

# 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 temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine out-grown shell  
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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## THE SOUL'S TRIUMPH.

Lo! I am changing, changing evermore;  
The beauty of my visions shall be mine  
And I shall manifest the light divine  
The eastern sages sought in mystic lore.  
The ancient spectres I have chased away—  
Weakness and illness and the great lie death  
Fall down before the magic of my breath  
And are not—only life and love shall stay.  
Aye, to the dumb gods I had called in vain  
Through long dark years of anguish, doubt and  
fear,

For heaven was deaf and I was blind thro' pain,  
No sound broke thro' the stillness on my ear.  
But now behold I can rejoice again  
Lo, I have gained a pearl for every tear.

—FLORENCE ALLI-MACCARANI.

## A LITTLE HEAVEN.

—"I wish to thank you for 'How To Reach Heaven,' in last NAUTILUS. It did console me so much. Now can you tell me how to make myself agreeable in company. I am naturally timid, and the light, chaffy conversation which so many enjoy I take little delight in, except perhaps for a short time. And after being in such company I feel as if I had spoiled others' pleasure and gained none myself, simply because I could not be as others are. Am considered a cold, reserved crank, but I don't want to be such. How can I overcome it?" G. E. M.

This plaint reminded me of a little story told in *Youth's Companion*, which is so apropos that I must tell it again to *Nautilus* readers. G. E. M.'S letter is a sample of many which I receive, from both men and women, so I know you will all be interested. Here is the story:

"Among the most welcome guests in a certain household is a woman who, although neither young nor beautiful, possesses a charm that few can resist. One day a daughter of the family asked her the secret of it.

"How do you contrive to bewitch everybody you meet? Mrs. Ransom has just been telling me how 'perfectly delightful' you are—and Mrs. Ransom does not by any means find everybody delightful! Yesterday, when Mrs. Daly found that you were out, I thought she was going to refuse to see the rest of us at all. That's the way it always is from the day you come until the day you come again. Tell me the secret."

"I think I can," was the prompt reply. "An old aunt taught it to me, and it is very simple: Sit upon the edge of your chair."

"Sit—I beg your pardon?"

"Yes, you heard correctly. Sit upon the edge of your chair." Then she explained.

"When she was a girl she was shy and disliked meeting people, and at home was considered hopeless socially. One winter she visited an old aunt who was famous for her fine manners. The first time she was called down to meet one of her aunt's friends she slipped into a big chair and sat silent to the end of the call. After the visitor had gone her aunt turned to her.

"My dear," she said, "I hope you did not feel so bored as you looked."

"Greatly embarrassed, she tried to explain that she was not bored at all, but being so much younger, felt that it was not her place to speak.

"That is all very well, my dear," her aunt replied, "but you must remember that the first courtesy to a guest is to appear interested, and nobody can appear interested who is lolling in an easy chair. Not very much is expected of a young girl, but it is expected that she shall pay the guests of the house the compliment of an attitude of attention. The next time any one comes in, my dear, I hope you will select a straight chair."

"So I did," she said, smiling over the reminiscence. "I selected the straightest chair in the room and sat upon the edge of it, almost leaning forward in my effort to appear interested. I am sure there was a twinkle in my aunt's eyes when she looked at me, but after the caller left she told me that I 'appeared very well.' Before the winter was over, thanks to my aunt's training, my

shyness disappeared; but I've never forgotten her advice: Sit up straight and look interested."

The old aunt had probably never heard of new thought, but she applied it beautifully: *Act as if you were, and you shall know that you are.* That is the first principle of new thought, and of all accomplishment. To assume the attitude of a virtue, with a desire for the virtue itself, is to plant the seed of that virtue, which will soon spring into flourishing life. Thus "faith steps out on seeming void and finds the solid rock." Emerson says, "The law of nature is, do the thing and you shall have the power."

You can't maintain persistently the attitude of attention without waking by reflex the attention itself. There are two ends to all nerves; the inner end being attached to the very emotion center itself, where all virtues dwell. You may be able to tap the virtues at the center—you may be able to appear interested because you are interested. But you can always tap a virtue at the surface—you can assume the attitude of the virtue desired, and thus start it flowing. All the virtues are eternally on tap within every human being; the question is, to turn on the stop cock. The inner key to the stop cock sometimes evades our voluntary touch, though a friend may turn it on or off without a thought. But the outer key can always be turned at WILL. We can always act the virtue we desire to feel, and thus set free the feeling itself.

The first step then toward social success is to act interested and keep at it.

Other people are just like you—they want somebody to draw them out. And nothing draws them out like a show of interest. If you will set yourself to draw out other people you will find yourself being drawn out. If you can't think of any thing to say ask questions and set the others talking.

When the other fellow has ventured a remark keep on looking interested. If you can't think of anything bright to say in reply to his remarks, never mind. Ask another question and still another, until you draw out something you can reply to.

And take your time about it all. Nothing so jars conversation as a nervous haste to be saying something every instant of the time. Take your time and fill all pauses by looking pleasantly interested. Sit up straight and look your friends or acquaintances smilingly in the eyes, as if you are glad to see them and don't mind just sitting still and looking at them for a minute or so without chattering. People like to be looked at with kindly interest—even when it makes them blush. If you can't look people in the eyes without an effort practice daily and oftener before the glass. Look yourself in the eyes with kind interest, and hold little conversations with yourself while so looking.

And don't be afraid to say nice things to yourself or your friends. People bloom under appreciation. It is easy to draw out one who feels your interest and appreciation. It might not be proper to say all the nice things you think, but you can think them with interest, and the effect will be fully as pleasing. Your friends will expand and shed the perfume of their thoughts for you, and in turn you will expand and shed your best for them.

That is conversation. To converse is to talk with another, not against him. The person who criticises or combats mentally or morally, what he draws out from another, is no conversationist though he be ever so much of a talker.

True conversation is an interchange of ideas, and anything which checks the natural flow of

ideas, or rouses combativeness in even the faintest degree, is fatal to true and happy conversation. Treat respectfully that which you have drawn out from your friend. If he expresses views contrary to yours what of it? He will not insist upon his views unless you combat them. Simply pass lightly over what you can not in at least some measure agree with, and draw out something else. Don't check conversation by fussing over some remark you don't agree with. Seek not to throw at your friend the pearls of your opinions for which he has not asked. If he has asked for them, and then combats them, don't follow his lead. Make light, make light, and draw out something else. Holmes well says that "Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music."

Remember that your chief aim in meeting people is to get their point of view, not to impress yours. That is what society is for, that is why nature abhors a hermit and fills us with longing for companionships and conversation—that we may see things through more than one small pair of eyes. Don't then let anything side-track you from the real object of friendly association and conversation—to get the other fellow's point of view. If you are intent upon giving him your point of view (he will draw out all of that he wants, without your conscientious insistence upon it) you will miss much you might have learned from him. Again Holmes: "I show my thought, another his, if they agree, well; if they differ we find the largest common factor, if we can, but at any rate avoid disputing about remainders and fractions, which is to real talk what tuning an instrument is to playing on it."

Accept every one you meet as a teacher sent you by the Great Master himself. Treat him and his ideas courteously, accept what you can from him and never mind the rest. "We grow by what we accept, NOT by what we reject."

And above all things don't take yourself or your friend too seriously. Don't be solemn. "Dignity is a peculiar carriage invented to cover up the defects of the mind." Be yourself and uncover them if honesty requires; for we are just as apt to learn from our own and each other's defects as from our virtues. So the covering of our defects might hide truth and learning from another. Besides, to seek to cover our defects is to reveal a greater defect.

Be your happy self and jolly your friend along; so shall he expand still farther and reveal to you his very heart, defects and all, from which you may gather tomes of learning as well as draughts from fountains of wisdom and love.

Do you know that a really fine conversationalist is wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove and loving as God himself? It is so. Not until conversation comes from a clean, loving heart and mind can it reach perfection. People reveal themselves to us only so far as they feel they can trust us. If we can make them feel that we appreciate them even to the extent of respecting what we cannot approve, they are only too happy to express to us their most intimate thoughts. We love to un-bosom ourselves to those who are wise and loving.

But how we abhor him who pretends appreciation, who seems wise and loving, and then, having drawn us out, goes away and laughs at us, not with us. He may fool us once; but himself he fools all the time. Humanity abhors an imitation friend; and divinity casts him into outer darkness until he repent.

Remember this when conversation takes a "light" turn. To laugh with people is life; to



laugh at people is death and retribution. Laughter is the leavening to the bread of life; but if your bread be mixed with the tears and vexations of the laughed-at your laughter will raise hell for you. Even the bread of life, made bitter and hot with vexations of others, is not worth the laugh that leavened it.

Laughter literally lightens the spirit, as heat lightens gas. Heated gas will raise a balloon and its burden when the same amount of gas, without the warmth, would be held to earth. So laughter lightens the spirits and enables one to accomplish with ease and pleasure the work which without laughter-lightening would be heavy or impossible. "Heavy spirits," and "light spirits," are literal expressions, not figurative. "Light conversation," and "light minded," are not misapplied terms. The western college professor who recommended flirting, had a glimpse of the lifting power of light spirits. Even flirting might be a valuable game for lightening the spirits if both parties were equally in the spirit of the game. The danger comes from taking it *heavily*, seriously.

Despise not "light conversation." Enter into its spirit for a time and thus gain power for heavier conversation—or work—to come. "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken." "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

"Embrace me with thy whole heart and mind and whatsoever thou wouldst learn I will teach thee." Aim first and always to enter into the spirit of your friend. Go with him; go on beyond him in imagination, if you can; but *keep in the spirit*. Don't jar his jollity by sudden solemnity, nor his gravity by irregular flippancies. Even a pun would please Holmes, who objected to them on general principles, provided it was made relevant to his mood. But it is always safer to pun your own remarks and observe moderation at that.

Practice at home what you wish to manifest abroad. The family in which each disregards the feelings and moods of the others, where each is fond of "shutting up" the others, where "plain speaking" is reckoned a virtue or a rather laudable failing—such a family will never produce good conversationalists, though it may produce chatters.

The cultivation of appreciation, love, gentleness, consideration, lies at the heart of good conversation and engaging manners. And only that which is cultivated at home can bear scrutiny abroad.

And it's never too late to begin. Put your new thought into action, dearies. That's what it's for. Let patience, perseverance and faith have their perfect work.

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Every good and graceful thing in life is the expression of love.

To quicken your expression of love, as a foundation of good conversation, dwell in the silence daily with that thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—a thirteen which brings good luck to him who uses it.

What is love? Love is the Spirit of Life which *e-motes* from the Universal Soul.

How does it manifest? Listen:

"Love is patient, is gracious:

"Love is not envious:

"Love vaunts not itself, is not puffed up, behaves not unseemly, seeks not her own things, is not exasperated, imputes not that which is base, rejoices not over unrighteousness, but jointly rejoices with truth, all things covers, all things believes, all things hopes, all things endures.

"Love at no time fails.

### TRUTH PREVAILS.

"If you could know all I have done since my last letter and for the most part 'kept sweet inside' you would wonder. I am not doing all I desire to and I sometimes feel that if I do my duty each day what odds if I do not add to this the earning of money. I have been thinking, and I find that to do my housework, washing, ironing, sewing, help that dear daughter all I can in the schemes she hatches from her busy brain, help my boys when necessary and help my husband—and the latest unusual way of helping my husband is to milk two cows each night and carry part of the milk several blocks, thus saving him many steps for he would have to come to the house for it.

This and many, many other things ought to satisfy me. One finds lessons to be learned, oh, so many. Mine seems to be to silence pride, not the pride that holds the head up knowing the *Self is king*, but the pride that doesn't want to have people see me carrying milk. But that is just as honorable as anything and the people are pleased to get it for *it is good*. As I milk I can imagine myself sending love thoughts into it for those who get it. And I *insist* on myself standing erect, breathing deeply and holding the head up when I am carrying that same milk. It hurts, but it must be good else I'd not need to do it.

"Now while the one thing in my life that I tried by myself to succeed in as money making, bolstering myself up with 'Go in to win and stick to it' and 'Persevere or don't attempt,' when I ought to have quit short off—that is it looks so though I can't be altogether sorry for it all even if I did make a sorry failure so far as money making or getting is concerned,—while this failed yet the milk route started a year ago last December and which for so long did not pay for the labor and feed for cows, is doing better. My husband concluded last September to raise the price of milk and see if his customers appreciated faithfulness and big measure. Others would not raise to winter price till October. His customers fell off fast and it was almost decided to quit the business as soon as possible. Others however, took it up (it started with some Christian Scientist friends of ours) and they got others interested until he had to buy a cow to keep up. This spring he decided not to drop on the milk and so far he has lost very few customers. We milk six cows and he is talking of buying another to keep things going. Can you imagine how it has hurt me to see him going along the streets carrying those pails—two gallons in each hand? It *hurt!* Well I partly overcame that, knowing he is just as honorable as in any other business, and now I suppose I must overcome the hurt in myself. Why have I written this? I think now that I must let go the feeling of financial independence that I have longed for, which if it came must necessarily be something apart from my husband, and work with him as best I can, even if it is something I do not like. Again, I think though I have not breathed it to any one till now that it is possible, just *possible* you know that the success ideas may have been finding better soil to work in, in him than in me. I know only too well he would not have to such a thing, so I keep still and say nothing. Of course it would sound silly to say that my reading and thinking and exercising would help him to succeed in getting money but we know it is more than that. There are lessons for both of us, and if mine is in one line his in another, yet we are one in truth and must succeed.

"It is many times a struggle to keep the inner poise and I can see some gain in that. Years ago when the inner showed turmoil it inevitably meant an outburst. Now it does not necessarily mean that. Of course age has something to do with it as my desire is to carry my years with grace and one cannot do that without learning to control one's self in many ways. In last *Nautilus* you say, 'Each kind of work in its place is best, and leads to better—if well done; and each comes in its place.' This I believe, and so the best grace I can put into milking and carrying the milk the best it will be for me. Mr. Leadbeater told us this Spring that no matter *what* circumstances we find ourselves in we are there for the purpose of developing some virtue, then when that is learned we take a step forward in order to develop another virtue; only of course we do not develop one alone at a time, without regard to the rest. You perhaps, voice the same when you say 'Our failures are God-given opportunities to gain more glorious results.'" E. B.

In that letter there are texts for a dozen sermons and solutions for all sorts of life problems. Read it in the silence and ask the spirit in you to apply it for your own case.

E. B. is a natural Martha, "troubled over many things." She had all she could possibly do, but in addition she started a very exacting sort of business. Of course something had to drop; no woman can do two or three women's work. She simply had not the time and energy necessary to keep up her old work and at the same time build a new business. It takes time, energy and an immense fund of *enthusiasm and devotion*, or a very determined will, to build a new business. E. B. had no particular liking or aptitude for the business, and no knowledge of it; hence no enthusiasm and devotion to speak of. She went into it merely because she wanted money; and to most people—to all well-balanced people—the mere money motive does not supply enthusiasm and devotion enough to keep one pegging away until the business is built to paying proportions.

A successful business is a real *living* thing; and its life is the *thought and devotion, enthusiasm, poured into it*. It can no more live and grow without plenty of enthusiasm (which is *love, emotion, feeling*) and thought than a human being can live and grow without it.

E. B.'s thought and enthusiasm all went into her old interests—her new business was up-hill work. If she had been cut off from the old interests, if her time and energy and thought and enthusiasm had *needed occupation*, she would have worked away at the new business until it *became* interesting. She simply followed the line of least resistance, gave up the least satisfactory of her many occupations.

She has "failed" and is now more content to do her best with the things at hand. Which is well.

Man and wife are one, and many a man fails because his wife's thought and enthusiasm are switched away from his business before he has it well started. He marries what he supposes is a *helpmeet*; one he thinks will help him develop the business which must support the home. He enlarges his business ideas, depending upon her thought and devotion to help him. And then he finds she is not to be a helpmeet—that she has perhaps absorbing interests of her own into which she not only pours her enthusiasm and thought, but wants him to help with his enthusiasm, and thought and money too. Instead of union of aim, interest, enthusiasm, in which there is always success; he finds division of interest, aim, enthusiasm, in which there is generally failure. In other words, he finds that he has bitten off more than he can chew without the aid of a helpmeet. And his wife, all unseeing, refuses to be that helpmeet.

No, I do not believe in any woman spending a life-time simply as helpmeet to any man. A woman should have interests and enthusiasms of her own, and she should expect her husband to at least sympathize in those interests. If she has said yes to the right man he will not only sympathize with her personal interests but he will be wisely diverted by them. In the ideal marriage the wife's personal interests are to the husband a recreation interest, and *vice versa*. His mind plays with her serious interests, and both are brightened thereby; while her mind plays with his serious interests, again *brightening* both minds. The serious interests of each should stand in the position of a *pleasant diversion* to the other. Each should be a true helpmeet to the other.

But in most cases bread and butter at least, if not jam, depends upon the man. And the wife's main business in life should be the pouring of her interest and enthusiasm into HIS work until his business is strong and alive enough to provide not only bread, butter and jam but a few entrees besides. This is what Paul meant, I feel sure, when he said "the husband is the head of the wife." Unless a woman loves a man enough to make her *want* to put her personal interests in the background whenever he needs her thought and interest and enthusiasm to help him out of a tight place, she would better stay single where there will be no interference with her personal interests.

By the time a woman has really *helped meet* a man's difficulties and had a finger with him, in the pie of bringing success out of defeat, she will find herself *happily* married to a man she can honor and who will honor and cherish her and her interests. She will be the woman of Prov. xxxi; 10-31—honored in the gates, blessed by children and husband; a woman of power, love, joy; a woman whose husband *loves* to help her develop her personal interests.

E. B. thinks her new thought failed in her own case; but she is just glimpsing a great truth: *That the spirit of success has worked through her to manifest in her husband's business*. The believing wife is sanctifying the husband willy nilly.

The entire race is one, bound by invisible nerves and arteries. A new thought or noble impulse born in you is as sure to reach me in due time, as the blood made clean in your lungs is bound to reach and affect for health your brain and your finger tips and toes.

There is no escape from good impulses once set going.



In most intimate sense is this true of husband and wife, parents and children, close friends or business partners. They are literally *closely tied*, subconsciously if not consciously. And since there is about 95 per cent of sub-consciousness to 5 per cent of consciousness you can readily see that our sub-conscious contacts with each other are about fifty times as great and powerful as our conscious contacts. Our husband may oppose or ridicule openly our new thought principles and statements *but he gets them just the same*—by the sub-conscious nerves and arteries that make us one, and over which he has just about as much control as over his literal nerves and arteries.

*Every truth statement we make is inoculating him in spite of himself* and by and by he will find himself as new-thoughty as we are! But he won't admit it!—oh, no!—he'll tell us that *we* have grown more sensible than we used to be, that we have come to think as *he* always did about that new thought we used to be so daft over!

Then if we are sensible we'll laugh and let it go at that. The fact will be this: That by those same invisible nerves and arteries *we* have been receiving truth statements from *him*, as well as he from us; and we are *both* changed by this circulation of thought and feeling.

Now perhaps this will scare you a bit—if we interchange truth statements by this sub-conscious route, and do it in spite of ourselves, why shall we not also receive *un-truth* statements, to our injury? You see, some of us rather despise our husband's ways, and we'd hate awfully to be inoculated with some of his thoughts and impulses.

But fear not. We have taken care of our husband through smallpox and did not take smallpox ourselves; we shall help him through mental disease without catching that either. Why? *Because health is positive to disease, truth positive to untruth.* They say diphtheria germs can be found in any healthy throat; and yet the healthy throat has no diphtheria—*because the germs cannot find there the soil to support their kind of life.*

Health germs will choke out disease germs; but disease germs cannot choke out health—cannot even get a foothold where health germs are.

Truth germs will inoculate *anybody*, but untruth germs can flourish only where truth germs are scarce. Evil communications never yet corrupted good morals—don't believe it. Evil communications can corrupt only wishy-washy morals—which are not good, only goody-good.

So, in proportion as you are strong in the truth you are immune to untruth. Only the one who is trying to be good and is not yet sure of himself, need be afraid of contamination through conscious or subconscious communications of evil. The man with a hankering for booze and a desire to keep straight must shun boozers as well as booze; but the man who from principle never drinks will never catch the habit by subconscious or occasional conscious contact with those who do. A man's mental constitution must be badly run down and *kept* down before he can contract such diseases.

Most women are immune to masculine moral diseases, and most men are immune to feminine foibles. So it is good for man and woman to live together, for each catches from the other germs of health, happiness, power, mental and moral stamina—catches them by way of the forty-nine parts of subconscious mind if not through the one part of conscious mind.

E. B. can't talk new thought into her husband. But she is giving it in much more effective ways—by speaking the Word for him mentally, by "moral support," by cheery encouragement, by looking well to the care of the home, by keeping expenditure inside his means, *by helping him in the little ways he needs and wants help.*

When a woman says her husband won't accept her help you may depend upon it she is more prodigal of *advice* than of real help—she wants to help him do *her* way, not his—she wants to be the head instead of the heart of the family partnership—the heart, whence comes all that makes the head effective but which cannot successfully usurp the head's office.

Yes, it is good for E. B. to carry milk. She is

doing it *well*, head up, shoulders and back straight; it is helping her develop the carriage of a queen; it is cultivating her consciousness of oneness with her husband; it is showing her who are her *real* friends, who love and respect her for what she is and not for what she appears, and who are merely fairweather friends that have valued her for her "position" in life. And by the time she gets through with carrying milk she will have *realized* that it is not the work which dignifies or degrades the worker, but *the worker the work*. In other words her sense of individuality and freedom is being developed, her self-reliance cultivated. Carrying milk is straightening and strengthening her mental and moral backbone as well as her physical one.

You'd hardly think so insignificant a thing as carrying milk could do so much, would you? But it does—*if done well*. If poorly done it makes drudges and bitterness of heart. Not *what* E. B. is doing, *but how she does it*, is what tells for wisdom, love, power and progress.

E. B. never did a wiser, better, nobler thing than carry milk like a queen, to help the king. She is a true heroine, who would glorify the highest place in the Temple of Fame, or add grace to the head of Carnegie's list of prize heroes. And the best of all is *that she doesn't know it*.

And better than even the best is the fact that this lovely world is full of just such unconscious heroism as E. B.'s, all making for undreamed of glories of character and environment.

#### A LITTLE FOURTH OF JULY JOURNEY.

The day before the Fourth William and I went down to New London, Conn., stopping over a few hours at New Haven, which neither of us had ever seen. Of course we went first to Yale, which I presume used to lie on the outskirts of town, but around which the city has grown until the truly magnificent Yale buildings look cramped and almost lost. The Yale buildings must be the finest college structures in the country, all of brown stone except a few of the oldest, and many of them adorned with luxuriant ivy which adds greatly to the general effect.

But the campus is necessarily restricted. Harvard campus is much larger, and nicer, and the campus at Amherst is the finest, largest and best kept of all we have seen. And the Yale campus gives one an impression of "scamping"—as if life were too strenuous to admit of one's living it without cutting all the corners. At every turn of the walks the grass has been tramped to death, and even in the open it looks discouraged, as if everybody were too busy to take pride in it.

And all of New Haven gives one much the same impression. There are many beautiful and well kept private grounds, not excelled anywhere; but between them are so many neglected patches. And the city greens, large and small, show the same want of *careful* attention—as if the municipal appropriations wouldn't go round and these little things didn't amount to much anyway and might as well be scamped. In no other New England city have we seen so many unkept corners in proportion to the number of beautiful and well-kept ones. And New Haven's natural advantages and wealth are so great that she might easily be the handsomest city in the vicinity. She needs a "village improvement" movement.

The ride from New Haven along the Sound coast was very pleasant, with its frequent glimpses of the Sound and Long Island, and the numerous crossings of streams—including the mouth of our own Connecticut. I love water. And New London, at the mouth of the Thames, is a lovely old place straggling over hills and down dales, and always among glorious big elms and maples.

As we looked out over the town—about 12,000 population—from the roof of the eight-story Mohican building, we thought we had never seen such a pretty town. The Thames river in front to the East, the Sound and Old Atlantic in broad view at the south, and a few miles to the west another river, with the Thames made gay by the Atlantic squadron, all in white with gay flags flying,

and many private yachts in holiday dress, all anchored in the Thames before us, with Groton and green hills and waving trees beyond; and all about us at our feet New London rising like a myriad Venus from the sea of green;—all made a sight worth a long journey to see.

It was the Atlantic squadron's presence which drew us. It has aboard some three hundred or so embryo naval officers out for a summer cruise and a taste of what they are coming to later—three hundred or so midshipmen from Annapolis. Among them is George Wallace Struble, cousin of my children and son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Struble of Portland, Ore. Of course George piloted us aboard some of the vessels on the morning of the Fourth, and did the honors to Uncle Sam's taste while all his class mates who were not on shore looked on with envious eyes and wished their relations lived in New England!

They are a goodly lot of youngsters, healthy and happy; and I hope arbitration will set in for good before any of them are ready for real war. They are too nice to be shot at, and I'll warrant most of them would rather be shot at than to shoot, when it came to a real pinch. But it's fun to be a naval hero in theory, and the results of this discipline, knowledge, healthy living, etc., will come handy in arbitration as well as war. *All things work for good.* When we get tired of swords we'll make pruning hooks and plow shares of 'em.

The Mohican hotel is, from the outside, a handsome eight story structure of Pompeian brick which seems too large and elegant a hotel for so small a town. But there is a story attached. It was built by Frank A. Munsey, the publisher, as a home for his magazines. He meant to do business in New London and date his magazines from New York city. It is much cheaper to live in a small town but the name of a great city is a distinct business asset, or it is thus considered by many.

But the postal authorities object to the plan Munsey and many others have wanted to follow; probably because it could be used to promote fraudulent mail schemes. Apparently Munsey did not know this until his building was up. Then he decided that it would pay better to convert that handsome building to other purposes and run his business in higher-priced New York. "What's in a name?" Ask Munsey.

So the building serves as a hotel and apartment house of two hundred large rooms, with a Mohican grocery and dry goods stores on the ground floor—all run by Munsey, each with its separate manager.

The hotel is cheaply finished inside and cheaply furnished, but there are one hundred well-fitted bath rooms to the two hundred lofty rooms, and all the rooms are arranged in suites. Corridors very dark, no call bells, elevator that churns and chugs and is mortally slow. Board fair, prices none too low.

Munsey's Mohican idea is to provide good, plain things at low prices, but so far as I am familiar with his business ventures—Holyoke has a Mohican store—it is only in the very plainest things he can undersell others. In other lines they sometimes undersell him.

New London is a very old town and among its most ancient remains is a charming old water wheel and mill built by Governor Winthrop in 1650, and still running. It sets low down by the rock ribbed stream, with an elm shaded hill rising back from it, where Governor Winthrop's old home was recently torn down to make room for a handsome large pressed brick schoolhouse. In order to get the hill site the city had to buy the mill too, and the present miller leases it from the city. It is an interesting spot where seventeenth century creaks slowly and undisturbed, grinding good grain into good meal, and the twentieth century flies by in the Norwich trolley; where the young idea is taught how and what to shoot on the same spot where red skins' arrows were wont to fly only three centuries ago.

And a little way from the "old town mill" Nathan Hale's little red school house tilts on the



edge of a hill with the old burying ground behind it.

We wandered a bit among the dark old upright stones and queer five-legged tables, which mark the resting places of those sturdy sons and daughters who blazed the trail;—wandered and wondered and were glad to be in the twentieth century New London. Only one stone, one of the queer stone tables, recorded even an approximately old age—the age of seventy-five, attained by an apparently Big Bug of his day. And fifty-six was the next highest age cut in those stones, with a large majority of ages from thirty to forty-five. Those old friends may have been slow, but they were swift enough to wear out earlier than we of the twentieth century. Life must have been strenuous indeed, lived behind bolted doors or with the trusty blunderbuss ever at hand—only less strenuous than that of the red skin himself. Peace to their ashes, red and white, and a happy march to their souls.

We bade George and New London a reluctant farewell at two o'clock—and promptly forgot them in the joy of that beautiful ride up the Thames, on the very accommodating Central Vermont train, which winds leisurely with the river and stops at every station and a few times between. We finished the ride from Palmer by trolley; being nearly six hours in covering the eighty-eight miles between New London and Holyoke. But we enjoyed every mile of it and mean to go again.

Here's hoping all *Nautilus* friends had as happy and profitable a Fourth as we.

### OLD THOUGHT AND NEW.

Oliver C. Sabin, bishop of his own Protestant-Christian-Science church in Washington, D. C., does not like the name "new thought." He says it applies to all those folks who are reincarnations of Paul or Elijah or somebody, and with whom his church has nothing in common.

He wants his church called Christian Science, but he *doesn't* wish it confounded with the Eddy brand.

I like the term new thought, and I think Colonel Sabin is near sighted or cross-eyed. He splits hairs when he says his church has "nothing in common" with all these other "isms," and he splits more hairs when he says his church is based on old thought, not new thought. All churches and all isms are based on old thought. There is nothing new under the sun except in the sense that the old shoes you give to a tramp, are new to him.

The only "new" thing about the new thought or Christian Science is the *personal application* of the old thought, which in most of these centuries has been a buried thought, buried under the forms and ceremonies and robes of ecclesiastics, who doled the old thought second hand to the people. And Bishop Sabin still finds use for the obscuring rags of churchism—which is truly old thought.

New thought is merely the renaissance of the old. And any ism which teaches this personal application of the old thought, any ism which teaches individuality and *personal oneness* with God, any which teaches that *all* power in heaven and earth is given unto *each* son and daughter of God, to be used for the bettering of conditions of each and all,—any ism which teaches this is teaching the new thought, and comes properly within the fold of the new thought movement.

And every church in which is taught ever so slightly this personal application of God-power to the betterment of "material" conditions is sharing in this renaissance, is being quickened by the spirit of new thought.

But such churches cannot properly be classed as "belonging to the new thought" because their allegiance is openly given to the old thought of *mediation*, ecclesiasticism. Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science and Col. Sabin's are just barely inside the lines of the new thought. They still cling in practice to churchism, to mediation, to ecclesiasticism, though their ideals and professions disavow such.

So they try to stand in the really impossible position of repudiating both the old thought and

the new, while they hark back to Christ himself as their only foundation. *Every church since the A. D. 1 has tried to hold this impossible position—and failed.* I have several times heard Baptist preachers affirm *that theirs is the oldest of all churches, being founded by John the Baptist before the Roman Catholic church was thought of;* when the fact is that the Baptist church was never thought of until 1500 years after John the Baptist. All churches claim Christ's teachings as their foundation—Eddy's and Sabin's not excepted.

But the new thought stands in the One Power, the One Mind, which manifested *before* Jesus as well as *through* Jesus and *since* Jesus. The new thought is a non-church thought, a universal thought, which embraces the truth taught in all races and churches and in the great no-church.

Whatever Mrs. Eddy and Bishop Sabin think about the matter, the fact remains that they are goddess and god of the new thought with feet of the old thought clay. And I don't know any of us new thoughters who hasn't at least a toe or two of the old thought clay left.

We can all spend our time and energy to better advantage than in trying to be exclusive. Exclusiveness never helped anybody yet—it only made prigs and snobs, and left the outsiders to hell fire and damnation. For my part, I want a name big enough to include every son of God, in the church or out. That is why I belong to the new-thought, without any capital N or T, and why I insist on snailing in Mrs. Eddy and Bishop Sabin and every church member who has a glimmering view of the new thought, as well as every ism-ist who wants to come. My "church" is big enough for everybody and I shall not rest from my labors, nor be *altogether* happy until I feel that everybody is in it. There must be no outer darkness, and weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, around my heaven.

The race is One, the body of God; not until every last one of us is *consciously* One, can any of us be *wholly* One and thus *wholly* happy. Then why in the name of goodness insist on *separation*? Why not take *all* into the fold and let our individual lights so shine that the One shall be glorified? Out upon his old thought nonsense of exclusion! It is child's play out of play hours. Every ism, every church, every society, every bunch of people, is a class in God's big Sunday school, and we are all far enough apart and far enough off the track of cosmic consciousness as it is—though we *are* learning. For heaven's sake let's teach our classes something else besides division, which is all too well learned already. Let's try addition and multiplication and the 13th chapter of First Corinthians awhile, and be happy.

—Nothing in this world is worth a squabble. If you don't argue the all-wise law of love will bring it out right. If you do, it *may* come out right—after a while—but if so, it will be *in spite* of the squabble, not because of it; and there will be an unpleasant heart-ache attachment which will prove heavy payment for the squabble.

—Stick to it that *all* things are working for good and that each thing as it comes is *best* for that instant of time and space. Only consciousness of this truth can keep you from flying off the handle at little things which apparently go wrong—ninety-nine out of a hundred of which you *afterwards* find didn't matter anyway, or else were positively *better* as they turned out.

—Self-control is a matter of pure faith in yourself and the rest of the universe. The man who is *afraid* things are going wrong, *afraid* he can't control himself or circumstances, gets his nerves and muscles into a terrible snarl in the *effort* to control them. Then when the unexpected, or the expected, really happens he is in that tense condition which can only fly to pieces at the impact. But the man who believes in good is alert, not tense; and is ready to give a bit when the unexpected strikes him, with full confidence that he can turn this unexpected to still better advantage. Perfect self-control is mental jiu-jitsu, easily acquired by practice.

—We have had an enjoyable call from Dr. George W. Carey, author of "Biochemic System

of Medicine" and other things. Dr. Carey is tall, thin and Virgo-ey, full of his subject and an interesting talker. He will find our latch string always out, and our good will follows him. He is to lecture this summer at Onset Bay, Mass. For particulars address him at 337 Summer street, West Somerville, Mass.

—"Since a notice of the New Thought Colony near Santa Cruz appeared in *Nautilus* I have been flooded with letters from all parts of the U. S. so that it is impossible for me to answer them personally and I beg a little space in your valuable paper to explain. When Rev. W. J. Colville was here recently, we were about to close the deal for a beautiful tract of 300 acres of land with orchards, vineyards, hotel, etc. and intended it for a New Thought community—not Colony—as his article stated. Our purpose was to plant and sell villa lots and acreage, to have a lecture hall, library, hotel and amusements of all kinds owned by the community. Also to establish a New Thought, scientific and up-to-date sanitarium and training school for nurses in New Thought lines. We were promised the money to secure the place, but the party disappointed us at the last moment and too late to notify Bro. Colville before he gave it to the public prematurely. But all is good and we may yet secure the place, for we are working to raise the funds required, \$16,000. If we do, we shall know the medium through which to advertise to reach the great body of New Thought friends and to bring them together to work for the establishing of the new or seventh civilization or The Reign of Science." Dr. Mary A. Janney, 1010 Washington Street, Oakland, Cal.

—The *Nautilus* has just been discovered by another *Nautilus*! This other *Nautilus* is devoted to the interest of conchologists; is published by, or in connection with, the Boston Society of Natural History, Berkeley street, Boston, and is now in its eighteenth volume. Its editors and publishers are H. A. Pilsbry of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and C. W. Johnson of the Boston Society. Some time ago Mr. Johnson received a subscription addressed to "*The Nautilus*, Boston, Mass.," and upon receipt of a copy of his *Nautilus* the subscriber protested that he wanted a health and success *Nautilus*, not one about shell fish. Mr. Johnson refunded the dollar and informed the subscriber that his was the only and original *Nautilus* so far as he knew. Later he came across an ad. of our *Nautilus* and wrote for information. Our *Nautilus* has been pretty widely read and advertised since November, 1898, and the Boston *Nautilus* must be still older. Each has evidently made quite a splash in its own little (?) circle without ever hearing the other's splash until now. Seems funny, doesn't it?—and this is such a little world too. I wonder how many other splashes we have not yet heard, and how many other circles ours has not touched. But our circles are all growing and there must be an Infinite Circle with which all our small circles converge. And as our circles grow we shall *all* come into touch with each other's circles and dissolve our erstwhile borders in larger ones, until at length our only circle shall be the Infinite itself. And the splashes and circles are all on the surface. At heart we are all one without knowing it. The same spirit made the splash in both these *Nautilus* circles—the choice of the name, was something more than a coincidence; the editors of the Boston *Nautilus* must have been guided, even though unconsciously, by the true soul-meaning of *Nautilus*, as felt and expressed by Holmes; else had they as appropriately called their journal *The Clam* or *The Oyster*, or *The Shell Fish*. And the one Spirit led both these *Nautilus* publishers to choose almost identical type in which to express the name, and the same plain, unfrilled style of make-up. Yes, there is an unseen One Cause for all coincident effects—One Soul projecting both. Each in its place is best; and each is *in* its place, with peace and prosperity a-plenty for all.

The "Summer" advertisement at the foot of page 8 is meant for YOU. Please read carefully.



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**CO-OPERATION.** A New York publisher writes as follows regarding a recent article in *Nautilus* upon the subject of Co-operation:

"In a recent issue I notice that a contributor recommends small co-operative enterprises and thinks if enough of these could be 'successfully' established, the monopolist would be compelled to 'get off the earth'—a possible, but by no means a probable result. Those who advocate or seek to establish co-operative schemes, are not as a rule business men, and the monopolists generally are; hence the wisdom of the use of the word 'successfully.' Co-operation has always been a delusion and a snare. It seems a panacea for all industrial ills, but in practice it falls to the ground. Human nature is the obstacle to the success of co-operation, and probably always will be. The workers think that the man who buys raw material for them to convert into some finished product and afterwards sells that product at a profit, or tries to, is entitled to only ordinary wages. Business brains cannot be hired at the price of a mechanic's day wage. For this reason and many others which might be cited, co-operation except in the form of incorporated companies, is a failure and always will be."

The above letter is a fine statement of the case from a business man's point of view. I can endorse it all with the exception of the statement that because co-operation has always proved a failure it always will.

Human nature is in process of development. Many things are possible now that have never been possible before, and I see no reason for doubting the success of co-operation at sometime in the future.

Co-operation may not become an established fact simply through the good will and desire of the whole people to co-operate. It will more likely become established finally as a result of necessity—a choice between two evils as many people would consider it.

The spread of socialism on the one hand and the growth of monopolies on the other will inevitably produce a crisis and compel some sort of radical readjustment of the social system. And this readjustment of the social fabric will not be in the nature of granting more extended powers to the monopolists. Everything points to some sort of compromise arrangement between capital and labor. Both classes can hardly help seeing ultimately, that such a compromise on a co-operation basis, is for the best interests of all concerned.

**WHOLESOME LIVING.** A wholesome life is one of constant change and of readjustment to new conditions. It is letting go of the old and welcoming the new.

There is no health and wholesomeness in stagnation—sameness—in keeping the same piece of furniture after it has outlived its usefulness, in doing just as your parents did and perpetuating all their methods of living and doing things.

The Chinese people present a good example of the logical result of getting into ruts of living and keeping there. They are the most unprogressive people on earth. Their reverence for the customs of their ancestors is so great that no new inventions, however labor saving they may be, can gain a foothold in China without encountering a mountain of opposition from the conservative worshippers of their forefathers. As a result the great Empire of China is today a medieval nation, and would be in constant danger of absorption by any third rate nation that chose to attack her, were it not for the jealous watchfulness of the first-class powers who expect ultimately to apportion her among themselves. On the other hand look at the marvelous development of Japan during the past fifty years. Progress, the ability to adapt ourselves to new conditions, means power.

The habit of hoarding things without using them leads to stagnation. It is not wholesome to hoard money or thoughts. Let your ideas expand and use all the things that you possess.

A great many people will buy a new carpet for their front parlor and then keep the curtains closed tightly for years lest a ray of sun cause the carpet to fade. The wholesome way of living is

to use all things and hoard nothing. Things that are not used always become unwholesome. Mustiness and dust are not wholesome, but sunlight and pure air are always life bringing, even though they fade the carpets and furniture.

Things that have been hoarded for years carry with them a musty, unhealthy aura. They speak to us of the dead past—never of the living present.

The habits of thinking which have deepened into ruts are like furniture which has long been shielded from the sun and air. You have all met people who lived in the past, whose minds were restricted by certain narrow thought walls and who dreaded anything which might introduce them to an unaccustomed sensation. Most of us have some of these little thought walls in our mental equipment. And our only salvation from ill health, unhappiness and death is to scale these walls and sail out on the broad ocean of life.

Learn to meet new conditions without shrinking. Learn to welcome change. Learn to take pleasure in readjustment and agreement with new surroundings and conditions. Do not reach back after the old. The new is always better and sweeter if you only welcome it with open mind instead of resisting it and hanging on to the old. Welcome change. Meet all new conditions with a calm, serene mind. Look upon new things as friendly to you always. Cultivate breadth of mind. Look for the good points in people whom you do not naturally like.

Activity is life. Change of thought, change of acts, change of clothes, furniture, mode of living, food, etc. (within natural and reasonable limits), all conduce to a wholesome, healthy life.

## BRIEFS.

\*\*\* Once more, please do not send subscriptions for *Nautilus*, or other orders intended for Mrs. Towne, to me, unless you write our two orders on separate sheets of paper with your full name and address on each sheet. If you neglect to do this, it becomes necessary for some one in the office to copy off that part of your order intended for Mrs. Towne, and this of course increases the liability to mistakes. Also remember to observe the same precaution (i. e. write your two orders on separate sheets), if you wish to include an order for books advertised by me when writing to Mrs. Towne. Our orders are filled by different people and kept in separate files, as our business affairs are kept distinct and separate, hence this request. You need send only one remittance, however, to cover orders addressed to each of us. It is easy to adjust a remittance, but it takes time to divide up the orders.

\*\*\* This is the time of the year when all the newspapers are advising their readers to eat little or no meat, and sensible advice it is. No matter what one believes about eating meat, he can with advantage practice abstemiousness in eating it during the warm weather.

\*\*\* It will add greatly to the comfort of living during the heated term if you omit all breakfast except a little fruit or cereal. The free use of greasy meat, pastry, griddle cakes, etc., washed down by quantities of beer or other stimulants, will help you to feel the heat to the very utmost.

\*\*\* There is no reason why people should suffer to any great extent from the heat if they will follow an abstemious diet and keep from fretting and worrying.

\*\*\* If you are already suffering from too rich a diet and too much food, a short fast with plenty of water drinking will help set you right and make you better than new.

\*\*\* It is a little singular that it has never occurred to all these M. D.'s and writers upon hygienic subjects who regularly recommend a vegetarian diet during the summer that the same diet would be equally good in winter. There are plenty of ways in which the necessary heat in food can be secured without resort to animal fats.

\*\*\* There is no better drink for summer use than home made lemonade. It is best made with the rind sliced and put in with the juice. Then put in the sugar and allow it to stand a few

moments, adding the water last. Grape juice is also fine. The free use of melons and juicy fruits will diminish thirst to a great extent. The juice of fruits is water in its very purest state, and constitutes a perfect cleanser. Disease germs cannot live an instant in fruit juice.

\*\*\* If your occupation is sedentary, live as much as you possibly can in the open air. Come into contact with the earth on every possible occasion. Lie on the ground on pleasant days as much as possible, or work in a garden if you can. Walking and bicycling are good. In fact, do anything that will take you into the open air and cause you to exercise. But enter into all that you do in this line with a cheerful mind. It will accomplish nothing to exercise simply from a sense of duty. Get interested in your exercising. You can if you try it.

\*\*\* When you begin to feel your liver waking up and your digestion improving it will become a pleasure to exercise in the open air and sunshine, even on a warm day. Moderate exercise on a warm day is better than keeping still.

\*\*\* Then there is your vacation which should be a source of rest, pleasure and health to you. When you go on your vacation see that you leave all thoughts of business, domestic cares, etc., behind you. Enter into the spirit of play. Take enough exercise during the day so that you will be ready to sleep like an infant at night. Live simply and as close to nature as possible.

\*\*\* Hot weather is a poor time to hold a grudge or to entertain envy, malice or practice "malicious animal magnetism" in any way. If you have an enemy, forgive, bless and praise him now. It is for your highest interest to do so. Then when you get the habit established of praising you can practice it the year around.

\*\*\* Don't be too strenuous about having your own way. Blessed is he who can give up his own happiness. The man who can give up his way is master of the occasion. The slave is the man who holds to his own way, even when convinced that some other way would be better.

\*\*\* The worst kind of a slave is the person who cannot let go. He follows his feelings around as if they had a ring tied in his nose. He nurses his feelings more tenderly than a small boy nurses his first toothache.

\*\*\* It is an unhappy way to live to go around with a chip on your shoulder all the time. Forgive all and forget all. Live in the present. The only person who gets real enjoyment of life is the one who lets fancied "injuries" roll off his mind as water rolls off a duck's back.

\*\*\* If you are full of the venom of envy and spite, set to work at once to neutralize it with the oil of good will and peace. A peaceful mind cannot contain malice. It is a chemical impossibility, to say the least.

\*\*\* Even a sluggish liver will bestir itself and awake from its Rip Van Winkle sleep when one attains a peaceful mind and forgives his enemies.

\*\*\* *Good Health*, published by the Seventh Day Adventists at Battle Creek, Mich., is a mighty good magazine. It is run on different lines from most of the health journals, and in some respects is much superior to the others, I think.

\*\*\* It is so easy to get into ruts and it's like pulling teeth to get out of them. Blessed is the man who early learns to adapt himself to his surroundings and to meet new conditions without shrinking.

\*\*\* Everyone needs to be a crank upon some subject—or at least everyone needs something to occupy his interest and deep attention, aside from his regular occupation. Life is not worth living to the idler. The man who is enthusiastic over something is the one who gets pleasure out of life. Don't be afraid to ride a hobby. It will help to keep you young and healthy; it will make your eyes bright and your cheeks glow. When you get tired of one hobby another is pretty sure to come prancing along that will seem better than the first one.

W. E. T.



## ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

—In *Harper's Magazine* for July is an illustrated article on "The Fourth Dimension," by C. H. Hinton, which ought to make us realize that all things are possible.

—In the *Christian Register* (272 Congress st., Boston) for June 16, is a good article by J. E. Williams, on "Is there an Unseen World?" His affirmative makes you feel the unseen if not see it.

—"On Leaving the Body or Within Two Worlds," is a "manual for those who would lift the veil," by Sylvester Arbor West, Rock Port, Mo., Editor of *The Master Christian*. Price, 25 cents. Lots of good things in it.

—Here are three neat pamphlets—"Bulletin of the Collectivist Society," "Socialism and Collectivism," and "The Socialism of Jesus"; no price given. Write The Collectivist Society, Box 1663, New York City, about them.

—"One Power, One Life in the Universe," is an interesting and instructive brochure of thirty-two pages by Dr. Otis P. Rice, 1 a Calle Hernandez, No. 13, Guadalupe, D. F., Mexico. Price fifty cents American, or \$1.00 Mexican money.

—"The New Thought and How to Apply It to Every Day Life" is a practical and interesting little paper bound book by Lillian E. McNair whose trim self adorns the frontispiece. Price, 50 cents. Mrs. McNair's address is 67 Ashmont street, Providence, R. I.

—"Vaccination Brought Home to You," is a 92-page paper bound booklet by Dr. R. Swinburne Clymer, which will make an anti-vaccinationist of any man or woman who reads it with open mind. Published by the Press of G. H. Webb, Terre Haute, Ind. No price given.

—"Hurry, Worry, Scurry, Flurry CURED," is the name of an attractive new twenty-five cent booklet by William and "The Blissful Prophet," which every *Nautilus* reader will want. There are some fine things in it, fit for human nature's daily food. Address, William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

—"Sacred Science" is a new cloth bound book of 131 pages with half-tone of the author, upon which Oliver C. Sabin has spent two years or more of careful thought. It is a concise presentation of Colonel Sabin's Protestant-Christian-Science, with his "vibratory treatment" for health. Published by The News Letter Press, 1329 M Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Price, \$2.00.

—"The Gentleman From Everywhere," is a chatty tale of his own life by James Henry Foss of 18 Claremont Park, Boston, who has evidently had adventures enough to make two or three thrilling books at least. Full of real human interest and quaint philosophizings. Reminds me somewhat of the autobiography of blessed old Peter Cartright whose courage and wit were equal to hair-raising emergencies. The "Gentleman" is from the Stanhope Press, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.50.

—"Desire" is a new volume of real poetry by Charlotte Eaton. It is written after the Walt Whitman style without being imitative. Some call Mrs. Eaton a reincarnation of Whitman. She is like Whitman with vision turned inward instead of out. Her love poems, of which there are many, are delicate and sweet as a flower, true poetry without jingle or ragtime tendencies. The volume is beautifully printed and bound in red cloth and gold. Published by G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

—"The Singular Miss Smith" is a charming new story by Florence Morse Kingsley, who wrote "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura," "Titus," etc. This new story is almost better than "Miss Philura," and both are the sweetest, sanest new thought stories I ever read, with the most lovable and alive characters. Mrs. Kingsley is an artist at presenting new thought of the common sense kind, with a humorous background of new thought minus the common sense. She has gumption as well as artistic sense and pure sympathy of touch. This new story is well made,

with delightful illustrations, by Macmillan Company, New York, and sells for \$1.25. So popular is the book that it had to be reprinted in two months from date of first publication, April of this year.

## The Success Circle.

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 without extra charge. I will, if desired, enter also the name of your wife, husband or other relative or friend without extra charge. They will then be entitled to the special book discounts referred to below. 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 for NAUTILUS it will be necessary to pay up to date, 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 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. Each number of THE NAUTILUS contains a special letter to the Success Circle members (see below), and the "Lessons on the Attainment of Success," give full instructions in the self development of health, happiness and success. Hereafter all who join the Circle, or renew their membership, will be entitled to special discounts on advanced thought books (excepting my own) purchased through William E. Towne. Full particulars regarding these special discounts will be sent you at the time you join the Circle or renew. When joining write me a brief and TO-THE-POINT statement of your leading desires (as I take a personal interest in each member), and if convenient 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.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

## TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:—

"Have followed directions as faithfully as might be. The only visible effect is a greater quiet and disposition to let things work for good without worry on my part. Haven't found myself yet to any great extent, and sometimes doubt if I have originality. At first my mind became more active but later has grown more sluggish. In fact I have lost all interest in life, which is due to some recent influences in my life, which I hoped your exercises would help me to overcome. I practiced your exercises and read your books constantly for over four weeks, during which time I kept my mind active in recalling my ideals and dwelling upon them. Perhaps I overdid it, for my mind is now sluggish and I am greatly disinclined to think or talk. It has occurred to me that perhaps in that time the sub-conscious mind received the necessary impressions and is now developing them, and later will come the expression." E. S.

The spirit in her has revealed the explanation. Sub-conscious mind is working out the details and applying that with which the objective mind has been charging it. Expression will come naturally and without effort. In the meantime, to be still and know is the whole gospel.

"E. S." did not "overdo" the matter. And she mistakes the nature of her present mental quiet, which is the attitude of real thinking. What we usually call "thinking" is not thinking at all; it is merely the mental chewing of the rag which drowns real thought; it is that which hides from us the silence which is the source of real thought.

It is merely mental argument, carried on by fragments of our thinking machine, in much the same fashion that walking is carried on by a hen after its head is off.

When our thinking is loudest it is least effective. Loud thinking always busies itself with the trivial things of life—the more trivial the thing the louder and more agitated the so-called thinking. Such thinking is like chewing gum—it hashes the same old thing, wasting vital energy to no purpose.

It is on this plane of thinking that all worry and fret occurs. It is here we are always reasoning out things and never reaching a satisfactory conclusion. It is here we wander in hopeless mental labyrinths and continually find ourselves where we started. It is here we get desperate and hate life and ourselves. And as long as we stay here the mental churning goes on and nothing is accomplished, either in the mind or in the world about us.

The sole purpose of the Lessons is to give you a method of stilling this mental gum chewing that

you may become conscious of the higher thoughts which are trying to be heard in you, and which are THE ONLY THOUGHTS THAT CAN SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS.

This rag chewing part of your mind, can only state your problems; and if you give it rein it will keep on stating them, and re-stating them, hashing and re-hashing them, until you go mad, in one sense if not another.

"E. S." followed directions and the mental clamor was stilled. She mistook the stillness for "sluggishness," and wondered why even her old "troubles" failed to be "interesting." Then she had a real thought, on a plane away above the old chewing the rag plane. In the midst of this still indifference it "occurred to her" that her sub-conscious self was developing what her conscious self had been charging it with. It "occurred to her"—so easily do the real thoughts, the high thoughts come, so softly do they fall from the clear sky above the so called reasoning or rag chewing plane, that we are conscious of no effort. So we think we did not think at all! It "came to me," or it "occurred to me," we say.

To be still and let things "come" to us, is the secret of all originality, all invention, all solving of personal problems. This is "inspiration," the truest thinking. To live on the lower plane of loud thinking is to choke our mental lungs with the dust which rises from chewing the old rags of thought.

To "E. S." and to all Success Circle members I say, Continue in well doing until patience has her perfect work. Be still until the solution of your problem "occurs" to you. And whatsoever your hands find to do, do it in faith and good will, for every deed well done, faithfully and willingly done, will still by so much the mental clamor which has obscured your soul's high thought and courage. Practice will prove this, and make perfect.

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The author of the beautiful little poem at the head of this *Nautilus*, whose name is signed to the poem, is a real Italian Marchesa whose home is in Florence, Italy. She has been a valued friend of *Nautilus* for two or three years, and sends her greeting to its readers.

"I cannot refrain from writing you a conversation between Grandpa and my little three year old girl which shows that *Nautilus* and Success Lessons are often the talk in this house. This evening when Grandpa came in from work, he sat down on the steps. Anna went out the door at the same time and evidently thought he spoke for she asked, 'What did you say Grandpa?' Grandpa replied, 'I didn't say anything, I just grunted.' 'Well, Anna says, 'you mustn't grunt—you must say Success.' How Grandpa laughed and how we all laughed when he told us! We won't grunt any more—we will just 'say success'." Mrs. C. H. L.

"I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the *Nautilus*. It does me more good than any other periodical I read. The edition has such a wide range of thought, and such a clear strong focus upon the truth—plus a personality rich with sympathetic intuition and understanding of the needs and longings of the human heart—that every paragraph is rich with inspiration and help for all. You are doing a truly great work, dear woman, and well deserve the splendid success you are having and which will come in greater abundance later. I have used your little booklet 'Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus' in my classes at Lasell as a text book on thinking and breathing, and the pupils look upon it as a kind of revelation and they put it into practice too, and send the little booklet to sick friends or parent. The Lasell girls have taken quite a strong hold of the New Thought. Just before school closed the girls formed a new club called 'The Radium Club,' the object of which is to create sunshine and wholesome good fellowship—to make the unpopular popular—the unlovable and unlovely lovable—and by their silent and manifest helpfulness and influence to send out good and beauty to just the places where it is necessary to make perfect harmony and happiness throughout the school. Not little moral prigs you know, but just jolly, wholesome, level headed, attractive girls—the leaven that up-



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lifts. My love and good wishes to the Success Club with this my membership fee." Blanche C. Martin, Waltham, Mass.

Mrs. Martin is the instructor at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., whom I have mentioned before, and who sleeps out doors the year round, wears no corsets and walks several miles a day to and from her work. A beautiful large photo of her stands on the mantel in this office. When it came Chester remarked "If that's the way it makes women look to sleep out doors I should think they'd all do it!"

"I cannot do those breathing exercises while walking. They make me so weak I almost fall to the ground." Anna.

Why did you keep it up until you grew "so weak?" The first principle of attainment in any line is moderation. Always stop short of the tiring or weakening point, and try again next time. If you can't take 50 slow, full, even breaths in succession, take ten, or even less, and repeat in an hour or two. If you can't take them while walking do it standing still. Later try it again and you will find yourself able to take any number of full breaths in succession, walking or standing or any old way. When Ed (that's my new son-in-law,) feels a cold coming on he breaks it up by full breathing while walking briskly, holding each full breath a moment before exhaling. Always through the nostrils, of course. In all breathing exercises care should be taken to use moderation in all ways. Do what you can without gasping for breath, without holding the breath uncomfortably long, etc. But keep at it, always remembering that you are developing power by exercise. All ill feelings resulting from breathing exercises are merely proofs that one needs practice in full breathing. Go easy and keep at it. What you can't do today you will do with ease tomorrow or next day. And the benefits are cumulative and reach to every cranny of your being. Don't be scared by well-meaning folk who tell you breathing exercises are not "new thought." You are not yet all new thought; neither are they; else would you both have risen entirely above the eating and drinking and breathing plane. As long as you eat, drink or breathe or exercise at all it is new-thoughty to do it well, is it not? It is distinctly old thought to "let nature (perverted by artificial living) take its course," whilst we die of foul air, mosquito swamps, sewer gas, etc. It is new thought to do any-thing well, and with faith in it, in yourself and in the future. It is new thought to "despise not the day of small things" nor, the small things themselves. Of every idle (carelessly done) word or deed shall ye give account. It's been a long time since we lived in the woods and breathed fully. We need to relearn how to breathe.

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