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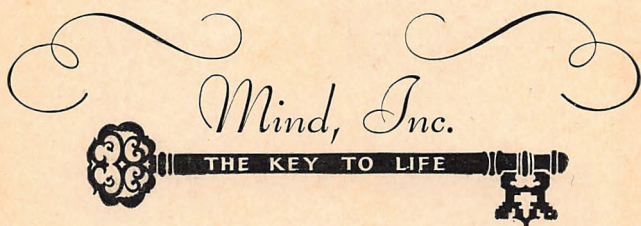
AUGUST 1930



FEATURING

THE LOST WORD OF POWER

PART I



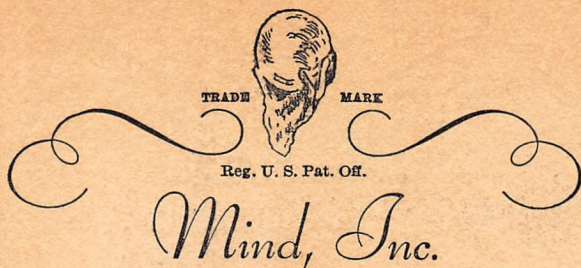
LESSON 2-A

OF THE COURSE IN

THE HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

"THE LOST WORD OF POWER"

PART I



VOL. III

AUGUST, 1930

No. 2

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Mind, Inc.

Dear Subscriber:

Since the childhood of the race, mankind has been haunted by the knowledge that all around him are riches and supplies sufficient to more than satisfy his every want—if only he could lay his hands on the key to make those riches available.

You find this thought running through the ancient Chinese and East Indian legends, you meet it in the tales of Aladdin and Ali Baba from the Arabian Nights, you come across it in the folklore and myth of every by-gone people. Van Dyke tells of it in the "Lost Word" and Longfellow in "Sandalphon."

In most of these tales, the key takes the form of some magic word, as in the story of Ali Baba, where his "Open, Sesame!" opened to him the doors of the robbers' treasure cave, containing uncounted riches.

Even among the Jewish Rabbis, there was a secret cult called the "Cabala," which believed that writing was revealed to man as a means of penetrating the Divine mysteries, and that every letter, every word and number, even every accent in the Scriptures contains a hidden meaning. And by their system of interpretations, they arrived at this hidden meaning.

But there was one word which was lost, and that word was the most important of all—the secret name of God! One of the very foundation stones of the ancient Jewish religion was that the knowl-

edge of the secret name of God enabled any one who possessed it to perform the most marvelous deeds.

This secret name was said to have been revealed to Moses by God himself, taught by him to Aaron and handed down to the High Priests of Israel. It was the secret enshrined in the Holy of Holies. It was the supreme object of all attainment, for with it one could do anything.

The possession of this secret name was believed to be the power by which Moses was able to overcome all the might of the Pharaohs, to bring down the ten plagues upon Egypt while keeping his own people free, to divide the Red Sea, to lead the Israelites through the wilderness to the edge of the Promised Land. Elijah had it, and Elisha—all the great wonder workers of antiquity—and by it they cured the sick and the

crippled, by it they defeated great armies, by it they even raised the dead.

Sounds incredible, of course, but the strange part is that *it is true!* To him who knows the secret name of God, all things are possible. It is the Lost Word of Power, the "Open Sesame!" of Aladdin, the "Schem-Hammaphoraseh" of the Israelites. What is more, you can learn it. Not only *learn* it, but *USE* it! How?

"The Word is nigh unto us," we are assured in Deuteronomy, "even in our hearts and in our mouths." But how get hold of it?

In the Book of Job, we are told that "If there be a messenger with us, an interpreter, we shall be delivered from going down into the pit." And again in Job, we are assured that by acquainting ourselves

with God, we shall not only be at peace, but shall lay up gold as dust and have plenty of silver.

On through both the Old and the New Testaments, we are told that if we possess certain understanding, all things we desire shall be ours—riches and honor, health, happiness and triumph over our enemies. And again and again we are given the records of those who triumphed through such understanding.

The Bible might well be called the Book of Promise, so many and so varied are the promises of good in it. And through all of these promises, there runs this common element—the idea that if we acquire certain wisdom, certain understanding, all good things will be given us.

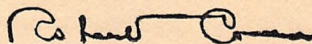
Job makes them contingent upon rightly interpreting a certain message. The Psalms speak of their

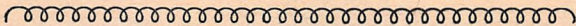
attainment, through "ways made known unto Moses." Solomon adjures us to seek first understanding, and all else will follow.

Similar promises are to be found in the Vedas and the sacred books of other old religions.

For an idea to persist through so many ages, it must have at least a grain of truth back of it. And that there is more than a grain of truth in these promises, we think you will agree when you have read the following lesson.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'R. C. ...', written in a cursive style.



LESSON II-A

The Lost Word of Power

“Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee.”—Job 22:28.

You know, of course, that reduced to the ultimate, everything in this universe is merely a form of energy—so many protons and electrons revolving about each other with the speed of express trains. You and I and the chairs on which we sit, the desks where we work, the trains we ride on, the houses we live in, are merely so much electrical energy, with varying degrees of density.

All about us, in the air we breathe, in the interstellar spaces, everywhere, is more of this same energy—only in its free state, uncondensed.

The process of condensing this infinite supply of energy is going on all the time. So, likewise, is the process of freeing it. Every living growing organism is continually condensing energy. Every living and dying organism is constantly releasing it. Each

move you make, each breath you take, releases a certain amount of energy in the waste matter you throw off through your nostrils and pores.

But—and here is something everyone does *not* know, *every thought you think releases or condenses energy, through its action upon your nerve center.*

To get at the principle behind this, let us go back for a moment to the first forms of life upon earth, for while forms keep changing through the ages, principles remain the same. When you want to see how a principle works, study it first in its simplest form, then watch it continue its unvaried way through the all changing forms that follow.

It matters not whether you choose plant or animal life, it is bound to start with the single cell. And the first cell, plant and animal alike, rested upon the waters, where it could ABSORB the nutriment it needed from the waters about it.

Through all the different gradations of vegetable and animal life, that one basic principle has never changed. Every live cell, no matter whether in man or vegetable, is just as much immersed in water to-day as was the original cell that rested on the face of the waters millions of years ago. Not only that, but it still depends upon the water around it for all its nourishment. There are differences in the outer form, in the controlling brain, but no difference in the life principle. All life is cell life. And all cell life depends for its nourishment upon

the water by which it is surrounded. Hearts, brains, stomachs, limbs—these are mere means to an end, the end of keeping every cell in our complicated organisms fully supplied with water containing the elements those cells need for life.

But the farther an organism gets from the single cell resting alone upon the waters, the more complicated its functioning becomes and the more difficult to maintain life. Yet the life-principle is a stubborn principle, and has shown its power—not once or twice, but literally millions of times, to overcome any obstacle, to draw to itself from the elements around it **WHATEVER IT NEEDS FOR SURVIVAL AND GROWTH.**

When the different species of animals increased and began to prey upon one another, what happened? Did the weak then perish from the earth? On the contrary! They promptly developed means of escape or defense. One species grew a shell, another a sting, a third greater speed, a fourth secreted an ink-like fluid that so colored the waters about as to make it invisible! Always each form of life showed that it had within itself power to draw to it whatever elements it needed for survival.

Why, then, have so many species perished from the earth? What became of the pterodactyl, the tyrannosaurus, the mammoth, the dinosaur, all the other giant monsters of antiquity? The same thing that became of Egypt and Persia, Greece and Rome. They perished—not from weakness, *but from*

STRENGTH! They grew so great and powerful that they thought they had all the strength they needed within themselves! They stopped reaching out for new life, new energy, new forms. They stopped stirring up the life in them, and complacently let it settle in the form they thought invincible. Naturally they perished!

You see, the whole principle of cell life, from the single cell on the waters to the highest product of creation, man, rests NOT upon storing up energy, but drawing its needs from the waters around it *as those needs develop*. When you close the openings (pores) in a cell, or wall it round so new elements cannot enter, you kill the cell. So the first essential of cell life is keeping the pores open.

But that would seem to leave the cell without protection from enemies or elements. How did the early forms of cell life get around this, how did they develop their shells, their stings, their scales, their wings? Again by drawing upon the elements around them, but this time each according to what the center of its nervous organism conceived to be its needs. The same water, the same air, surrounded all, but each drew from them the particular elements it needed for survival, just as the seed of wheat draws from the soil one element, the cotton seed another, and the seed of the tobacco plant still a third.

The point is that in the circle of its drawing

power (its magnetic circle, we might call it) lies whatever elements each cell needs for survival and for expression. But it must keep reaching out for these. It must keep growing. No matter how tight the shell it builds around itself, it must leave openings for new life to come in. If it does not, it perishes. The moment a cell, or an animal, or a man, or a nation, becomes so self-satisfied or so confident of its own strength that it walls itself in and ceases to draw upon the outside for life, it starts to die.

You find that thought expressed in the Bible in a dozen places. "Thus saith the Lord," cried the Prophet Jeremiah, "cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." And Ezekiel put it—"I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick. *But I will destroy the fat and the strong.*"

You see, life is dynamic—not static. It hates complacency, self-satisfaction. It wants to be stirred up, it insists upon being drawn upon, and

if *you* won't do it, it throws you into the discard and gives the chance to someone else.

What would happen to a cell in your own body that grew so fat and strong that it closed itself to all the lymph (water) around it? It would dry up and die, would it not, and your lymph would bend its effort towards getting rid of it to make room for a live cell that would *use* the nourishment with which it was surrounded.

The same is true of every form of life. You, for instance, are just a cell in the great God-body of the universe. All about you is the lymph of God—the electrical energy in the ether which contains every element you need for life, for your surroundings, for your expression. The only thing you must do is give it form.

You *are* giving it form every minute, in your body, your circumstances, your surroundings. The trouble is, you are doing it unconsciously, so more often than not you give it the forms you *fear* rather than the ones you want. What is the remedy?

1st, to learn how to consciously and intelligently give this energy the form you want it to take.

2nd, to break up the old imperfect or grotesque forms made by fear, and cast them into the discard.

How did the crawfish get his shell? How did the bee get its sting, the serpent its fangs, the bird its wings? They were not created that way. They came through a gradual process of evolution. And what brought them was the need for escape from

imminent danger, the urgent need acting galvanically upon the *nervous center* of each creature, impelling it to draw upon the elements around it for what it felt was necessary to it for survival.

Remember that: It is not the intellect, not the brain that draws things to you. It is your NERVE CENTERS—your solar plexus and sympathetic nervous system. You can reason from now until Kingdom come, you can intellectually desire a thing forever—and never get it. It is when you get the urge into your FEELINGS, when your whole being vibrates to the Need for it, that you draw to yourself from anywhere and everywhere the elements necessary to its manifestation.

That is why the sincere love of a man for a maid so often draws to him the object of his affections, even though at first she seems entirely indifferent to him. Love sets his *nerve centers* vibrating with feeling, with desire, and unless neutralized by counter waves of doubt and fear, draws to itself its own.

But it works as surely the other way, too. Fear and jealousy are just as potent energizers of the nerve centers, and they draw to themselves the elements they dwell upon quite as certainly.

You see, nerve centers came before the brain, and as magnetic factors, they are still more potent than the brain. They responded to outside influences before there was any such thing as a brain, and even now, if the brain be removed, the nerve

centers continue for a time to react to certain impulses. Darwin noted this in the reflexes of a decapitated frog:

"If a drop of acid be placed on the lower surface of the thigh of a headless frog," he writes, "it will rub off the drop with the upper surface of the foot of the same leg. If this foot is cut off, it cannot thus act. After some fruitless efforts, therefore, it gives up trying in that way, and at last it makes use of the foot of the other leg and succeeds in rubbing off the acid. Notably we have here not merely contractions of muscles but combined and harmonized contractions in due sequence for a special purpose. These are actions that have all the appearance of being guided by intelligence and instigated by will in an animal, *the recognized organ of whose intelligence and will (the brain) has been removed.*"

Tests have proven the same principle to be true of human tissue. The cells react to certain outside impulses after being removed from the body, exactly as they would when connected with the brain. In short, it is your *nerve centers* that are the seat of all your reflex actions. And it is your nerve centers that magnetize you for good or ill, for fortune or disaster.

Think back for a moment to some of those times when you have been worried, fearful. Remember what a "gone" feeling it gave you in the pit of your stomach, remember how your nerves were on edge

all over your body, so that any sudden noise made you jump, any trifling annoyance exasperated you beyond all reason?

Why? Because your nerves were keyed tight like so many violin strings, and they vibrated to the slightest touch. It is when they are in this state that they are most like radio antennae, drawing to themselves from the whole universe the elements they seek.

But when keyed up by fear or anger or worry, the elements your antennae seek out are those related to their causes, and they usually take form as sickness or trouble or disaster of some kind.

You can key your antennae to just as receptive a pitch through any other emotion, and draw to you every element of good instead of evil.

It is nature in her primitive state at work all over again. To those creatures who feared greatly, she gave shells to shut themselves up in. To the fierce and those easily angered, she gave teeth and claws and sinews for battle. But to those who loved peace, she gave wings to soar aloft, far from all the turmoil and strife, with safety and seclusion in the topmost branches of the tallest trees. To each according to what it conceived to be its own needs.

What are YOUR needs? A job, enough to eat, a place to sleep? Then these are all you will get. *Make your needs great ones, worthwhile ones!* The life in you is just as capable of drawing to you the elements necessary to fill them. But to get

them, you have to break out of your shell; in fact, you have to break up into pieces the shell of circumstance that has formed around you, and start all over like the single cell.

If you have read the last lesson on the "Secret of Youth," you know that the only reason for old age is that the cells of the body become clogged with waste matter, until every pore and passage is literally encased in a hard shell, and though surrounded by life, new life can't get in! And the remedy, you remember, was the same as for a dry, hard sponge—squeeze it tight, immerse it and let what water *will*, come in. The first time, there won't be much, but each time you squeeze it, the water will wash out more and more of the impurities that clog it, until finally you have a fresh, clean sponge, capable of drawing to itself and holding the maximum amount of water.

The same principle holds true of you as a cell in the God-body of the universe. You are surrounded by lymph (the water in the body, you know, is called lymph. In the case of the universe, let us take the electrical energy all around us, of which everything is made, as our lymph). Yet you have been getting from it only a bare existence, while others around you no more able, no more worthy, have been drawing down all the comforts of life. What is your trouble?

Get rid right now of any idea that it is because your neighbor is more favored than you, with

brains, or opportunity, or education. These help, but they are not decisive factors. The deciding factors are WHAT YOU REQUIRE FROM LIFE and ON WHAT YOU PUT YOUR DEPENDENCE FOR IT!

If you have read the Lesson on "Primary Causes" in MIND, INC., you know that if trees depended upon root pressure alone to drive the water to their topmost branches, we should have forests of nothing but stunted trees. It is the evaporation of the moisture in the leaves that carries water to the tops of even the tallest trees.

Just so with you. If you depend upon your skill or ability alone, you will never get far. You will be stunted all your life. You will be living in your own shell dependent upon the nourishment your roots can bring to you from the soil immediately around them. In other words, you will be depending entirely upon the skill of your hands or the work of your head. But that is the smallest part of you. It is when you reach out with all your millions of antennae that you get the *whole universe* working for you until you tower head and shoulders over all about you.

You are not to draw upon the help of the universe through your friends or relatives or those around you. No, indeed! You are to draw it as all cell life has from the beginning—*through your own self, through your nerve centers!*

When the crawfish needed a shell, he didn't borrow the requisites for it from his neighbors. He

drew upon the lymph around him for the elements necessary to its making, letting them work through him. And that is what you, too, must do.

But first you must make sure that every pore and passage is open to that lymph. You must break down every wall that hedges you in. You must smash every shell that keeps the good out.

When you plant a seed of corn, what is the first thing you do? Break up the ground, is it not? But after a while, that ground settles again, and the rain and wind and sunshine bake it as hard as a shell. What do you do? Break it up—that the warmth and the air and the moisture may freely reach your seed. Only thus can you expect it to increase and multiply an hundredfold.

You are like that seed of corn. You were planted in rich soil, but the storms of circumstance and the heat of struggle have baked it into a hard shell that holds you down. You have got to break that shell before you can bring forth fruit.

Your habits of thought, your outlook on life, your circumstances and surroundings, all form part of that shell. You must break them up. You have been accustomed to depend upon your own unaided skill or ability for your opportunities. You have looked to your customers, or business associates, or your own physical efforts, for your rewards. All these are right enough, if you can be satisfied with the mere work of your hands, but if you are looking for the *big* rewards, you must break up all

dependence upon circumstances and conditions. How shall you break it up?

How is it done throughout all nature? The conditions surrounding you have congealed into their present form as the result of circumstances over a long period of years, so your shell is hard and strong. It will take some breaking. Let us, therefore, choose for our analogy another hard shell, the black walnut.

When the black walnut wants to bring forth fruit, what does it do? It heats, does it not? The heart of it, the kernel of it, germinates so great a desire for growth that it bursts from its shell, breaking the tough casing into pieces.

What follows then? It gives all its vitality, all its power, to send forth a shoot—upward, into the air! Not, mind you, a root into the earth to get nourishment and help. First it gives all it has in sending its shoot upward. Only when it has used up the vitality inherent within itself does it put out roots. And what happens then? The warmth of the sun, taking from that shoot all the moisture it has to give *by that very process* *DRAWS into it from the earth beneath the elements it needs for growth!*

You are the kernel, in the shell of circumstance that surrounds you. To burst from that shell takes a desire so strong, so sincere, that it breaks up every dependence upon the conditions that have been supporting it, and sends up the shoot of all it

has to offer of skill and ability and possessions, content to stand or fall by the fruit it can bring forth.

Perhaps the easiest way to explain how this works is to quote from the story by Lloyd Douglas—"The Magnificent Obsession" (Published by Willett, Clark & Colby). It starts with the account of young Dr. Hudson, despondent, discouraged, his wife just dead after a long illness that had taken his practice and mortgaged his future for years. One day a successful sculptor asked him—"Would you like to be the best doctor in this town?"

He thought the man crazy, but finally consented to go to his home one evening and hear the formula.

"You may be interested to know," the sculptor explained after the usual preliminaries, "that I was an ordinary stone-cutter until about three years ago, hacking out stamped letters with a compression chisel. From my youth, I had cherished an ambition to do something important in stone. But there was never any money for training; never any time for experiment. Such crude and hasty attempts as I had made from time to time, had netted nothing but discouragement.

"One day, I went to the Church my little girl attended, and heard a preacher read what is on this page (pointing to a page torn from the Bible). It evidently meant nothing to him, for he read it in a dull, monotonous chant. And the congregation sat glassy-eyed, the words apparently making no impression. As for me, I was profoundly stirred.

The remainder of the hour was torture, for I wanted to get out where I could think.

"Hurrying home to our bare little house, I found—with considerable difficulty, for I was not familiar with the Bible—that page from which the minister had read. There it was—in black and white—*the exact process for achieving power to do, be, and have what you want! I experimented.*"

With that, he handed me the magic page. "Of course," he explained, "you will not realize the full importance of all this, instantly. It seems simple because it was spoken dispassionately, with no oratorical bombast or prefatory warning that the formula he was about to state was the key to power!"

Edging his chair closer to mine, he laid a long hand on my knee and looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Doctor Hudson—if you had a small, inadequate brick house, and decided to give yourself more room, what would you need for your building? . . . More brick . . . If you had a small, inadequate steam engine, you would want more steel to construct larger cylinders—not a different kind of steel to house a different kind of steam but merely more room for expansion. . . . Now—if you had a small, inadequate personality, and wanted to give it a chance to be something more important, where would you find the building materials?"

He seemed waiting for a reply, so I humored him.

"Well—according to the drift of your argument, I presume I would have to build it out of other personalities. Is that what you're driving at?"

"Pre—cisely!" he shouted. "But—not 'out of!' . . . Into! . . . This theory I am talking about doesn't ask you to build your personality out of other personalities, but *into them!*"

"I'm afraid all that's too deep for me," I admitted defuddledly.

He rose and stamped back and forth.

"See here! You know all about blood transfusion. That's in your line. Superb! . . . One man puts his life into another man . . . Doctor—how do you accomplish a blood transfusion? Tell me in detail!"

"Well—it's simple enough, except for one obstacle. The blood must be kept from coagulation as it passes from the donor to the recipient. Even when the artery and the vein are attached by a little cannula, the blood soon clogs the glass; so to avoid that stoppage, the vein of the recipient is passed through the cannula and cuffed back over the end of it. Then the cannula, carrying the vein, is inserted into the artery of the donor. The point is, you see, to insure against any outside contact."

Randolph, the sculptor, seemed mighty pleased, especially with the feature which concerned the problem of coagulation.

"You will notice there," pointing to the page in my hand, "that the first step toward the achievement of power is an expansion—a projection of one's self into other personalities. You will see that it has to be done with such absolute secrecy that if, by any chance, the contact is not immediate and direct—if, by any chance, there is a leak along the line of transfer—the whole effect of it is wasted! You have to do it so stealthily that even your own left hand ——"

Randolph returned to his chair, and went on, in a lowered voice:

"Hudson—the first time I tried it—I can tell you the incident freely because nothing ever came of it, although it had cost me more than I could afford, at the time, to do it—the chap was so grateful he told a neighbor of mine, in spite of my swearing him in. He had been out of work and there had been a long run of sickness in the family, and he was too shabby and down at heel to make a presentable appearance in asking for a job. I outfitted him. He told it. A neighbor felicitated me, next day. So there was more than Sixty Dollars of my hard-earned cash squandered."

"Squandered!" I shouted, in amazement. "How squandered? Didn't he get the job?"

Randolph sighed.

"Oh, yes," he said. "He found a job. I was glad enough for that, of course. But—that didn't do me any good! You'd better believe—the next

time I made an outlay I informed the fellow that if I ever heard of his telling anybody, I would break his neck."

He laughed merrily at the remembrance of the incident.

"The man thought I was crazy!" he added, wiping his eyes.

"You might well be disgusted with that," pursued Randolph, "if I were trying to get power, that way, to stack up a lot of money for my own pleasure. *All I wanted was the effective release of my latent ability to do something fine!* . . . On the night of the day I made my first successful projection of my personality—I cannot tell you what that was—I dare not—I went literally into a closet in my house, and shut the door. That's the next step in the program, as you have read there on that page. You see—I was very much in earnest about this matter; and, having already bungled one attempt, I was resolved to obey the rules to the letter. . . . Later, I discovered that the principle will work elsewhere than in a closet. Just so you're insulated."

"Oh—Randolph—for God's sake!" I exploded. "What manner of wild talk is this?"

"I confess I can't understand," said Randolph impatiently, "why you find this so hard to accept! Why—it's in line with our experience of every other energy we use! Either we meet its terms, or we don't get the power. What did Volta's battery or

Faraday's dynamo amount to, practically, until DuFay discovered an insulation that would protect the current from being dissipated through contacts with other things than the object to be energized? . . . Most personalities are just grounded? That's all that ails them.

"So, I went into a closet; shut the door; closed my eyes; quietly put myself into a spiritually receptive mood, and said, confidently, addressing the Major Personality,—*'I have fulfilled all the conditions required of me for receiving power! I am ready to have it! I want it! I want the capacity to do just one creditable work of statuary!'*

"That was late in the night. I came out of that dark, stifling little closet with a curious sense of mastery. It put me erect, flexed the muscles of my jaw, made my step resilient. I wanted to laugh! I tried to sleep; and, failing of it, walked the streets until dawn. At eight-thirty, I approached the manager of the factory and asked for six months' leave. When he inquired my reason, I told him I had it in mind to attempt a piece of statuary.

"*'Something we might use, perhaps?'*" he asked.

"I am confident of it," I said, surprised at my own audacity. It was enough that I had determined to survive somehow, without wages, for six months; but now I had made an extravagant promise to the manager. He was thoughtful for a while and then said:

"I'll give you a chance to try it. For the present,

you are to have your usual pay, and a studio to yourself. If you produce something we can place, you will share in the sale. Your hours will be your own business. I should be glad if you succeeded.' ”

“I began work at once in a flutter of excitement. The clay seemed alive in my hands! That first day was a revelation. It was as if I had never really lived before! All colors were more vivid. I want you to remember that, Hudson. See if you have the same reaction. Grass is greener; the sky is bluer; you hear the birds more distinctly. It sharpens the senses—like cocaine.

“That was on a Friday, the tenth of June. On the first day of September I invited the manager in to see the cast I had made. He looked at it for a long time without any remark. Then he said, quietly, ‘I have some people who may be interested in this.’

“The next afternoon, the manager’s clients came in—a man and his wife. She was in black. They had recently lost their little boy. She cried at first, heart-breakingly. But, after a while, she smiled. It made me very happy when she smiled. I knew then that I had been able to express my thought.

“I was told to go on with my project and put it into white marble. . . . Quite incidentally, the people adopted the boy I had used for a model.”

It was about four o’clock when I left Randolph’s house that night. I was in a grand state of mystification. I went home resolved that I would make

an experiment similar to his. All that day, I was aware of being on a quiet, unrelenting search for some suitable clinical material to be used for an experiment in the dynamics of personality-projection. . . . The strangest feature of my mood, however, was the fact that the power I had begun, rather vaguely, to grope for—under Randolph's urging—was not the mere satisfaction of an ambition to make myself important or minister to my own vanity. . . . For the first time, my profession seemed to me not as a weapon of self-defense but a means of releasing myself.

How Dr. Hudson succeeded in projecting his personality through others, and how it made of him not merely all that Randolph had promised—"the best doctor in his town"—but one of the biggest in the world, is all part of the story.

But the important part, the part for you to take to your heart and make your own, lies in his secret of success, a secret that will work just as surely for you as it did for him the secret of multiplying your power by projecting it through other entities, casting your bread upon the waters so it returns increased an hundredfold.

You see, it all comes back to terms of electrical energy, for what is energy but power, and what are personality, skill, ability, riches, but different forms of power? If you want to increase your stock of these, what must you do? Put these to work, must you not? Put them out at interest, as in the

parable of the talents. No energy ever expanded until it was released. No seed ever multiplied until it was sown. No talent ever increased until it was used.

You want more power, more riches, greater ability, a wider field of usefulness. How are you going to get them? *Only by putting out at interest that which you have!*

And the way to do this lies—NOT in working for *riches* as such—BUT FOR INCREASE IN THE FORM OF ENERGY YOU HAVE!

Do you know what is the most important lesson in the whole Bible? Do you know what principle was considered so vital that God is said to have used it on three of the six days of creation, and it is repeated no less than six times in the first chapter of Genesis alone? Just this:

“EVERYTHING REPRODUCES
AFTER ITS KIND!”

Go back over the miracles of increase in the Bible. What do you find? When the widow of Zaraphath gave Elijah her oil and meal, what did she get? MORE OIL AND MEAL, did she not? Not gold, or riches, but INCREASE AFTER ITS KIND.

When another widow begged Elisha to save her sons from bondage, he asked—“What hast thou in the house?” And when told—“Naught save a pot of oil,” it was the *oil* he increased, was it not?

When the multitude lacked for bread and the Apostles asked Jesus what they should do, He did not turn the stones into bread, or bring forth gold with which to buy it. No, He asked—"How many loaves have you?" And when told five, and two fishes, He based His increase upon *them*.

Where does that leave us? You want more power, more ability, a greater field of usefulness. How are you going to get them? BY PLANTING WHAT YOU HAVE WHERE IT WILL SHOW THE GREATEST INCREASE!

It takes 90% of a locomotive's power to start a heavy train of cars, but only half of 1% to keep it going. In other words, a locomotive running along a level track at ordinary speed is using only one-half of 1% of its power. The rest is reserve energy, needed only for the heavy grades and the starting load.

Suppose every man and woman were such an engine, their job in life the train. Think how few people there are who ever get started. Most are like an engine coupled on to too heavy a train, which puffs and strains and tugs, and tears itself to pieces spinning its wheels, but never gets farther than the one spot. Many of those who do get started fail at the first heavy grade; and at every succeeding grade, numbers are stranded.

Suppose you were to give some of these a push—just enough to start them or to ease them to the top of the grade—wouldn't you be entitled to half

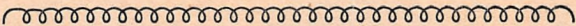
their surplus power when they came to a nice, level stretch of smooth running? Wouldn't you be like the storekeeper who grub-stakes a prospector—*entitled to half his find*?

And wouldn't that excess power be just what you need to carry *you* to some height you had longed for, but never been able to reach alone, to enable *you* to perform some task of such herculean proportions as to put you in the ranks of genius?

That is the Secret of Power—the secret written in the Vedas 2,000 years before Christ, the secret that Jesus gave us a dozen different times in as many different wordings! How to use that secret, and what The Lost Word of Power really consists of, will be given in Part II, which appears in the next issue of Mind, Inc.

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The Inner Secret or That Something Within

By "X"

THE QUEST

LOOKING backward over the space of nearly sixty years, and reconstructing in my memory the thoughts and incidents of my boyhood from the age of ten until I was well advanced into my "teens," I can now see that I was always a seeker after a something but dimly defined in my mind but which represented a distinct "want" of my nature. That something so early sought after may be said to have been of the nature of an "Inner Secret" of successful achievement and personal power.

Just why I should have come to the conclusion that there really existed an Inner Secret of Success and Personal Power—a something which when once known enabled one to achieve successful results in whatever was undertaken by him—I do not

know. At any rate I now see that the idea had become fixed in my consciousness, and that it colored all my youthful thought.

I soon noticed that certain men seemed to possess some secret power which enabled them to "do things" and to step out from the crowd. I noticed that men lacking this power never were able to accomplish anything worth while, and were apparently doomed to remain in the crowd of those of mediocre attainment and commonplace achievement. I inquired diligently of my elders concerning the subject of this secret power, but my inquiries were answered either by sage reproof or else by suggestive shrugs of the shoulders. My mother assured me that success was the reward of honesty and morality. My father assured me that success was the reward of perseverance and hard work. One of my uncles told me that it was "something about" some men that made them successful, but that that "something" was beyond human knowledge—said he: "You either have it, or you haven't it, and that's all there is to it." My uncle was not in the ranks of those who "had it," I may add.

Applying my mother's standard, and measuring the successful men I knew, as well as the unsuccessful ones, I soon came to see that honesty and morality, while quite excellent things, were not the infallible causes of success. I saw that there were some very honest and quite moral men who were far from successful—there must be something else

needed, thought I. In the same way, I discovered that while perseverance and hard work were important personal characteristics, nevertheless, they did not always bring success; I knew many persevering and hard working men who were cursed with poverty and failure—here, again, thought I, the Inner Secret must be looked for elsewhere.

All that I could get out of the subject from my reading seemed to be that certain habits and characteristics made for success—self-confidence being one of the most important of these. But, nevertheless, I seemed to have even more clearly fixed in my mind the fact that there was, indeed, a “something about” these individuals which, if one could but also acquire it, would make him successful.

By this time I was in my early twenties, doing reasonably well in the way of working my way up the ladder of business success as an employee. My quest for the Inner Secret was unabated. In spite of all the sage advice concerning the rules of success which was freely bestowed upon me by older men—principally by my employers—I still clung to my belief in the existence of such an Inner Secret, although at times my reason reproved me for so doing. The ordinary rules did not seem to account for the results, although they were useful adjuncts, I thought. Neither would I for a moment accept the conclusion that “it is all luck” which was the final report of many of my associates in social and business life. I still believed in “that some-

thing about" certain persons, and I felt a keen desire to learn the Inner Secret of that something.

As I grew older I came in contact with a number of comparatively successful men, and I lost no opportunity of tactfully sounding them concerning this subject. Most of them, at least at first, pooh-poohed the idea; but afterward, in moments of unusual confidence, a number of them somewhat reluctantly and almost shamefacedly acknowledged to me that at times they were convinced that there was "something about" them, or rather "something outside or above" them, which aided and assisted them in their success—something which inspired and guided them often in spite of their own previous ideas and convictions concerning their course of action. This was rather a new idea to me, or, at least, a variation of my old idea. I determined to investigate the matter further.

As I grew still older, and was thrown more and closer in contact with men of affairs and of prominence in the world, I found that in the secret heart of most of them there existed a silent, indefinite, but still strong feeling that there was a "something outside" which was "on their side," and which was always working silently in their behalf—a brooding Something which was a fount of strength and an unfailing resource. This seemed to be the fundamental idea—the essence of the thought or experience; but nearly all of these persons had each his own interpretation of the essential fact.

Those of strong religious convictions held that "the Lord is on my side; He has been good to me, and always has responded to my call." Others seemed to believe in a Favoring Destiny, or even a "lucky star." Others spoke vaguely of "higher powers," or "beings on the other shore," who were working in their behalf.

Others had rather gross superstitions concerning the case—incredible superstitions they seemed, considering the standing of the men holding them. One and all, however, held that "that something about" them was really a "something above" them in which they had come to believe and to trust, by reason of their own experience in the matter.

A few points, however, were impressed upon my mind, in connection with these cases, namely, that (1) the greater the degree of faith in the "something above" held by the individual, the greater seemed to be his degree of success attributed to such influence; (2) that it seemed to make but little difference just what the person believed to be his beneficent and powerful "something above," provided that he believed in it—whether it was Divine Providence, Destiny, or a Magic Charm, it seemed to "work" provided that he believed in it "hard enough"; and (3) that the more faith and belief the person had in that "something," the greater grew his faith and belief in himself.

When the person got to believe that the "Something" and himself were in partnership, the former

as silent partner, and himself as active partner, then the firm became a mighty one, and he, himself, as the outward front of the combination became filled with self-confidence and self-reliance. It was all merely the variation of the old theme of "Gott und Ich," "Gott mit uns," or "The Lord is on my side," notwithstanding the fact that the idea of the helpful Supreme Being was absent in the conception of many of these firm believers in the "Something."

I sometimes thought that if one of these persons firmly believed that "Something" to be an old brass door-knob, and provided that he believed in it implicitly just as the others believed in Providence, or in Destiny, or in "My Lucky Star," then that door-knob would "do the work" for him in like manner.

In short, I came to the conclusion that the "Something" was Unknown—perhaps Unknowable—and that the verbal, ideal or physical symbols employed by various persons to represent it, and by them believed to be the thing itself, were really what might be called "points of contact" with that Transcendent Reality, by means of which there was established a sort of condition of "rapport" between the individual and that "Something."

But, in spite of all of my speculations and theorizing about the matter, the thought never occurred to me that this "Something" might be found within the being of the individual himself, rather than

"about" or "above" him. I seemed to have a mental or spiritual "blind spot" which caused me to ignore that immediate source of Reality and Power—that Something Within. I don't know how I happened to miss this important point, but miss it I did. I was like the man who fruitlessly sought all over the world for many years for a certain buried treasure, only in the end to find it in the garden around his own home to which he had returned in his old age. Or, like the shipwrecked crew, parched with thirst and dying for want of water, who had unknowingly entered into the extended current of a great sea-flowing river, and who perished though they had but to dip their pails over the side of their boat.

So, accordingly, I sought on all sides and from all sources to obtain a knowledge of this mysterious "Something" in which was vested the Inner Secret of Success and Personal Power. I investigated the various "new" metaphysical cults which were coming into prominence even at that early day, but I found in them merely a more or less fantastic and fanciful application of the principle of which I have spoken. They obtained results, of course—all of them, in spite of their conflicting dogmas and theories. Each claimed to possess the Inner Secret, and to have the one and only truth—yet all obtained results in about the same measure.

And so, I continued my Quest for the "Something"—for the Inner Secret. From the "new"

metaphysical schools, and the quasi-religions or pseudo-religions based upon the same general principles, I passed on to the numerous so-called "occult" and "mystic" cults which were even then found in considerable number, though not in the great variety manifested in after years. I found that these were for the most part mere re-hashes of the philosophies of Ancient India or of Ancient Greece, often garbled and distorted by reason of the ignorance of their founders or teachers. Brushing aside the superficial coverings, I found in them also but the effort to "contact" a "Something" by means of verbal or formal symbols. "Merely some new varieties of brass door-knobs," thought I.

I could have obtained benefit by employing the methods of some of these schools, or cults—for undoubtedly they had "gotten hold of something," as a practical business friend of mine once brusquely stated it. But felt that while this was probably so, still even the "head ones" seemingly did not know just what it was which they had "gotten hold of"; and in their endeavors to build up a philosophy or an organization upon the results obtained by their methods, they often lost entirely the original spirit of the Something, and buried the whole thing under a heavy rock of form and dogma, upon which they took the exalted place of the "marble figger" of claimed absolute authority. I was not satisfied with this—I wanted to get back to the Original Source!

I took up the study of the leading philosophies, ancient and modern, oriental and occidental; here I found much to exercise my intellect, and to enable me to know that I did not know, and why I did not know, and how to discover philosophical error and fallacy. But, otherwise, there was no awakening of Intuition, and no arousing of Inner Experience—all was on the surface of Intellect. I had failed to find my "Something," of which an ancient sage said: "When THAT is known, all is known."

But, all the more, I became convinced that such "Something" existed, and might be found by him who knew how and where to look for it. I felt that its doors were capable of flying open in response to "The Right Knock." I had looked everywhere but Within—and I did not know the talismanic Right Knock. All the time, however, as I now see it, I was preparing myself for the Truth when it should be revealed to me. All the time, I was treading the Path which led to Truth. I do not regret a single incident or stage of my journey, or a fact of my experience.

* * * * *

As the years passed by, and while I was pursuing the investigations of which I have spoken, I was far from neglecting my material or "worldly" affairs. I was regarded as an intelligent worker

along the lines of my vocation—and a hard worker as well. I applied all of the accepted and tested rules of Worldly Wisdom—all the Rules for Success announced by the “practical” men of the world—or at least the essence and substance of them separated from the non-essential and incidental. I had met with a fair degree of success, as such is usually measured. I had my “ups and downs,” always coming “up” after a “down,” I am glad to say. In short, I was the fair average of the reasonably successful ambitious man nearly forty years of age.

But, in my heart I knew that I had failed, inasmuch as at the best, I was only a fair, average, commonplace successful man of affairs—there were thousands of others like me, some a little better and some a little worse. I had done nothing which seemed to me to be worthy of the powers which I felt should be innate within me.

I was still in the crowd—I had never been able to step very far out of it, never more than a foot or two at the most. The dreams of my youth were unrealized. My secret ambitions were still nothing more than hopes. While I was spoken of as a worthy example of reasonable success, and though I was favorably regarded by those “higher up,” yet I knew in my heart of hearts that I had done nothing really “worth while”—that according to my own standards I was a failure. Worst of all, I had failed to find that “Something” which was

"about" or "above" persons which served as their inspiration and touchstone of success—I had failed in my Quest of the Inner Secret.

* * * * *

About this time, shortly before I had reached the age of forty years, the Deluge overtook me. I seemed to be the victim of a malicious fate, and at the mercy of sardonic, cruel supernatural forces. Everything that I valued in the material world was swept away from me by a series of avalanche-like happenings.

My business prospects were ruined. My investments were wiped out. My social and business standing was destroyed. My business passed into other hands. By reason of quite unfounded and unjust accusations, seemingly supported by an almost diabolical chain of circumstantial evidence, my good name was almost lost, and the respect of my business and social associates was seriously jeopardized.

My family was alienated from me; my children felt that I had disgraced them; my life-companion believing the slanderous tongues of those who were arrayed against me, and refusing to allow me to explain away the ugly appearances and circumstances connected with my downfall, insisted upon a legal separation which afterward was made permanent.

Yet I was as innocent as a babe concerning the offenses charged against me. Time has since fully vindicated me in the eyes of the public, and in the courts of the law—the mills of the gods have ground to dust my enemies and unjust accusers. But, at that time, I seemed destined to utter ruin.

My health broke under the strain, and I became a mental and physical wreck for the time being. I was eventually forced to seek employment at a meagre recompense in a distant city, under most discouraging circumstances and with most unattractive prospects for the future. In the eyes of my former friends and associates I was “down and out,” a “has been,” a man “all in” and “through.”

Looking back over the period of thirty years which intervenes between that time and the present, I can see that I was then a living example of the condition expressed in the lines of Henley’s “Invictus.” For surely the scroll was charged with punishments, and I was covered with the night that was “black as the pit from pole to pole”; truly I was in the “fell clutch of circumstance,” and my head was bloody “under the bludgeonings of chance.”

Yet in the darkest hour I felt within me that there was a way out, and that I should find it. Strange as it may seem in view of the circumstances, I felt within me a still stronger conviction that there was really an Inner Secret of Success and Personal Power—and that I should find it.

Indeed, it was this conviction alone which enabled me to bear the burden, and to keep my soul alive. Without this I doubtless should have sunk deeper and deeper into the mire, never to rise therefrom.

Before leaving this disagreeable stage of my story, however, I wish to state positively that notwithstanding the pain and torture of that experience, I do not now regret even a single incident of it. I consider the price well paid for that which has come to me through the experience and all connected with it. I paid, and paid in full; but I have been repaid a thousand-fold, and the price now seems but a mere bagatelle when compared with what I have gained.

I seemed at that time to have lost everything that made life worth living; yet through losing this I found all that constitutes Real Life, the light of which makes all that went before now to seem pitifully weak and mean.

Not every one who discovers "That Something Within"—the Inner Secret—is called upon to pay this price; many, indeed, seemingly escape this ordeal entirely, while others experience it in merely a slight degree. But, with some, like myself, who seemingly are blind to the Truth so near to them, and who apparently are determined to "escape their own good," there seems to be needed the interposition of forces which first destroy in order that other forces may build on the vacated site.

It would seem that the "Something Within,"

determined to be free and active, sometimes is compelled to tear asunder the enshrouding and confining chrysalis of circumstance, in order that the living entity may bathe in the sunshine and breathe the air of freedom. Or, perhaps, it is the "labor pains" of the spiritual birth, which, though so painful to undergo, are so easily forgotten in the joys of the after experience. At any rate, whatever may be the final cause or explanation, it sometimes seems necessary for the "I Am I" to descend into hell in order that it may ascend to the heaven of its being and expression.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

What has been related in the preceding pages is merely the prelude to my story. The story itself really begins with the account of my meeting with that remarkable individual whom I at first, half-lightly but still half-earnestly, thought of as "the mysterious stranger."

* * * * *

I had journeyed to a far-distant city, where, unknown and a stranger, I was endeavoring to start life anew, hoping eventually to obtain a foothold in the business world by means of which I might by hard work and diligent endeavor finally again mount the ladder of success. I was fright-

fully handicapped, however, by my state of ill-health which had resulted from my financial, social, and mental troubles. The physicians consulted by me gave me but little encouragement; they warned me against overwork, and seemed to regard me as one who had but scant chance of ever again becoming efficient and vigorous.

I was filling a subordinate position, receiving but a nominal recompense for my work, and the opportunities for my advancement were but slight. The memory of my former position in the business world acted as a weight around my neck, rather than as an encouraging factor. Often I was tempted to rash action which would have ended it all—for at times the fight seemed almost hopeless, the odds all against me.

I was living in a small "court room" in an unpretentious boarding house which sought dignity by assuming the title of a "family hotel."

I had been living in this place a few months when I first heard a mention of this "mysterious stranger" of whom I have spoken. It came about in the following way. One evening I was sitting in the basement smoking-room. I heard one of the "old timers" among the guests say to another: "Well, I hear that Colonel Forbes is coming back from Washington." The other replied: "Is that so? Queer old dick, the Colonel is, to my notion. That man has had an interesting past, if I'm any guesser."

The first guest rejoined: "Yes, I guess you're right. He's an odd one, all right; but he's far from being a fool. In fact, he is one of the keenest observers, and most practical thinkers I have ever run across; yet, at times, he seems to be but an idle dreamer. I wouldn't wonder but what he has been a somebody in his time, but that the hot sun and the climate of India touched him and made him a little off on some subjects."

What I had heard of the discussion interested me. I inquired of the two men, and later of others in the house, concerning this person who had proved such an interesting topic of conversation. From them I learned that Colonel Forbes was a retired English army-officer who had served many years in India, living at Simla during the latter years of his service and after his retirement; he was now visiting America on matters of personal business of some unknown nature, and he intended returning to England, and later to Simla, before very long.

He was said to be a cultured, refined individual of very quiet tastes, and was believed to have chosen that hotel as his place of sojourn because of his distaste for the more pretentious houses, rather than from the usual reasons of economy or of limited means. All those consulted seemed to like and to respect him, but to all of them he seemed "somewhat different," odd, and "a little queer," though, as the old guest had mentioned,

"far from being a fool." All agreed, also, that "he knows a whole lot, but you can't get him to tell it to you." Evidently a very interesting personality, thought I.

About ten days later, I had my first sight of Colonel Forbes. I was sitting with the others in the smoking-room when the door opened and the Colonel entered. I was conscious from the first that I was in the presence of a remarkable personage. Again, I was distinctly aware that he had that unmistakable, though indefinable, characteristic known as "personal atmosphere." That is to say, when he entered a room you "felt" that he was present; moreover, when and where he was present that "atmosphere" manifested itself in some subtle manner in the direction of causing a change in the general mental atmosphere of the place. I noticed that after his entrance to the smoking-room the tone of the conversation changed for the better, and the mental atmosphere became clearer and cleaner. This without any apparent effort on his part, and without any conscious desire to please him manifested by the occupants of the room. He "raised the vibrations," as it were; that's all.

Well, to get back to my story: I gazed with interested attention upon Colonel Forbes as he entered the smoking-room of the hotel. Interest and attention attached to him as readily as bits of steel attach themselves to the magnet. He did

not demand attention, however, for he was very unassuming, modest, and absolutely lacking in "pose." His presence did not shout, "Here I am, a somebody of consequence, look at me!" Nothing of the sort, I assure you. But, just as truly, it said in quiet, firm tones, "I am here, a real being, an individual!"

As the Colonel entered the room upon the occasion of my first sight of him, there was manifested a feeling of general interest on the part of those seated around the place, most of whom had made his acquaintance during his previous sojourn in the hotel. Room was made for him in the centre of the group who had gathered around the large table at one end of the room, which was the favorite gathering place of the "regular guests" of the place, the other parts of the room being left for the newer comers. I afterwards noted that room was always made for him in the centre of things wherever he was present, although there was nothing in his manner which indicated a desire or determination that he should be so recognized as an important member of the gathering.

During the course of the evening, one of the most interesting and instructive evenings I had ever spent up to that time, someone introduced me to the Colonel. He courteously acknowledged the introduction with a grave nod accompanied by a kindly smile, at the same time bestowing on me a keen, searching glance. I felt that that glance

was penetrating into the very depths of my soul, and yet I was not disturbed. As his attention and thought seemed to focus upon me in the glance, I was certain that I perceived in his eyes a somewhat surprised flash of recognition of something within myself, though I had no idea of what that something might be.

This impression seemed to abide with him, for when he left the room shortly afterward, he laid his hand on my shoulder in passing, and said with what to me seemed to have a special emphasis and meaning, "I would like to see more of you while I am here, Mr. X." Then, after making a half-turn away from me, he added, "Better look me up, soon."

That night I had a strange dream—something different from anything in the way of dreams that I had ever experienced—though, to tell the truth, I was not much of a dreamer, and took but little interest in them, and certainly attached no importance to them.

In my very vivid dream that night, I seemed to be walking hand in hand with the Colonel, traversing a bleak and barren plain covered with what seemed to be the ancient lava-deposits of an extinct volcano. It was a region of desolation, a veritable wilderness, with no signs of life apparent to my gaze. Neither the Colonel nor I spoke a word, but I seemed to know that he was leading me somewhere for my own good; and I trusted him

and felt glad to have him to guide and lead me on the journey. The touch of his hand seemed helpful to me, and filled me with confidence and courage.

Finally, we reached a place at the foot of a high mountain. Then the Colonel unclasped his hand from mine, and said to me, "Go to your trial. Be fearless, for there is nothing to fear!" Then I seemed to be taken up to the mountain-top by an invisible host. The air seemed to be vibrating with a strange force, and there seemed to be a rosy glow all around me, as if the world was on fire.

Then the invisible host, having led me to the top of the mountain, and then to the brink of an abyss of seemingly infinite depth, said, "Plunge into the Abysmal Abyss!" Strange to say, all fear dropped from me, and I leaped into the space of the abyss with joy in my heart, and a laugh on my lips. I seemed to know that it was all a part of a play—a sort of game of initiation of some unknown secret order. Fear seemed to be a laughable illusion which I had left behind me for ages of time. After I had been apparently falling in the Abysmal Abyss for an Eternity, without even a vestige of fear, the whole scene disappeared in a flash. A new scene presented itself. This time I was commanded to plunge into the Fiery Furnace—an enormous mass of flame apparently of unbearable heat. Again I felt the illusion of the

whole thing—the make-believe nature of it; and I plunged into the mass of seething fire with a laugh on my lips. After what seemed to be another Eternity of time passed in the Fiery Furnace, the scene again changed for me.

I was successively subjected to the test of the Infinite Ocean, into which I was ordered to plunge; to the test of the Invincible Sword which seemed destined to cut me to pieces; but from all these tests I emerged a victor, unafraid and unharmed. In fact, the whole thing, from beginning to end seemed like a huge joke to me, so convinced was I of the unreality of the dangers which seemed to threaten me. It was not that I felt that I was superior to these apparently dangerous things; rather it was that they seemed unreal to me, mere illusions of a dream-state.

Finally, I heard a voice utter these words: "You have discovered the Illusion. Henceforth you are free from the burden of fear of it. Know you that YOU, your Real Self, is beyond harm, hurt, or destruction. Fire cannot burn it; water cannot drown it; space has no power over it: neither can spear pierce it, nor sword cut it. This is the prophecy: that when you know the 'I' for what it is, then will the fears of the world seem as illusory as the fears of the magic-show which you have just witnessed. Your greatest good now consists of the discovery of your Real Self; bend everything to that end. That is the one thing which, when

known, all is known; which, when found, all else is within your reach!"

Then, I found myself back on the plain with Colonel Forbes, but this time he did not clasp my hand so as to guide and direct me—I seemed to be able to stand alone and to find my own way home. But he turned to me, and said in gentle but firm tones, "So far, well! May it continue to be so with you!" The dream came to an end, and I awoke to find myself safe in my bed in my hotel "court room."

That was all that there was to it. The dream was finished. I am not claiming that it was more than a dream—but it certainly worked for good in me. The next morning, I found that a certain change had come upon me. I cannot say that I felt stronger or more real than before—rather, I may say that I felt that the difficulties, dangers, trials and troubles of life were less real than I had before thought them. I began to feel more and more that the hideous dragons in my path were but lath-and-plaster creations, with phonographic attachments in them shouting "Boo!" at me.

I first found myself able to look back at my late series of misfortunes as something like the lath-and-plaster dragons—then I ceased looking back at them at all. I was through with the past illusions; and the present and future fantasies I would be able to recognize as being just what they were. Never again would I mistake them for

realities—I could never again be fooled by those bugaboos. Finally, I remember the parting advice of the unseen host—the advice to find my Real Self. I determined to act upon it at once. I determined to accept the invitation of Colonel Forbes to “look me up.” So that very night after the dream found me knocking at the door of his suite in the hotel.

As I knocked, I remembered the words: “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; ask, and you shall receive.” I determined to give the Right Knock!

THE REVELATION

“Come in!”

Although I had met the Colonel for the first time only the previous evening, and even then had been with him only a few minutes, yet I felt that I was in the presence of one who knew me even better than I knew myself, and one in whom I might repose the utmost confidence without any fear that it would be abused.

Nothing could have been further from my thought and intention when I entered the room, nevertheless, in a few moments I found myself telling him without embarrassment the story of my strange dream of the night before, and asking him whether in his opinion there was really any-

thing in the experience more than exuberant fantasy of dreamland.

The Colonel listened patiently, and then, speaking just as he would about the most commonplace subject, replied: "No; I do not think that there was anything more to your dream than a symbolic representation of certain truths and facts known to that part of your being which functions on planes of mentation other than those of the ordinary consciousness—those planes which are now commonly known as 'the subconscious,' or, more properly, 'the superconsciousness.' It happens at times that truths and facts held in the knowledge of 'the superconsciousness' are represented in symbolic form in dreams, or even in day-dreams. As a rule, however, the occurrence of such experiences indicates that the knowledge is passing downward to the field of ordinary consciousness, and may be expected to manifest on that plane before very long.

"I should say," continued the Colonel, "that you are destined to undergo a certain experience well known to advanced students of the subtle forces of Nature, in which a wonderful truth of your own being will be revealed to you. I am inclined to think that this fuller experience will not be long in coming to you. When it comes, you will practically enter into a new phase of conscious existence, and you will never afterward be the same as you have been up to this time. It will be literally a

'new birth'—a birth into a new and higher consciousness.

"In some cases this dawn of a new consciousness is preceded by unusual experiences similar to those of your dream of last night, and is often followed by another and even more remarkable experience of a similar nature; but this does not always happen, and many pass into the new consciousness just as the little child at some time in its early years easily passes from the 'third person' stage into the 'first person' stage—from the stage in which it thinks of itself as 'Johnny,' or 'Mary,' into that in which it thinks of itself as 'I.'

"As to the statement concerning the invincibility of the Self, or 'I,' which you heard at the conclusion of your experience, I would hazard the surmise that this was but the unconscious recollection of a similar aphorism of the ancient oriental sages, with which I am quite familiar, and which you have probably happened across in some of your past reading. Your superconscious mentality evidently recognized its appropriateness in your case, and so caused your memory to reproduce it for you in the form of a symbolic message from supernatural authority.

"Now," went on the Colonel, "tell me about yourself. You are evidently seeking something very earnestly, and your superconscious mentality has caused you to seek out myself as a probable agent capable of helping you to attain the object

of your quest. From all the indications, I think it probable that I may be able to assist you; in fact, I really experienced a feeling of this kind when I met you last night—I am seldom mistaken in such intuitions or instincts. What is it you seek? Tell me the story of your past experiences in life.”

I then told “the story of my life” to the Colonel—much the same story that I have related to you in the foregoing pages. But, strange as it may seem, I found myself passing rapidly and lightly over the tale of my late downfall and misfortune—this seemed to have lost its former importance to me, and to be but an inconsequential incident of something of far more importance. Likewise, I found myself dwelling at length, and with earnestness, upon my life-long search for the Inner Secret of Success and Personal Power. This one idea shone forth with such strength that all the others were dimmed by its power.

When I concluded, he said:

“You were quite right in your intuition and instincts. There is, indeed, an Inner Secret of Success and Personal Power—and to much else beside. There is in existence that Something which you have sought; but you have not sought for it in the right place. You have sought afar for that which really lies nearer to you than does anything else. You have sought for the ‘something about,’

and the 'something above,' but you have failed to search for that Something Within.

"That Something Within is the quintessence of that which you experience in consciousness as the conviction of 'I Am I.' But this 'I Am I' is not the petty thing of personality, built up and composed of the personal physical, mental, and emotional qualities which you usually regard as yourself. These compositive parts of your personality may be said to constitute your 'Me.' Your 'I Am I,' however, is something much higher than the aggregate of the qualities and attributes of your personality. When you have discovered the Inner Secret of the 'I Am I,' then you become the Master of those composite elements of your personal being, and, consequently, of all the things of the outside world which are influenced by them.

"From now on," said the Colonel, "the chief aim and purpose of your thought should be the discovery of that Something Within—this Real Self—this 'I Am I.' Maintain firmly the definite idea to achieve it. Let the flame of your desire burn fiercely for it."

I was amazed by this revelation of the Colonel, but I felt within me the assurance that he spoke the truth. I determined to follow his instructions to the letter, from that time on.

The Colonel declined to proceed further in the instruction at that time. "That is enough for this lesson. Let what I have said sink deep into your

mind. I have planted the seed; it is for you to water and to care for it—if you do this it will take root, sprout, put forth leaves and blossoms, and finally bring forth fruit. Come to see me tomorrow evening.”

* * * * *

During the following day I found myself inspired by the glimpses of the Truth which had been furnished to me by my good friend and teacher, the Colonel, in our conversation of the evening before. My mind, however, instead of being distracted from the duties and task of my daily work, seemed to have taken on an increased keenness and activity and, indeed, I managed to solve several perplexing questions which had heretofore baffled me in the course of my work.

After dinner, I again sought the room of the Colonel, and was as before cordially greeted by him. After telling him of the experiences of the day, I was informed by him that he felt that I was now prepared for the second of the three fundamental lessons which he intended to give to me—as he smilingly expressed it, “You are now ready for the second degree.”

He proceeded as follows: “You are aware that the entity which you call ‘I’—your Self—is the same entity which you have experienced as ‘I’ from the first days of self-consciousness. This identical ‘I’ has persisted, notwithstanding that

your body, your thoughts, your feelings, have constantly changed since you first became aware of this 'I' in self-consciousness. It is the changeless Something which has remained intact and unaffected by the change in your physical, mental, and emotional personality.

"Your body is not the same body as that in which your 'I' dwelt at the beginning; there is not a cell of your body at the present time which was there even a few years ago. You are dwelling in a new body which is but one of a series of bodies composed of constantly changing parts which you have used during your present life on earth. Clearly, then, your physical body is not You—not the identity which is your Real Self.

"In the same way, you have experienced a constant change of thoughts, ideas, beliefs, all through your life.

"Consequently, your physical, mental, and emotional being is akin to the jack-knife of the boy in the story—the knife had three new handles and seven new blades replaced in it during the years of his ownership of it, yet he called it 'the same old knife.' But it wasn't 'the same old knife' at all—it was simply the successor of the original knife owned by the same boy. The boy was the only 'identical' factor—the only 'same old' thing in question. Now, your 'I Am I' is like the boy—your physical, mental, and emotional being is the renovated and revamped old knife employed by

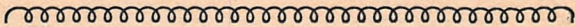
him as his instrument or tool. YOU are the only identical thing—your physical, mental, and emotional being is but your instrument employed by you in your work of personal life. Things which constantly change are merely processes—not entities. You—your ‘I Am I’—has not changed: it is your Real Self, that Something Within, your actual entity and identity. Fix this well in your mind.

“When you are able to set aside in thought all that composes your physical body; all that constitutes your intellectual and emotional being; and to see these in consciousness as being merely tools and instruments to be employed by your ‘I Am I’—just as the boy could distinguish between himself and his jack-knife—then, and then only, will you become ‘I-conscious’ in truth. In such consciousness, you will undergo the ‘new birth’—you will ‘be born again,’ this time into the world of Real Selfhood, and Conscious Identity. When you are able to see yourself as your Real Self—your ‘I Am I’—existing in identical being, and surrounded by its physical, mental, and emotional instruments of expression, then you will have discovered that Something Within.”

With these words, the Colonel again dismissed me, bidding me return on the following evening for my “third degree.”

(Concluded in next issue of “Mind, Inc.”)

The Inner Secret or That Something Within by “X”
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*Vision**

JAMES R. OLIVER

*P*ERHAPS I ought to try to describe Michael Mann as he looked to me in those days before our lives became so closely entangled.

But all these things—these details of the fleshly body—are gone—disintegrated—have disappeared. But there lay behind them once a power—a mental trait—a habit of reaction—call it what you will, that influenced the lives of others, and that through them still influences men and women who have never even heard the name of Michael Mann. I am at a loss to describe it. All that I can say is that this man gave those who knew him an intense sense of “reality.” An assurance of something firm and sure and lasting behind and beneath the constantly shifting, changing banalities of our everyday life. Something that you could build on, rest on. Plato would have said that to Michael Mann had been given a clear vision of the Eternal

* From “Victim and Victor” by John R. Oliver—Copyright, 1928, by The Macmillan Company.

Ideas—of the ultimate realities—and that the knowledge of this vision lent to everything he said and did a sort of objective reality of its own, although he himself might be wholly unconscious of it. Of course, “reality” is a vague term, and the sense in which it is used varies with the mental attitude toward life of every philosopher who uses it or abuses it. But I am a Platonist—however humble a disciple—and I know that the Master would have understood what I mean. He had seen the same thing, and had tried to describe it, in the face of Socrates.

A far cry from Socrates to Michael Mann; and heaven knows there was no likeness between them—and less sympathy. For Mann was, temperamentally, a peripatetic, an Aristotelian scholastic, to whom St. Thomas Aquinas meant a thousand times more than Plato.

But I should never have known what Michael Mann was, what he had been or might become, if it had not been for a very serious and dangerous situation that faced me suddenly in the psychiatric clinic while Mann was still a patient there.

My young colleague, Dr. Haussman, was at this time Assistant Resident; and on this particular evening he was in charge of the entire clinic, as the Resident himself was out. Haussman wanted to go out. And having once been my pupil, he looked up to me with a respect for my knowledge that I did not deserve. So he said:

"Someone has just sent me a ticket for the Philadelphia Orchestra concert. I can't bear to miss it. Would you mind hanging round here till I get back? If you get through on the ward, you can sit in my suite on the top floor."

Of course I said I'd do it. He hurried off, but returned in a moment. "While you're on the men's ward, with Mann," he said, "take a look at young Bentley. Mann knows him. A depressed case. But he's so much better that I have put him on house-parole in the evening, and he's allowed to go up to the pool-room on the top floor."

After Haussman had left me, I walked through all our eight wards, keeping for the last the ward on which Michael Mann was to sleep that night for the last time. Everything was quiet. The nurse on Mann's ward told me that Mr. Bentley, the unstable, depressed youth of eighteen, was upstairs in the pool-room. I suggested that she had better send an orderly for him at once; I wanted to see him safely inside the ward door before I left.

Mann, who was standing at the door of his little room, heard what I said. We stood, talking, at Mann's door, waiting to hear the turn of the key in the door of the ward and the step of the orderly who had gone to bring Bentley back from the pool-room upstairs. We had lowered our voices; everything around us was peacefully quiet.

Suddenly, in the stillness, I heard the shrill, insistent sound of the little gong concealed in the

wall of the nurse's office. I had never heard it ring before; but even before the nurse came running out, I knew what it was. The alarm bell!

I followed her out of the ward. Outside, in the main corridor, I found our Night Superintendent, a powerful, severe, gray-headed woman, talking with a badly frightened orderly.

"I tell you, he isn't there," stammered the orderly. "I asked one of the other patients, who was playing pool, and he said that Mr. Bentley had left the pool-room at half-past eight, and had gone down to the ward. Or that's what he thought. But—I knew—he—wasn't on the ward."

I hurried downstairs to meet the Night Superintendent. On my way I had to pass the door of the psychoneurotic ward, the men's ward, where I had so often visited Michael Mann. If on that hideous evening I had *passed* that door, it seems to me that my whole life would have been different. Only once afterwards, in my relations with Michael Mann, did I have that same sensation of acting under an impulse not my own, of finding myself unexpectedly at a crossroad and being hurried down a path that I had not clearly chosen by any act of my own volition. Instead of passing the door, instead of hurrying on, at a time when seconds seemed of importance in our hopeless search, I stopped, opened the ward-door with my pass-key, and went in. Mann was standing on the threshold of his room.

I went straight up to him, as though I had come on the ward with the sole purpose of seeing him. Perhaps I had. But I had not been conscious of it.

"He's not in the building," I gasped.

Mann looked quietly at my shaking hands, at my unsteady lips. "Of course he isn't," he said. And his assurance seemed to quiet me a little. "But I think I know where he is. Or at least where he's going." Then he added under his breath, "If he only hasn't got there yet!"

I clutched eagerly at this chance of possible help.

"Come along with me, then," I said. "Only, hurry."

After all, I thought, as we dashed down the stairs to the hall desk, at the front door, Mr. Mann is technically a patient no longer; he has been discharged as cured. I'm not doing him any harm by accepting from him any help that he can give.

At the hall desk the Night Superintendent, together with the three excited internes, was waiting for us. Her eyebrows went up as she saw Mann at my side, and she was just about to protest, when a door in the wall, just opposite the desk, slid noiselessly back, and a harassed and puzzled orderly stepped out of a brilliantly lighted elevator. Mann touched me on the shoulder.

"That was probably the way he got out," he said. "Your elevators are self-operating. He could slip in on the top floor—and the elevator door is only a step from the pool-room. And you

can bring the elevator up to you from any floor you like by just pressing a button. He could go straight down to the basement. And there might be no orderly down there at this time of night. And isn't there a small door there, that connects the passages beneath this clinic with the rest of the hospital?" I caught up the telephone and called the front entrance of the hospital.

"Well?" demanded the Night Superintendent limply, as I hung up.

"They say," I answered, wetting my dry lips, "they say that, at about half-past eight, a young man, without a hat, passed through and went out of the front door. But they thought nothing of it. They don't know all our patients by sight. It was visitor's evening, besides. They supposed he was a visitor who had overstayed his time and was in such a hurry that he'd forgotten his hat. He's gone! He has got away! Good God, what shall we do! What shall we say to—to his mother!"

I was about at the end of my endurance. This wasn't my job; I wasn't used to it. And under the unfamiliar weight of it, I nearly broke down.

Then Michael Mann touched me again on the shoulder. His eyes were half closed; he spoke in quiet, but decisive tones. "I know just exactly where he has gone," he said.

"Better tell us, then," interposed the Night Superintendent, with a slight sneer in her voice, "if—if you know so much."

"You'll think I'm queer and confused again, I suppose," said Mann to me, as though he had not heard her at all, "but sometimes I seem to see inside another person's mind. It's unscientific, I know. You scientific men see your patient's thoughts from the outside, like a strange animal or microbe under a microscope. But I—it's as though I were on the inside—inside the mind-machine, watching the wheels go round."

"But Bentley," I interposed. "You said ——"

"I said that I was sure where he'd gone. His mother has a place—a little house in the country. The railroad doesn't run very near it, but you can get there by automobile in an hour. It's the only place in the world where the poor boy has felt perfectly happy. He told me all about it once. And now, in his great need, I believe that he has gone there. He's on his way there now. It's almost as though I could see him."

The Night Superintendent had regained her cold composure. "I'm not much of a believer in intuition," she said, "but in this case I think you may be right. If you are, we need not be anxious, for his mother was going out there this week, and he'll probably find her there when he arrives. I'll telephone her and warn her of his coming. He can't have got there yet."

She took up the telephone while I hunted up the number. The little group of nurses and internes sat down in a darkened corner of the hall. No

one spoke. A sense of disaster still weighed on us all. There was no sound except the Night Superintendent's impatient voice at the telephone. After a few minutes she turned to me with a gesture of annoyance. "I can't get Mrs. Bentley's country house," she said. "They don't answer."

One of the internes, a young man whose social gifts were exceeded only by his perfect knowledge of all things, spoke up. "Why don't you call up Mrs. Bentley's town house? Her number is Vernon 9378—I've often dined there."

The Night Superintendent turned to the instrument again. This time the call went through. She began to speak with someone. Then, abruptly, she hung up the telephone, and turned to us a drawn, white face.

"Mrs. Bentley is in town—but she has gone to the theater. She decided only this morning to come in from the country, and brought her two servants with her. The maid that I spoke to says that there isn't a soul at the house in the country."

There was a moment's tense silence. Then Mann said, "Poor boy! He'll find the stage all set—for the last act. And nobody there! Nobody to stop him from climbing in a window and from getting—getting what he wants."

"Getting what?" demanded the Night Superintendent.

"Why, the revolver, of course," Mann answered simply. "That's what he has been thinking about

—that's what he has been seeing—seeing just where it lies in the top drawer of his grandfather's dressing-table. And he's been seeing it every single minute since he heard about old Doctor Islain."

The Night Superintendent stood up with a frightened rustle of her stiff uniform. "You mean that patient of ours who was taken away against our advice, and who ——" She hesitated for a moment; then she turned on me. "You ought not to allow this," she snapped. "We are working ourselves into an idiotic state of senseless apprehension. If Mr. Bentley has gone to his country house with any idea of—of"—she spat out the word in an effort at self-control—"of suicide—why, you must get there before he does, that's all. I must stay here—but you can go. Take one of the internes and—and Mr. Mann—since he knows so much about it already. Only go quickly. You've no time to lose."

Then a new idea seemed to occur to her; her tension relaxed.

"We're all fools," she said. "Our patients are never allowed to have much money in their possession. Mr. Bentley couldn't pay for a taxi, or borrow a car. He may have enough for railroad fare."

She glanced inquiringly at the ward nurse, sitting in a far corner.

"His mother was here two days ago," said the nurse uneasily. "She has no business to give him

money, but he's always been a spoiled child. And—anyway, she couldn't have given him much."

There followed a hurried searching of time-tables. There was a train, we found, that left the city station in half an hour. I glanced down the lines of the time-table and gave a sudden gasp of relief. Before this train there had been no other for the past two hours.

"Why, it's absurdly simple," I burst out. "The train that leaves in half an hour is the only one he could take. We'll find him on it. Besides, he may possibly go to his mother's house here in town. I'd telephone her at once, only I don't want to disturb her unnecessarily. But we'll try the station first. Someone call me a taxi, please." On our way to the city station, Mann, who was sitting beside me, while the rather bored and aloof young interne crouched on the little folding-seat in front, asked me a question that had decisive results.

"What do you know about young Bentley's family life? There's a reason for my asking."

I told him what little I knew, and that little was common knowledge, for the Bentleys were prominent people. The boy's father had died when he was a child. His mother had petted and spoiled him, and the only person who had ever been able to manage him was his paternal grandfather.

"The grandfather," I said, "was a distinguished officer in the Civil War, on the Northern side; very proud of the fact that, in a State of pro-

nounced Southern sympathies, he himself, as he used to say, had 'remained loyal.' He was a member of my own Club, and I used to see him often enough tottering around the library. Very proud, also, of his Loyal Legion button that he always wore in the lapel of his coat. It's a hereditary decoration, you know. Now that the old man's gone—he died last year—the decoration passes to his grandson, who probably doesn't care a rap about it. But the old man's influence was the only thing that young Bentley ever respected, and since his death the boy had been a worse mess than ever."

Our cab swung up to the door of the station. My feeling of impending disaster had lifted a little. We hurried into the waiting-room, with five minutes to spare before the train left. There were few people about; but nowhere could I catch a glimpse of the stocky, boyish figure, with the bent shoulders and tousled yellow hair, dressed in the dark-blue suit in which I had seen the boy so often pacing up and down the ward.

"Perhaps he'll come at the last minute," I said to Mann. "Let's stand at the wicket. He'll have to pass us there."

No one appeared. Luckily, I knew the ticket inspector at the gate. He let me through to the train, and I walked through it twice, from end to end. So sure was I of finding Bentley there that I was almost carried off, and had to jump from

the train as it pulled out of the station. Dazed and disappointed, I made my way back to where Mann and the interne were waiting.

"What in the world are we to do now?" I asked helplessly. "Go home and go to bed, I suppose. Perhaps the boy has gone to his mother's town house after all. He may be there by this time."

Mann did not seem to hear me. With a quick shake of his shoulders, he lifted his head and looked at me with that curious intense expression that had already puzzled me once or twice that same evening.

"He has gone to the country," he said slowly. "Gone some other way. I know it just as surely as I'm standing here."

He motioned us to follow him, and went to the Information Desk.

"No," I heard this man say; "no other train goes out tonight. At least, not on this line. But I think there is another train on the other road—leaves from the downtown station. Only the name of the place where you'll have to get off isn't the same as the name of the station on our line. And you've got to walk nearly a mile to reach the place you want to go to. Wait; I'll look it up."

The information clerk looked up from the thick book of time-tables before him, and shook his head.

"Sorry," he said. "I was wrong—or partly so. There was a train—the one I was thinking of—but it left the downtown station half an hour ago."

My former feeling of hopeless panic invaded my mind once more. Whichever way we turned, something unforeseen appeared to block our road. I looked at Mann; he seemed perfectly quiet—as though everything were happening just as he expected it to happen. And from this moment, he seemed to take charge of things. He gave the orders; we followed.

“We shall have to drive out to the Bentley’s country place in our taxi,” he said. “The boy must have gone out by this last train from the downtown station. That station is much nearer the clinic than this one. I ought to have thought of it. But I only saw him—on a train—saw him in my mind, I mean. I hope you’ve got some money. I’ve only sixty cents. We may have some difficulty in finding our way. But your young colleague here knows at least the general lay of the land. Come on. Bentley has had nearly an hour’s start of us already. But you heard what the information clerk said. It’s a long walk to his house from the station where he’ll leave the train. And we may—we may get there in time—yet.”

I heard Mann’s quiet voice talking to the chauffeur of our waiting taxi, then the cab door slammed, the engine began to chug, and the lights of the city streets slipped quickly by. It was a wonderfully clear and still night. I leaned far back in my seat, at Mann’s side. My mind seemed to have stopped functioning.

Soon the street lights grew dim—farther and farther apart. The car began to jolt a little on the rougher country roads. Darkness and shadow settled down around us. And there was no sound except the steady beat of the motor.

At last Mann leaned forward. "I'd like to tell you," he began, "why I am so sure that we are on the right track. I dare say you'll think it fanciful." He drew a deep breath, as though forcing himself to a difficult task. "The idea of—of suicide, in order to have any dangerous compelling power, usually comes to a man when he is in some highly sensitized mental condition, either through misfortune or because of some mental disturbance. And very often it enters his consciousness all at once—like an entity that has a life of its own, an organism, that draws other thoughts to itself, like a kind of mental magnet. For a long time it may have been hovering below the threshold of the mind, but you don't notice it much until, suddenly, something gives it life—and power. Something that you have seen or heard or read about. Perhaps the suicide of some other man. Take young Bentley. We know that in his earlier periods of depression the thought of death has been often in his mind—not the desire for death—but the fear of it. And it is the thing we fear that has so often an overpowering fascination. Until a few days ago it wasn't a compelling thing to Bentley.

"Then he heard about old Dr. Islain, and he began to reconstruct a past situation. He thought, 'There was Dr. Islain, here on our ward, walking quietly up and down—just as I am walking now; and all the time he had in his mind the plan that he carried out, later on—the plan that occurred to him here, while he was walking up and down this ward—this ward—our ward—just like me.'

"That 'just like me' is the keynote of an endless symphony of fear that plays itself over and over and over in your mind. It's the kind of horror that we inherit from our anthropoid ancestors, from those endlessly repeated emotions of the higher but weaker animals, standing helpless in front of the great reptile that was about to devour them, seeing it coming nearer and nearer, and realizing that their fathers and grandfathers had felt the same terror and had met hideous destruction in exactly the same way. Just like me! And the example, once set before you, takes on a new, compelling power."

He paused for a moment, as though he were praying. My own skeptical scientific mind began to rebel.

"But this is all pure imagination," I protested. Mann shook his head. "Then," I demanded, "how do you know so much about the psychopathology of suicide?"

"Well," said the voice at my side, in the darkness of the cab, with a quick intake of the breath;

"well, I don't know anything about psychology, of course. But I've been near it myself—not near psychology—but near—near the other thing, you know. I—I had it all planned. I just couldn't go on any longer. And if a certain man had gone straight down a long hall and through a grated door, I'd have done it. Only—he turned—and went into a little room. That turning meant life to me. He *was* turned, I beleive, by Something or Somebody that meant me to go on—in spite of everything—to go on with my life—such as it is."

This was the most personal, the most intimate statement that Mann had ever made to me. Yet at the time, I felt uneasy, embarrassed, as though my companion had said something not quite in good taste. I glanced at the shadowy outline of the young interne, opposite me; but he was smoking a cigarette, leaning back, half asleep.

"So that's your analysis of Bentley's mental reactions?" said I.

"Oh, I am not trying to make an analysis. I know nothing of your modern scientific methods. I was just trying to tell you what the boy thought and the way he felt." Mann's quiet voice went on, as the cab jolted over the rough road. "You might divide them into two stages—Bentley's thoughts, I mean. First, there was the time when the idea of suicide became, not a distant, vague fear, but something intimate, personal, something that kept coming nearer and nearer, and that was

suddenly clothed with appalling powers of attraction, of imitation, by the chance mental picture of Dr. Islain's death. In that stage, you fight against the idea. You're afraid of it. You wake up at night, shaking, in a sweat of terror, because the thing is getting nearer and nearer, becoming stronger and stronger. That's the time when you suffer; when you need help. Good God, how you do need help. But you're so afraid; your mind is so blocked by fear, that you're unable even to ask for help. The help has got to be *thrust* upon you from the outside. There's where the value of a psychiatrist comes in, who can read patients' minds like an open book; a man of long experience." He paused for a second; then, turning toward me in the darkness, he added, "A man like yourself."

I moved away, uncomfortable, ashamed. Yesterday, when I had seen young Bentley on the ward, I had not read his mind like an open book.

"The second stage is when you begin to realize, far at the back of your mind, that you will *have* to give in to the idea; that the Thing is stronger than you are. And this feeling grows. Curiously enough, it isn't a horrible feeling, like the first revolt of fear. There's an element of rest in it; a sort of possible solution of all your troubles. You think, 'Oh, how easy everything would be if I did give in.' And then—all at once—you realize that you have given in, given up fighting, and that the

thing is settled. A sense of relief comes over you. The decision has been made. It has only to be carried out. And there, in front of you, like a long, straight road, lies the chain of actions, that will lead you on, step by step, to the end."

I had another moment of revolt.

"That can't be right," I protested. "The sense of self-preservation—our innate desire to hold fast to life—that must count for something against the strongest obsession."

"You misunderstand. I don't mean to say that, in this second stage of surrender to the idea, you are sure that you are going to die. Indeed and indeed, you hope very strongly that you are not. Hope is there yet. You've taken, you see, the first step on a long road of connected actions that has death at the end of it; but you hope—oh, you pray that something may happen, something interfere, that some hand will be stretched out as you pass along the long, straight road, to hold you back, even at the very last step. That's what makes the whole thing so inexpressibly tragic. A real Way of the Cross."

Mann bent forward, his shoulders hunched, his hands clasped. And the things of which he spoke he seemed to be living, to be experiencing, himself.

"I can't help seeing it all. Imagining it, you'd say. This evening after supper, Bentley must have slipped away from the others in the pool-room, and gone to the elevator. But he knew that you kept

close supervision on your patients. Someone must see him and ask him where he was going. But no one did. He *had* to go on, you see, unless help came, unless he was stopped. Now he had to pass through the main hall of the hospital. But in the main hall no one recognized him. He went out through the revolving-door into the night, as though he were a doomed man, passing to the scaffold."

The dim figure at my side rocked to and fro as though in torment. "Oh, I can see him coming into the car, and looking eagerly around. There might be hope here—and help. He looked the other passengers over. He saw—at least, I think he saw—a young priest in one of the seats. He went and sat down at this man's side. 'Surely,' he thought, 'here's help at last. He's a priest; he knows how to read men's faces. He'll see that something's wrong with me. He'll ask me what it is, and then—perhaps—I can tell him. And he'll let me stay with him until—until I'm better.' The young priest was saying his Office, and he kept his eyes fixed on his book. And there at his side was a soul, calling, calling to him. And he didn't hear. He was too busy reading—reading, I dare say, a lesson from the Gospels. The poor boy stared at him; but he didn't look up. He only wants one simple question. Just someone to say, 'Why, what's the matter, son?' To give him a chance to answer—to tell them what he is going to do—to ask them to stop him—now—before it

is too late. But no one in the car, not even the old conductor, recognizes him. And all the time the train is getting closer and closer to the station, where he has to get off. Do you understand? Where he *has* to get off. Now it is swinging around the last curve—now it has stopped—and now he is standing just beyond the tiny deserted box of a station—alone on the road.

“As he waits there, he may see something familiar. Perhaps the outline of a clump of trees against the clear, starry sky—chestnut trees—a place where he used to go hunting chestnuts with his grandfather when he was a little boy, and stand with his grandfather’s arm about his shoulders, looking down into the railway-cut to see the trains go by. And when they got back to the house, he would tell his mother all they had done. His mother! His thoughts may slip back to the present—back to her. Had she not told him when she came to see him at the clinic a few days ago that she was going to spend this week-end in the country? How foolish of him to have forgotten that. Why, she will be there, at the very house to which he is on his way now—the house at the end of the long, straight road—the house with the room on the ground floor, his grandfather’s old room with his high, old-fashioned shaving table near the window—and in its upper drawer—that—that revolver. He will never have to reach the end of that road, after all—for he will find a light

burning on the front porch—and another light in his mother's room. He will call to her—very softly—so as not to startle her. 'Mother! Mother! It's I—George!' She'll come down to the door—he'll feel her arms about him—and then—then—at last—he'll wake from this horrible dream."

Mann's voice ceased abruptly. After a silence that seemed almost endless to me, he muttered, as though he were half afraid to put his own thoughts into words:

"But he won't find what he expects; not a thing. No lights in the house. No mother to answer his call. Just loneliness—silence—and the room on the ground floor, that he told me about, with its old shaving-table, and the—and the rest. He will go in. He will have to go in. He will have to go on to the end of the road."

For the first time in my life I was beginning to understand the tormenting power of a vivid imagination. Every now and then I would summon up my stupefied intelligence, try to shake it free of the spell that Mann had cast over it and to discount his emotional suggestions. But all the time my mind was following that boyish figure in the dark-blue suit, with its bowed shoulders and tousled yellow hair, moving forward on a long, straight road—on and on with the resistlessness of some impelling fate.

Once or twice the driver of our cab turned

around to ask a question, and I had to rouse the sleepy young interne to answer him. Once we had to get out and ask the way. The minutes seemed to lengthen into hours; but the driver could go no faster. My impatience gradually gave place to a sense of fatality. I could fight against circumstances no longer. I could only wait; and try not to think.

At last the driver turned around again, and pointed ahead.

"That must be the house," he said, "up there on top of that hill. There's an entrance gate down here. Shall I turn in?"

Mann bent quickly forward. The overtones of emotion had gone from his voice. He spoke incisively, compellingly.

"No, no," he said. "Shut off your motor. Wait for us here. We'll call for you if we need you." Then he turned to me and held the door open. "Come along," he whispered. "O Lord, this is the hardest part of all; here at the foot of the Cross."

The sky was cloudless, and there was moonlight enough to make the road clear before us. Far away, on our left, danced the lights of the city. We started up the road, keeping very close together. Up a small hill, then through a cluster of trees. At last we saw the house. It stood out, a mass of shadow, against the clear sky. Then Mann gripped my arm, and pointed. A light, a moving light, had flashed for an instant from one of the

lower windows. But we heard no sound. It was still—deathly still.

Mann, at my side, took a long, deep breath, and then, very softly at first, he—began to whistle. He whistled “John Brown’s Body.” And yet that wasn’t what he whistled at all. For as I listened, surprised, shocked, I realized that the familiar words of “John Brown’s Body” somehow didn’t go with the tune that he was whistling. It meant something else.

“For God’s sake ——” I whispered, as the whistling stopped for a moment. But Mann cut me short.

“Our last chance,” he panted. “If he isn’t—isn’t on the lawn—yet, he may hear—hear what I’m trying to tell him. And it may stop him. If it only stops him for five minutes more!”

He began whistling again. Now the notes were fuller, clearer—full of life—of power—of something that I did not understand. A sudden sense of admiration, almost of awe, stole over me.

We were nearer to the house now. The light blinked again on the lower floor. One of the lower windows was thrown open.

Abruptly, Mann’s whistling ceased, and his voice—a low, rather rough, but vibrating, baritone, took up the old melody. But this time the words—the words that my own mind had been groping for, came also.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!

Our God is marching on.

Glory, Glory halleluiah, Glory, glory . . .

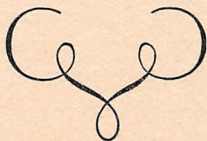
A revolver shot rang out. We stopped in our tracks. My heart leaped into my throat. Then another shot—and another—a whole fusillade.

Mann gave a little choking cry, and ran forward, toward the open window. But I, like an idiot, had not understood that series of rapid shots. I had to force my feet onward, so that when I reached the open window at last, Mann was standing beside a white-faced boy, with tousled yellow hair, who still held in his hand the revolver from which he had just fired every single shot—into the air.

In a sort of a mental haze, I heard the boy explaining. "I—I had it—ready—in my hand—and then some man down there, walking home in the dark—began to whistle. Did you hear him? Then you know what he whistled. He sang it, too. That—that song I told you about—the song my grandfather used to sing for me when I was a kid. It meant a lot to me then. I—I wanted to be a soldier when I grew up. And tonight when I—I heard it—whistled out there in the dark—I thought of—of how when I was a boy—grand-

father would thump out the song on our piano while I marched around the room with my tin sword and my—my little pistol—with those percussion caps. And when he—grandfather—got to the ‘Glory, glory’ part—I’d get so excited that I’d fire off my pistol. So—I—tonight—well, I must have thought I was a kid again!”

We drove back to town, all four of us crowded in the cab together, the boy sitting on the back seat between Mann and me. I was out of it. Young Bentley scarcely spoke to me. He was talking—talking in a low voice and with evident relief—to Mann, giving him a description of all that had happened to him that evening. It was like seeing a motion picture turned backwards. For with a few exceptions, the story that he told fitted in, piece by piece, with the imaginary description that Mann had given me as we drove out side by side in the jolting cab, in constant fear lest our drive must end at a splotch of motionless shadow on a moonlit lawn, with something that glistened lying at its side.





Mind Centre

MRS. JAMES MADISON BASS
Chief Counsellor

We Acknowledge and Proclaim:
THE KINGDOM of HEAVEN AT HAND—
HERE AND NOW.

In reply to inquiries from a number of Centres, we like the idea of organizing into a number of smaller groups rather than unwieldy large ones.

Jesus said: "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." It is better to begin in a small way where you can be "of one accord, in one place" the place of the *Higher Consciousness*, and as you work out the plans led by *the Spirit*, the increase in numbers and influence will be inevitable.

In cities or neighborhoods where these smaller Centres are organized and in good running order it might be advisable to have some meetings together of the various Centres, for conference for the purpose of planning methods for co-operation.

In the great cause for establishment of "the
[87]

Kingdom on earth," which is our material consciousness, "as it is in heaven," which is the higher, spiritual consciousness, we must overcome all in-harmonious conditions, and this is done by growth and understanding, striving to develop the Kingdom within each and every one of us that we may all be "made perfect in One."

"Their works do follow them."

W. H. Pritchard of Johannesburg, South Africa; James L. Martin, New Plymouth, New Zealand; and Thomas H. Spence of Isla de Pines, Cuba, are among those who have started Centres in the more distant places, and are sending most encouraging letters.

Some of the Centres write us that although they are making no spectacular demonstrations that they are experiencing wonderful growth in Spiritual and Mental uplift. These are inspiring letters.

"Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness (right *wiseness*) and all these things shall be added unto you!"

If we constantly feel that we are gaining a higher understanding of the Father and our relation to Him we may be sure that we are on the right road.

God is Father, Creative Mind, who through His own Spirit has differentiated into multitudinous life-centres, which we are.

God is Life and all the "life, breath and all things" which we have *is* God.

As the rays of the sun express the heat, light, and power of the sun, each in itself filling its own place, not interfering with the other rays, yet all one in the originating sun; so we soul rays of God, reflecting individual life, truth, love and power, are yet all one in Originating Spirit.

God's desire for all of us is that each shall be a distributor of Spirit. "Let each man prove his own work." It is well to remember that you can "shine upon your brother, but not for him," and each one must receive and give forth the message which comes to him direct from the Father.

Each one bears a different message, and there must be neither shirking, nor interference with the duty of another, that the whole may be the perfect *divine word* which is the image and likeness in which God created man to express Himself.

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