

# ADVANCED THOUGHT AND OCCULT DIGEST

*A Monthly Journal*  
ARTHUR GOULD, Managing Editor

VOL. VI

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 7

## CONTENTS

You'll Be a Man, My Son - - - -	Rudyard Kipling - - - -	152
Editorial Talks - - - - -	Arthur Gould - - - - -	153
Life is Action - - - - -	- - - - -	155
Lengthen Life by Will Power - - -	Winifred Van Duzer - - - -	156
Evolution is a Mental Process - - -	Helen Wilmans - - - - -	157
Is Life Worth Living? - - - - -	Allen Wood - - - - -	158
The Armenian Character - - - - -	Alice Stone Blackwell - - - -	159
Essentials of Success - - - - -	Eve Wood - - - - -	161
Good Nature as Business Capital - -	Stowe Wrightwood - - - - -	166
Often People Win in Spite of Obstacles	- - - - -	167
The Great Forever - - - - -	Henry Victor Morgan - - - -	168
The Purpose of Life - - - - -	A. Osborne Eaves - - - - -	171
Success Mottoes - - - - -	H. F. Mundi - - - - -	173

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES, ETC.

Single Copies, Fifteen Cents    Yearly Subscription (12 issues) \$1.50  
(In United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, Hawaii and Philippines)  
In Canada, \$1.75 a year.        In Foreign Countries, \$1.75 a year.

(Copyright, 1921, by Advanced Thought Publishing Co.)

Entered as Second Class matter, July 17, 1916, at the postoffice at Chicago,  
Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Address all Subscriptions, or other communications to

**ADVANCED THOUGHT PUBLISHING CO.**

227 W. Erie Street

Chicago, Ill.



## YOU'LL BE A MAN, MY SON

If you can keep your head when all  
about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it  
on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all  
men doubt you,  
But make allowances for their  
doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by  
waiting,  
Or being lied about don't deal in  
lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to  
hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor  
talk too wise;  
If you can dream—an not make  
dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make  
thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and  
Disaster  
And treat those two imposters  
just the same,  
If you can bear to hear the truth  
you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap  
for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your  
life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with  
worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your  
winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-  
and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your  
beginnings  
And never breathe a word about  
your loss;  
If you can force your heart and  
nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they  
are gone,  
And so hold on when there is noth-  
ing in you  
Except the Will which says to  
them: "Hold on!"  
If you can talk with crowds and  
keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the  
common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends  
can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but  
none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving  
minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of dis-  
tance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything  
that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be  
Man, my son!

—RUDYARD KIPLING



# ADVANCED THOUGHT *AND* OCCULT DICEST *A Monthly Journal*

VOL. VI

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 7

## EDITORIAL TALK

By Arthur Gould, Editor

For the past two years, I have been trying to fill the editorial chair of this magazine, in addition to attending to its business management and direction. This combined work alone would have been sufficient to have kept me very busy, with never a moment in which I could have said, and felt, that I had "nothing to do until tomorrow."

But when to this work there has been added that of the personal management of a large book publishing business; the personal direction of a large printing plant and of a large book-bindery, in which there were turned out, not only many thousands of our own books, but also a goodly amount of similar "outside" work for other publishers, schools, and commercial houses; and the general supervision of other enterprises in which I am interested; it may be readily seen that I have had "my hands full."

I have been called "a glutton for work," and I must confess with all due modesty that I really have been able to "get away with" an amount

of work which would have taxed the capacity of several average skilled employees to perform. But there is a physical limit to the capacity of any man—a fixed limit of efficient performance—no matter how much he enjoys being kept busy, and no matter how much he has trained himself to fill every moment of his time with the performance of physical and mental work.

I now feel that I have reached this limit, and as my other duties demand even more of my time and attention than I have been devoting to them, I have decided that the best interests of this magazine, as well as of my other interests, demand that I pass on to other hands the special editorial work of this magazine, "Advanced Thought." By "special editorial work," I mean the writing of editorials, the selection of the articles for the pages of the magazine, the direction of its general policy, etc.

I shall retain the business management of the magazine, and its ownership shall continue to be held by myself. I shall retain the chair before the business desk, but the



editorial chair will be occupied by others who, I feel assured, are better fitted for the special editorial work than I am, and who are able to devote undivided attention to the task.

The change will go into effect with the preparation and issuing of the January, 1922, number of this magazine. In that issue will appear a full announcement of the particulars concerning the new editors, their policy, their expectations, and their promises of performance. They will tell you, and show you, just what they purpose giving to you in the line of "advanced thought" in many important branches of human thought, life, and work. In it they will also give you a sample of the numerous good things they are carrying in stock for your use. That the stock is composed of good things, and that in quantity as well as quality it will measure up to your full requirements, you have my assurance.

I shall not now attempt to tell you anything further concerning the plans of the new editors, nor of their attractive "bill-of-fare" for the coming year. But I assure you that "it looks good" to me, and has given me a keen appetite for the mental food which they will spread upon the table for us. It is hard for me to resist the desire to tell you about it, but I know that you will enjoy it all the more by reason of the "surprise" which awaits you.

Christmas is the season for "surprises," you know; the Christmas

tree is enjoyed all the more for having been previously hidden from the sight of those for whom it is prepared; the Christmas dinner is always better when the "surprise" element is present. So, I shall "let it go at that" by saying merely that there is a Feast of Good Things being prepared for you; and that the supply shall be so bountiful that "the table will groan beneath it."

We shall furnish the magazine with a new and attractive cover—a New Year's bran-new dress cut in the latest style and trimmed according to the taste of one of the best designers we could find. There will also be a change in the sub-title of the magazine, the present "and Occult Digest" being replaced by a term for better representing and expressing the spirit of the magazine—particularly its new spirit. You will like the new sub-title, I feel assured; it will fit your thought and feeling better than does the present one, I know. Watch for it!

The old name, "Advanced Thought," shall be retained. It fits the thought and feeling of the magazine better than any of the many titles which have been suggested to us. It indicates a wide general field in which may be gathered many of the different particular schools of "thought along these lines"—each being given its place without shutting out the others. Its circle is inclusive—not exclusive; it encloses all of the best, without shutting out any of them. It "gathers them in," instead of "freezing them out." Its



tent is big enough to include all of them. It says to all of them: "Come in, and welcome—you are at home here," instead of scowling at some and saying, "Get out, and stay out—you don't belong."

I have enjoyed very much the feeling of personal contact and association with the readers of this magazine which I have experienced while I have occupied its editorial chair. However, I do not purpose getting out of touch with you under the new arrangement. I shall feel, and I shall want you to feel, that I am in close touch with you through the medium of this magazine. I shall always have your interests in mind, and at heart. I shall always be glad to hear from you, and I trust that you will drop me a line or two, once in a while, whenever you "feel like it." Let me know how well you like the new spirit manifest in the magazine; and give me a suggestion of still further improvement if such occurs to your mind.

I thank you, one and all, for your kind support of this magazine under my editorial direction. Its subscription list has steadily grown, and I feel that this will continue to be the case in the future—in fact, I believe that a still greater and more rapid stage of growth is now before it. The magazine will be "six years old" next Spring, and is now quite a sturdy youngster. Long since, it learned to stand on its own feet—and long since, also, it cut its teeth (even its eye-teeth). Its parents think that it is a wonderful child,

destined for great things as the years roll by.

Remember, please, that I am still here "on the job," though I have shifted the burden of the special editorial work. I am here at the old stand, watchful of your interests. You know where to find me if you need me—do not hesitate to "call me up" if you have a message to give me, or to get from me. Now, let's all get together to give the new editors a hearty greeting in January.

ARTHUR GOULD.

### LIFE IS ACTION

It smites those who seek much from life, and yet are prepared to give little or nothing in return, hip and thigh. Life is action, and man can only find perfect joy and happiness in working hard, not for himself alone but for the common good. To make your daily task an offering to humanity is to enrich your life with that true joy and happiness which no wealth can ever buy. Not only so, but it is in addition the very key-note of lasting and enduring success.

But while it is necessary to tell some that life is action, it is equally necessary to warn others that the best action is only possible when we are inspired by thoughts and ideas which come only to those who spend much time in meditation, visualization and affirmation. Whatever it is that you desire, meditate upon it, affirm it and visualize it, hold it ever before you, and it will be yours, just as surely as the patient stars come each night into the eternal sky.



## LENGTHEN LIFE BY WILL POWER, SAVANT'S ADVICE

Conserve Your Strength for Living  
Long, Don't Hurry, Fret,  
Fear, Hate or Love.

By Winifred Van Duzer

"It's true that your mind may prolong your years," said Dr. Arthur Gates, head of the psychology department of Teachers' College, endorsing a statement of Dr. A. H. Warner before the Allied Medical Associations of America in Atlantic City.

Dr. Warner said that psychology and not medicine is the secret of longevity and there really is no reason for dying at 70. Dr. Gates explained:

"Given proper conditions, such as lack of predisposition to organic weakness and susceptibility to disease germs, mental processes may prolong life greatly beyond the average span.

### Might Live to 100, Anyway

"Whether 150 could be fixed as the mark of ripe old age, as Dr. Warner suggests, I don't know. I believe we might become a nation of centenarians without difficulty."

Here are Dr. Gates' laws for lengthening life:

You must cultivate the equanimity of a cigar store Indian; make anger, irritation, impatience and haste fantastic as his wooden smile.

You must look stony-eyed on anger and forget fear. You must live above grief, melancholy and sadness.

You must cast out worry, vampire of the spirit.

### Forget Love and Beauty

In other words, though Dr. Gates would not admit it, you must become like a painted image, impervious to winds of human emotion; unknown of love, beauty, the thin, searing flame of happiness.

You must become a stoic mind in disregard of flesh; a supermental, submaterial.

Behind these conclusions is an explanation, very scientific, which Dr. Gates gave:

"It all centers round a division of the nervous system, the 'autonomic nervous system.' This controls the vital organs and their functioning.

### Must Conserve Energy

"But certain mental states disassociate this functioning, setting up temporary or even permanent disease in the organs involved, and turn the force of the autonomic system to creating undue bodily energy.

"You can understand how a man, with mind set on the century mark, would be forced to refrain from irritation when trampled in the subway, lest his emotion overwork his heart.

"Such is the secret of psychological control of bodily disintegration as Dr. Warner advocates it; control of the emotions.

"Keep calm, cool, cheerful."

### AN APPRECIATION

"He, who loses wealth, loses much: He, who loses a friend, loses more: But he, who loses courage, loses all."—Cervantes



EVOLUTION IS A MENTAL  
PROCESS

By Helen Wilmans

Man is all mind. That is, he is a purely mental creature.

Being a mental creature he lives in certain states of consciousness. This is only another way of saying that he is what he recognizes; that he shows forth his beliefs.

As long as he entertains a certain set of beliefs his whole organism conforms to those beliefs; he lives on the plane of those beliefs, and exists in conformity with them. Those beliefs constitute for him a certain state of consciousness, and so long as this state of consciousness endures with him he is bound by it, held to it, and cannot move forward.

The race has advanced from the lowest plane to where it now is through the potency of growing thought.

Thought alone has the power to break up these solidified planes of consciousness and liberate its prisoners to higher states of consciousness or to higher recognitions of truth.

The race today is living on a plane of consciousness that was projected by fear and is ruled by fear. It created this plane for itself, and will remain in it until it develops out of itself a higher sense of its own power. When it has done this it will arise from its present plane of consciousness to another plane less dominated by fear.

Every form of disease, old age and

death exist from and is attributable to nothing else but the fear engendered by the present plane of race consciousness. As the race believes, so it is.

Not only does the race make its own plane of consciousness on which it lives, but each individual makes his or her plane of consciousness and lives on it. This fact accounts for the diversity in individuals. It also accounts for the diversity in races and species. The plane of consciousness on which the fish lives is represented by the peculiar form and attributes of the fish. So of the animals and plants. The thoughts of the cattle are represented by the cattle. In other words, the cattle are the expressions of their own powers to think; the quality of their brain determines their shape and their capacity. If men lived on the same plane of consciousness that the cattle live on, they would differ in no wise from the cattle. That they are a nobler shape than the cattle is because they live on a plane of consciousness in which they have a recognition of greater individual power.

From these facts it is easy to deduce the conclusion that man's advancement to a position of greater freedom from obstruction than that which he now occupies, and consequently of greater power than he has ever manifested, depends entirely upon his ability to evolve from his own brain a still higher plane of consciousness than the race has yet reached.



All planes of consciousness are evolved from the brain; all have had their expansion in the power of the brain to recognize better conditions and more potent forces than had previously existed; and all future planes will be evolved in the same manner; that is, by the recognition of the fact that thought is creative, and that there is no limit to its power to create.

Here we are living in the plane of race consciousness based upon fear. Fear comes of ignorance of the fact that all is life, and that life is altogether good.

Every form of disease, poverty, old age and death, every undesirable thing and condition we see around us are the legitimate offsprings of fear. Fear is responsible for all of them. It is responsible for the fact that life and good are not recognized, and that joy does not reign supreme from one end of the world to the other. It has established our present plane of most unhappy, diseased and inharmonious race consciousness where we are now living, and from which there is no escape except through the use of the reasoning faculties in creating a higher plane of consciousness.

The higher plane of consciousness is just what Mental Science is creating. Mental Science is the study of man. It is a search-light thrown in advance of his present manifestation, and showing him what it is in his power to manifest in the future, if he will only prospect farther out in the line of progress.

To remain where he is, that is, to remain on the present plane of consciousness, is death. To create out of his own thought, by trusting his desire, a higher plane of consciousness will result in life, unbroken by disease and death.

Mental Science shows a man how to create on a plane above fear; proves to him that his stupendous possibility is surely his. It develops within him the power that makes of him master of himself and of all conditions. It makes him something that the world has not yet seen—a **freeman**, and it places him upon the road of endless progress through all the ages.

### IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? IT IS TO THOSE WHO LIVE

By Allen Wood

Probably there isn't one of us who hasn't asked at some time or other whether the business of struggling along day after day is worth while.

Of course, the cynic might say: "Well, if you don't struggle, what are you going to do about it?"

But that isn't a very helpful way of putting it. So let's consider a very interesting letter which has just come to me and then see if we can find an answer.

Here is what R. W. has to say:

"After all, is life worth the struggle? At times I think how monotonous it all would be if things just came as we wanted them to.

"Then, again, I wonder why we couldn't be given a better chance.



"It's all very well to say that he who works for the chance will get it, but it is only a small minority that has the initiative and push.

"For we're not all born with the same ambitions and thoughts and ideals.

"What can the majority of us do with so much against us? It is our fault for being born? And why can't we all get the same chance at the start?

"I get all flustered when I try to think it out. One part of me argues against the other part.

"I'd sooner be at fault with myself than at fault with the world. For after all it is much more simple to correct one's thoughts than to try to change so many others. . . ."

And there lies the clew to the riddle.

It is so much easier to correct one's own way of thinking than to upset the whole scheme of things.

### THE ARMENIAN CHARACTER, AS SHOWN BY SOME FACTS AND BY ITS MUSIC

Translated by Miss Alice Stone  
Blackwell

From the religious point of view, it is a fact, beyond dispute that all the efforts of the Mohametans have failed to affect the religion of the Armenians, which has been, as it were, like a great banner, under which the nation has persevered.

During the great massacres of twenty years ago, I was in Constan-

tinople; and the people, in frightful anguish, were striving to discover some escape from total extermination. Then a few of our educated men suggested the idea that if Armenia abandoned the Gregorian Church and became Catholic, then, through the Pope's influence, the governments of the Western nations would save them. I remember the effect this suggestion had upon the people, and how they thought it would be better to die than to forsake the religion which their fathers had bequeathed to them after so many sacrifices, that religion which has been Armenia's greatest safeguard. This fact alone would be enough to prove the unshakable faith of Armenia.

In modern times, a trader of Cæsarea was traveling on horseback with his servant. They were attacked by robbers, and the servant took to flight. Seeing that one of the robbers was about to overtake the servant the master spurred his horse to a gallop and soon caught up with them. When the terrified servant called out to him to kill the robber, he answered, "No, the blood of that thief is base; I regard his horse as a more worthy enemy," and so saying he killed the horse. It is hardly necessary to say that this uneducated peasant was not acquainted with the history of chivalry. He was chivalrous without knowing it.

During the recent massacres, a girl of remarkable beauty, who had been wounded, was half reclining on the ground. A Turkish officer saw her, and said to the Armenian



soldier who attended him that if she would yield to him, he would save her life. His attendant interpreted the officer's wish, and the girl answered, "You, who could interpret that! You are not an Armenian." Her own virtue was not to be shaken, and what grieved her was not the disrespect shown to herself, but to see an Armenian unworthy.

Some uneducated peasants came to a professor's house to ask him to become the school master of their village. They said to him, "We beg of you to teach our children. We will pet and spoil you: we will give you our best butter and our freshest eggs."

An Armenian merchant, alert and vigilant even in his old age, was asked why he did not retire from business. He answered, "I work only for my employees. My capital is used only for their benefit, and their prosperity is my delight."

It would take a whole volume to relate all the facts of this kind that are known to me personally; so I have thought it better to stop short, and to have recourse to the Armenian music.

Prominent persons of various countries have taken an interest in the Armenian nation not only from pity, but also from esteem. Those who hold an erroneous opinion about the Armenians have formed it because they have seen certain unworthy Armenians. But such Armenians disgust not only foreigners but their own compatriots as well. An Armenian poet calls them

"brutes without any understanding."

### The Music of Armenia

Armenian music is characterized above all by its high ethical quality. The religious music is noble and breathes absolute conviction: the popular songs, such as the complaints, the love songs, etc., are free from triviality and sensuality.

Why do I maintain that this music is Armenian?

Without entering into technical discussion, since I wish to be understood by all, I maintain that of all the nations of the Orient, the Armenians, the first nation to become Christian, and a nation of unshakable faith, was the only one capable of producing this religious music. The Armenians alone, who have suffered so terribly, could invent complaints and songs of so poignant a sadness.

In the beginning of the Third Century, Gregory the Illuminator introduced Christianity into Armenia as the national religion. He gave orders to burn all relics of paganism; so we have no documents belonging to the time before the establishment of Christianity.

Our classical collection is made up of hymns of the church. According to tradition, women took part in composing these. One woman taught music, and in order that her great beauty might not be a temptation to her pupils, she hung a curtain between herself and them.

In spite of the "neumes" (musical notes) invented by the Archiman-



drite Khatchadour of Taron in the Twelfth Century, the music was handed down orally.

The popular music was, above all, the work of the troubadours. As musicians in the Orient receive little respect and little pay, these were sincere artists; as the poet says: "They sang as the bird sings on the bough, because they could not help it." Probably this is why their songs are so full of feeling, so free from any striving for effect. As Armenian music has come under the influence of the countries surrounding Armenia, the difficulty is to purify it; and it is only then that it will be able to reveal the Armenian character.

It is unfortunate that, if a few persons have had some idea of Armenian music, they have gained it from defective attempts, where the melodies were not purely Armenian, or else the accompaniments were intolerably monotonous.

### THE PLUGGER

He plugged along  
From day to day,  
And soon he drew  
A raise in pay.  
And then he plugged  
Along some more  
And got his name  
Upon the door.  
But still he plugged  
And now we learn  
He's managing  
The whole concern.

### ESSENTIALS OF SUCCESS

By Eve Wood

Life offers success to you, on conditions. Don't think that success is a gift; it is nothing of the kind, it is an achievement. The builder can only put the roof on a house when the walls have been erected; a nation cannot successfully make war until it has built up its army, its navy, and organized its resources. So neither can you hope to succeed before you have, in the first place, set your ideal before you; in the second, have considered the way to its realisation; and in the third, have faced the prospects of keeping your nose to the grindstone; while, finally, you must believe in yourself.

If to be haphazard, to have no definite object, were the keynote to success, the world would be full of successful men and women; we should be glutted with them. It would, however, be absurd to say that success comes only to the man who never deviates from his first-placed ideal, for the man of one idea is as useless to life as is he who has so many ideas that he has no time to crystallise any of them. If the first principle of success is to have an aim, the second, which is part of the first, is to be able to take advantage of the chance that life offers during the steady climb. The alchemists, the fathers of modern science, sought gold in their crucibles; they hoped to find the philosopher's stone, but although they failed in that, they laid the foundations of modern chemistry. Was their fail-



are not success? The by-products of ambition are often as valuable as the attainment of ambition itself—if we did but know it.

An ideal, therefore, is essential to success; it is something to hitch your wagon to, but it is not something by which to be bound. You must leave yourself liberty to act, to think, and to take the great opportunity when it comes; and the value of this principle is that failure to reach one spot on the mountain of ambition does not necessarily mean downright failure; it may be the best thing that could happen—if you are level-headed enough not to be scared by the apparent failure. Every step taken is success in measure; it is given to few men to reach the final height, while, indeed, there is no final success.

The measure of a man is the measure of his ideal; boldly ambitious, and greatly daring in all his efforts to attain his ambition, the successful man owes his success to no small extent to the fact that he saw clearly the goal of endeavor and was not afraid to kick the ball hard and as true as his skill would allow him. The purpose of every man in a football team is to get goals; even when a fellow dribbles the ball up and passes it to his comrade on the other side of the field, he is aiming at the goal, even though it be by as indirect a method. The side that goes into a game and does not care whether it gets goals or not is the side that loses—unless the goals which sometimes favour the British play

for them! But you can't reach the highest points on chance; you've got to play, to "will to win," to do that. Life is like that, now.

Take the salesman. His job in life is to sell; that is his ideal. In-considered, it is to sell as much as he can make a client buy, not merely what the client asks for. This is not to say that a good salesman forces things on his clients; but, with his objective before him, he arouses interest in the goods he has to sell, makes it very evident that he believes in them himself, uses tact, is willing to discuss the merit of a thing, and reaps the benefit in sales. But the salesman who serves just what the customer asks for isn't by any means a good salesman; he isn't successful. Any fool can sell something that a man wants and asks for and is willing to pay for when he's got it. It is the man with the big ideal in front of him who makes the successful salesman. He makes the customer believe that he is his servant no less than he is the servant of his employer; his experience and his knowledge are placed at the disposal of the client, and to be able to do that is the secret of successful salesmanship.

It is no argument against this theory to say that it is the employer who reaps the benefit; the salesman does, too, for he keeps the job he has got until his qualities get him a better one, or force themselves to the notice of the employer, who realises that the man is a valuable factor in his business, and so pays



him accordingly. Every man can't be his own boss; but every man can make his boss believe in him and make him believe among the indispensable in his business.

Exactly the same principle applies in every other phase of commercial life. Probably there is no other branch of business that sounds so dull and uninteresting as the clerk's—that of the fellow, for instance, whose work it is to deal with the correspondence of a business. Why? Because the majority of clerks haven't any interest, any enthusiasm in their job. They haven't fashioned for themselves an ideal, or realized that one can be a successful correspondence clerk. There's a bad way, an indifferent way, and a good way of writing a business letter; the first way gets nowhere; the second may bring some business, but it's more by a fluke than anything else; while the third—well, the third way leads to good business. Even the mechanical appearance of a letter affects its business value. The untidy, badly spaced, cramped-margin letter prejudices the keen business man at once, and he is inclined to treat lightly in the matter with which it deals. The good clerk knows this, and he turns out the letter whose appearance gives a good first impression.

It is the same with the subject-matter of a letter; it should be the right stuff. The good clerk gets to know all there is to know about the business of his firm so that he can

at once write the letter that will get orders, sell goods, or bring business generally; or, if it is a case of buying, the letter that will buy to the best advantage.

Any fool can write a stereotyped letter, and any wise man can tell which is the stereotyped letter. The letter that is different, distinctive, that possesses personality, carries conviction that it was written for a purpose and gets there. You, if you're a correspondence clerk, can turn out the letter that will bring your firm business, and make the man who gets the letter say: "Here's a fellow who knows how to write a letter." And he's interested at once.

Every man who believes in his business has some system by which he traces results; gets to know how and why this order came, or that order was lost. He analyses, dissects, you, as the clerk who can write the selling, buying letter, the letter that establishes and maintains good relationships with clients, and even rivals, will come into your share of the honors. When the chief wants a man to fill a new post that he is creating, or wants a man to take up the job that another man has had to leave, he will know where to look for the right man. He doesn't take you if you're just the clerk, the chap who comes at nine o'clock in the morning and knocks off at six in the evening, having in the meantime scraped through the day's work simply because it was there to be



done. He takes the fellow who does more than that, the fellow who brings his personality, his individuality, to bear upon the job, and lifts it out of the humdrum and makes it worth while for itself as well as for the fact that it ensures him his salary at the end of the week.

If you're a clerk, therefore be a good clerk. Realise that there's success even in that seemingly tame profession. Most fellows never imagine that business is a profession. It's just business to them, and that's all there is to it. They slough through it, with never an idea that they can be successful in their own line, and if they dream of success at all, it is mostly of success in some other sphere. The truth is that every man can be a success in his own chosen vocation, if he knows how, and if he shapes his ideal accordingly. If there does not seem any chance—and you should know—then it's up to you to get out and find something else where there is a chance. "Stick it!" is all very well as a motto, but there's a limit to it, and there comes a time when a fellow ought to throw up; you can stick too long at some things, so long that you can't move. That's not perseverance; that's stagnation.

Set up your target, therefore, and aim at it. If you don't know where you're going, you'll never get there. It's all very well to go for a ramble and trust to luck, nipping across this field or strolling down this lane, crossing that stile or vaulting that

gate just as the fancy takes you; that's topping as a holiday stunt—but if you've got a fixed point to reach and it's necessary to reach it on a time schedule, you go straight ahead. You know where you're going—and you pick the best and quickest way. That's common sense, and it's system.

That is only another way of stating the second essential of success, namely, consideration of the way to realise an ideal. It is one thing to have an ideal, it is another to know how to attain it. To have an ideal and not know how to attain it is like having knowledge and not understanding how to apply it; you might just as well not know. Achievement is effect; and every effect has a cause, and the question that concerns you is, how do you cause the effect you want, how do you reach the ideal you have set up like a beacon light on the sea shore?

Bringing the matter down to the concrete, it depends upon what your ideal is, on what your profession is, and what you are. No man can lay down a hard and fast rule for another, but life has laid down the rule, which has manifold applications that all resolve themselves into the unalterable fact that success depends upon work, upon effort. There is no tide that carries a man on to success—if a ship goes with the tide with no sails spread or no steam making her engines thump, she may get a long way, but she's not likely



to get to any particular destination. So the man who is carried along to what he thinks success is really a failure; he doesn't get success, because the chief factor in success is the joy of having done.

You fashion your own being out of your doing while at the same time your doing depends upon your being.

To "get on" you must keep your nose to the grindstone: It is work, not luck, that gets you there. By travail new life is born; by travail is lived all life that is worth while. Which is not to say that opportunities do not count, do not have any effect upon life. They do; but the secret is that if you wait for opportunities you will probably miss them when they come. The plan is to make them—and that means work!

"Seest thou," said Solomon, "a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

Learn this:—

**I can succeed;**

**If I would succeed I must not be afraid to work to that end;**

**I will succeed.**

But, in all your doing, in all your striving, make sure of this: That you are climbing the right ladder and that the right ladder is against the right wall. Do not make too many false starts in life; it is a waste of time, and time lost wants some catching up.

It is difficult for me to tell you—I do not know who you are, your abilities, your habits, your degree

of health, in fact, I do not know anything about you—and, as I say, it is difficult for me to tell you in which direction you should put forth your efforts, what your aim in life should be. That is your job; you know what you are, you know where you stand today, you know whether your talent runs to banking, to accountancy, to medicine, to writing, to acting; whether your bent is toward commercial travelling, whether you have the gifts of a Burbidge or a Selfridge. You must be something, anyway, and you must know what you are. Strike out in the direction that tallies with your knowledge of yourself. But for goodness sake do not try to be half a dozen things. Lloyd George is a solicitor (by the way, he's a self-taught man, practically), but as Prime Minister of Great Britain he did not practice. Do not fritter away your energy on a dozen things; do not have too many ambitions; or you will likely enough miss them all. Hit out at one; hit out at one, and get that, then make it the stepping stone to something higher still. You know now—if you do not then what I have written might just as well never have been written—that you must have an ideal, a purpose, that if you have not a purpose you might just as well be a cabbage in a field? And you know that to succeed you must work? You do! Which is only another way of answering Thoreau's question. Thoreau—he was a man who learnt wis-



dom at the hand of Nature—said:—  
“It is not enough to be industrious.  
So are the ants. What are you in-  
dustrious about?”

It is the men of purpose who “get  
there,” because their purpose shapes  
their actions, energises their efforts,  
keeps them at it; purpose is the  
dynamic power of life—and the fuel  
to feed the dynamo is faith.

Believe in yourself; that is what  
I have put down as the fourth es-  
sential to success. If you do not  
believe in yourself what is the good  
of an ideal? You can never reach  
it. You might just as well give up,  
sit down in a bath-chair and be  
wheeled about. There are thousands  
of people being wheeled about in  
bath-chairs who if they really be-  
lieved could just as well walk. I  
mean that, literally. I’ve met such  
folk—haven’t you? You cannot be  
bath-chaired to success.

Reverse the order of the little text  
I gave you; learn it this way round  
now—

**I will succeed.**

**I can succeed.**

Directly you begin to doubt, you  
slip down a rung; as soon as you  
regain your faith in yourself you  
have started to recover that rung,  
and are on the way to the rung be-  
yond it. “O ye of little faith” is  
the epitaph of life’s failures; you  
can see it in their eyes, it is written  
large on their faces, you can hear  
it in their speech. Have you got  
the ring of self-faith in your voice?  
Faith counts when everything else

fails. If you don’t believe in your-  
self nobody else will.

When your chief asks you if you  
can do this job or that, don’t say,  
“I think so” or “I’ll try!” Tell him  
you **will**, and then get down to it.  
You have half won the battle by set-  
ting out to win it. Do not believe  
in the possibility of failure, but trust  
yourself to succeed.

Write this out, and stick it up  
over your desk:—

**Have I got an ideal?**

**What is it?**

**Which is the way to realise it?**

**Work will take me there.**

**I believe—therefore I shall.**

Stick this up also:—

**I am; I ought; I can; I will.**

These are the broad essentials of  
success; but they can be broken  
down into a considerable number of  
factors.

## GOOD NATURE AS BUSINESS CAPITAL

By Stowe Wrightwood

One of the pleasantest assets in  
the world is good nature—the abil-  
ity to smile, to laugh heartily, and  
to see the fun in everyday happen-  
ings.

There are those people who get  
their fun at other folks’ expense and  
always make the people about them  
uncomfortable at the same time.  
This isn’t real fun or real wit or  
humor. It is merely the expression  
of a disagreeable disposition. True  
fun is that which bubbles up like a  
fountain from within and is so



sparkling and happy that it makes others happy as well.

The man whose face has become so set in certain lines and grooves that it will not smile readily is to be pitied, for a smile will win many a favor, will smooth out many a rough place, and will tide over many an emergency. It is more natural for some people to be merry than for others, but any one who wills can cultivate the art of good-nature.

Have you ever noticed how the first half hour of the business morning colors the entire day. Start out grouchy and everybody gets edgewise; start out cheery and in an encouraging frame of mind, and others will fairly outdo themselves to please you. One of the surest ways of being able to start out in a good-natured way in the morning is to plan one's work carefully, to sleep enough and have plenty of fresh air, and to arise in the morning in time to get properly groomed for the day and to eat a leisurely breakfast.

Good humor does a lot to make the commonplace events of life interesting and bearable, and helps keep us enthusiastic over our tasks. Without good humor and without the disposition to see the pleasant side of things life becomes dreary and business a mere tread-mill existence.

At one time a certain newspaper man who has since become very widely known was sent by Horace Greeley to find out how Henry Ward Beecher was able to deliver so many lectures, preach so many

sermons, and do so much work generally without breaking down. Beecher's answer was that he had no particular specific for keeping well, but one thing he did make a point of and that was, to have a good, hearty laugh every single day.

It doesn't make any difference who we are, where we live, or what we are engaged in, a happy, spontaneous laugh is a tonic we cannot afford to neglect. It will make us more livable for the people at home, and will encourage co-operation among our business associates.

There is a deal of truth in the suggestion that good humor will turn the lead and zinc and copper of life into gold and silver and platinum. It is the spirit alchemy of a life worth while.

### Often People Win in Spite of Obstacles

Supposing we don't all start out with an equal chance—that we can't change, can we?

We've all seen a man who started from scratch pass one after another of the contestants who had a good start, and, discounting his handicap, win the race.

Sometimes it seems as if that were the whole point of the game of existence as well as of the games of field and track.

It doesn't seem to be the equipment with which a man starts which counts.

But his power to STAY on fighting, no matter how up hill the struggle, gives him the final victory.



Any one who wants to say that the fight isn't worth while can lie down and die or roll about in the gutter for long, merciless years before coming to the final mercy of death.

The point is that the minute we give up the struggle we're bound to go down in defeat. And the minute we get bitter about the inevitable competition, we face something almost as black as defeat.

Nature is pitiless. She knows nothing of mercy, of gentleness. She creates with lavish hand and then it is for her creatures to survive the struggle for existence—or not to survive, as they decide.

I know an author whose success today is an opulent thing of motor cars, fame and the world opening out before him. Yet he told me that he had a roof papered with rejection slips, to the number of 215, before he sold a story.

### **Without a Fight There is No Victory**

I know an actress who ate her heart out playing tiny, unnoticed parts for fourteen years. And today she stands at the forefront of her profession.

I know a playwright who had twelve years of failure and poverty, **and then wealth and acclaim.**

Think of the miners who go on hunting for gold until they're old and gray—and then make a strike.

And then think of the bored, disillusioned, bitter, lonely folks who don't know what to do with them-

selves and the fortunes they never earned.

"Is life worth the struggle?"

I think the answer reads like this:

Without struggle there isn't anything sufficiently vital to be called life!

"No fight—no victory. No victory—no crown!"

### **THE GREAT FOREVER**

**By Henry Victor Morgan**

The matchless prayer of Jesus would be incomplete without the vision of the Eternal Good conveyed in the great word Forever. The reiterated statement of Carlyle, "A lie can not live forever," came from a depth of insight into the moral nature of the universe. Browning voices the same truth in Apsley Vogler when he triumphantly declares:

"There shall never be one lost good.

What was, shall live as before;  
The evil is null, is naught, is silence  
implying sound;

What was good shall be good, with,  
for evil, so much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in  
the heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or  
dreamed of good shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no  
beauty, nor good nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but  
each survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the concep-  
tion of an hour."

How these words of light dispel the darkness of our night and dissolve the shadowy specters of our fears into their native nothingness. Only the good can survive. What



is worth saving will be saved. "The meek shall inherit the earth."

It is the supremacy of faith; it is the dynamics of the invisible. To the Son He forever saith: "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom."

This awareness of God as the Eternal Good constitutes the highest emancipation. In it there is not foreboding illusion breeding fear. In it there is neither bewildering hope nor blind uncertainty. It enables us to see within the seen the hands that move nature moulding men.

Without this insight all gain were loss, all seeking vain. Its acceptance is the joy of certainty, it clasps us forever in the arms of a deathless love. Yea, verily, it assures us that all love is deathless. What we have loved we will never lose. All we have dreamed possible is possible. There can never be one lost good.

How often the question is asked, Shall we know our loved ones in heaven? O ye of little faith! Your loved ones are no more in heaven than you are in heaven. There will never be any more heaven than there is now, nor can our loved ones be any nearer to God than are we. "The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both are. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there; that Time and Space are not God, but crea-

tions of God; that with God as it is a universal Here, so it is an everlasting Now. Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be is even now and forever."

When we enter the consciousness of the Eternal we know it is never too late. It forever assures us that our ideals will be realized, that there is or never has been a single lost soul nor has a single just cause ever perished.

Eternity is not frustration but fulfillment; not an end but a beginning. It does not suggest death, but immortality. It assures completion. What we mark as ours here we shall know there. Nay, rather, is not eternity the awareness of the eternal Here and the everlasting Now?

In the remarkable mystical poem, Evelyn Hope, Browning voices this sublime conception. The seemingly dead and lost ideal personified in Evelyn Hope will yet be attained. "No indeed! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,

And creates the love to reward the love;

I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,

Through worlds I shall traverse not a few;

Much is to learn, much to forget,  
Ere the time be come for taking you."



It is the assurance of faith that our lost ideals, our dead Evelyn Hopes, live on in God and forever lure us onward.

No words can fully express this soul vision of eternity. Burnell's splendid definition, "Eternity is the instantaneous availability of all that is," glory-crowned as it is with light ineffable, falls short of its sublimity. Whitman's "When I attempt to speak the highest I can not, I become as one dumb," must be the realization of all who attempt to describe its mystic depths. Enough for us to know that eternity *Is*, and that it is all there *Is*.

Our three dimensionally constituted human minds can see these things but dimly, but there is within us what Ouspensky has called "The Third Organ of Thought," what Emerson termed the "Soul of the Whole," and what Jesus called "The Father," through and by which these things can be apprehended.

It is from this realm of the super-conscious that the highest healing and the most complete emancipation must come. The demonstrations of Jesus were all wrought from this superdimensional area of consciousness. All his recorded physical healings were instantaneous. He had abolished the time element in his own consciousness and demonstrated that the Spirit sports with time, "can crowd eternity into an hour or stretch an hour into eternity."

These things baffle us because we are too near them. We judge everything from without. We look else-

where and feel it will be ours eventually. We hopefully sing, "When we've been there ten thousand years

Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise

Than when we first begun,"  
without realizing it is true now;  
that what we will be we are!

Were it not for our thought of God we would never arrive. It is for this reason that prayer emancipates. It is the sure method of approach. It enables us to see our possible selves in God. It is not so much the dew-drop sinking into the sea as the sea consciousness entering into the dew-drop. It is not beggary but communion. Through its mystic power we are lifted on wings triumphant over sin, sickness, poverty and death.

We are no longer poor and isolated but fellow-workers with God. There is no dividing line where God the cause ends and man the effect begins. When prayer has done its perfect work time and space no longer limit us, Cosmic consciousness has been attained, and the words that were given me in the Wise Silence become our supreme and joyful inheritance,  
Changing dreams of changing millions.

Is the science of the school-men,  
Science of the world of shadows,  
Leading souls to fountains failing—  
As the mirage, vain, deceiving,  
Is all that which is not Being.  
At the Fountain's changless flowing



Rests my soul in bliss of knowing  
That alone which changeth change-  
less,

Is not born and must be deathless—  
Birthless, deathless, am I, changless  
As the One on whom my mind is.

Thus does the word Forever come  
to mean the immediate availability  
of all the power there is, of all the  
presence there is, of all the love  
there is, Here, Now and Eternally.

Amen.

Surely the word Amen, meaning  
as it does, So may it be, must re-  
sound in the deeps of all who con-  
template a vision so sublime as that  
contained in The Lord's Prayer.

Blessed, thrice blessed are you,  
who in the midst of confusion and  
hemmed in by limitation, have  
caught the vision. Your belief in  
the Invisible will enable you, like  
Abraham, to believe in God who  
quickens the dead and speaks of  
things that are not manifest as  
though they already were.

### A FEW POINTERS

Are you sure your troubles are not  
mostly self-created?

\* \* \*

Be your own efficiency expert by  
doing your job the best way it can be  
done.

\* \* \*

To make an impression, strive to  
become a heavyweight.

\* \* \*

To get, give.

\* \* \*

Neither fortune nor fame comes  
from lying long abed.

### THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

By A. Osborne Eaves

At one time the conception of life  
everywhere prevalent, amongst the  
most advanced thinkers in the West,  
was that it was purposeless. It was  
held that there was no design in  
Nature, that things were haphazard;  
that there was no order, scheme,  
system apparent. It was a little later  
that Crocker's famous phrase as to  
the constitution of man—"a fortui-  
tous concourse of atoms"—was  
bandied about, and this was surely  
the zenith of materialism. If such  
a view of life were true what would  
be the corollary? It would, indeed,  
amount to much ado about nothing,  
a huge farce, perpetrated and perpet-  
uated by incapable hands. How  
such a view could be held for a  
moment passes belief. Some excuse  
might be afforded for it perhaps by  
the lame, inadequate conceptions in  
the West as promulgated by relig-  
ion, and by the lack of true scientific  
knowledge. Matter, force, spirit,  
were terms to juggle with, and  
scarcely anything was known of  
them. This trio of words has un-  
dergone considerable modification  
since the period referred to, and the  
theory of the unification of forces  
now so firmly established is setting  
mankind at last on the right track.  
One reason may be assigned for the  
crass materialistic outlook which  
will explain much: although all  
knowledge relating to the cosmos as  
at present constituted is here at this  
moment, man must solve it for him-  
self. It must be understood that



man does not actually create so much as he discovers. Thus, we have always had the materials for the electric light, the phonograph, colour photography, wireless telephony and telegraphy, and the aeroplane, but it was necessary to have the links which connected an almost endless chain, just as it would be necessary to pass through many countries to travel between India and England, though both exist at the same moment.

This traversing of a specified distance would occupy time, however short it might be. In like manner certain stages in man's growth as he unfolds demand time. The difference in mental growth between the savage and the man of a century ago is a very wide one, and it is not claiming too much to say that the difference between the man of today (in the West) and the man of a hundreds years hence will be as great. To us it seems inconceivable that any intelligent, educated man could advance the theory that thought was secreted by the brain, much as bile is secreted, yet even that was an advance over some of the crudities previously held.

Before the advent of materialism mankind (I have the West in view only when making these comparisons) had been steeped in superstition. It was the swing of the pendulum again: one excess led to another. The grossness and lowness of credulity could have but one outcome—a disbelief in everything that did not offer the most tangible evi-

dence to the senses. The five senses appeared to cover every avenue of knowledge, and as we had all the factors of the problem before us, the solution of the puzzle of existence would be simple.

Colour was given to this supposition by noticing that some of the five senses were beginning to show signs of retrogression. Savage races, for instance, showed superiority in the sense of sight and smell. Cases were cited like that of the Tartar of Siberia, "whose unaided eyes enabled him to tell Arago of the occultation of Jupiter's third satellite, or the South American guide, who described to Humboldt, across a valley of the Andes, the position and order of march of a party whom the great traveler could only see with the help of a telescope." To what end did all this multitudinous manifestation tend? Was it merely perpetuation of species, repeated *ad nauseam* in every kingdom of Nature? Research almost seemed to answer in the affirmative till Charles Darwin brought up once more the theory of evolution. This was a giant stride to take, and only comparatively few took it. We all know how many of the "educated" men of the day reviled the great scientist for the statement of views which today no thinking man can question. We are now in a position to take as great a step forward, thanks to the writers of the *New Psychology*, and to affirm that there is a purpose of life, and a purpose far wider and grander than any



which evolution dared to proclaim. Here and there flashes of thought of dazzling character and revealing partially ideas far transcending conceptions held at the present day have given promise of an existence on this beautiful earth akin to the arcadias and utopias which poets and imaginative writers have loved to dwell upon. That the end of the world is near, that everything is "worked up," that mankind has evolved to its highest point, is so shallow and whimsical a view to take that it needs but the stating of it to show its falsity. One might spend a few minutes in considering the half-evolved condition of so much in manifestation. If the end were to come now the logical inference would be inevitable—creation had been a huge muddle; a scheme had been started, and things had not worked out properly, so the cosmos was to be wound up! Can any one seriously believe such incompetence on the part of the Great Powers? If such an idea ever entered one's head it must have been speedily rejected as impious and incredible. Looking at the most lowly evolved organism one sees complexity, a means to an end achieved in a mysterious manner, beauty and design, as pointed out in "The Cult and Path of Beauty," that one is filled with wonder at the inventiveness, patience and sublimity displayed. Take the common snowflake, of which countless millions fall, in a single snow-storm. Every one is formed of many crystals of

perfect geometrical design: formed with as much precision as though it were intended for a comparatively permanent existence. One perhaps thoughtlessly exclaims: "What a wast of time and ingenuity!" Take the scales or feathers of a butterfly's wing. The same artistic touch is there. Even the lowliest thing we know, then, has lavished upon it a care and workmanship almost incomprehensible. When we take up the study of comparative anatomy we see running through the animal kingdom a scheme of unity at the base, and also a gradual unfoldment. If we see such wonderful beauty and forethought displayed so low down, must we not conclude that there is a purpose in life? And is not this borne in upon us with intensified assurance when, leaving the purely material, we consider the mental and moral? There can be but one outcome after a careful consideration of the mineral, animal and human kingdom—the feeling of certainty that the keynote of all is perpetual unfoldment.

And this is the thought I should like to leave in your minds, as the more the conception is considered the more forcibly will it appeal to your reason, and its acceptance will at length become inevitable.

### SUCCESS MOTTOES

By H. F. Mundt

#### Business

True business is a reciprocal activity, meeting one another's needs, in the spirit of mutual kindness.



# A New and Startling Theory

of the meaning and scope of the prophecy current among the ancients and revived at the present time, of the coming of a new Christ; the prophecy elucidated and explained in the light of To-day; what it means and what it will lead to, is one of many strange and interesting instances of Universal Consciousness describes in that great book

## Cosmic Consciousness

A Book About the New Birth  
Awaiting Man Here and Now

Cosmic Consciousness, oneness, is the true goal of every human life and the substance of all religions, of all philosophies.

This book describes the Cosmic Consciousness experience of Tolstoi, Whitman, Swedenborg, Balzac, Tennyson, and many others of the world's great men who have experienced the New Birth.

On page 115 is the most interesting experience of a young man of twenty years in whom the new birth, or the Cosmic Consciousness, took place.

On page 2 is a description of the experience of the humble little Japanese woman, Sho-Nim, to whom the Cosmic Birth came as an illumination. She lived alone in a great forest. She so entered into Cosmic Life that all the animals of the forest came to her door and she could communicate with them almost as if they had been human beings.

If you want to know the wonders and marvels of your own nature get this book and read about the well known cases of Cosmic Consciousness and the way of its manifestation.

"COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS" is bound in cloth, gold stamping, 310 pages.

PRICE

\$1.60

POSTPAID

## A Few Interesting Features

The New Birth into Cosmic Consciousness, what it is. Instances Described.

The Oriental Teachings.

The Maxims of Brother Lawrence.

The Seemingly Miraculous Power of the Oriental Initiates.

How They Learn to Know and Read the Heart of the World.

The Inner Temples Throughout Japan.

The Hindu Conception of Cosmic Consciousness.

The Buddhist Life Saving Monasteries.

How the Priests Extend Their Consciousness to Immeasurable Distances at Will.

The Famous Song of Solomon and a Different Interpretation.

French Writers Having Glimpses of the New Birth.

The Great Riddle and a New Solution.

The Way in Which the Higher Consciousness Expresses Itself.

Certain Peculiar Traits Which Distinguish those Destined to the Influx.

Is there a Basis for Belief in Physical Immortality?

Evolution of Consciousness from Prehistoric Man to the Highest Developed Beings.

A Great Central Light.

Sayings of Ancient Manuscripts.

What is Meant by the Awakening of the Higher Life.

Experiences of Oriental Sages and Their Testimony.

Instances of Illumination and Its After Effect.

Dr. Bucke's Description of the Cosmic Light.

Peculiar Methods of Producing Spiritual Ecstasy as Described by Lord Tennyson and Others.

Efforts of those who Have Experienced Cosmic Consciousness to Express the Experience.

Strange Similarity Found in all Attempts.

Examples of Cosmic Consciousness who have Founded New Religions.

The Great Teachers and the Uniformity of Their Instructions.

Philosophy as Taught by Vivekananda.

The Fruits of Cosmic Consciousness.

Had the Ancient Hebrews Knowledge of Illumination and its Results?

Prenatal Conditions Influencing Buddha.

His Strange Temperament.

Is Suffering Necessary to Cosmic Consciousness?

From What was Buddha Finally Liberated?

The Simplicity of Buddha's Commandments in the Light of Cosmic Consciousness.

His Methods of Development of Spiritual Consciousness.

Jesus of Nazareth.

His Repeated Illusions to "the light within."

The Greatest Commandments He Gave to His Disciples.

Paul of Tarsus. His Undoubted Experience of Illumination and its Effects.

The First Fruits of the Spirit as Prophesied by Paul.

Emanuel Swedenborg.

Swedenborg's Early Life.

The Frequent Reception of the Light.

Leo Tolstoi, the Russian Philosopher.

Tolstoi the Strangest Figure of the Nineteenth Century.

His Almost Unbearable Sufferings.

Incidents in His Life Previous to His Illumination.

The Significant Change in His Life After Illumination.

What He Says of This.

Honor De Balzac.

His Amazing Power of Magnetic Attractions.

His Power to Function on Both Planes of Consciousness.

Whitman's Extraordinary Experience.

The Strange Case of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod.

A Perfect Example of Dual Consciousness.

Methods of Attainment.

Some Valuable Yoga Exercises.

The "Brahmic Bliss" of the Upanashads.

The New Race.

The "man god whom we await" as Described by Emerson.

ADVANCED THOUGHT PUBLISHING CO.

227 W. Erie Street

Chicago, Ill.





## AERZONETTE Air Purifier

### An Important and Indispensable Aid in Household Sanitation

For use in Bathrooms, Halls, Closets, Smoking Rooms and other places where clean, wholesome air is desired.

The AERZONETTE AIR PURIFYING BLOC is a new and original creation, consisting of a combination of chemicals in crystal form, molded into compact and neat looking blocs, which contain ingredients of undoubted and proven germicidal value, combined with fragrant perfumes.

The Blocs are placed in a neat container, finished either in White Enamel, Oxidized or Nickel, and being a highly volatile substance, throws off very agreeable fumes, which being several times heavier than the air itself, mixes with it rapidly, thereby accomplishing a direct neutralization of carbon dioxide or poisonous gases which are more or less prevalent in habitations, thus accomplishing a purification of the air.

Being a fumigant, the vapor works rapidly downward, then outward and finally upward, in its operation penetrating uniformly the atmosphere.

One Bloc when used in the AERZONETTE device is entirely consumed by the air in thirty days, by a process of evaporation, thus it is 100% efficient, sanitary, economical and automatic in its action; is non-inflammable and non-combustible. Each Bloc is carefully wrapped in impervious oil paper to preclude possibility of evaporation before it is ready for use. Made in a variety of fragrances, and in three sizes.

The price of the Household size is \$1.10, postpaid. This includes one Aerzonette Bloc. State odor desired. Odors are: Rose, Lilac and Bouquet.

### THE ACTIVE SALES COMPANY

716 W. Madison St.

Room 516

Chicago, Ill.

A Good Proposition for Agents.



SUCCESS TALISMAN

## YOUR STAR OF HOPE DO YOU WANT HEALTH, SUCCESS and HAPPINESS?

BECOME A MEMBER OF THE THOUGHT,  
FORCE, HEALTH AND SUCCESS ASSOCIATION  
(An Occult Order)

and secure seven WONDERFUL LESSONS which are given with each membership. This is the most PRACTICAL work that has ever been offered to the public. The lessons absolutely teach you Applied CONCENTRATION, How to Acquire a Good MEMORY, How to Develop a Powerful WILL, How to Influence Others to Do As You Wish, How to Gain HEALTH, SUCCESS and HAPPINESS, How to Use the Power of THOUGHT to Gain That Which You Most DESIRE. Marvelous FORMULAS for developing your PSYCHIC POWERS.

When you become a member you will receive the MAGIC SUCCESS TALISMAN, Button and Beautiful Certificate of Membership. The lessons are especially arranged for self-instruction.

The T. F. H. S. A. is a body of Harmonious THINKERS sending helpful THOUGHTS to all Members. These Remarkable Lessons are not sold; to procure them you must become a member. This is your Opportunity to connect up with this mighty PSYCHIC and THOUGHT FORCE WAVE.

Write at once, while this thought is fresh in your mind. For information write to the Founder,

### DR. HANCIL CORDREY

(Mention Advance Thought)

Chula Vista, Calif.



---

## THE LEVELER

---

George Howard Kelley.

---

He stalks abroad throughout the  
world,  
In field, in mine and home,  
In mountain glen and desert drear,  
And on the ocean's foam.  
In the roar of the hurricane,  
Also the light'ning's flash,  
In unconfined onrushing flood,  
And in the thunder's crash.

All pomp and pride and power bow  
Before his stern decree,  
Troubles on earth cease at his  
touch,  
And pain and sickness flee.  
The upright tree and rolling hills,  
And mountains high and grim,  
All have their time for rise and fall,  
At the command of him.

No influence can wealth exert  
His onward march to stay,  
He is impartial in his choice,  
His call none disobey.  
The law of limitation rules,  
By which all things abide,  
And newer ones are built, in time,  
From old forms that have died.

All life has added to the soil,  
Its dust in ages past,  
The dust to land and mountains  
grow,  
And will while times does last.  
The Leveler, whose name is death,  
Does rule the world, supreme,  
What is created he destroys,  
In line with nature's scheme.