon the subject which I have clipped from a recent number of *The Youth's Companion*:

"Do We Eat Too Much?—The War Department, co-operating with the Sheffield Biologi-

cal Laboratory at Yale, has detailed twenty men from the Hospital Corps of the Army to go to New Haven under charge of an assistant army surgeon, and submit to experiments intended to determine whether physiological economy in diet cannot be practiced with distinct betterment to the body, and without loss of strength and vigor. Professor Chittenden of the Sheffield Scientific School says there is apparently no question that people ordinarily consume much more food than there is any real necessity for and that this excess is, in the long run, detrimental to health, and defeats the very objects aimed at."

*** Apropos of this subject of eating too much or too little, the editor of *Vim* will tell in his December number why he believes in eating five meals a day. It certainly ought to make interesting reading. But it is not so much the number of times we eat in a day that affects our health as it is *how* we eat and *what* we eat. One may be a glutton on one meal a day or abstemious on five meals a day. The main thing is not to give the stomach more work to do than it can do easily, and to give it rest when needed. Cultivate a healthy appetite and follow its promptings.

*** The trouble with nine-tenths of the people is that they never have a healthy appetite after the days of childhood. They live so much in the vibrations of strain and worry that their appetites become unbalanced. Then they crowd their stomachs with food which they do not need until it becomes a confirmed habit to overeat.

*** "Return to nature" by cutting down your food supply (no matter whether you eat one or five meals a day) to the point where your digestive organs are not all the time overworked.

*** Life is the result of the interaction of positive and negative forces. Men grow old and die because this interaction is interfered with by wrong habits of thought. The inner (or subjective self) which represents negative force, is ignored and allowed no voice in the rulership of the being. As a consequence the inner fountain of life is shut further and further away, the life forces are not renewed but dissipated on the outer plane, until finally the ego seeks activity on a new plane in order to preserve its identity.

*** The outer self is positive. The inner self is negative. The outer self dissipates energy. The inner self generates and conserves it. He who lives almost wholly on the outer or material plane soon exhausts himself because he is not balanced. Strength that endures depends upon poise, and poise depends upon the harmonious action of both the subjective and objective self.

*** How much that is called love is little more than the animal desire for possession. All love is essentially selfish at the last analysis, but there is a kind of love which recognizes that he gains the most who gives the most. The animal knows nothing of this. He only knows his own desire to possess. Man, as he becomes more highly developed, begins to desire more and more the happiness of those he loves. He becomes more and more willing to grant them the freedom which he himself demands.

*** In the golden age the woman will be financially and otherwise as free as her husband. There is only one sound basis upon which a man and woman can co-operate in the marriage relation, and that is the basis of absolute equality and freedom of individuality.

*** Man is naturally domineering; woman is naturally yielding. So it has come about that custom has put the seal of passive approval on the man who dictates to his wife the amount of money she shall spend, the friends she shall choose and numberless other matters both small and great, which tried by the test of true individuality could not justly be considered any of his business.

*** The civil laws, being framed wholly by man, naturally conform more or less to this universal custom. But both custom and the civil law are growing toward the point of equality for both parties to a marriage contract. The treatment accorded woman today is a long way in advance of that which she received one thousand years ago.

*** But at this point I see some masculine member of my congregation arise and say that

there are two sides to this question and that the woman is often the domineering member of the marriage team. True enough. But this does not in any sense lessen the necessity for true co-operation between man and wife upon the basis of absolute freedom of individuality. The woman who domineers over her husband is only the exception which proves the rule. Woman is naturally less positive on the outer plane than man, and less strong physically. Hence it comes about that it is more often she who gets her individuality crushed and her freedom curtailed in the marriage relation.

*** Complete regeneration, which is the dream of the new thought idealists, can only become a fact through the voluntary co-operation of the man and woman. The forces which make for happiness and harmony, and which will ultimately banish death, are so delicately adjusted that they cannot manifest where there is mental bondage or friction. Both the man and woman must work together willingly to achieve the desired result, and willingness only thrives in an atmosphere of freedom.

*** Woman stands the nearest to the unseen realm of cause, to the mystic source of life. Given her freedom she will naturally become the intuitional leader of the race, and through her the regeneration and salvation of the race will be worked out. Man's part in this work consists in the practical application of truth to the problems which affect his growth. Truth has been ignored. She has been crushed at every turn and only through untold suffering has enlightenment come to man. It is time that Truth be enthroned, that the brute will-power of man take a back seat and the feminine principle be duly recognized as of equal importance with the masculine.

*** Last month I wrote a few paragraphs in favor of inspirational writing as opposed to the purely intellectual, and now take pleasure in quoting a little poem bearing upon the subject, which appeared in the current number of *Century*. The poem is written by Evelyn Phinney, and is entitled "Give Me Not Too Much Finish":

"Give me not too much finish. Let me be
To cold perfection strange, if so I must
Refine away the ardor of the soul
And catch the plague of wordy nothingness.
Let me not learn the trick of cunning terms,
That in a careful anguish mince along,
If so I place a barrier to truth,
Or bate the springs of natural eloquence.

"There is a primal fury of the mind,
A rich despair, an all-consuming fire,
Won out of knowledge and of vital force,
Born of the heavens and of solitudes:
That let me keep for language with my kind,
For bridge from them to thee, Almighty Love,
O'er the stupendous gulfs of whirling thought;
Nor sell it for the pottage of fine tongues."

*** What the world wants is Life, more Life. And much of our literature that is correct and excellent from a purely intellectual point of view is as devoid of Life as a corpse.

*** Let us have that which is real, that which is true, though it sometimes come clothed in peasants' garb instead of the habiliments of intellectual wealth. Error often hides beneath the trappings of a brilliant intellect.

W. E. T.

ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

"Unseen Forces and How to Use Them," is an interesting presentation of new thought by Rev. S. R. Maxwell, 822 Appleton street, Baltimore, Md. Contains 354 pages, several illustrations and a half-tone of the author; substantially bound; sells for \$2. A book which will reward the careful student of mind.

"Eating to Live, or How I Got Sick and How I Got Well by Natural Methods," by W. D. McCurdy, 24½ Hayes street, San Francisco, Cal., gives in explicit and interesting terms his personal experience with all sorts of natural cures, such as water cure, fasting, non-meat, etc. A helpful book for any health-seeker. Contains 111 pages, leatherette bound and sells for fifty cents.

"The Angel's Diary and Celestion Study of Man," is a dainty white and gold volume of 222

pages, published by Mrs. J. A. S. S. Lender, 2201 Lincoln avenue, Denver, Col.; price \$1.50. Mrs. Lender states that the book is the work of her son and daughter, who after passing to "Celestial Spheres," dictated the text through a medium.

—In November *Nautilus* the wrong address was given in the advertisement of Jean Higginbotham Tucker, the graphologist. Her address is 165 West 23d street, New York, and she attends promptly and faithfully and well to all communications which reach her.

—*Social Ethics* is a small, neat fifty-cents-a-year socialist monthly magazine edited by Granville Lowther and Thomas Elmer Will, Wichita, Kan.

—Oh, those beautiful Roycroft books! Here is another of them, fresh from the hands of Roycroft artists at designing, printing, binding, illuminating; and with a last lingering love-touch from Fra Elbertus himself. This is "that helpful as well as ennobling discourse entitled 'The Essay on Friendship,'" by Henry D. Thoreau, the quaint and curious co-temporary of Emerson who lived in the woods and thought about life. He was intimately acquainted with every bird and beast and creeping or growing thing for miles around and he knew the human heart from top to bottom and to its uttermost bounds. This essay proves it. It is one of the sweet, true, immortal things of literature. And the Roycrofters have given it a fitting setting. Give it to your sweetheart, dearie, and then con its pages together, line by line, with hands clasped and faces close and many a quiet space that the true Spirit of Friendship may enter into your hearts and minds through the open doors of soul—the door which opens only in the silence of two souls that would be one. Ask the "Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.," to send you a catalogue (a most beautiful illustrated catalogue) describing this and many others, all the way from \$2 to \$100 in value.

—In *Arena* for November is a fine, thoughtful article by Alma Rogers, on "The Absence of Woman in Literature"—with the reason why. I am proud of Alma. She is a dear little Portland, Ore., lady who has been my friend for six or seven years. She is making a name in literature for herself.

—"Pure Love and Wisdom, and The Girl I Love," are two "Ideal Poems," by S. G. Kiesling, 1035 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Daintily bound, price ten cents.

—*Book of the Month* is published monthly by J. B. Sullivan, Yonkers, N. Y., price \$1 a year, ten cents per copy. Gives character of astrological sign, forecast, etc. Pocket size.

—"Rebirth Salvation, or Regeneration or The Way of Life Eternal," is a tiny booklet by William G. Edsall, Cheapside, Ont., Can. Based on the Bible. No price given.

—*The I Am Unit*, is "a Journal of Ethics, Literature, New Thought and Psychic Consciousness," published by F. E. Coulter, at 226 Alisky building, Portland, Ore. Monthly, fifty cents a year. Vol. I, No. 6 comes in handsome green and black cover, and its contents indicate *Life*. May it grow in grace, gumption and get-there.

—"Poetical Inspirations From the Granite Hills," is a large volume of 266 well printed pages of verse, bound in blue cloth stamped with gold, and with gold edges, price \$1.50. The author is Homer Darling Trask, 212 Gilsum street, Keene, N. H., a fine half-tone picture of whom appears in the volume. I am also in receipt of a very pretty new song, the words of which are by Mr. Trask; music by Karl Schulz—a song which deserves popularity. This new song, "'Twas a Dream I'll Long Remember," is published by Willis Woodward & Co., 36 East 21st street, New York, from whom copies may be ordered, at twenty-five cents each. Written in B flat, for soprano or tenor.

—Just had a long letter from Helen Wilmans—the first direct message since those fraud orders were issued. Don't worry about Helen! She says: "This Post Office affair has not hurt me. It has advanced my standing *mentally* in a tremendous degree. Of course I don't know what will

happen at the trial in December, but I know that nothing can retard my *growth*. I am on the high road out of the anxieties of life and am just booming ahead at a great rate. I assume that no one has conquered anything of consequence until old age and death are throttled; this is the goal to all my effort." * * * A woman who feels that way deserves from her friends something better and more bracing than mere pity or false sympathy, or personal abuse of her opponents. She deserves their confidence. We berate the oppressors of the weak; but we glory in the strength of the strong who can take care of themselves. Helen is no weakling. All things are working for GOOD to Helen Wilmans—for the realization of her desires. She is in direct line with what she has long desired. This letter of hers tells a lot which she forbids me to repeat at present. If you want to communicate with her send a letter to her daughter, Ada W. Powers, Seabreeze, Fla.

—Love.

—The greatest thing in the world.

—The most important thing in life.

—Love is the soul of things—the soul from which the body form doth take.

—Love is the magnetism to which all good things answer.

—Would you be healthier? Cultivate love.

—Would you be wiser, happier? Cultivate love.

—Would you be wealthy? Then be loving. Wealth follows love.

—Love what? Love all things and people and all your own work. It is all-embracing love to which all good things answer.

—The narrow, jealous lover who robs the rest of creation of love that he may spend upon one beloved, robs himself of happiness, health and wealth.

—How to cultivate love? Begin by assuming the virtue you think you have not. Then affirm, affirm, affirm it; hundreds of times every day. Say mentally "I love you" to every person and thing and piece of work which attracts your attention. Say it over and over again. *Never mind your feelings—SAY IT!* Imagine it, pretend it, enthuse over it as much as you can.

—Keep at it. By and by you will begin to feel the truth. The truth is that you are love, and that when you wake up to the fact you will find yourself feeling love for all creation.

—If a lawyer came to you tomorrow morning and informed you that some unknown relative had died and left you his millions you'd say, "I can't realize it!" But by and by you would get used to the idea and your millions would feel quite natural. So, to realize that you are love, to feel love, you have to get used to the idea of loving; you say it over and over to yourself until you realize it. Every affirmation of "I am love" or "I love you" makes it *firm-er in your mind*.

—Now, love is God, or divine power. So, to get used to the idea of loving is to get used to the idea of God or power within yourself. To grow in love is to grow in God-power—the power to do and be all you desire. Could you be unhappy, unhealthy, or unsupplied with good things if you realized the power to do and be all you desire? Of course not.

—Then love, above all things, in all things, through all things. Cut off even thy right hand if it keep thee from loving. For verily as love grows it will make even thy right hand new, and bring to thy new hand all thy heart's desires. Love, Sweet Heart, and thou shalt know and command thyself and thy world—with love's sweet commands.

—"Oh, I have seen a lot of life, and I understand!" Thus saith the youth of inexperience. In after years he knows that in order to be understood life must be felt. He who only sees life judges unrightly from outward appearance.

—"I have just read your booklet, 'How to Train Children and Parents,' and to say that I am pleased with it is mild. I would not take \$25 and be without it. It is common-sense, practical and to the point." Dawn Botfield Kerr, M. D., 2829 Calumet avenue, Chicago. * * * "It is undoubtedly the most important essay before the American public today." Elmer Ellsworth Carey, 4020 Drexel boulevard, Chicago.

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Do you desire to better your condition? Do you desire to help relative or friend to better his? Then join us and GROW SUCCESS. By sending me an order for \$3.00 worth of my books and papers you will be entitled to my "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success," and a year's membership in the Success Circle ABSOLUTELY FREE. I will, if desired, enter also the name of your wife or husband or other relative or friend without extra charge. Back dues for THE NAUTILUS may be counted in on this \$3.00 order. OR, you may have one membership in the Success Circle for one year, by sending \$1.00 for the Course of Lessons and a year's subscription to NAUTILUS IN ADVANCE. If you are in arrears, and send \$1.00 besides, to pay for a year in advance, and the Lessons. OR, you may have one membership in the Circle by sending \$1.00 for "How to Grow Success" (or any other of my own books to the amount of 50 cents), and the "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success." REMEMBER, no books or papers substituted for mine. NOTE TERMS CAREFULLY, for NO deviations will be made. Every member of

the Circle should have besides the new Lessons and NAUTILUS, a copy each of "How to Grow Success," "Solar Plexus" book and "How to Concentrate," as aids in understanding and applying the law of success. When joining write me a brief and TO-THE-POINT statement of your desires, and if possible send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back. Do not send one that must be returned, and see that postage is fully prepaid. Your order will be filled and the first of the Course of Lessons sent you by return mail. I teach Success by these means, and daily I speak for the Circle collectively the Silent Word of Success.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:

A few of the reports sent in remind me of the story Jesus told, about the rich man who made a feast and invited everybody he knew. Still there was more room. So he sent his servants into the highways and byways, after the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind. But all these poor folks who, being needy, you'd think would run immediately to the feast, began to make excuses. One had bought a yoke of oxen and must try them; another had married him a wife and was too busy supporting her; and so on and so on.

Now it is a curious thing that the very people who most need to be still and find themselves are the ones who give most plausible excuses for keeping on at their old mad pace—the pace which is killing them. They have ten thousand excuses for not taking time for practice, as directed in the Success Lessons. And then they look abused because they see little progress! Poor things. And yet they will stick to their excuses. Their old ways bring them poverty and sickness and unhappiness and yet they will not try new ways.

Yes, they will not. For the word "can't" is a lie. Not one soul on earth but can take time for the feast, or the Lessons, if he will. It is all a matter of desire. If he "wants to" hard enough, he will. If he realized the importance of new ways he would "want to" hard enough. But it is easier to run grumbling and hurrying along in the old rut, than it is to stop and think, and then climb out—easier than it is to form new habits of mind and body, as required by the Lessons.

Well, some people will learn only by years, perhaps by generations, of repetition of the same hard experiences. But it is by choice they do it; not by compulsion; by daily and hourly choosing the same old course. They allow themselves to be swept along by old habits of thought and action, instead of choosing daily practice for forming new habits. It is exactly as if one wanted to play a flute which he carried always with him, and yet which he would not put to his lips; always complaining that he didn't know how and didn't have time to learn. If he wanted to hard enough he'd make time between times.

Then there are a few who take the time, carefully, painstakingly, as a duty that must be got over. These conclude their reports something like this: "I can see no change in my circumstances; but I can work easier and am not so despondent and there is less friction." Ye gods! What does a man or woman expect for one little month's work on a new line? And is not that a "change in circumstances"? I should think it the greatest of all changes, and I'd never give up the new course which had brought such changes. I'd bless it with every breath I drew, and I'd glory in going on. To work easily and without despondence and friction is the root from which grows all happiness, health and wealth.

But these are the wails of only a very small minority. Nearly all who use the Lessons are glorying in their fine progress in all desired lines. One says: "I am very much pleased with these Lessons and I feel that I am being all made over. I hardly know myself at times." And this is a fair specimen of the great majority of reports coming in from those who use the Lessons.

There is nothing you cannot do, dearies, if you stick to it with growing will and enthusiasm. Follow these Lessons for the three months required; then go on as your own soul dictates, to glorious achievement.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"Since you seem to know so much about Self-Healing—and from reports I hear that you are 'pretty well healed' generally—I believe I'll send you fifty cents with malice prepense, hoping that I may follow your brilliant example. By the way, I cannot say that I have any kick coming, for since I joined the Success Circle, I'm in it to beat the band. I always was in it fairly well, but the Success Circle is a dear." (Thus writes the most prominent woman lawyer in America, a woman whose name appears in every encyclopedia.) * * * "When I joined the Success Circle this year I asked for success in my literary work. I have been more fortunate than I ever had hoped to be, and in June alone had five stories accepted. With many thanks for the happiness and the pleasure that have come into my life through you." Louise C. Arnold, 118 East St. Vrain street, Denver. * * * "I note since joining the Success Circle a month ago that my finances have increased wonderfully. If money continues to come to me like this I shall soon be what I have long wished to be, an independent man, able to have a pair of suspenders for each pair of pants!" F. F.

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