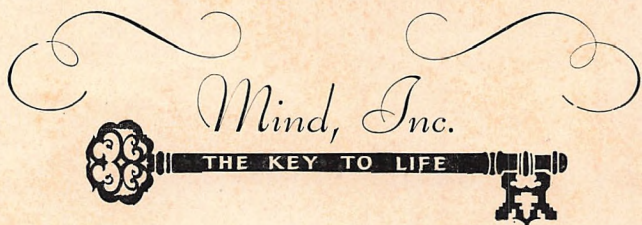


Mind, Inc.

SEPTEMBER 1929





LESSON V

THE LAW
OF THE
HIGHER POTENTIAL





Vol. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1929

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ROBERT COLLIER, *Editor*

Office of Publications, 19th and Federal Streets, Camden, N. J.
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MIND, INC., *Publishers*

Robert Collier, *President*

H. R. Sekwood, *Treasurer*

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Your body is much like water in this respect. Your bones and flesh are frozen energy. Your blood is liquid, but still condensed, energy. The pure energy, the highest potential, lies in your thought.

When you move, what happens? You send your thought to a certain set of muscles, with instructions to contract or expand. To do either means that they must break up a certain amount of condensed energy and release it into a liquid state. The result? Movement—turning energy to useful purpose. Every move you make requires the break-



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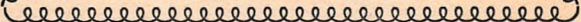


Mind, Inc.

Dear Reader:

If you have ever seen a blacksmith trying to hammer a piece of cold iron into shape, you know how much chance he would have of repairing a broken tool or annealing the corners of a wrought iron frame, without the fusing power of heat.

Yet every day, physicians and healers of all kinds are working themselves into as great a sweat over "cold" patients as ever blacksmith did over cold iron, and then wondering why they can't get more satisfactory results!



You have heard of miracles of healing at shrines and revivals all over the world. No doubt you have actually seen cases that seemed little short of miraculous. Do you know what is back of these "miracles"? Not faith alone. Faith by itself never did anything. As St. Paul put it—"Faith without works is dead." It needs an additional factor to make faith effective. Do you know what that factor is?

When you want to release the energy in a boiler of water, what do you do?

You heat it, do you not? You resolve that water into its higher potential—steam. Then you can turn it to any useful purpose. Then you can release the energy in it to work for you.

Steam is free energy. Con-

condensed into water, it still has a certain amount of active energy, but not nearly as much as in steam. Condensed further into ice, its energy is static. It can be used only as you release it.

Your body is much like water in this respect. Your bones and flesh are frozen energy. Your blood is liquid, but still condensed, energy. The pure energy, the highest potential, lies in your thought.

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ing up of a certain number of cells. But breaking up means opportunity for expansion and growth.

Breaking up must always precede growth. As the Master put it—"Except a corn of wheat fall to the ground and die, it abideth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

A kernel of wheat is frozen energy. Swallow it, and it will go through your digestive organs intact, doing you no good. It must be broken up, the energy in it must be released, before the nutriment in it can be turned to useful purpose.

The same is true of planting it in the ground. It must heat and expand to burst its outer shell and send forth its stalk to bear fruit and multiply.

In all of Nature and all of Life, to

change any substance, you must release the energy in it. If the substance is solid (condensed) like iron or glass, it must be liquefied. If it is already liquid, it may have to be vaporized.

The Law is that power flows only from the higher potential into the lower. And to release power, you must break up the lower form, and let the energy in it expand into a higher state. It is The Law of the Higher Potential.

That law is the basic law not only of mechanics and riches and success, but of *health and healing!*

You have, let us say, hardened arteries. How are you going to cure them? Go to a Doctor? All right, what does he do? Tries to release the "frozen" energy in those arteries through his drugs or his diet.

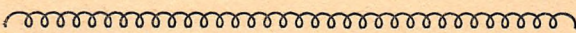
But back in your subconscious mind is a solvent greater than any drug or diet, a solvent which can release every cell in your whole body into free energy, and then condense it again in the form God intended it.

That mind of yours is like a foundry. If you have ever been in a stove foundry, you know that they put tons of pig iron into a cupola, heat it until it melts, then pour the molten iron into molds formed in wet sand. If a puddler happens to be careless and spills the iron, or if a customer sends back his stove because it cracks or buckles, the founder doesn't waste time tinkering over the imperfect casting. He just throws it into the next "heat", melts it down again and tries once more to pour it into the perfect form he had imaged of it.

And that is what God gave *you* the power to do—with your life, your circumstances, your body—melt them down and re-cast them. The heat which does the melting, which releases the energy and brings it into flux, comes from two things; Faith is one of them.

That faith may be in a Doctor. It may be in a drug, or diet, or treatment. Or it may be in the Creator who first released the energy, who imaged the perfect You. If it is in God, then the fuel to feed it with is prayer. Read *how* in the accompanying lesson.

Robert C.



LESSON V

The Law of the Higher Potential

*F*OUR thousand years ago, when sickness fell upon the household of Abimelech the King, he had recourse to Abraham for help. "So Abraham prayed to God, and God healed Abimelech, and his wife, and his maid servants."

Throughout the Old Testament and the New, you will find only one remedy for sickness—Understanding PRAYER.

"Is any among you afflicted?" asked the Apostle James. "Let him pray. Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up. Pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Conversely, the fate of those who put their trust in nostrums is given neatly and graphically in the story of Asa, King of Israel: "And Asa was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding

great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

Humanity can be divided into three groups:

- 1—Those who, through ignorance or folly, work against the Creative Law of the Universe, and suffer misery and sickness in consequence.
- 2—Those who know something of the law, but are too mentally lazy to co-operate with it, and are therefore frequently among the sufferers.
- 3—Those who understand the Law, work with it, and live a life of contentment and health.

Ignorance of a Law does not save you from its effects—in either the Law Courts or life. So if you are suffering from weakness or disease, it behooves you to acquaint yourself with the Law as speedily as may be.

What is this Law? It is the Law that power must always pass from a higher to a lower potential. Try to reverse this Law in electricity, and your machine will go "dead". Try to reverse it in your body, and like Asa the King, you will "sleep with your fathers."

Scientists have discovered hundreds of ways of destroying life. They know a thousand methods of killing us. But though they have sought it since time began, they know no way to create life. Life comes only from God.

Many try to simulate new life by stimulating

the cells of the body with drugs and medicaments, but the greatest physicians content themselves with keeping the passages open so that *new life may flow in!* They are like good gardeners—they loosen the soil that moisture and warmth may get to the roots, but they leave the growing to the life-giving forces of Nature.

Life is the higher potential, and life is all around, seeking expression. How can we draw it to us? How but by providing channels for its expression. Fearlessly releasing the life we have, secure in the knowledge that as fast as we make room, more will flow in.

The Law of Life is the law of division and growth. Our life cells divide, grow and divide again. Use them—break them up—and the more you release, the more the life in you will expand and draw new life to you.

The Law of Life is no different from the Law of Supply. You must give to get. All of life is around you—but it is unappropriated life, life uncondensed. It is in the sunlight, the air, the water. But you can make it a part of you only as you make yourself like to it!

Ice does not mix with water. It floats in water, but it mixes only to the extent that it liquefies and loses its substance as ice, and becomes water. Water does not mix with steam, until it gives up its properties as water and becomes steam.

You do not become one with the unappropriated

life around you until you mentally release the energy condensed into your body as flesh and blood and bone, and let it work as pure life in its highest potential, mixing with the pure God-life all about you.

A man who tinkers with stoves might repair a broken one by riveting two broken parts together. But if you took that stove back to its maker, he would put it into his cupola and melt it down until it mixed perfectly with the rest of the molten metal in his "heat", so that no one could tell which was old metal and which new. Then he would pour that metal into the perfect mold and bring forth a new stove.

A Doctor can tinker with an imperfect organ. And perhaps put a patch upon it that will enable it to function. But he is working with life in condensed form. To get a new organ, you must resolve that condensed life into its higher potential, mix it with the unappropriated God-life all about, and then pour it into God's perfect mold of that organ.

How can you do it? How has it been done all through the ages? Through the prayer of faith!

"My old disorder returned as violently as ever," wrote John Wesley in his journal. "The thought came to my mind, why do I not apply to God at the beginning rather than at the end of my illness? I did so and found immediate relief, so that I needed no further medicine."

"My horse was exceedingly lame and my head ached more than it had done for some months (which I here aver is the naked fact. Let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought, cannot God heal either man or beast, by any means or without any? Immediately my headache and weariness ceased, and my horse's lameness in the same instant, nor did he halt any more either that day or the next."

Further along in this copy of *Mind, Inc.*, you will find a story by Stewart Edward White. It tells of a man who lay dying—whom the Doctor considered dead. And the thought that came to him as he lay thus was this—

"You know these pictures sent by radio? They are all made up of a lot of separate dots, you know. If you enlarged the thing enough, you'd almost lose the picture, wouldn't you? And you'd have a collection of dots with a lot of space between them. Well, that's how I seemed to myself.

"I could contract myself, bring all the dots close together, and there I'd be, solid as a brick church, lying in bed; and I could expand myself until the dots got separated so far that there were mostly spaces between them. And when I did that my body in the bed got very vague to me, because the dots were so far apart they didn't make a picture; and I—the consciousness of me—was somehow the thing in the spaces that held the dots together at

all. I found it quite amusing contracting and expanding like that.

"Then I began to think about it. I began to wonder whether I held the dots together, or whether the dots held me together; and I got so interested that I thought I'd try to find out. You see, I wasn't the dots: I—the essence of me, the consciousness of me—was the spaces between the dots, holding them together. I thought to myself, 'I wonder if I can get away from these dots?' So I tried it; and I could. I must say I was a little scared. That body made of dots was a good, solid container. When I left its shelter, it occurred to me that I might evaporate into universal substance, like letting a gas out of a bottle. I didn't; but I certainly was worried for fear I'd burst out somewhere. I felt awfully thin-skinned!"

That man was in a mental state of flux. And it is for a degree of that mental state you must try when you are in the grip of disease or accident, when pain assails you or some organ seems incapable of performing its functions.

Instead of patching the affected part, throw it into the "melt" and re-cast it anew from the original, perfect pattern. Instead of trying to change the condensed energy after it is frozen into its solid form, liquefy it and you can release it into what mold you like.

How can you liquefy a rheumatic joint or aching tooth? "The thing that hath been," says the

Bible, "it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

So let us see how it was done aforetime. "I called upon Mr. Kingsford," reads John Wesley's Journal, "a man of substance as well as of piety. He informed me: 'Seven years ago I so entirely lost the use of my ankles and knees that I could no more stand than a new born child. Indeed, I could not be in bed without a pillow laid between my legs, one of them being unable to bear the weight of the other. I could not move from place to place, but on crutches. In this state I continued about six years. At Bath I sent for a physician, but before he came, as I sat reading the Bible, I thought, Asa sought to the physicians and not to God; but God can do more for me than any physician; soon after I heard a noise in the street, and rising up, found I could stand. Being much surprised I walked several times around the room. Then I walked into the square and afterwards on the Bristol road and from that time on I have been perfectly well.'"

In recent years, such cases have become so common that the Episcopal Church, six years ago, appointed a joint commission of leading medical men and clergymen to investigate and report upon the practicability of healing through prayer. Their

report, recently submitted, and signed among others by the famous surgeon, Dr. Chas. H. Mayo, says that:

"Christian healing has passed beyond the stage of experiment and its value cannot be questioned. Spiritual healing is no longer the hope of a few, but the belief and practice of a large and rapidly increasing number of persons."

As the New York American put it in summing up their report:

"It was the essence of the early Christian religion to save from sickness as well as sin. Christ's life is a long record of healing disease and raising from death. We have been calling his acts miracles. Now modern science and religion begin to suspect that he was demonstrating the operation of a principle which is eternal. Indeed, Christ told his disciples to go forth into the world and demonstrate this principle. He said:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father.'"

What was it healed the sick, the halt and the blind in Jesus' day? Their faith, coupled to His understanding of the God-life in them. Their perfect faith in Him released the energy which had condensed into images of sickness and helplessness, and His understanding then guided that energy into God's perfect images of them. As the Bible puts

it, He "unstopped" their ears, removed the "scales" from the eyes of the blind, "cleansed" the leper, "released" the woman who was bound by disease, "awaked" the dead.

And He told us repeatedly that we could do the same.

You see, it is not as though disease were something sent by God to punish us. On the contrary, it is something we inflict upon ourselves! If a foundryman let the fire go out in his furnace, and all his "melt" congealed into one solid mass of iron, you wouldn't say that God had afflicted him, would you? Yet when you let the same thing happen to some organ of your body, you blame it on God!

He never sent sickness or accident to anyone. Sickness is the LACK of life. Sickness means that you have allowed the life-energy in you to congeal. New life can't come in because the old life won't make way for it. It is like a freezing river—the current becomes sluggish, slows up, stops. Doctors will tell you that the reason most people die is because their arteries become clogged, their eliminatory organs sluggish. They can't take hold of new life because they don't release the old.

God put infinite life here upon earth. He made it equally available to all. But He gave us free will—freedom to avail ourselves of His generous gifts or to ignore them, as we like. He doesn't punish us for failing to draw upon His fountain of life, any more than the sun punishes us if we choose.

to live in a dark cellar. We may suffer for lack of the sun, but we need only to come up out of our cellar to enjoy again its beneficent rays. It does not withhold a single ray from us because we slighted it. It radiates just as much warmth and light over us as over the most faithful of its devotees.

Just so it is with God. He doesn't punish us with disease when we neglect Him. We punish ourselves. And the quickest and surest way to relieve ourselves of our troubles is to go back to Him, and let His ever-present life re-vitalize our failing sinews.

Don't bother about what you have had. Don't worry about the diseases that seem to trouble you now. *Let go of them!* RELEASE THEM! Raise that condensed energy to a higher potential. Throw it into flux. Then turn to God for His perfect image in which to re-cast your life-energy.

That means work—mental work. It means burning all your old molds of ill-health and deformity, and using only God's perfect patterns. And so few will take the trouble to do this. As one great writer expressed it—"People will adopt any expedient to avoid the work of using their minds."

It is so much easier to tinker with the casting than to re-cast it. It is so much easier to pay a Doctor \$5 or \$10 than to make the mental effort ourselves. Yet if we put the same faith in prayer

that we put in Doctors and their drugs, we would be—not repaired *but made whole!*

When you want to become rich, what is the first thing you must do? BE rich in your thoughts, in your actions, even though you must start it on the most modest of scales. Take your life out of all images of limitation and lack, and put it into the pattern of opulence and plenty. *Act the part!*

When you want to become well and strong, what is the first thing you must do? BE well and strong, even though you must start that BEING with only one finger. BE the man or woman you want to be. BE it in your own mind first. Get your pattern right. Then start breaking down the condensed life in the diseased images, a little at a time, until your body and your new mental image are one.

Your body is the sum-total of your beliefs—objectified. It is God's life, condensed into your patterns. As I see it, God has a perfect pattern for your body. Every night, you are supposed to go to Him, compare your body with that perfect pattern, throw into the furnace all worn and diseased parts, and re-make your body for the new day.

But that is too much mental effort for most of us. We'd rather "leave well-enough alone," patch the worn parts and be on our way. We forget all about the original pattern and work only on the

casting we have. Is it any wonder that after a while parts wear out, the machine goes to pieces?

"I will praise thee," sang the Psalmist, "for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvelous are Thy works: and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from Thee when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect, and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them."

Have you ever known a Master Sculptor to turn out an imperfect statue? Have you ever known a great arist to paint a distorted picture? God is the greatest Sculptor, the finest Artist conceivable. Is it likely He failed in His conception of your body.

His record in the "book where all your members are written" is perfect. His pattern for them, "when as yet there was none of them," was flawless. His work is forever. The image He formed of you before you were fashioned, the pattern He held of you when you were being made, was the same perfect picture He sees in you now.

When you fail to manifest that perfect image, when sickness or accident mirrors a different picture to your eyes, get rid of it. Throw it back into the "melt" and release the life in it. If a photographer took a picture of you that made you look like a gar-

goyle (and it can be done), you would refuse it, of course. You would tell him to throw it away and take another—and keep on taking others until he had one that imaged the perfect contours of your face.

That is what you must do with the life in you—refuse to accept any image it may show you that is unlike the perfect image of you that is in Divine Mind.

No thing which comes from God can hurt you, for in His picture, everything is harmonious. We have Jesus' word for it that when we have the right idea, nothing shall by any means do us harm. Therefore when anything seems to harm you, know that it is not from God, and refuse to accept it. Don't keep it as part of your picture. Don't claim it as yours. Don't tell others you HAVE it. Send it back for another image—and another—until you are reproducing the perfect original.

You don't need to treat a disease or an ache or an ulcer. On the contrary, you need to REFUSE them—to refuse to regard them as yours. To take your life out of them, and use it to make manifest God's perfect image of you.

Jesus, of all who ever appeared upon this earth, never failed to heal any who came to him in faith. How did He do it? Not through drugs or treatments. Not through scientific diagnoses. He never asked what was wrong with the diseased ones. He commanded the devil to get out of them—*He re-*

leased the hold those wrong images had on the life in them—He directed it into the perfect image the Father had of them—and *they were healed*.

They did not need to know anything about hygiene or laws of health—they did not even need to understand how He healed them—they needed only the faith to take their life out of the old image, to raise that condensed life to a higher potential while He turned the molten energy into right channels.

"These signs shall follow them that *believe*," said Jesus. "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Faith and emotion—these are the two requisites for mental healing. Faith takes one back to the perfect image that is in Divine Mind. Emotion (the **FEELING** that you *have* this perfect image) melts every particle of congealed energy and makes it malleable.

The trouble with the faith of most of us is that it comes only in flashes, and immediately is obscured by doubts and fears. You know what chance you would have of melting iron if your fire burned only by fits and starts. Your flame must be steady, your heat intense.

Jesus had the perfect image always in mind, but you know how often He told those whom He healed—"Thy *faith* hath made thee whole!"

A mere momentary belief is not enough—you must *hold* to that belief like the blind man who kept calling until Jesus harkened to him, or the

woman who persisted until she touched the hem of His garment. First, reject the imperfect image, break it up and release your life-energy from it by disowning it. Next, go back to the Father for His perfect picture of you. Third, KNOW THAT YOU HAVE THAT PERFECT MOLD—and hold to that knowledge until your life-energy has condensed in it.

The only essential difference between those who believe in drugs and treatments, and those who put their faith in the power of Mind, lies in the fact that the former look upon their present bodies as the only ones they will ever have in this world, whereas the latter know they can get new ones each day if they need them.

The followers of the old school are like a Robinson Crusoe with only one stove to his name, and no means of getting spare parts, therefore he spends much time and care patching damaged parts and repairing breaks.

The followers of the new school, on the other hand, are like people living next door to a stove foundry, knowing they can get spare parts or a new stove any time, therefore wasting no time or worry over wear and tear.

To these followers of the new idea, as to their Master, whose precepts they follow, the crippled body, the defective organ, the fevered touch, are no more permanent, no more cause for worry, than is a broken or imperfect casting to a founder.

"*Re-melt it*"—that's all he would say. And re-melt it is all you need to do. The life in it is perfect—it is only that your molding of that life was wrong. So let us, each night before we go to sleep, throw into the melt everything we have, everything we are—our bodies, our possessions, our circumstances and surroundings, blessing them in some such wise as this:

I bless the life in me, and I baptize it God's creative, intelligent Life, seeking to express through me His perfect idea of my body, my surroundings, my work.

And I freely release it from all its present confines—in my body and my possessions. I release it to expand and mix with the infinite, unappropriated God-life all about, and I pray the Creator then to pour it into His perfect images of my body, my surroundings and my work. I cast that burden upon Him, and I go free.

Then SEE every imperfect form in which your life-energy has become condensed, melting away like ice before a summer sun. SEE it flowing into the perfect mold, condensing again into God's perfect image. Know that you HAVE this image—and keep knowing it (try to get the *feeling* of it) until you make it manifest.

Then start ACTING the part. The finest theoretical knowledge in the world will do you no good

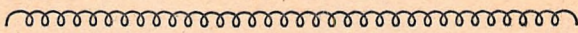
unless you have faith enough to put it into action.

You must BE the perfect man or woman you image yourself—no matter on how small a scale you make the start. You must start to USE the life-energy in you before you can break up your condensed energy to expand and draw more energy to you.

So don't worry about the diseases you have had. They don't count. Just disclaim them, and release your life-energy from them. Release it—and put it into the perfect images God holds of you.

“O Son of Spirit, I have made thee mighty.
How is it thou art weak? Turn thy sight to
thyself that thou mayest find ME standing in thee
—MIGHTY, POWERFUL, SUPREME!”





EXERCISE

WHAT is it that accounts for the miracles of healing which take place at shrines all over the world? What is it that gives revivalists, faith healers, practitioners, power to dispel sickness, power to "make the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk"?

All of these wonders do occur—make no mistake about that. At St. Anne de Beaupre, at Lourdes, at thousands of shrines, at hundreds of meetings like those in the Angelus Temple, the sick have been, and every day new ones are being, cured of their infirmities. Why?

It cannot be merely because of the power of the "healer" or the holiness of the relic, for in olden times thousands of so-called "relics" were no more parts of the bodies of the Saints they were supposed to represent than they were of yours or mine. Yet in many cases they proved just as potent for good! Why?

If you have read much of history, you know that the Kings in the Middle Ages were a pretty scoun-
[26]

drelly lot, yet the "King's Touch" healed hundreds every year. Why?

Religions which we piously regard as pagan have on record almost as many cases of miraculous healings as have we. Again, why? If we have the only truth, how is it that they, many of whom never heard of the Christ, should be able to use the truth in another form to accomplish the same result?

Why? Because the Laws of God are universal laws. Whether we follow them blindly or understandingly, they work just the same. They are as impartial as the sunshine. They require only conformity to them.

Everything in this universe is made up of energy. That energy manifests itself in three different states—solid, liquid and vapor.

When you want to change the form in which any solid manifests itself, you have only two methods open to you:

1st, you can carve or break or burn off parts until the remainder is in the form you desire.

2nd, you can break up the whole mass (by heat or mixing with liquid or vapor) until you have liquefied or vaporized it, and then mold it into the shape you desire.

Those methods are universal. They apply to wood or rock or iron or flesh. They are the only two ways known to man of changing the form of any solid substance.

How, then, are miracles of healing achieved? In

the same way as miracles of turning lumps of iron into useful tools—by breaking up the solid mass, resolving it into its higher potential, then molding it into the form you desire.

But you can't take your flesh and resolve it into liquid by putting it into a furnace as you do with iron. And you can't break it up and mix it with water, as you do with wheat. What, then, can you do with flesh and bone?

Liquefy it through EMOTION! The heat of a strong emotion is the only power that will resolve the cells of your body into a higher potential. Understanding faith that God's image of you is perfect, is the only power that will mold them into the pattern God intended.

It matters not what may ail you, it matters not how close to death's door you may be, fervent emotion can loosen all your condensed energy, faith can bring it back into the perfect mold. Mind you, by "fervent emotion" we do not mean hysteria or wild excitement. We mean deep feeling—*the conviction that you have received* the healing you are praying for.

Of course, every emotion has a tendency to raise the life in us temporarily to a higher potential. And every emotion has, at times, been used unwittingly to heal the sick and afflicted. Brown Landone, for instance, tells of having been an invalid for seventeen years, his whole time spent in bed or in a wheel chair, his knees swollen as large as water

pails, his heart organically diseased. Then one day the house caught fire, and this man who could not climb a flight of stairs without fainting away, not only ran up steps like an athlete, *but carried down one after another three heavy trunks!*

In the *New York Times* a couple of years ago, there was an account of a paralytic who had not stirred from his bed for five years. The patient in the cot next his own suddenly went crazy and attacked him, and the paralytic wrenched himself loose and ran up three flights of stairs!

More conclusive even than these is an *Associated Press* dispatch of July 19th, recounting the unexpected visit of a boa constrictor to the paralytic ward of the Guayaquil Hospital in Ecuador. When the snake arrived—through the window—there were eight patients in the ward, all helplessly paralyzed. Ten seconds later, the snake was the ward's sole occupant.

Every bed was emptied, every patient "miraculously" cured! One, who had not moved from his bed in two years, jumped six feet to a window, and then took easily the eight-foot jump from the window to the ground. And in each of the eight cases, *a complete cure was effected!*

The dumb have been made to talk, the deaf to hear, just by taking them in an aeroplane and doing "stunts" that worked them into a high state of excitement.

But an outside stimulus is in no wise necessary

to stir the emotions. It can be done as effectively from within, through the stimulus of a strong conviction. Starting a fire or importing a snake to cure a paralytic is almost as wasteful as the old Chinese custom of burning down a house just to roast a pig. There are less expensive and more effectual ways.

Go to any of the more popular shrines, and you will see men carried in on stretchers or limping along on crutches, lifted to a high emotional pitch through preaching or music or just the contagion of the emotional excitement around them, then walking away as well and strong as you or I.

There is nothing miraculous about it, any more than life itself is miraculous. The miraculous part is that mankind has not long ago discovered the perfectly natural laws governing such "miracles".

Why are the Churches beautifully decorated, in rich colors? Why do they give us such wonderful music? Why do they have congregational singing? Because beauty and color and music and singing all appeal strongly to the emotions, all have a tendency to awaken the dormant life in us, stirring it out of the congealed form in which sickness or accident has left it, giving us the chance to pour it anew into God's perfect image.

How did Jesus heal the sick? By first commanding the "devil" to get out of them. In other words, by first loosening the congealed life from its diseased form. Then it flowed easily into the

perfect pattern he held of it. "Satan hath bound this woman," He said of one, and then proceeded to loosen the bonds.

Who is "Satan"? Who but the devils of fear and worry, who "bind" the life in so many poor souls into all manner of diseased forms. What is mankind's greatest ill today? Ask any Doctor, and he will tell you—"Congestion." And what is congestion but *congealed* life, life bound into constricting limits by worry and fear?

Dr. G. Dumas, of Paris, discovered recently that *writhing* acts as an anaesthetic for pain. Why? Because writhing means strain, and strain has a tendency to make the muscles hard, to *congeal* the life in them, deadening it so there is no longer feeling in it. Continued strain brings unconsciousness or death. Why? Because the congealing process reaches the seat of the nerves or the heart, and it stops functioning. The "potential" becomes too low for life to act.

When that potential is raised by drugs or alcohol, the release is only temporary, for it is merely a chemical release. When the chemical reaction ceases, the particles of life will settle again, with the poison of the chemicals to trouble them in addition.

Treating with drugs is working upon conditions. To cure those conditions, you must go back to the parent causes. "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be

healed," prayed the Prophet Jeremiah. And when you work through Mind to reach the causes of your trouble, you are truly healed.

That is the way Jesus worked. He first preached. He gave His hearers the necessary understanding. He worked up their faith, their emotion—then He healed them. And in the one place where there was no faith, where there was nothing but negative emotion, in Nazareth where the crowd went to jeer rather than listen to Him, it is written that "there He did no mighty works because of their unbelief."

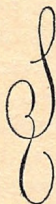
Two requisites there are without which there can be no healing. The first is understanding faith. The second is emotion.

People sometimes write that they have read our books, they have agreed with every word in them, yet they have gotten no results. Why? Because their agreement was merely an intellectual one. They never *felt* it strongly enough to do anything about it, therefore their faith without works was dead. There was no heat to break up the congealed life in their organs or their circumstances.

But how can you work up your emotions to the proper pitch? How do you work them up to the pitch of asking a girl to marry you? You don't wait for a brass band to stir you up. You don't dive from an aeroplane or jump up and down to work up the necessary heat. You get your heat from within. You dwell upon her every perfect

quality in your thoughts, do you not? You think of her in your embrace, you picture your happy life together, you live it all in your imagination.

You must make the thought of your perfect body just as real. You must visualize your perfect organs, you must so fervently desire them that you can see yourself *using* them, you must actually FEEL THE THRILL of it! When you can work up that FEELING, and hold it long enough to bless the organ and baptize it God's perfect image, as outlined in the foregoing lesson, YOU WILL HAVE THAT PERFECT IMAGE FOR ALL TO SEE!



(What's wrong when you're "down in the mouth," when you feel depressed and your feet are like lumps of lead? "Old Man Gravity's" got you!

But there's a way to loosen his hold. And next month's lesson will show you how.)

"Free, Wide, and Handsome"

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I HAD progressed as far as the fifth tee when I became aware that I was not alone on the links. This is sufficiently unusual to give me pause, so I do so. This is to say, I paused. For I am not a golfer, and therefore I dislike having anybody on the links with me. Even a caddie. Even my wife. Especially my wife.

I was very much surprised to see this player apparently awaiting me at the fifth tee. I could not see how he could possibly have got that far ahead of me at this time of day. You see, my own habit is not only to start very early, but also to begin at the third tee. The first tee is directly in front of the clubhouse; and the second also is plainly visible to people, mainly women, who have nothing better to do than swig after-lunch coffee on the terrace. But the third tee is nicely situated just behind the blind side of the caddie house. This chap could not have eaten any lunch; or else

he had indulged in the reprehensible practice of cutting in ahead.

I lingered on the fourth green as long as I decently could, but there was no budging the fellow. In fact, after I had done my putt over again for the third time, he hailed me.

"Want to go around together?" he called.

"Sure! Delighted!" I called back, as cheerfully as though I meant it. "If you don't mind my being a poor player."

Now, I did not in the least want to go around together. When I go around together I do not enjoy the links at all. They are very beautiful links. There are rows of tall trees, and the soft round roll of slopes, and long shadows across green turf, and a milky, misty light in distances, and remotely glimpsed hills bathed in quiet magic, and flocks of killdeer that rise with cries of marshlands. Lone, far-off green keepers, do grateful buzzy things with lawn mowers, and nearby bumble-bees with wild flowers. It is pleasant to loaf in the presumed direction of the ball, expandedly soaking up these things. One cannot do this when going around together.

However, I was in for it and I might as well make the best of it. He was not a bad-looking chap, tall, middle-aged, of a dark and rather melancholy countenance, but with a human twinkle in his eye.

"My name is Parker," I introduced myself.

"I'm not much at this game, but if you'll be patient at least it's a fine day."

"It is that. Mine's Thrackleford."

I looked at him again with interest. Thrackleford is not a name one would be likely to forget if once he had seen or heard it, and I had encountered it many times; in fact, as often as I had idly glanced at the club handicap rating posted in the locker-room and caddie house. It stood in a column all by itself, and had stood so for years. I had noticed it first when the chairman had assigned me my handicap, which was—and is—25.

"But look here," I had expostulated mildly, "I'm just beginning this game—never had a club in my hands before. You ought to do better by me than that. All these other '25' fellows have played a long time, and—"

"Twenty-five is the highest handicap that we give," he interrupted me firmly. "All beginners have to start there."

"But here's the name Thrackleford, marked '35'."

"That," said the chairman grimly, "is different. He's earned his."

Remembering these things, I looked at the man with more interest. I had never seen him before; I had never met anybody who had seen him. As far as any of the friends I had casually asked about him knew, he never played our course. When or how the committee had obtained the information

on which it made such positive decision, it alone could have told—and didn't.

"Glad you came along," he greeted me as I drew near. "I don't like to play alone. Isn't often one finds a man loose week-day afternoons."

"I'm a painter," I defended myself. "So, naturally, my job is where I am."

"Lucky boy. Doctor's orders accounts for me. Shoot 'em up."

I shot 'em up, and, being somewhat over-eager as—comparatively, of course—a low handicap man, I topped it.

"Too bad," he observed. "You bent your left elbow and took your club head away from the ball at an angle instead of an arc."

He teed his ball, stepped back from it, stood for just a moment as though in thought, and then, with a loose-muscled, free swing, sent it straight and true an incredible distance down the middle of the fairway. Remembering his handicap, I felt myself permitted to ask him if he could do that right along.

"Pretty regularly," he replied, in a matter-of-fact tone.

It took me two more strokes to place my ball only a little beyond that mammoth drive of his. The fifth hole on our links is the long one, over five hundred yards and up a persistent slope, with undulating ground swells all the way.

Thrackleford took his brassie, again contemplated the ball a brief instant—and again smote it with that same free, loose-jointed swing. It started low along the curve of the slope, then began to rise and kept on rising until personally I lost sight of it against the distant trees.

I trudged on to my own ball, conscious of a little indignation. Thirty-five! How did the committee get that way! This fellow hit them out like a professional!

Under the spur of this indignation—which was, after all, only mild, I can get up but an academic interest in such matters—I did pretty well, if I do say it. I was hole high in 5, actual count. Thrackleford's ball lay only twenty yards short of the green. He picked out his mashie, crouched over in the approved attitude, and made his stroke. The ball shot away from the impact, described a rainbow arc completely over the green, and bounced and rolled into the rough beyond. Thrackleford watched it anxiously until it stopped, barely within bounds.

"Well, that's safe, anyway!" he cried exultantly. "I lifted her all right; but the trouble was I snapped at her just at the last minute. I'm still away."

He left his bag and walked across to where his ball lay. This time it hopped forward about four feet.

"See what I did then?" inquired my opponent

with entire good nature. "I peeked. Didn't keep my fool head down."

His third attempt was more successful, and seemed to please him greatly, though the ball was barely on the green, leaving him a thirty-foot putt.

"Look at that!" he cried. "That's the time the little imp did what he was told! Not so worse!"

His exultation seemed to me misapplied. The shot was away short; it had barely hopped on, and from only a few yards; and just before he had accepted two marvelous efforts with complete indifference. But he was very engaging in his enthusiasm. I found myself beginning to like the chap, and to be glad that we happened to be going around together.

Now, I am pretty good with a mashie. It is the only club I am pretty good at. I have discovered that I can think of the ball as something to be scooped away with that implement so that I can see what lies underneath it, and if I can pretend a tremendous interest in what *does* lie underneath it, so that I look eagerly as soon as the ball is out of the way, I can make good shots. It's quite a good scheme. I thought it up myself. So I pretended hard, and did it.

"Gosh, that's a peach!" cried Thrackleford. "I wish I could do that!"

Mighty decent of a fellow who could pull off two like those first ones, especially on top of his subsequent bad luck. I warmed to him still more.

Then I looked to see, and found that my ball had come to rest about ten feet from the pin. It always surprises me when this happens, though under my make-believe system it does it quite often.

I can never get a true cause-and-effect feeling out of it. I just do it—that's all.

He prepared very elaborately to putt, extending his elbows at equal and exact angles from his body, like wings, planting his feet at forty-five degrees. Twice he shifted his position slightly before he topped the ball. It missed the cup three feet to the right and overran considerably.

As he was away, he tried again, with the same preliminaries and not dissimilar results; though this time he was inside me somewhat. I made one of my usual approach putts; that is to say, I landed about three feet from the hole, from which distance I have a fair chance, but that is about all. As this brought me in his line, I offered to lift my ball.

"Go ahead and putt her out," he waved my offer aside.

I missed, but went down on the next shot; which made me a nine, actual strokes. Pretty good for the long hole! And Thrackleford took two more, which halved it.

"Beats my record for this hole," he remarked.

That seemed likely. Mine looked good to me; but must be unusual in the reverse sense to a man who handled his clubs like Thrackleford.

We sauntered over to the next tee. It is silly to take this game seriously, but I found myself childishly elated and correspondingly expansive.

"Don't remember to have seen you about lately," I suggested. I put in the "lately" just to be polite.

"No; this is my first try at the course for a long time. I've been off on one of my exploring expeditions," said he.

That sounded interesting, and I said so.

"What you been exploring this time?" I asked. I put in the "this time" also just to be polite. Evidently he had the habit; but I'd never heard of him.

"Heaven, I suppose it is," said he.

"Where does heaven happen to be?" I laughed. "Must be an attractive country if you call it that!"

"I don't know where it is," he replied, "and I don't know whether it would prove attractive in the usual sense or not. But it was darn interesting, what little I saw of it. It attracted *me*. I wasn't there long enough to find out very much about it."

"But you must know where you were," I insisted.

"I don't know where I was; as a matter of fact, I merely know what I was."

"Yes?" I queried. "What do you mean by that? What were you? Shanghaied?"

"No. Dead," said he.

I looked at him. He was apparently quite serious, but I caught a twinkle in his eye.

"Other fellows?"

"Yes. Over There. Where I went—wherever that is."

"You remember what happened to you?"

"Perfectly."

"And you mean to tell me you learned—you mean to say they play golf—"

"No, no! Of course not! All I said was that I learned the *feeling* of how it is to be free, wide, and handsome sometimes. That's different."

We had stopped in the middle of the fairway. I am afraid I was a little goggle-eyed, not only at the extraordinary nature of these statements, but even more at the good-humored, matter-of-fact, commonplace conviction with which Trackleford proffered them. He seemed not only to believe thoroughly what he was saying, but he also spoke exactly as he might have spoken of any of his experiences in any of the strange countries which he, presumably, had explored.

"Do you mind—that is to say, would it be painful—" I ventured.

He threw back his head and laughed.

"To tell you about it? Not at all! Why should it be? There's nothing disgraceful about dying, is there?"

"But to recall painful—"

"It wasn't painful at all," he interrupted. "Why

in blazes should it be? Perfectly natural function. Everybody's doing it—or going to."

"Tell me," I begged, "from the beginning. This is the most interesting thing I ever heard." You see, I was beginning to believe the man *had* died; such was the effect of his personality.

"I'll do my best; but it's difficult to tell. I was pretty ill before I died, and things about me got somewhat vague and unreal. I suppose I was half dozing, and partly delirious perhaps. I'd slip in and out of focus, as it were. Sometimes I'd see myself and the bed and the room and the people clearly enough; then again I'd sort of drop into an inner reverie inside myself. Not asleep exactly, nor yet awake. You'll get much the same thing sitting in front of a warm fire after a hearty dinner."

"I think I get that," I assented. "Go on."

"Now, here's a funny one: I don't know if you'll get this: You know these pictures sent by radio? They are all made up of a lot of separate dots, you know. If you enlarged the thing enough, you'd almost lose the picture, wouldn't you? And you'd have a collection of dots with a lot of space between them. Well, that's how I seemed to myself.

"I could contract myself, bring all the dots close together, and there I'd be, solid as a brick church, lying in bed; and I could expand myself until the dots got separated so far that there were mostly

spaces between them. And when I did that my body in the bed got very vague to me, because the dots were so far apart they didn't make a picture; and I—the consciousness of me—was somehow the thing in the spaces that held the dots together at all. I found it quite amusing contracting and expanding like that."

"Delirium," said I.

"That's what I thought at the time. Probably it was. Anyway, that's the picture I got. Then I began to think about it. I began to wonder whether I held the dots together, or whether the dots held me together; and I got so interested that I thought I'd try to find out. You see, I wasn't the dots: I—the essence of me, the consciousness of me—was the spaces between the dots, holding them together. I thought to myself, 'I wonder if I can get away from these dots?' So I tried it; and I could. I must say I was a little scared. That body made of dots was a good, solid container. When I left its shelter, it occurred to me that I might evaporate into universal substance, like letting a gas out of a bottle. I didn't; but I certainly was worried for fear I'd burst out somewhere. I felt awfully thin-skinned!"

He laughed contagiously.

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"No. Dead," said he.

I looked at him. He was apparently quite serious, but I caught a twinkle in his eye.

"Of course, if you went to heaven," I agreed. I would as soon fool this way as any other, though the trend of the joke was obscure.

"Your honor," he said.

A dozen more holes merely underscored what the first seemed to have demonstrated. Thrackleford's long game was almost perfect. His wooden shots were marvelous, and invariable. So were his full iron shots. But when he got near the greens, or in any circumstances where he could not take a full swing, he became cramped and uncertain and hopeless. In spite of my usual deficiencies, I managed to pull ahead of him once or twice. It was not that he did not know how, or that he did not try intelligently. He had evidently taken many lessons and read many books, for he analyzed his failures carefully, and told me the why of them very completely. I remarked on his knowledge of the game.

"Oh, I can tell you what to do," he laughed, "if you don't pay any attention to me, doing it."

"I wish you'd tell me the trick of those long shots of yours, then," I rejoined. "If I could ever get off one of them—let alone a dozen, as you have to-day—I'd tie a pink ribbon on the club I did it with and hang it on the wall!"

"I don't know . . ." he answered vaguely. "You just step up and hit it, without bothering too much about it—sort of free, wide, and handsome."

"But do you—"

"I'd like to tell you," he interrupted, "but I don't know; and I don't dare to think about it or try to analyze it, because I'm afraid if I did I'd lose it. I don't *know* how I do it; I just *feel* how I do it."

"Well, where did you learn?" I persisted.

"I got the feeling that time I was dead," concluded Thrackleford.

"That's the second time you've said that," I pointed out a little irritably, my ball having plopped into that idiotic sand trap on the sixteenth fairway. "Would you mind telling me what you mean?"

"What I say. I was dead for about two hours. It wasn't really long enough to do much."

I glanced at him sharply. Sure enough he was laughing at me, but I realized at once that his laughter was directed only at my bewilderment. When he caught my eye he made a suggestive gesture toward his own forehead.

"Coo-coo! Nobody home, eh? Well, I was dead all right. Dead as a mackerel, for about two hours."

"How do you know you were dead? You couldn't have been really dead. Catalepsy—trance—"

"Well, of course I don't know what you call dead. But I have the word of experts that I was dead by all known tests. Also, I know it myself. And the other fellows told me so, too."

"Other fellows?"

"Yes. Over There. Where I went—wherever that is."

"You remember what happened to you?"

"Perfectly."

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He laughed contagiously.

"Then I heard someone say— No; I didn't hear it, I got the *impression* of somebody saying, 'There, he's quite successfully dead,' and I thought

to myself that it wasn't much of an operation after all."

"Didn't you suffer any?" I asked.

"Not a bit; that's the funny part of it. Doc Carpenter, in his cheerful fashion, told me afterward that I had 'died hard.' I didn't know it; it was a very pleasurable sort of expansion, the way you feel when you step outdoors on a fine morning, only more so. The way I figure it is that I, the real Me, had got out of reach, where nerves and things couldn't report to me."

"Where were you? What did you see? What was it like?" I asked eagerly. By now I was at least temporarily under an Ancient Mariner spell and was accepting all this at its face value.

"I haven't the slightest idea. I didn't see a thing. I felt quite content—also weakish and decidedly lumpish."

"But you must have—"

"I was darn glad I still was Me," stated Thrackleford emphatically. "Look here, answer me a few questions: Just on common-sense lines, what do you *expect* to take with you when you die? You know you've got to leave your bank account and your flivver and that set of golf clubs and all the rest of it, of course. Also, your physical body. Well, what *do* you take?"

"Why—my, my soul, I suppose: my personality."

"Got to specify better than that. That's just a

feeling that you are You. What's the feeling consist of?"

"Why, my memories and experience and ability, I suppose; and—"

"Let me tell you something," interrupted Thracleford. "Just about nine-tenths of your knowledge and experience and memory would be just as much junk as that bum physical body you left behind. Why? Because it's merely ability to handle physical things. You don't need to die to find that out. Just go to the middle of Africa. What good there does your knowledge of how to run your radio or take care of its little insides do you, where there aren't any radios?"

"What good does your knowledge of telephones do you, where there aren't any telephones? Or how to handle bell-boys, or go up in an elevator, or check your baggage and buy your tickets on a railroad, or sail a boat, or manipulate the stock market, or use the right fork, or draw up a contract, when there aren't any of those things? You'll find that just about nine-tenths of your 'knowledge and experience' are not only useless, but do not even exist. Let that sink in. . . . Now let's swat the ball. I'm going to hit little pill just about one calendar mile!"

This he proceeded to do in most workmanlike fashion. And to my surprise, so did I! He grinned at me.

"Well, how about it?" he inquired as we followed the balls. "Just drop all the physical things, and get into an entirely new set of surroundings . . . what you got?"

"I—I don't know," I faltered, somewhat bewildered by this point of view.

"I think I do; I've figured it out. What have you got in Central Africa? I mean out of all you do here? You've got something you can use there out of your ability to run a radio, even if there are no radios."

"Patience, principally," I laughed.

"Exactly! That's a good illustration. It's that sort of thing we get out of any of our experiences. As I figure it, there's a kind of squeezed-out residue of intangible quality—moral quality if you want it so—that hasn't anything to do with physical manipulations. It's a sort of general quality, that can be applied anywhere. You mentioned patience. You learn patience from a radio; but you can use it on lots of other things."

"My golf game, for instance."

"Sure! You've got it! You're satisfactory to talk to. That's a very good illustration, too. You learn two sets of things out of golf. You learn the kind of swing to make, and the amount of force to apply, and the effect of different clubs, and what to do in a rough lie, and you get your muscles trained to do certain things—"

We had long ago caught up with our balls, of

course, but had stood over them idly, absorbed in our conversation. Thrackleford squinted at the hole, took elaborate aim with his mashie, and attempted a chip shot. The ball bounced in a sprightly fashion at a sharp angle off the toe of his club and snuggled down into the right-hand one of that execrated pair of concrete culverts that guard our sixteenth green.

"Most of them wrong," Thrackleford finished his sentence, and seized his niblick.

I won that hole very easily, which evened the match. After the ensuing tension of getting off another drive had been relieved, Thrackleford continued:

"Now that sort of training, painfully acquired, you can use only where there are golf courses. But also you may, if you play the game right, acquire other things. You can get the faculty of keeping your temper in adversity; or a fundamental and rigid honesty in keeping your medal score—to mention two merely. Now, those things you can use where there are no golf courses. A fellow can be a good sportsman in almost any circumstances."

"And it's those things you can take with you when you die!" I cried in sudden enlightenment.

"And *only* those things," he supplemented. "How much one takes depends on how much he's got of them out of the things he's done. Perfectly simple. A man can be a whale of a good golf

player without being a good sportsman, you know," he reminded me.

I looked down with complete calm at the rottenest lie a ball ever rolled into, and experienced a self-conscious glow over the thought that I was piling up eternal riches when I did not bewail my fate. As though in especial recognition—or perhaps because, in my preoccupation over what my companion was telling me, I did not think too much about the shot—my midiron picked it out clean and sent it almost as far as to catch up with Thrackleford's drive.

"Peach!" said Thrackleford. "Now, our bodies, speaking in general, are merely mechanisms corresponding to what faculties we possess, aren't they? Speaking roughly, we have bodies that enable us to do things in our environment. We can do things because we've got quite a few inner faculties. As fast as we develop new faculties we get better bodies. We've got a lot better bodies than the amoebas have. That's a simple proposition. Well, as I figure it, that's what was the matter with me. I had just the kind of body over there, where I was when I was dead, that corresponded with the faculties I had developed—the intangible faculties, I mean. What I had got out of experience, outside of mere skills and expedients. Follow me?"

"My mind is simple and dazed," I assured him; "but I get that."

"All right. That, then, as I figure it, was why I was so weakish and lumpish. . . . You've got a good lie this time. Let's see you lay her dead."

But I did not immediately address the ball. In fact, I believe I made contemptuous dismissing remarks about the ball.

"What happened next?" I urged him. "This is the most interesting thing I ever heard! Was anybody else there?"

"I'll try to tell you," he replied, "though I do not think it will be very easy to give you an idea. You must remember, in the first place, that I really hadn't brought along enough of what we call those intangible realities—those distilled essences of my efforts in life—to deserve a first-class body. The body I had exactly corresponded to what I had brought; no more, no less. Just as my physical body was the shape of what I contained as a physical being; so this was what I contained of the eternal verities. Consequently, I hadn't many senses, simply because I hadn't many faculties; so of course I was only dimly aware, and that in very confused manner. In the second place, naturally, my recollection is none too good.

"But here's how it seemed to me:

"First of all I had a comforting conviction that I could never be annihilated. There I was; temporarily inactive, but convinced of the fact that somehow, sooner or later, I would participate in

whatever there was; and I knew there was something to participate in. There was an environment. I couldn't become cognizant of it, because I hadn't the proper development of body to possess senses that would take it in. No equipment. I was like a baby. The baby has eyes, but he looks straight at things and really doesn't see them. That's just what I was: a spiritual baby, with a baby's body and a baby's undeveloped senses.

"It came to me with rather a shock of illumination that my appreciation of even this much was due solely to the fact that I had got something spiritual out of my earth life. At least I had, even if in rudimentary form, some senses in my new body. This primitive type of perception was one of them. You see, perception was actually one of my new senses, as sight is with us. And I realized with a kind of cold, sinking feeling that if I hadn't brought over even that much I'd probably be unconscious—perhaps really dead for all I know—or perhaps just dormant, like a seed, waiting for something to germinate me. What *could* germinate me? Something helping me outside myself? . . . I don't know. I rather think it must be something, however feeble, within myself. Perhaps even the most worthless of us do accomplish enough for that."

He paused and chuckled.

"I had to laugh at myself. I had to laugh at myself; and that seemed to bring a gleam of light

too. I'd used another sense, and by its use I realized that I possessed it."

"Don't quite see," I objected.

"I don't quite see myself," he agreed. "But so it was. The ability to laugh in just that kindly, understanding fashion is a spiritual sense all right. It softens struggle and effort; makes them more natural and palatable. Anyway, I wished I'd done more of it. I felt that if I had, I'd see better, somehow.

"Now that was only two simple things I'd done. But just the doing of these seemed to inspire me with a great urge of energy, and desire to go ahead doing things. I used to know a man who suffered a stroke of paralysis. All he could move was two fingers of his left hand. Instead of getting discouraged, he said to himself: 'Well, all right; I'll move these two fingers.' So he did: and by and by he found he could move the next finger. Today he's almost as good as ever.

"That's the way I felt. I got a sudden glowing conviction that if I exercised what faculties I had, I'd speedily develop more faculties; and that gave me a feeling of tremendous inrushing vitality, as though I had sprung a leak. Gosh! I had a strong urge to get at it, and an eager interest as to the results when I did get at it! It was like the times you step off at rail head, and the Indian is waiting in the canoe on the float, and the lake

stretches out into the milky distance where the spruce closes in, and then starts the Trail—you know!”

“I can imagine,” I agreed.

“Only a thousand times more so,” he supplemented. “It was great! I almost forgot I was so weakish and lumpish that I couldn’t see a thing or know a thing, not even how to take one step forward.”

“But didn’t you *see* anything, or *touch* anything?” I insisted. “Were you just suspended out in space?”

“No,” he hesitated, “not that. I was in an environment.”

“What kind of an environment?”

“I corresponded with it poorly,” he explained. “It was a place of beauty, and great vitality, and endless possibility, and infinite and personal humanity, and friendly helpfulness—I suppose that answers your question as to whether anybody else was there—and a certain simplicity—”

“Yes, but what was it *like*?” I interrupted.

“I’m telling you all I could sense. I hadn’t earned anything more.”

I digested this a moment.

“Humph!” I grunted. “Cheerful outlook!”

“It seemed quite cheerful; in fact, inspiring and highly desirable—even to me. And I was worse equipped than many, I imagine. There is no real reason why I should have been so blind, no reason

at all, except that I hadn't had sense enough to get me an outfit. I'd done the way a lot of us do, I suppose—just postponed. 'Time enough when we get there' idea. The sudden realization of that is really what brought me back, I suppose."

"How come?" I inquired.

"Why, I felt ashamed of myself; I was mortified! Here was I, an old hand at the exploring game, absolutely afoot in a strange country! And I had the rottenest sort of an outfit! I was ashamed to be starting out with such an outfit. I was a dazed and helpless immigrant; and I had always prided myself on my ability to take care of myself anywhere.

"And I'd known I was coming: everybody knows he is coming. I wouldn't take a fishing trip over Sunday so poorly equipped. Lord, I was just plain ashamed of myself! Stupid! Silly! Worse than those slobs who start out with low shoes and a cotton blanket and everything essential forgotten, so that all the old-timers have to pool in to fit them out, just so they won't perish! I'd cussed those fellows out enough in my time, and here I was in the same fix! . . . You thinking of hitting that ball between now and sun-down? I'm going to lick you these last two holes."

"In a minute," I waved this aside impatiently. "What next?"

"I felt so humiliated that I became obsessed with one thing—a consuming regret that I hadn't

a better outfit; I could see plainly enough that I might have had it. That regret was so keen that it must have got some sort of response. Somebody said—no, nobody said—it was like it was before when I was pronounced ‘successfully dead’—it was borne in on me in some inner fashion. It *seemed* as if someone said, ‘Let’s give him a new start.’

“And at that I seemed to come zig-zagging down like an autumn leaf, and the first thing I knew I was lying in bed, and a lot of scared and excited people were doing things to me, and chattering about an inexplicable and marvelous resuscitation, and all that sort of thing. I didn’t say much, but I knew the explanation. It wasn’t so confounded inexplicable. I had come back for a better outfit, and glad of the chance. The next time I die,” concluded Thrackleford earnestly, “I’m going to do it with some *savoir faire*.”

“That’s the most extraordinary vision I ever heard of!” I exclaimed.

“Vision nothing! I was dead, I tell you. And that’s all I know about ‘Heaven.’ But it’s one fine country, and I’m going to explore it, and I’m going to make a better start than I did last time!”

I started to say something, but was interrupted by a rough and sarcastic voice. I looked up in surprise to find a caddie addressing me. He was a hobbledehoy who occasionally came out from

the city. I never approved of him. He is too old to be a caddie, anyway. He's cross-eyed and has command of a silent but potent contempt; and he has no manners at all for anybody who does not shoot in the eighties.

"Say," he observed witheringly, "are youse guys going to stay in your trance, or what? We been yelling *fore* at you for the last hour!"

I glanced up hastily to discover the lady champion and three others waiting in attitudes of exasperation and impatience about a hundred yards away. Behind them, as far as the eye could reach, were others at spaced intervals.

"Good lord!" I cried, "the women have caught up with us!"

I topped my ball miserably. I never *can* play when I feel that somebody is right behind me, waiting. Thrackleford hit a long, sweet one with his brassie. He seemed quite unperturbed.

"That, as I was saying, accounts for my peculiar game. Just as I couldn't take over there any of my dinky little skills and expedients; so I couldn't bring back here anything but sort of a general feeling of things, as you might say, and not intellectual ideas."

"Don't quite follow you," said I.

"Why, don't you see: I'm rotten at the short game where I have to *think* what I'm doing—how much or how little steam to put in it, and just how much to strike under the ball, and all that

small, dinky, finicky, fine stuff. But a full stroke is not a matter of thinking about it. It's a matter of rhythm and timing and—well, it's a matter of how the swing *feels!*"

"Yes, that's right," I agreed.

"You don't have to think of distance, or holding back, or letting out. It's a *full* stroke. Well, being dead didn't help me on short strokes where I had to think; but it did on the long strokes, where I simply had to know the feel of them. That's one of the big feelings Over There."

"What?" I asked, puzzled.

"Free, wide, and handsome," he explained.

He took the last two holes—and I had begun to think I was going to win a match at last! It was most annoying, and I was thoroughly chagrined. It was all due to those women; I never can play when they are right at my heels. Or perhaps I'd have to die to improve my game. At any rate, I am afraid I did not add to my outfit for eternity. But I got an idea.



Success

ROBERT COLLIER

Success consists—not of getting—but of doing.

The greatest asset of a man is not the amount of riches he has accumulated—but his ability to do things, his knowledge, his experience.

Long before the days of '49 Indians found gold in the California streams. But those vast riches meant nothing to them because they didn't know what to do with them.

More than a hundred years ago, an enterprising miner brought a load of anthracite to Philadelphia, but he had to dump it in a back lot, because no one knew what to do with it.

When oil was first found in Ohio, it was full of sulphur and for a long time went to waste, because no one knew what to do with it. Then one man showed them how to refine the sulphur out of it and the few who had held on to the oil made fortunes.

Knowledge first—riches after. For the riches are

useless until someone learns how to use them. Gold, oil, coal, diamonds—all these have been trampled underfoot until the man with knowledge showed what to do with them.

New and undiscovered riches are all around us—the power of the atom, the strength of the tides, the heat of the sunlight—waiting only for the right knowledge to show how they may be used. And these are only the beginning. There are thousands of sources of riches as yet undiscovered—each one offering wealth untold to the man with the knowledge to find them.

So don't waste time looking merely for riches. You are looking right *at* them all the time—and you can't see them! Seek knowledge first—seek understanding—and the first thing you know you will find that the riches have been right under your nose all the time.

Two Miracles

GRAZIA DELEDDA

WITH eyes fastened upon the rosary of mother-of-pearl in her hand, "Zia" Batòra climbed the steep path which led from the village of Bitti up to the Church of Our Lady of Miracles, an unassuming edifice, famous throughout the entire island of Sardinia and so named because of the many miracles performed within its walls.

The festival was one of the few which still retained its awe-inspiring character and ancient glory. Mountains were crossed and valleys traversed on foot in order to reach the shrine of the wonder-working Madonna, who never failed to give in each successive year some new proof of her power.

"Zia" Batòra was a devoted follower of Our Lady of Miracles. On the first Monday of every month she took the path toward the church, telling her beads all the way, and during the three days of the feast she knelt there morning and evening and prayed fervently. She prayed to the Madonna for a miracle; she prayed for peace, for

peace in her heart so restless and disturbed—for peace at once and without further watching and waiting—but always in vain. Days and months glided by, while bitterness and desolation became stagnant in the soul of “Zia” Batòra.

She could not forget—her heart was bruised and bleeding—and although supplied with every material want, she felt herself poorer than the most miserable beggar, and saw her happiness sink down beyond the desolate horizon of the future.

Batòra’s house, with its carved wooden balconies, commanding a view of the church, stood out against the clear horizon in the ruddy September sunset, like the painted landscape in the background of the picture of the Resurrection over the altar. But the house was desolate and spiritually empty, as was the soul of her who occupied it—and yet it was so filled with all the material gifts of God.

Sadurra, the only child of “Zia” Batòra, had fallen in love with a young man, poor and of humble birth. Because of her social position the mother rebelled against this affection as almost unnatural, since, besides being wealthy, she belonged to that aristocratic portion of the Sardinian people called “*Principali*,” a class prominent and influential, and still imbued with the haughtiness of the Spaniards who were at one time the richest and most powerful of all the island’s population.

But the beautiful Sadurra in her twenty-first year fled from the paternal roof to unite herself

with the man of her heart, and the elopement gave rise to unlimited scandal in Bitti and the nearby villages.

The blow was a crushing one, and "Zia" Batòra was totally overcome. Never had mother loved a daughter as she loved hers. For twenty years since the murder of her husband she had concentrated all her affection, all her hope, on Sadurra, picturing for her a brilliant future, which naturally included a husband rich, esteemed, and belonging to the "Principali"; such a man as could avenge the death of the father.

Now, every wish, every hope, every affection had vanished, and "Zia" Batòra, kneeling on the hearthstone, cursed her daughter. She cursed the mother's milk which had given the child sustenance. She cursed her own gray hairs, and by the golden crucifix on her rosary she swore to never again think of her daughter except as a mortal enemy. And so she lived alone in a house void of comfort or hope. She saw herself dishonored, and felt keenly the triumph of those of her own position whom jealousy had made enemies.

No evidence, however, of grief or bitterness could be detected upon her pale and rigid features, none in her hard, cold, and sunken eyes nor in her thin, white lips.

"Batòra is strong," people said: "misfortune does not humble her."

But her heart was shattered so that she could

not weep. She only hated and—prayed. Many a time after listening to the counsel of enemies, or even friends, she was prompted to pay an assassin to kill Peppe Nieglià, the husband of Sadurra; but religious fear had always stood in the way of such a crime.

She had made her will in favor of the Church of the Miracles, and day and night besought the merciful Madonna to give her peace, but, as always, in vain.

Eighteen months after the lamentable event she nursed the same hatred, and neither the knowledge that Sadurra was leading a life of misery and drudgery, nor the satisfaction of having more than once brutally repelled her entreaties for pardon, could console Batòra.

With eyes fastened upon the rosary of mother-of-pearl in her hand, "Zia" Batòra slowly climbed the steep path which led to the church.

In spite of the fact that at Bitti—contrary to the custom of the other Sardinian villages—the widows after a certain period resumed their bright-colored attire, she had always continued to dress in mourning, with the exception of two strips of silver lace in the form of a cross on the crown of her bonnet. These were half-concealed by a heavy veil, and were possibly some mysterious symbol of which Batòra alone knew the meaning. Her laced bodice, open in front, displayed a richly em-

broidered chemisette, the only luxury permitted in the costume of Bitti, and underneath the short skirt of alpaca was a longer white skirt of muslin.

A gayly dressed crowd filled the narrow streets and the open square in front of the church. The neighboring villages had contributed to swell the multitude, and the market town of Bitti in the scintillating September sunlight presented a gorgeous picture, with its frame of fresh green fields in the distance.

"Zia" Batòra continued her ascent unmindful of the crowds, and, having arrived in front of the church, she stopped and made the sign of the cross before one of the innumerable processions which were passing.

It was a feature of the Festival of the Miracles that any devotee might pay for one of these processions. A contribution to the church of from one to fifty "scudi" caused the procession to start. First came a priest carrying a lighted taper, and then followed a line of worshipers from different villages with the banners of their religious societies. Each procession would make a single turn around the church, re-enter, and appear again on behalf of another contributor; so that in one short morning dozens of such processions might take place.

In contrast with all this solemnity, the frivolous minded were indulging in one of their native dances, the "duru-duru," on the opposite side of the square. The merriment was at its height in spite of dust

and sun, and refreshment venders were circulating among the crowd, offering consolation to the hungry and thirsty.

"Zia" Batòra entered the church. It was filled to overflowing with people from different localities, and different also in costume and speech, many of whom had come from miles away, with feet bare and heads uncovered. From the motley assemblage arose a confused murmur, amounting almost to an uproar, and all the women seemed to be talking at once, unconscious of the babel they were creating.

"Zia" Batòra found difficulty in making her way through the mass, but by dint of perseverance she finally succeeded in reaching the spot near the center of the church where she was accustomed to kneel.

"What is happening?" she asked of an acquaintance.

"It is a young girl possessed of an evil spirit," replied the person addressed in an excited tone. "After mass it will be exorcised, and the Lord grant that our Madonna may perform a miracle. The news has spread through the entire crowd, and every one is trembling with fear and horror."

"How dreadful!"

"Yes; the poor thing is in continual torment, and acts as if she were mad. Her strength is marvelous for one of her age. She breaks everything within reach."

Batòra shuddered as she endeavored to get a glimpse of the pitiful spectacle.

"She is not yet in the church. They will bring her in, bound, after mass."

"But if the spirit is driven out of the child, will it not seek to enter the body of some other person?" asked Batòra.

"That I do not know. But if our Madonna performs the miracle she will make it complete by banishing the evil spirit from the earth forever.

The mass began. Everyone arose. The heat was intense, and the anticipation of the approaching ceremony held all spell-bound.

Batòra alone was not absorbed by it. Her face was white and her eyes feverish, and though the latter were directed toward the altar they saw something entirely different.

Near Batòra were three women standing upon a bench, and one of them was holding in her arms a chubby infant with cheeks like roses. The laughter and playfulness of the babe were diverting the women and relieving the tension of delay. The young mother was pale and thin, but in spite of that her features showed traces of great beauty. It was Sadurra, in ill health and shabbily dressed. She saw her mother's cold and indifferent manner, and made an effort to restrain her tears.

"Not even one look at the 'bambino,' who is so pretty, and who in addition bears the name of its dead grandfather!" No! her mother was doubtless

beside herself with rage, and was calling down curses on the curly head of the innocent. At the idea Sadurra could no longer refrain from weeping, and was tempted to leave the church.

But Batòra did not curse the "bambino," and the sight of it even softened the anger which the presence of Sadurra had aroused. She had never seen the child, and had not realized how deeply she could be affected. It was the first time, also, that she had seen her daughter since her marriage.

How changed she was! She seemed like a beggar. She seemed—"Zia" Batòra had not yet explored the depths of her heart. Under the layers of resentment and anger, perhaps some little pity for her daughter might be concealed.

Signora Santissima! How pretty the child is, and the eyes, how like its grandfather's.

The mass proceeded. The bell rang for the elevation of the Host, and for a moment all was hushed. "Zia" Batòra prayed, but only with her lips. She was conscious of nothing save the tumult of voices within her. Anger, humiliation, and regret; bitterness and tenderness; hate, pity, and love were mingled together in her heart, and engaged in a maddening struggle.

She felt the eyes of her daughter fixed upon her and experienced an inexpressible sensation of grief. She yearned to kiss the cheeks of her grandchild, and at the same time longed to dash its head against the wall. Sadurra had simply brought the

infant for the purpose of stirring up the past, and her enemies were watching her humiliation with smiles of satisfaction!

"Dio Santissimo." It was torture! Would the mass never be finished?

The rapt attention grew more intense; morbid curiosity and fear had driven the crowd almost to a frenzy. Women fainted from heat and fatigue. Even the merry-makers and venders had pushed their way into the church. Behind the choir a group of gendarmerie added color to the picture.

"Zia" Batòra was nearly suffocated in her heavy bonnet and long black veil, and found herself pushed to the very foot of the bench on which Sadurra was standing. Her agitation was increased by fear of the supernatural, and she felt sure her trembling was noticeable to all about her.

At last a low murmur ran through the crowd. The child with the evil spirit was being brought in, and "Zia" Batòra caught a glimpse of her. The wasted little body was clad entirely in black, and the eyes were of a strange metallic color and shone with an unearthly light. The child was bound, but made no effort at resistance, nor did she utter a sound.

When, however, the ceremony of exorcising was finished and the crucifix presented to her to kiss, a piercing shriek which seemed to come from the

evil spirit within rang out through the church. Men and women turned pale and held their breath.

On her knees at the altar rail, a woman was praying. She was the mother of the child, and her loud sobs and spasmodic weeping could be plainly heard. Batòra all at once felt her heart soften and was conscious of an unusual feeling of pity for the woman so grievously afflicted.

The crowd, having recovered from its fear, was no longer silent, and confused murmurs echoed and re-echoed from the opposite walls of the church. As the noise increased Batòra suddenly thought she heard her own name called by a mysterious voice. The woman of Alà seemed to be saying, "Why do you come here to bewail? What have you to desire, what have you to ask? I alone am unhappy. What mother can be so unfortunate? Batòra, Batòra, conquer your pride!" and her own name was repeated a thousand times by the echoes of the church. A wave of remorse and repentance surged through her heart, and a feeling of overwhelming tenderness prompted her to turn and kiss the cheek of the infant whose breath almost touched her face, but she could not; no, as yet she could not!

The heartrending spectacle at the altar, combined with such a display of maternal grief and love, had aroused in Batòra a series of bewildering sensations, and the sobs of the mother heard above the shrieks of the child had the effect upon her of

acute physical pain. She knew not where nor how, but she felt herself suffocated, strangled.

All of a sudden Batòra saw the mother of the child arise as if by inspiration and dry her tears. She took the crucifix from the hands of the priest and in an attitude of deepest reverence held it before the face of the child.

The little one was quiet in an instant. It was like enchantment. Her eyes melted into a fatigue and dreamy languor, and sinking into an attitude of prayer she repeated the "Ave Maria" in a voice subdued and full of piety.

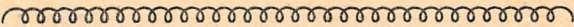
"Figlia mia—daughter mine!" cried the mother, overcome with joy.

The crowd dropped to their knees, and with trembling voice responded to the "Ave Maria" of the child.

The miracle had been performed. The entire congregation gave vent to that sobbing and wailing which is the expression of fear of the supernatural—of the surprise and dread felt by the soul at the mysterious exhibition of its own simplicity.

"Zia" Batòra was one of these.

She returned to the village with the babe of Sadurra in her arms and its mother by her side, while the good people of Bitti said to one another, "This year our Madonna has performed not one, but two miracles."



Ill-Health Is an Outlaw

HARRY GRANISON HILL

LET us begin by stating some self-proving principles which every clear-minded thinker will accept as valid and true.

Once we have accepted these broad fundamentals, they become immense circles enclosing within their circumference many minor and yet necessary deductions.

This is a logical method since it proceeds from the general to the particular, from the whole to the parts of the whole.

Philosophers are usually much interested in generalizations of principles, but the matter-of-fact man-of-the-street is much more interested in the particular application of practical items which he can apply to his everyday interests.

Now, all this is as it should be, but sometimes we find the philosopher and the practically minded man combined in one individuality. This is an almost ideal combination, for on the one hand he

thinks clearly and on the other hand he acts wisely. Jesus commended just such a combination when he referred to the man who both "*hears* the word and *doeth* it."

In another scriptural quotation we learn that, "He that *doeth* the will shall *know* the doctrine." The history of humanity would have been a much happier account had men observed both these counter-balancing and complimentary courses of thought and conduct.

The journey upward has been unnecessarily long and tortuous because men have thought without acting or acted without thinking.

For thousands of years man has been toiling up the slow spiral of progress. His journey has been marked by frequent detours, back tracks and weary wanderings. In his thinking he has entertained error, shut his eyes to apparent truth and hesitantly acknowledged the most palpable conclusions. In his actions he has denied his own judgment, refused to follow his inner voice and made repeated attempts to defy the laws and forces of the universe.

If there is a human perversity, it is manifest in our apparent decision that we will accept truth only when we have exhausted ourselves in attempting every possible species of error. We are forever trying every possible pathway of error before we even attempt the easy way of truth. And how we have paid for it!

While these statements apply to almost every human interest, we may perhaps make specific application and thus point out the way of approach to at least one subject of universal human interest—*that is health.*

Mankind is today enjoying health to a greater degree than ever before. Physical well-being is increasing. Yet there are millions who are occasionally ill, hundreds of thousands in hospitals and thousands upon thousands who are wholly incapacitated by disease so that they are no longer able to maintain themselves or contribute to the support of others. Laying aside all considerations of pain and suffering, we must recognize the vast economic problem of inefficiency and nonproduction due to illness.

This condition has existed so long that men have learned to accept it as a matter of course, they complacently endure it and seem never to think of it otherwise than as belonging to the general scheme of the universe. Comparatively few men have ever dared to think of ill-health and physical suffering as abnormal and contrary to the general order of nature and of God. This is because they have failed to think. They have failed to particularize principles which they will all agree are sound and true. To accept these fundamental principles is to rate disease as absurd and contradictory to every aspect of God and his creation.

If ill-health is normal, then this is not normally

a good world. If God has made ill-health and disease the natural order, then God is either not Good or He is denying His Self. If all human suffering is in accordance with the Divine Will, then we should not worship God but we should rebel against him as an evil deity and defy him as a monstrous tyrant—none other than such a creature could deal out such a destiny to his subject creatures.

We must therefore abandon our habitual attitude toward disease, or accept the idea of a bad God. If we hold to the belief that God is All and God is Good, then we must revise our attitude regarding human ills. There is no alternative. We cannot hold to both of these contradictory conceptions.

We are now forced to conclude that this is a good universe, presided over by a good God, who wills welfare to his creatures, who has set certain laws, called nature's laws, conformity to which will give men vigor, vitality, health, harmony, peace, happiness and physical, mental and spiritual well-being. Our ideas of normalcy must be in full accord with this statement of the ordered nature of things.

Immediately we must conclude that all weakness, discord, disease, and death, together with all unhappiness, are abnormal and contrary to the laws of the universe. Such conclusions must of necessity change our whole thought regarding health, in both its positive and negative aspects.

Just as long as men believed that sickness was a necessary evil which they must endure, just as

long as they resigned themselves to physical disability and looked upon all such conditions as being in conformity to the Divine Will, just so long were they and have they been identifying patient endurance and grim, uncomplaining suffering, with commendable fortitude, saintliness and martyrdom.

But since some men and women have come to the new idea that sickness is sin, that ill-health is an outlaw and suffering an unnecessary evil, they are prompted to throw off their thralldom and claim their true birth-right of health, harmony and freedom.

If ill-health were in accordance with the Divine Will, then every healer, Doctor and hospital is ungodly and every effort to restore or maintain good health is in intent opposed to Providence.

But since it is the Father's good pleasure to give us well-being, then all efforts and agencies which aim to maintain or restore the natural condition amount to a religious exercise. Just as soon as we realize that sickness is contrary to the general character of life, we become ready to outlaw such things and declare war upon them, demanding that they cease at once. We rise in dignity and power and proceed to destroy them.

Let us for a moment stretch our imaginations and contemplate a situation in which men—all men—would change their minds, in a moment or a day, and by this change cast out all condescension to

sickness, what a wonderful revolution would occur in this old world!

Paul admonished us, saying—"be not con-formed to the thinking of this world (error) but be ye *trans*-formed by the renewing (correction) of your minds." Man has compromised too long with disease. He has spent too much time wandering in the wilderness of suffering and sickness. Man has experienced the rewards of his own error far beyond all necessity.

Why not *know* that health, strength, harmony are the normal rewards of conformity to the Divine order.

It is not the pleasure of our Heavenly Father that any of his creatures should suffer. It is His pleasure to give unto us all good things.

Men have been like servile slaves, enduring and suffering under the lash of a false master. Let them rebel, and let them do it at once!

Nothing but Good can come from God. There is nothing real which comes from any other source. Therefore all that is real is of God and must be good. All else is unreal and is but the absence of reality.

Life is of God and from God, it is good.

Death is not of God or from God, it is not good.

Health is of God and from God, it is good.

Ill-health is not of God and not from God, it is not good.

Only he who can deny these axioms, or prove

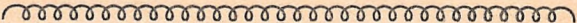
them to be false, can consistently put up with ill-health. When he truly accepts these basic truths, he will find that there is an immediate change in his condition. As a man thinks regarding ill-health, so is his dis-ease or in-harmony.

This does not, of course, apply to a superficial mouthing of mere words; it implies complete and deep convictions, which accept no "mental reservations," but which believe until they *know*. To know the Truth is to have Freedom.

All the current of life flows in the direction of health, which is harmony of thought and ways of living.

Disease is set against this tide of power. Even when there is no conscious attempt at healing, no agency engaged in the effort to restore health, we find nature (God) automatically stepping in and performing the work of restoration. In fact, physicians contend that 90% of all diseases cure themselves. Nature, in short, is the greatest remedy as well as the greatest physician. Balance is natural, unbalance is strain, and sooner or later balance will be restored.

Ease is natural—disease is unnatural. Discord is contrary to Divine Will—it has no permanency. Only the error of men gives it a temporary stay of existence. Sooner or later it will cease. When the minds of men are in accordance with the Cosmic Mind, the result is bound to be love, peace, comfort, and good-health.



He Started Something

THE STORY OF JACK L. BAKER

MAY HUSKIN

THIS story is about a cripple, yet in the eyes of thousands he is not a cripple. Speaking of cripples, did you ever ask yourself if there are not two kinds of cripples, physical and mental?

There are some people who have all their limbs and faculties intact, yet they do not make good use of them. They are real cripples. Mr. Jack Baker, who lives near Cooper, Texas, lost the power of all his limbs, with the exception of his left arm. But he now gets around in the fresh air and has far better health and more joy in life than many a normal man.

Here are the facts in his case as he told them to me:

"A man's arms and legs are useful, to be sure, but I have to do without three-fourths of mine. In other words, I kick and fight with my brains. I have found out that it is up to the cripple himself to

succeed. More men, I believe, slump over attempting to do nothing than for any other reason. My proof of this is my own conviction based upon my own experience. The old saying that 'A good laugh is worth more than a bottle of medicine,' I believe has more truth in it than poetry. Many people get the idea that a cripple and a sick man are one and the same—and that idea has done more to enslave and discourage the well cripple than any other belief spun on the looms of ignorance. Because one's legs or arms happen to be useless, there is not the remotest reason why one should be sick.

"At the age of twenty-seven, while at Kansas City, Missouri, paralysis laid its heavy hand upon me and almost crushed me, depriving me of the use of exactly one-half my body. That alone would not have been so bad had I not lost my left leg (five inches below the knee) when I was but ten years old. Thus, I was absolutely helpless. I was but a horribly crippled man with the use of my left arm only as a means of locomotion. In other words, just three-fourths of my whole body was useless. And before I had time to realize what had happened, I lay in a narrow white bed in St. Mary's hospital among hundreds of other suffering humans. I had only one-fourth of my limbs, namely my left arm, but I thank God I had four-fourths of my mind.

"The doctor came every day during the four months I was at St. Mary's Hospital, but to no

avail. Then I was put into a wheel chair and brought to a sanitarium at Greenville, Texas, where I remained for three months. I believe the doctors did all they could, but it was the same old story. If any one was ever discouraged, I was. But while in bed, I read and re-read of other cripples who failed to stay down, and who had made a success in life despite their handicap. This so encouraged me that I made up my mind that I, too, would make my goal in life or else die in the attempt. I felt that whatever I had the will to do, I could do. I just put all my energy into what I was aiming at. If ever a man did concentrate, I did. My case had been diagnosed correctly. The truth often hurts. It had hurt me, but it did me a world of good. I registered a vow that I would conquer and that the same bit of truth never would hurt me again.

"As I have said, at the age of twenty-seven I was a victim of paralysis, but today I am self-supporting. I have worked up a nice little mail order business that requires all my time in the forenoon, and in the afternoon I attend to my free-lance writing. But had I always been what people grew to call 'sick' instead of crippled, I fear that I should never have been self-supporting, much less achieving a success far beyond the ordinary. I have achieved success that to the normal would only be nominal, yet my success is known for many miles.

"I believe that any man or woman who will find an intense interest in life and follow it earnestly,

has the best guarantee of good health and prolonged activity. And because I have always believed that, I have found not the *Job*, but instead, the position of which I had always dreamed—that of being self-supporting and achieving a success beyond the ordinary.”

What did Jack Baker do? Nothing that any other man, well or crippled, cannot do.

To begin with, he borrowed \$25. That formed his entire capital. With part of this \$25, he paid the first instalment on a second-hand typewriter, and set about learning to use it with his one good hand.

Then for \$12.50 he bought half a dozen pearl necklaces, and offered them for sale in two of the leading mail order magazines. Within a month, he had sold enough at a goodly profit to buy other merchandise.

Soon he had enough items to issue a small, 12-page catalogue, and sales were constantly on the increase.

But even with their increase, it didn't take more than three or four hours of the day to handle them. The rest of the time he was idle. So he hit upon the idea of writing agricultural articles for farm papers. He had lived on a farm for years, felt that he knew the farmer's problems intimately, and now he had both the time and the ability to write about them.

He wrote a short article and sent it to *Farm and*

Ranch. Back came a check promptly for \$2.50. His joy was out of all proportion to the amount of the payment. Almost he framed the check, for it meant the opening of a new field to him.

That was four years ago. Today he has had articles in practically all the farm papers, and in addition, his work has appeared in many of the national magazines as well as trade and technical journals.

His mail order business, which he started in one corner of his little room at home, now occupies the entire room. Not a large establishment, it is true, but sufficient to make him self-supporting and to occupy half his time profitably.

Big mail order concerns would laugh at his little business, but to Jack Baker it has meant a new lease on life—it has given him self-reliance, a purpose in life and the belief in himself that is fast making an author of him.





The Consultant's Corner



2. Some time ago I was engaged in staking out a large tract into acre lots several miles from the City and one morning, after picking up two of my crew in a suburb on my way to our work, we were driving along the Main Highway nearing a curve, the further end of which was hidden by trees, when suddenly a large Reo Speed Wagon swept around the curve at a tremendous speed. Quite evidently the driver thought he could not hold the curve, so he foolishly set his brakes, and the rear end, which was loaded heavily with groceries, started to skid and headed right for our car. It all happened in a matter of split seconds and I took to the ditch, when out of the tail of my eye I saw the truck react to the skid and swing in the opposite direction and roll over two or three times, throwing the two occupants with the groceries into the opposite ditch and pinning the driver underneath the truck.

Both occupants lay still among the flour and canned goods. As we jumped from our car, someone yelled—"One of em's under the truck." We rushed over and got down on one side but could not see anything, except flour dust. Then we all heard it—a gasping whisper—"Take—her off—boys—she's killin' me." Then someone else yelled—"For God's sake lift it up. Now up she comes—lift—lift, now up she comes, now altogether." And behold! up she did come. One of my boys kicked a box under the side and we hauled him out unconscious. It was his last gasp we had heard. Now what was it gave three average men the strength to lift one side of 3800 lbs?

D. W. Van V. Juniper, Fla.

A. If you will read "The Law of the Higher Potential" in the September MIND, INC., and "Old Man Gravity" in the October MIND, INC., you will find the answer far more clearly and fully given than would be possible in the short confines of a letter.

You HAVE the strength for this or any other need all the time, but it takes some strong emotional urge to release it.

Q. Eleven years ago I married a boy who was in comfortable circumstances financially, his money and most of his mother's being invested in gold mining stock.

He had never worked because of an injury to his leg when a child, which left him a little lame. Otherwise, he is perfectly healthy.

After we had been married about five years, and had had two children, those stocks stopped paying dividends and I was told our only source of income was what his mother gave my husband every month.

It hurt me to think we had to depend upon others for support but I tried my best, thinking it would only be for a short time and economizing in every way.

The other day, I asked his mother if she would not stop giving him money so he would be obliged to do something, explaining to her that it would be much better for him in every way. She refused, saying he had never done anything and that it would be foolish for him to start now. His mother supplies him with a car and boat for his pleasures, besides giving him an allowance.

I have thought seriously of getting a position myself, but I know that if I do, my boys will suffer as I could not look after them properly.

If you feel you have the time to advise me, you can rest assured it will be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. A. H., Los Angeles, Calif.

A. The situation outlined in your letter is a difficult one and I don't wonder that you feel a bit discouraged.

Under separate cover I'm mailing you the first copy of our new magazine, "MIND, INC.," in the first 28 pages of which you will find a Lesson which I'd like you to read. Not only to read but to put the exercise into practice.

With your husband and his mother feeling as they do, it is useless to argue with them. Your solution lies, rather, in remembering that there is only one Mind. You are part of it, they are part of it, and if you can get across your idea to it, it will permeate their minds too. But to get across your idea you must not go about it in a resentful way. You must forget all mistakes of the past and work only for what is to the best interest of all concerned. Try to put yourself in your husband's place. Think what you would like to do. Think what your particular characteristics best fit you to do, then put it up to Mind to find such an opening, and to lead your husband into it.

As for yourself, I would not think of taking an outside position unless it's really necessary. Instead, try to find the thing for which your own talents best fit you. Then see if you can't start doing it at home in between your regular duties. Plenty of big successes have been started in just that way in the fields of writing, of candy making, of designing, of art, and a dozen others.

Q. For the past few months I have been reading and devouring your powerful, wonderful, inspiring volumes, called "The Book of Life." On my desk as I write you is the little volume No. 6, and the subject most vital at this hour is the chapter called The Song of Life. This morning I arose with a heart heavier than lead, feeling that I must start in again with the probing of instruments and cocaine to shrink a swollen sinus, and again I went to my desk

and dug out No. 6 of your precious volumes. I have read and read, and tried to sink in the "new cell growth" that you explain so beautifully, and now, at this moment, I seem immune from every dull throbbing of pain. I am going to complete this desire to write to you now. I surely need help at times for I am endeavoring to drift from Physical Suffering to the Mental Stage or Mind, as you call it. I have preached, really preached, to loved ones ever since I got your books.

Do you think one can heal defective teeth? I have a root in my mouth. Should I have it drawn or can it heal of itself? It inflames at times and aches and I am trying hard to image perfectness. As for the rest of my teeth, some dentists think I should have my teeth extracted; others claim I can cure the bleeding gums and retain my teeth. This is one of my greatest problems and I am trying to follow your teachings.

E. L. A., Boston.

A. I've read your interesting letter of the 27th and shall be very glad to help you all I can. First, to answer your inquiries, we're enclosing postcard which will bring the Life Magnet books to you for free examination.

About the broken root of a tooth—we believe you would do better to have it out.

As we see it, God puts into each one of us a seed of life with infinite power for growth and expression. He gives to us His perfect image of us in which to manifest that life, but He gives us also free will to manifest it in any other way we desire.

The life in you has been manifesting itself in the form of disease. What is the remedy? To take the life out of these forms by disclaiming them as yours and starting over again by putting your seed of life into God's image of you and bidding it to grow only there.

What did Jesus do when He cured the sick? He com-

manded the devil to get out of them. In other words, He disclaimed for them the wrong image of their bodies into which they had put their life and He charged the life in them to make itself manifest in the image God held of them.

What does a doctor do to cure disease? He uses a drug to kill off the wrong image, hoping that then the life in his patient will manifest itself in the right image. To the extent that he truly believes it will, his belief communicates itself to his patient, and healing results.

What must you do? Disclaim all these evidences of disease as belonging to you. Take your life out of them and put it into God's perfect images, by feeling the new life entering into them, increasing and multiplying and bringing forth fruit.

We're starting a course of lessons in the magazine, called *MIND, INC.*, the fifth, sixth and seventh lessons of which will be devoted to Healing.

2. Some time ago I bought from you a set of seven little books, called "The Secret of the Ages." I must say they are the best I have ever read and have been helped considerably through the reading of them. Whenever I am up before a congregation of people, I have a trembling in my voice so severe that I can barely speak so that my voice can be heard. Can you help me overcome this difficulty by personal instruction? I will be glad to pay you for your help.

T. H. T., Worcester, Mass.

A. I'm sorry we haven't the time to give personal instruction else we'd gladly help you with your trouble.

If you will bear this thought in mind, however, I think you can overcome it yourself.

Fear of your audience is due solely to thinking too much

about yourself. You are subconsciously worrying about what they are thinking of you, what they are saying, etc. Try to forget yourself. Try to think only of what you are going to give them, of the good you are going to do them, of the wonderful message you have for them.

If you can center your thought on them and forget yourself, you'll never have any fear no matter how big your audience.

2 I am a widow, engaged to be married. My fiance and I are both middle-aged. He is just himself, and I care enough for him to do anything on earth for his happiness. Now for my problem:

Mr. S—— is involved in some real estate here which takes up so much of his time. He seems to want things all "shaped up". I want his companionship and want to marry soon. I am desperately lonely. My only son is out every night and while I could go I don't care to 'cause I'm just wrapped up heart and soul in Mr. S—— and can see no reason why people our age should wait. Wait—for what? It exasperates me. He spends every possible moment with me, but still I'm lonely so much that it has made me disheartened.

Please tell me, Mr. Collier, the "modus operandi" now.

I am restless and unhappy now, and, in the final analysis, want to establish our new home soon so my boy may be free to plan his future.

Mrs. A. W., Long Island, N. Y.

A. There would seem to be no reason in your case for waiting to get married, but I'm sure I don't need to suggest to one of your experience with men that the worst thing possible would be for you to appear to want to hurry up the marriage. Even the best of men, you know, is pretty much like a mule. You can lead him anywhere

so long as he doesn't realize that he is being led, but try to push him—and oh my!

I can readily understand that you would be lonely, and now that you have the opportunity for the right sort of companionship again, you are anxious to avail yourself of it at once. But love is more than that.

Real love, you know, is selfless and free from fear. It pours itself out upon the object of its affection without demanding any return. Its joy is the joy of giving. And real love draws to itself its own. It does not need to demand.

Give such a perfect love, and you will receive it in return. Give him an unselfish love, demanding nothing, never criticizing nor condemning, but blessing him wherever he is and whatever he's doing.

When you can send out such a love as that, real love will come back to you, for as you are one with God you are one with the love which belongs to you by Divine right.

And remember, love is magnetic. It draws the loved one to you. The more you give, the more powerfully it pulls. Whereas fear or suspicion or worry repels.

2. I hope soon to be able to send the balance on the books. No one needs them and their inspiring message more, but you hardly meant that I should literally write a draft on Faith until I have it! Frankly, did you?

As far as the purpose—"the Marconi beam"—I have already started something. My difficulties are huge and I took note that they are splendid grindstones to sharpen my tools upon.

My husband has done no work in two years—health gone—but we have a pension which does not make ends meet but does keep us from starving. I am working hard to make the needed balance at journalism. I have some talent, the education, and the taste for it. Of course, the

financial strain with broken rest, etc., do not put the mind in best of working order.

I wish I knew how to apply faith, for instance. We owe a large doctor bill, also drug bill. I do believe sincerely that the Master meant that He would provide.

S. F. E., Denver, Colo.

A. Journalism is usually a long and rather discouraging road to success. But it can be won and it needs only two things—intelligence and hard work. Have you read Prof. Walter Pitkin's book on how to write short stories? You'll probably find it in your library, and it's well worth reading.

I've started out thus discouragingly because I think the first thing you ought to concentrate upon is to win back your husband's health so as to relieve you of the burden of doctors' bills, etc.

I'm sending you the rest of the set. Don't worry about the payment—you can take care of that when it's convenient, or send back the books if it isn't.

The reason I do this is because the last two or three volumes are devoted to health and I think that if you and your husband will read and apply them, you can solve that problem quickly. Incidentally, I believe the other volume will be of help to you in contacting with the source of supply.

Q. Your magazine, "Mind, Inc.," is here. "Wonderful!" That's all I can say about it. I have given out the cards you sent me and can use many more. I've just lost my job and am left with nothing in sight. Business here is just simply—well, it "ain't," that's all.

With the best of wishes for a glorious Success to all concerned in the world's welfare and progress, I am

Sincerely,

C. F. B., Rochester, N. Y.

A. I'm sorry to hear that business seems in such poor shape. Possibly this thought will be of help to you in opening things up.

The question Life is asking of us at every turn is—"How shall I manifest myself to you?" And Life, as you know, is in everything. In our business, even in the most inanimate objects. Too often the answer we give to that question in our thoughts is—"We expect you to make things hard for us. We expect you to close up and make a dig for anything you need."

Naturally, Life responds in kind. But if you can look upon Life as Love, as a benevolent brother who is anxious to give you every good gift—if you can expect only good at every turn—that is exactly what you will get, whether it is supply you are looking for or work or any other good thing.

We're glad to send you a couple of dozen cards, under separate cover.

ONE'S OWN

Q. I received a set of your "Secret of the Ages" some time ago, and have been meeting with some of my friends each week, reading and discussing them. I was asked to write you and ask what was meant in the statement on Page 352 in Volume 4 where it says—"We need not suffer for another man's wrong, for another's greed, dishonesty, avarice or selfish ambition." *F. M. J., Denver, Colo.*

A. It's a pleasure to know that a group of you is working together with "The Secret of the Ages," and I'm glad to answer the questions you ask.

The idea I have in mind on Page 352 of Volume 4 is that we so often seem to have to suffer for another's sins. Another man steals what we have; another man tries for our place; another man covets our possessions.

The way to counteract such is to realize that we are all of us God's children, that each has his special and his chosen work, and that no matter how many millions of us there may be, there is room for all. You never hear of one ray of sunshine interfering with another ray. Each has its appointed task and its appointed place.

God has Infinite supply. You don't need to take away from another in order to get yours. All you need to do is to go to the Source.

And when He has given you something, then instead of worrying about it being taken away from you, you can feel—God gave me that. He has put my mark upon it. He has put an angel in charge of it to guard it for me. If you can feel this way about it, you will never fear its loss—and you will never lose it.

LET GO

2 I sent for your books "The Secret of the Ages" because I believe that psychology, properly applied, is the thing to bring me out from under the excessive burdens I have been carrying for several years.

Years ago, through misplaced confidence, I lost a large sum of money, and because I can't keep my mind from dwelling on the load I carry and the causes that produced it, I seem to have developed a bad case of inferiority complex.

Recently I made a connection with an investment specialty house that is offering a security that I believe to be everything that is claimed for it. I seem to dread the idea of approaching a prospect and even go so far as to seek excuses for not making calls. Yet when I gain an audience, I am at ease and can give a good presentation. If you can but "point the way," you will win my deepest appreciation.

G. G. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

A. I think one reason that seeming evils continue to follow evils and losses pile on top of losses, is the fact that you hold on to the first loss.

You know how hunters catch monkeys in Africa. They bore a hole in a cocoanut just large enough for a monkey to squeeze his hand into, then fill the nut with grain. The monkey gets a fist full of grain and his hand won't come out, where if he'd just let go he could slip his hand out as easily as it went in.

That's what you've got to do—let go of everything that's gone before. All it does is to attract more evil to you, for faith can bring anything to you, and fear is nothing but faith in evil. Remember that yesterday ended last night and start a new page with today.

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The Secret of the Ages

\$2.85 Regularly
\$7.85

200,000 sets of The Secret of the Ages have been sold in the past three years at \$7.85 to \$15 each.

From that great edition, we have left a few sets slightly scuffed from stock room handling—not enough to hurt, but still, they cannot be sold as new books.

Fine Bindings at the Price of Paper!

Rather than send these sets back to the bindery, we have decided to let the advantage go to our customers, and sell these complete sets in their fine bindings for what they would bring in the paper covers only.

Send No Money

Just mail the attached coupon, and the 7 volumes of the Secret of the Ages will be mailed you at once. When the Postman delivers them, you can deposit your \$2.85 (and the postage) with him. If then you are not more than pleased, send them back and we will refund both your \$2.85 and the postage.

-----**Tear off here and mail**-----

Robert Collier, Inc., 599 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

You may send me the 7 volumes of The Secret of the Ages in the fine Artcraft binding (the regular \$7.85 edition).

When the Postman delivers them, I will deposit with him \$2.85, plus the postage.* If I should return the books within 30 days, you are to refund my \$2.85 and the postage.

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(*We pay postage when \$2.85 is mailed with order.)

The Kingdom of the Blind

WHAT was it enabled the first primitive savage to triumph over his fellows and set himself at their head as Chief?

Not brute strength. Not courage. But a REASON-
ING MIND.

The first man to use his reasoning mind to fashion bow or sling became king of his kind. The first tribe to use their reasoning minds to draw upon the power of fire swept all before them. Why? Because—

In the Country of the Blind, The One-Eyed Are KINGS!

Today, from depending upon numbers or armaments, man has advanced until the battle is one of minds.

And now there has come into this battle a new factor, as decisive in its effects as when primitive man first threw into the scale against the animals the weight of his reasoning mind.

That factor is the Subconscious Mind—and the ones who learn first to use it are going to be the Leaders of tomorrow.

Use the Coupon

The first four copies of Mind, Inc., show you how to open the eyes of your mind, how to use the giant power of the subconscious to bring you any thing of good.

Use the coupon.

-----*Copy this Coupon and mail!*-----

MIND, Inc., 413 Cooper St., Camden, N. J.

On the distinct understanding that I get my money back at once if I return the books, you may send me the first four copies of Mind, Inc.—

The Kingdom of the Blind
The Three Laws of Life
The Open Door
The Soul of Riches

I enclose \$2 in full payment.

Name

Address

CityState

(For full year's subscription, send only \$4.85.)

"Old Man Gravity"

YOU remember the story of Sindbad and The Old Man of the Sea. You have probably laughed at the quaint conception of the author in bringing out such an unlikely tale. But do you know that there is a very real Old Man of the Sea? And that he frequently rides *your* shoulders?

When you lack ambition, when you feel discouraged and the world seems all askew, don't blame your liver. Blame, instead, the Old Man of the Sea!

Who is he? His name is "*Gravitation*". He is that same old Fundamental Law of the Universe which, properly understood, can be made to draw to you all of good. Ignored or wrongly used, he can bring you all of evil.

There is only one way to keep "Old Man Gravity" away from you. There is only one way to release his clutches, once he gets upon your shoulders. That way is clearly, simply outlined in the next issue of *Mind, Inc.*

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