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Announcement.

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Chips from the Old Block.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

☞ HEER up!

Don't be afraid!

There's nothing to be afraid of.

Most of the things you dread never happen.

The things that do happen are usually not so bad as you feared.

Worrying about the trouble ahead if you never did any good—doesn't do any good now—never will do any good. It isn't worth while.

If you really have to face trouble,

worry will only sap your strength when you need to be strongest. If you must do something, start to work, giving yourself auto-suggestions of courage and strength.

Worry is the first-born child of Fear, and it bears a strong family resemblance to its parent. Treat the Fear family as you would any other kind of vermin—get rid of the old ones before they have a chance to have progeny.

Look for the good in the sinner—not for the sin in the saint.

Every man has good in him—let us help him to manifest it.

No man is as good as he thinks he is—no man so bad as some think him to be.

When you get to the point where you feel like thanking God for having made you better than other people—lookout. Something is going to happen.

I have lived forty years, and have seen many "bad" people, some of whom did great and unselfish deeds. I have also met some "good" people, many of whom were guilty of some mighty mean acts.

I knew the "bad" people were bad, because people said so, and they lived in a bad neighborhood. I knew the "good" people were good, because they admitted it themselves and lived in a good neighborhood. Positive proof.

The devil doesn't bother some of the "good" people—he's so sure of them coming his way that he doesn't waste time on them. But he sees so much good still in the hearts of some of the "bad" people that he gives them no peace. The hunter runs after the wounded ducks, and lets the dead ones wait.

* * *

The best way to reform people is to set them a good example.

* * *

Do the best you know how and mind your own business.

* * *

Give the other fellow a chance to do the same.

* * *

We are all God's children.

Mothers Who Fear.

ONE of the worst misfortunes which can possibly happen to a growing child is to have a mother who is perpetually tormented by nervous fears. The doctrine of mental suggestions, whatever may be its extremes, is certainly true to the extent that thought-waves create an atmosphere favorable or unfavorable to the inmates of the household. If a mother gives way to fears—morbid, minute and all-prevailing—she will inevitably make the environment of her children one of increasing dread and timidity. Marshal Saxe, one of the most distinguished commanders in history, led battalions with unsurpassed courage; but we are told that he incontinently fled at the sight of poor puss. His mother was dominated by an abnormal fear of cats. The background of fear is the habit or instinct of anticipating the worst. The mother who never makes a move or allows her children to make a move without conjuring up a myriad of malign possibilities embitters the cup of life with a slow-acting poison.—*Exchange.*

NEVER wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. It takes less time and is surer to be done.

Keep Yourself Free.*

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

HERE is an inundation of "Occult," "Psychic," "Mental," "Spiritual" and "I Am" literature sweeping over the land.

To read it all and attempt to assimilate all its teachings is to bring on mental indigestion.

One periodical disputes the assertions of another—and the reader is left in a tangle of confused ideas, which trip his reason at every step.

To every student along these lines I would say, keep yourself free and independent from any one of these modern creeds; do not bow down to the "isms" of Christian or Mental Science, or "New Thought," "Psychic Control" or "Magnetism" any more than you would bow down to the canons of the Methodist, Catholic or Presbyterian church.

Read whatever you like, but do not allow any teacher, editor, preacher or disciple of any creed or dogma, ancient or modern, to narrow or bind down your free, God-given individual thought, and consciousness.

Simplify your religion. Make it practical.

Begin as soon as you awaken in the morning to direct your mentality toward trust and cheerfulness.

Open your window and let in the fresh air; no matter if it is cold, stormy, bleak weather, change the current of air in your room.

Then manage to obtain a few moments quite alone, to relax your mind, and *charge your mental and spiritual batteries with divine force.*

Just so sure as you do this each day, just so sure you will grow stronger in body and mind, and happier and more successful.

It makes no difference what you call yourself—Heathen, Hottentot, Jew, Christian or Psychic, if you *let go of your worries and fears*, and

lie back on the unseen Forces which made this magnificent universe, and ask for your inherited share of divine wisdom, health, and prosperity, and declare it is yours, because you are God's own creation, *all will be well within you.*

That is all you need to do, save to *live in this thought.*

This sounds simple, but the living in the thought is the difficult part.

I know people who can lecture and write beautifully on these subjects, and who understand the whole theory of the power of the spirit to rule conditions, yet who will haggle with a tradesman or a domestic over a dollar, who fear to aid others in temporary need, lest they shall find themselves "short," and who do not withhold the irritable word, or the unkind criticisms, and who continually forget the rights of others in the small matters which make up daily existence.

It is this continual recollection of the rights of others—animals, inferiors and dependents, since all life came from one source—that becomes difficult, when put into practice; but without this illustration, any religion becomes merely an empty husk.

If you can educate yourself into absolute unselfishness of motive, and live accordingly, you will find all things coming to you which you desire—and it will not in the least matter what "Creed" you belong to or whether you have any belief save that of *Love*, for your Creator and humanity.

I know a sweet, little old lady who has lived a most Christ-like life for many years, always doing the duty which was nearest, always cheerful, loving, trustful. She is now entirely alone in the world, and she says: "I never plan very much, for everything happens just as I would have it, and for my best pleasure and happiness. It seems to be more and more so—though it was not so of old!"

She does not know it, but it is be-

cause she has overcome all selfishness, and has no wish for anything that does not mean universal good, and because she loves and trusts.

Had she known the law, the results would have come to her earlier, as they can come to you if you *overcome self.* That is all that is meant by "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven."

It must not influence you nor discourage you, that the people whose rights you consider and to whom you show kindness, are ungrateful.

That has nothing to do with the principle you maintain. If you pay a man a debt you owe, and he wastes or misuses the money, it would not deter you from paying another just debt.

Go on cultivating the very highest virtues in yourself, and never mind how little appreciation your deeds receive from others; you are obeying the wishes of your Creator—and all things shall work together for your good.

The law never fails. This is the matter to busy yourself about, not the "isms" or "ideas" of a lot of teachers or preachers.

It Isn't The Thing You Do.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
The letter you did not write;
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of hearthsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time or thought for
With trouble enough of your own.
These little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find.
It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Chance and Destiny.*

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

EVERY careful observer has seen, in some measure, the workings of a mysterious power in human life which some have called destiny; and of another equally mysterious force known as fatality. "It was his destiny," we often hear said, when speaking of one who has been specially favored, one upon whom fortune has smiled. "It was his fate," we hear said of another, who has met with some unmerited misfortune, or disaster seemingly unconnected with any of his actions. Chance, Fatality, Destiny, Luck, Fortune, Good or Evil Star, and various other names are ascribed to some inexorable, unknown force which seems to keep relentless watch over the life of the individual.

Destiny and fate are mythical gods of which we know little. Out of the depths of inscrutable night a voice says to mankind, "It is I who so wills it," and millions bend the knee and bow the head in unquestioning obedience. We have seen men who have encountered persistent misfortune, while they seemed worthy of every good. And we have seen others who have met with a prosperity undeserved. We have seen men who, possessing neither talent nor ambition, and guilty of acts that would seem to invite disaster, have been fortunate in all things undertaken. There are some who work patiently and uncomplainingly year after year for a mere existence; while others, without serious thought or effort, live in excessive luxury. Some are branded on the threshold of life with poverty, disease and intellectual weakness, while others are richly endowed with all the attributes of beauty and genius.

Why should there be health, happiness and the wanton display of wealth by the side of poverty, misery and disease? Shall we attribute the cause of these inequalities to the will of the gods or devils, to the influence of the stars, or to some unknown, undeviating law of the universe? In this injustice of the world we see the influence of a power that is related neither to gods or stars, nor to any law outside of the life and consciousness of the human race itself.

Disease, mental weakness and poverty are due mainly to the faults and ignorance of the race. We are not the playthings of useless chance. But there are tendencies within which connect us with the generations of the past. There is a law of heredity which plays an important part in the life and destiny of each. And within ourselves may be found the key of the mystery.

As we progress in experience and knowledge we shall discover that many of the events of the past, both fortunate and unfortunate, were the effect of causes that reposed in ourselves. One by one the gods and devils, the good and evil forces, the angels with white wings and the angels with black wings will fade away. The phantoms will vanish with the night of ignorance, and slowly from the depths of our consciousness will dawn the light. Man will learn that all the gods with which he has peopled the earth and the heavens are only imperfect symbols of forces which have always existed within.

Man's nature is dual. The objective part of himself, his personality, is made up of inherited tendencies, beliefs and limitations which cause him to act according to selfish impulses. And the man whose life is directed by the conscious existence which his reason and will control, the man who heeds no advice or warning, but that of his intellect is sure to make mistakes and get in the way of destructive forces which human reason has not learned to avoid. The universe is not hostile to man. The same forces of nature may be used for good or evil results. An electric current will respond as quickly to the touch of one who would use it to murder, as to another whose intentions are good. The attitude of nature toward man is not influenced by his morality, his thoughts or intentions. If man, in his ignorance, gets in the way of the lightning-flash, its current will kill. If he goes to sea in a ship that is unprepared to withstand the winds and the waves, he will be lost in a storm. And so a great many unfortunate events which seem to arise from causes outside of man are the direct result of his ignorance and carelessness.

Deep down in the mind of man is a profound consciousness, a subliminal self, of which the intellect has only a faint knowledge. This higher self is our veritable ego, containing within itself the secret of human phenomena which we have in our ignorance attributed to some external power. It is this self which decrees that every man shall reap what he has sown—that one who is good and true shall receive a reward for his goodness; while the one who is evil shall pay

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the penalty for every wrong. Apart from the physical laws governing the material part of man, nature is coldly indifferent to his actions. But deep in the mind is enthroned the instinct of justice. In the past it was supposed to be held by the gods, who had their thrones in the sky. They used the elements of nature to reward or punish. They spoke to man in the storm, the earthquake and the thunder. In the various moods of nature man beheld the workings of a force which held and swayed him according to the decree of the gods. They governed the air and the sea and the destinies of nations.

At last man dared to question, to think for himself. With the telescope he peered into the heavens. He discovered a galaxy of worlds, governed by unchanging law. The clouds faded away, and the imaginary retreats of the gods vanished. In the star-dust and ether man beheld no white throne and streets of gold. But it is no less a mystery that the instinct of justice abides in ourselves. It is no less a mystery that the monitor within influences human life and determines our relationship to the world at large. The man who would do wrong may escape the vengeance of the gods, his secret may remain unknown to another; but there is a silent guardian which stands on the threshold of the inner life from whose judgment there is no escaping.

It would seem that this higher self in man is illimitable, universal. It would seem that time and space concern it not. This power, intelligence or angel, enshrined so deep in the consciousness of man, comes forth again and again to the surface of the external life. It quickens the mind. It gives inspiration and courage. It stimulates faith. It warns man of danger. It beckons to the path of security. But it never compels. There are some who are wilfully blind to this leading. They infallibly sail by the ship that is destined to be wrecked, they undertake a business that is certain to fail, they are always too soon or too late; their life is made up of a series of unfortunate occurrences, which might have been easily avoided by a little foresight and thoughtfulness. But they wilfully ignore the gentle monitions, influences and impressions, and follow blind intellect and the desires of the external nature. Misfortune does not pursue them. There is no evil power wishing them ill. They simply get in the way of destructive forces because of a careless indifference, or confused state of mind which receives not nor heeds not the warning. There are others possessing no greater gifts, endowed with no special talent or power, who live in close touch with the higher self. Its light illumines the intellect. It

regulates their actions. It inspires them with confidence. It leads them to do the right thing at the propitious time. It brings them in contact with others at the decisive moment for some fortunate transaction. With inexplicable certainty they always arrive at the brief instant when the door of opportunity opens.

A great deal has been said in regard to the mastery of fate by the intellect and will. Man is learning the power of thought and its practical use in overcoming the defects of his nature. He is gaining a better understanding of the forces at his command. But if he acts without guidance, if he depends solely upon personal power and the keenness of his intellect to achieve success in life's competitive struggle, his progress is apt to be seriously hindered. Another with less power and talent, by acting more wisely, will be happier and more prosperous.

To live peacefully, untroubled by doubts and uncertainties, to realize every worthy ambition, to have friends who will always remain true, to exert an influence that will inspire others to lofty endeavor, to encourage the weak and faltering, to have faith in the divineness of the world and of man, let the voice of the higher self guide and direct you. Sink your thoughts down to the center of contemplation in the heart's sanctuary; listen with concentrated attention for the voice that will speak. Not in the thunder of life's battles, nor in the whirlwinds of passion; but in moments of repose, in a peaceful vacancy of self, when the heart throbs with a superior instinct, there will arise from the depths of your being the unmistakable voice which speaks to the mind in gentlest of tones, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Letter Box.

Beginning with our January number, we are going to have a "Letter Box" department, in which we will answer our good friends who write us asking all sorts of questions. We cannot answer these questions by letter, as it is a physical impossibility for the editors to answer letters of this kind from our thousands of readers. So, after this date, we will pick out the letters of greatest possible interest, and will answer them in the "Letter Box." Correspondents' initials alone will be used, so that there will be no publicity. If you have any question to ask that you think will interest a number of readers as well as yourself, just write us asking the question as clearly and in as few words as possible. Address to The New Thought Publishing Company, 3835 Vincennes Ave., Chicago, and be sure to mark "LETTER BOX DEPARTMENT" on the lower left-hand corner of your envelope. This department will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Atkinson, who will answer all the questions personally. We think it will prove to be a valuable feature of the journal. Look for it in January.

The Smile Cure.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

ARE you blue? Smile! Are you cross? Smile! Are you worried? Smile! Are you vexed? Smile! Are you feeling hurt? Smile! Do you feel grumpy? Smile!

Smile! Then do it again. And keep on doing it. Cultivate the upward curve of the corners of your mouth. Don't let them droop for an instant. Learn how to smile. Many of you have forgotten how. Start in to-day to learn it over again.

A smile is an infallible remedy for all of the above symptoms and many others, if you will only keep up the treatment until the desired result is obtained. Just keep the corners of your mouth curved upwards in spite of their efforts to go the other way, and the cure is certain. Of course, you won't feel like it when you start off—but just stick to it and your feeling will soon match your expression. No one can maintain a first-class smile very long without getting to feel "smiley." Try it. Thought takes form in Action—Action produces reflex Thought. Good psychology—good sense.

This is a very simple remedy, but it has cured thousands of cases of blueness, crossness, hurt feelings and general grumpiness, and a number of other complaints. I can cheerfully recommend it to you—I've tried it on myself. It is perfectly harmless, and you needn't fear leaving it around where the children can reach it. It is guaranteed to cure the most stubborn case within a short time, if faithfully taken. Shake after taking—you'll feel like shaking with laughter, you'll feel so good.

The great trouble about the Smile

Cure is that it is hard to get the patient to follow directions. He doesn't feel like smiling—scowling is more to his taste. He likes to scowl and frown, and keep the corners of his mouth down. But stick to him and insist upon his giving the corners of his mouth a pronounced upward turn, and the improvement will be soon quite manifest. Keep him smiling until perfectly cured.

If you have no one upon whom you can smile during treatment, you will find it a good plan to stand before a mirror and smile away at yourself. Why shouldn't you? Just get that upward curve adjusted, and then take a good look at yourself in the glass. You will not be able to stand that sight long without the smile developing into a laugh. Then try it over again, and see what a good thing it is. It is quite a pleasant treatment. You'll get all sorts of fun out of it. Lay down the magazine now, and go to the glass and see how it works. You'll come back in a few minutes, feeling lots better.

Seriously, good friends, this is a good thing. Smile a good honest smile, and see how good you feel. Don't you now, honor bright? You cannot keep a good smile on your face for three minutes without it making you feel good all over, notwithstanding your previous state of mind.

This is a good thing—pass it along with my compliments.

His Wish Fulfilled.

William Walker Atkinson, one of the editors of "New Thought" (Chicago), thrills that little publication with his cheery wit and admirable sense. His one subject is Life—just Life, and nothing more; what Life is, how to make the best of it, what it is for, and what may come of this bit of it that is ours now. He is rousing, witty, eloquent, masterful, tender. *We should like to see, in a volume, a selection of his tonic papers in this clever monthly.*—*Light, London, Eng.*

[Our London friends' wishes have been met. "Nuggets of The New Thought" is the answer.]

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Strength.*

NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

IT is our own conception of and the daily practice of Truth which redeems. The blood shed through the crucifixion of Jesus, neither the work spoken by Him has power to save a soul unless the Truth of the word and the meaning of the shedding of blood be comprehended. The truth of a theory must be known in order that it may be practicalized. It must be established, in the mind, as a premise from which all conclusions may be deducted in order that the possibilities of it may be demonstrated.

Man was never lost—neither did he FALL. There seems to be many stumbling blocks, but these are stepping stones by which a greater height of health and happiness is reached. In ignorance of what our strength consists, we “run up against” something—the blow therefrom awakens us to a broader consciousness of what our strength consists. We have this strength ever within, but oftentimes this blow is needed that we may find our strong shield is in the I AM.

The phrase—I AM—is so pertinent, so full of meaning, so strongly infolded in everything pertaining to either the physical or spiritual life, that all thinking individuals ask: I AM—What AM I? The answer comes: I AM just what I AM—that is—I AM what I express myself to BE!

We live, move and have our being in the strength of the I AM. If the consciousness of this Life within each individual be strong and clear, then will the Light of it reflect its image in all our doings. This Light and Strength of the I AM cannot shine forth until the dawn breaks in the individual soul. And when the dawning comes the I AMNESS will express itself in the life of the soul. We cannot express that which we have not within us. I cannot teach that which I do not know to be true. The best that any teacher can do for the student is to throw the Light of his own soul into the consciousness of the student; this is one method of awakening the soul to its own spiritual consciousness. We cannot express that which we do not know. This is why so many souls are dissatisfied; they try to wear a garment that

does not belong to them. They live a veneered existence and in consequence the Living Waters of the Spirit are quenched. They fail to express the simplicity of the I AM.

It is the central force of the Universe as the heart is the motor power of the physical body. There can be no expression of life or light, peace or power without a consciousness of this central force. And according to the degree of consciousness is our godliness expressed.

To know the strength of the I AM and Be IT is the secret of a happy and prosperous life. We cannot give forth a truth until there is a knowledge of it; after having received it, it is impossible to withhold its expression. Thus will the Light shine upon others that stand in a lesser light of understanding. According to the understanding will be the expression of the illuminating strength of the I AM. Spiritual development is the strong Light—the attracting power.

As the development of the I AM consciousness is begun, we necessarily step out of the old beaten tracks of conventions and materiality. Conscious of our weakness, we tread carefully, lest we stumble. And although potentially strong and great, we need not be surprised, dismayed nor discouraged, if we should stumble when learning to walk upright and Godlike. As a baby we attempted to walk across the floor, when lo, we toppled and fell! But struggling to our feet, we arose with greater strength, until finally, we stood alone and then walked firmly to our goal!

So let us not feel too greatly injured should we find ourselves flattened out occasionally, while trying to walk in the New Light and while in our infant consciousness of the I AM. The glory does not consist in never falling. But it does consist in rising with more strength every time we fall. Thus will we grow to a consciousness of our strength, evolving from infantile conditions into the true concept of God-life!

If we be but semi-conscious of the knowledge of our strength, our vibrations will be weak and negative; we will wobble as we try to walk in the beautiful PASS that leads Godward! Learning to walk ourselves will give us strength to reach out and help others. Once steady, self-poised and free, we can assist in poising others. Only in the measure that we are free and fearless, can we impart freedom and fearlessness. Only in the measure that we are wise through individual experience can we impart knowledge and power to others. As we express happiness so is it possible for many other souls to become happy.

Keep thine eye ever steady to Truth and Love and the I AM will image forth to the world as strength and happiness!

A Mush or a Man—Which?*

By ELIZABETH TOWNE.

MAN in the natural and unregenerate state is an unprincipled being. He is moved by every shadow of feeling. These shadows being cast by people, things and events without, his mental and physical activities represent but a conglomerate of other people. He is a jelly-fish, receiving for the moment the impression of any finger which pokes him. Whether he wants to be or not, he is nothing but a "mush of concession" to every passing person or circumstance. *He is constantly affected from without.* He lives and changes his being according to what is thrust upon him by other beings. He has no principle for individual living, except that of stinging the hand which touches him.

The fate of the unprincipled jelly-fish is ever the same. His own power of initiative is so primitive that he is propelled by every current of wind or wave. Everything stands aside for even the sucker, who knows where he is going. But the jelly-fish has no destination. His one object in life is to *keep from being hurt*, and to this end he floats with any current. He effaces himself as much as possible to keep from being seen and eaten. And I suspect he is often indignant and tries to sting because he has succeeded in his attempt not to be noticed. But when he happens to be noticed by *too* large a fish he is gobbled up in a jiffy. If he escapes being eaten he is cast on the beach to lament away his feeble life in a too-ardent day.

Poor little, unprincipled jelly-fish. But occasionally a jelly-fish gets tired of being a more or less unwilling mush with a red pepper sting. He grows a shell to protect him, and becomes a clam. He shuts himself up with his own opinion of the selfish world outside. He loses his red pepper sting, but if you get *too* close to him he nips your impertinent fingers and shuts the door in your face. He has his opinion of you and he wants to be let alone.

But after a time he gets tired of himself and his opinions—deadly tired. He begins to think even the jelly-fish stage of life is preferable to the clam's. At least the former had a change once in a while, and he saw something of life. He wishes he were a child again—he means a jelly-fish.

But even a clam cannot grow backward. So he becomes a crawfish and goes sidewise. He evolves some ugly

legs, shoulders his shell and his opinions and goes sidling forth to see the world again. Really, he is growing a glimmer of a principle to live by. He has builded him a shell which makes him impervious to most outside forces; he has grown tired of trying to enjoy himself; and he has actually made a start at *doing* something on his own account, uninfluenced by the without.

Good little crawfish! He is on a fair road to growing quite a backbone of his own. By and by, as exercise hardens his muscles and stiffens his backbone and limbers his little legs he will discard his ugly shell and walk out straight ahead, instead of crawfishing. He is growing a Principle to live by—the principle of *self-expression*. He is growing Wits as well as a backbone and well muscled legs, to take him out of harm's way and to enable him to gratify his own individual desires.

A man in the jelly-fish stage is sensitive on the outside. And he is so absorbed in these outer sensations that he is conscious of nothing *within* himself. His soul-center is as unsensitive as his circumference is sensitive. He *has shrunk into* himself so persistently that he has deadened and dammed the power which is meant to *flow outward* from his soul-center. He is therefore utterly unconscious of the law or principle of his own being.

His solar plexus is a hard knot and he is so used to it that he does not know it. He has cringed and cowered and shrunk into himself until his solar center, his soul-center, is in danger of petrification. Life is a dull ache, and the harder the ache the tighter he shrinks inward.

Poor little man, he would better brace up and be a clam; or a crawfish; or better still, a *man* with a backbone that holds him up straight and leaves his solar center free to expand and fill him with vim and gumption to stand other men's buffets and carve a path of his own out into the Free Country where he can do as he pleases. He would better consult his soul-center than his "feelings." He would better grow sensitive on the inside and give his thin skin a rest.

The principle of all being is to *EXPRESS*, to *press outward*. The jelly-fish, the clam and the crawfish of the human race *press inward* instead of outward. If one of them by any chance does happen to unbend and make a move to *express* himself he is turned backward again by the first little show of an obstacle or the adverse opinion of some other clam or crawfish. There is no *principle* in him—he is worked from without. He is attracted by this thing

and repelled by that, moved back and forth and in and out, galvanized or paralyzed, all from *outside*. And he throws out innumerable little antennæ for sensing these outside influences. He is so absorbed in them that he has no consciousness left for the soul-center within himself, where his principle of being is trying to manifest. His *soul's* influence is the last influence he looks for or responds to.

Such a being is unhappy, unhealthy, unsuccessful; and he grows more so until he gets desperate and quits. Then he begins to withdraw consciousness from the outside and wake up on the inside. He begins to consult *himself* and *do as he desires*. Hitherto he has been so absorbed in *outside* things that he was unaware he *had* any desires on his own account. Now he begins to explore himself. He expands and grows sensitive on the inside. When he senses a little desire there he pushes out and *acts* upon it—even if he *does* run against a snag or two, or a dozen. He has got hold of one end of the principle of his own being and is acting upon it. Henceforth, his way is *straight ahead*, instead of crawfishy or clammy.

Now a strange thing begins to manifest. In the old days the man was always getting into somebody's way and getting hurt. He spent his time tacking and backing and scudding to keep from being hurt. But now that he has turned himself right side out and started *ahead*, he discovers everybody else hurrying to get out of *his* way, and even to *help him along*. Things seem to loom as obstacles, but lo, as he keeps *straight ahead* they melt away and he goes onward.

In every man's soul is a course mapped out, a chart and compass for his guidance. If he consults *his own chart* and follows it he finds there are no collisions. His course is a true orbit, where all intruding matter is dissipated before it reaches him. His *atmosphere* burns it up, and renders it harmless. It is the crawfish who, in his attempt to keep out of one orbit sidles into another and meets the comet's fate—disintegration and absorption.

This is a wonderful universe—a *one-verse*. There is an orbit for every being and a being for every orbit. *Every orbit is written on a heart*, a soul, and may be found only by consulting *that* soul.

Look up at the stars—just a conglomerate of bright spots. Surely if they moved a little there would be collisions. But look closer. They do move, at infinite pace, and there are no catastrophes. There is an order among them so perfect that it takes long study to appreciate it.

Now look at people—a conglomeration of wriggling worms of the dust. But look more closely, dearie. It will repay you, for human orbits are no less true than starry ones. The closer you get to human *hearts* the better you will understand their orbits. The closer you get to *your own* heart the nearer you will approach the hearts of others.

The more faithfully you *follow* the orbit written on *your* heart the surer you are to escape disaster.

Grow sensitive on the soul-side and know that your course is sure.

Nuggets of the New Thought.

Many of our friends have written us that they wished we would publish Mr. Atkinson's essays in book form. They had read the journal during the year, and desired to have their favorite articles from his pen in a permanent form. A number asked that we would not only do this, but that we would get the book out in time for the Holidays, so that they might use it as a Christmas present. We have complied with both requests, and the book is now ready in its beautiful purple and gold cover. It is bound in the same style as "The Law of The New Thought" and our other recent books—good clear type, fine printing and good paper—silk cloth cover (stiff boards), "purple and gold."

The book is called "Nuggets of The New Thought," the sub-title being "Several Things that Have Helped People." Good title, we think. It is the cream of Mr. Atkinson's magazine articles. All your favorites are in it, and we have included "The Secret of the I Am," that wonderful essay which has had probably more readers than any other bit of New Thought writing, and which has made its writer's name well known in foreign lands as well as in this country. This book will suit all kinds of people, because of the great variety of the articles composing it. It teaches the highest New Thought truths in terms so plain and simple that the newcomer is not bewildered. Every one of Mr. Atkinson's friends should have this book, for it shows the varied style of the writer better than can any of his other published works. All shades of his thoughts are there, from the plain, homely tale of "Jerry and the Bear" to the high, spiritual thought in "The Unseen Hand"—from the "I Can and I Will" essay to "In the Depths of the Soul."

This is the book to give to your friends for Christmas. This is the book to loan to your friends or relatives who have found New Thought teachings "too much up in the air." This is the book to keep around handy to read when you feel cast down and in need of a helping hand.

This is the book you need, depend upon it.

It sells for one dollar—money back if not satisfactory.

Perpetual Youth.

PART IV.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

I have here a letter from a Mr. Dalton S. Patterson of Kansas City, Mo., which may tell its own tale:

October 28, 1902.

Mr. Sydney Flower, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Your article in November magazine on use of oxygen was very interesting to me, as I have been experimenting along that line with very satisfactory results.

I arranged machinery so as to give a continuous supply of sterilized air to a small room, which was made practically air tight, and persons placed in this room became very much exhilarated. I arranged for the removal of the vitiated air, so the impurities and heat thrown off were taken out and a new supply was given. Now, on the theory that this sterilized air is almost pure oxygen, why should not this arrangement be sufficient to make the test you refer to?

If you care to pursue the subject at all I shall be pleased to give you further information concerning my experiments, and possibly we might unite in equipping a plant in Chicago that would be very remunerative, especially in hot weather, as people in large numbers can be made cool and comfortable in a few minutes by entering such a room.

Very truly yours,

DALTON S. PATTERSON.

My dear Mr. Patterson, there is no subject so near my heart as this, and I feel sure that all our readers will be glad to follow you further. The world is ever ready to crown with laurels the man who gives it facts; who makes useful discoveries, and really finds out things. Having crowned him with laurels it proceeds to forget him. But here is where a little business experience becomes of peculiar worth. You shall have all the laurels, and I will come in later, when it is time to turn this process into money, and together we will make thing so interesting for the world that it will not forget. But there are a few things to be done first.

* * * * *

The first point of objection is that sterilized air is not oxygen by a long way. The next is that filling rooms with oxygen is much too wasteful a process. The next is that if your people were made "cool and comfortable" they were not "burning out," and this burning out is the only logical means of restoring youth to the old and middle-aged. The next is that the exhilaration your people experienced was probably due to suggestion alone; and the last point is that what we should want from you would be reports of your work along entirely new lines—not reports of what you have done so far.

* * * * *

It is a great pleasure to me to have

met Mr. Patterson on paper, because he has the spirit of the investigator, and I can assure him that when we succeed in bringing this matter down to a practical working basis there is a fortune in cold cash awaiting him. Let us, therefore, have the fullest discussion of the points to be met, and the experiments to be made, and let us have all the help possible from our readers during the year 1903.

* * * * *

You may suppose that in thus proposing to openly discuss what may prove to be a very valuable commercial process we are taking the risk of having our prize snatched away by the pirate-craft of the business-world, but the risk is really nothing. He will be a wonderfully cunning rogue who shall forestall us at the Patent Office, and, patents aside, there is no magazine on earth which can do what this magazine can do in the way of popularizing such a process as we have under discussion.

* * * * *

The most feasible and economical process of administering the oxygen to the patient is by inhalation, of course. That much we may consider settled. Oxygen in solution, drank as a beverage, is scarcely likely to produce the exact and immediate effects of oxygen inhaled into the lungs, and thence passing at once into the circulation.

* * * * *

The first question before us is: How can the cost of production of oxygen be cheapened? How can it be cheaply separated either from the atmosphere, or from water, and directed into tanks or cisterns, to be piped thence in much the same way as illuminating gas is now supplied to our houses? When the oxygen is once "laid on," as they say of gas or water, it will be a very easy matter to arrange how it may be most satisfactorily administered to the patient. Probably a mere combination of tap, hose and mouthpiece or tube will cover the case. You turn on the tap, put the tube to your nostril and inhale while you sit in your chair or lie on a couch. So many inspirations give you so much oxygen; so long a treatment for such and such an effect—all those details will be as simple as A B C. The first obstacle to be overcome is a cheapening of the cost of production of oxygen.

* * * * *

The second question before us, and you may possibly wonder if it should not be the first and only question, is—will oxygen, inhaled in sufficient quantities, really check the ravages of age, preserve youth, and restore youth? Certainly an important question, but not, to

my mind, of first importance. The thing of first importance is to determine whether oxygen will *theoretically* do this; and *theoretically* the answer is, Yes. I have told you in the preceding articles of this series, why oxygen *ought* to accomplish the thing desired. That it has never yet been known to have achieved the result is a matter of no moment. We must work things out first in theory; practice follows after.

* * * * *

It now remains for Mr. Patterson and the rest of us to go ahead with the practical side of this issue. Inasmuch as it is of such incalculable importance to the human race that all other issues—all other interests—pale into insignificance beside it, it might be thought that we shall shrink from the task on account of our inexperience. It might be thought that such a labor is rather in the line of laboratory-equipped universities. It might be thought that THE NEW THOUGHT magazine is scarcely a solid enough base on which to found a system so upheaving in its purpose. But not at all; not at all.

* * * * *

It is usual for New Thought people to go ahead and do things instead of waiting to have them done by someone else. I think if we wait for the Universities to settle the question whether old age can be remedied by this oxygen treatment the result of their deliberations will scarcely interest us of to-day. By the time the Universities are agreed on the matter it will be yesterday with us! If there is in this process the potency there appears to be we can get at the facts ourselves, without the assistance of any public institution. We ought to have this treatment on the market in a year, and on exhibition at the St. Louis Fair for the People of all Nations.

* * * * *

Four years ago I was greatly interested in the experience of Mr. Washburn, who asserted in writing that he had lived for over forty days upon air alone, had drunk no water during the whole period of his fast, had taken regular daily walks, and *had not lost a pound of flesh*. This was a little staggering, and, although I have made many attempts to get in touch with the gentleman since, I have not been able to discover whether he is alive or dead. I don't believe the tale, because it is not in human nature to allow a single individual to accomplish such a feat as this without endeavoring to outdo him, and *succeeding in beating his record*. But in the accounts of all the fasts we read and hear of you will notice that weight

is always reduced greatly, and never reaches a point during the continuance of the fast where it is *stationary*, that is, where the individual loses no more flesh. It is not very nice, indeed, to cast black doubt on another man's story when there is no way of verifying it left to us, but, if any human being can do what Mr. Washburn claims to have done, it seems to me that we have the solution of the problem of the cure of old age, and, consequently, perpetual youth, right in our hand—or in our lungs.

* * * * *

You may not at once see the analogy between the oxygen treatment and an indulgence in a prolonged fast, but their results are bound to be identical—if it can ever be shown that increased breathing is capable of keeping the body at normal weight and strength during the fast. Mr. Washburn says he proved it to be true. Where is Mr. Washburn?

* * * * *

I am advocating the use of oxygen in the cure of old age chiefly because the only remedy that can be a commercial as well as a physical success must be one which does not offer too drastic an upset to the habits of the patients. The world would greatly enjoy being cured of old age, but the world would not fast for forty days even were it conclusively proved that the renewing of youth could be so attained—and this is by no means proved. Therefore we recommend oxygen as an intermediary treatment, so to speak. The oxygen treatment is really an *artificial* means of renewing youth. Between you and me, although I don't believe Mr. Washburn's story, I do believe that the *natural* means of maintaining a standard youth proof against the passing of the years and the metabolism of the flesh is by deep breathing, long fasting and right thinking.

* * * * *

But there is so much to be done! Our bodies are not formed rightly for this at present. They are built of gross thought-stuff; they are composed of evil memories, harassing cares, hatreds and enmities. There are not enough love-cells in them. Also our lungs are too circumscribed. Heavens! if a man is to get his food from the air he should have a lung expansion of twenty inches! Let us continue this fascinating speculation in January. Deep breathing has always been a hobby of mine. Fasting has not.

Enter the Prize Competition.

See page 14

"Bright, Cheerful and Happy."*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

DO you want an auto-suggestion, or affirmation, that will make you "sweet," attractive and wholesome? Well, here it is: "I'M BRIGHT, CHEERFUL AND HAPPY." I have passed on these words to thousands of people, in my writings, addresses and private talks, and have heard from very many to the effect that they had said these words over to themselves so often that they had found it impossible to be anything else but Bright, Cheerful and Happy—it had formed a part of their mental fibre, and the thought habit was firmly established. Every one of you can do the same. It will be impossible for you to feel blue, depressed or "grumpy," if you will start the "Bright, Cheerful and Happy" vibrations ringing through your mind. You know how a catchy tune will remain with you, and at times will start to work tinkling along its notes, whether you will or no. Well, this "Bright, Cheerful and Happy" tune will act just in this way, and you will hear the words tripping along joyfully as you go about your daily work. That is, if you start it off right.

I promise you that if you will read this article carefully, from start to finish, repeating the words "Bright, Cheerful and Happy" whenever they occur, you will find them well started in your mind. Read it over again, and you will have established the rhythm. And these words cannot run through your head without producing an impression on your character. Think of the meaning of the words, and see yourself as "Bright, Cheerful and Happy"—see yourself BRIGHT—see yourself CHEERFUL—see yourself HAPPY. Create a mental picture of yourself as a

being possessed of all the qualities, and you will find yourself growing toward your ideal. Can't help doing it. You will be developing the "Bright, Cheerful and Happy" cells of your brain, and letting the opposite ones take a much needed rest.

When you feel a little "blue" or out of sorts, start to say "Bright, Cheerful and Happy." Say it over and over again, until you catch the rhythm. Then start to picture yourself as "Bright, Cheerful and Happy"—see yourself that way. Then start to act "Bright, Cheerful and Happy." Get a bright look on your face—a cheerful expression in your eyes—a happy smile on your lips.

Would you have others care for you? Would you like to be sought after? Would you like to be a welcome visitor or acquaintance? Well, I rather guess you would. Then start right in on the "Bright, Cheerful and Happy" work. Start a little Character Building on your own account. You know what the "I Can and I Will" has done for you, and you can do the same with "Bright, Cheerful and Happy."

You think I have repeated these words quite often in this article, don't you? Well, you're right, and I have done it for the purpose of getting the words fixed in your mind. You would find it hard to get rid of them now, even if you wanted to—and you don't want to. Some time you will begin to feel cross and grumpy, and you will hear these words repeating themselves in your mind, until you get quite vexed at it. Then you will see the point and a smile will come over your face—the clouds will pass away and the sun will come out again. Then you will find that Thought takes form in Action, and you are in fact "BRIGHT, CHEERFUL AND HAPPY."

A FINE CHRISTMAS GIFT.**"Nuggets of the New Thought."**

Braidism in the Treatment of Diseases.*

[This series of extracts from James Braid's Note-Book was begun in the December number of this magazine and will continue each month throughout the year.]

NEURALGIC pain in the heart and palpitation, I have also found to be relieved, or entirely cured, by Braidism, more certainly and speedily than by any other means. The following are examples:

Case LIV.—Miss Tomlinson, 16 years of age, I have already referred to. She had suffered severely from painful affection of the heart, with palpitation, which had resisted all treatment, and she had been prescribed for by eminent professional men, both physicians and surgeons. After being twice treated, the affection of the heart disappeared, and has never returned but once, when it was immediately removed by Braidism. It is now seventeen months since she was first operated on, and she is in perfect health.

Case LV.—Miss Stowe, 22 years of age, I have already referred to her as one of the cases in which sight was remarkably improved by Braidism. She had also suffered most severely from palpitation of the heart, accompanied with difficulty of breathing and dropsy, and various other symptoms which led the medical attendants, one of them an eminent physician, to pronounce the case hopeless, considering there was serious organic disease of the heart. After being twice treated, all symptoms of affection of the heart disappeared (sufficient proof it had only been functional derangement), and she was speedily in the enjoyment of perfect health, and has been so now for the last twelve months, and that from Braidism only. This patient had leucorrhœal discharge, which had resisted every remedy for years, and was so offensive as to cause suspicion she had malignant uterine disease. It was completely gone in a week, after being first treated. She had no medicine, excepting a single aperient pill occasionally. I should add, her hearing, as well as sight, was very much improved by it.

Case LVI.—Mr. — had suffered severely from pain in the head and palpitation. He was treated with decided relief, and a second operation completely restored him, and he has kept well for the last eight months.

Case LVII.—Miss — had suffered much from palpitation of the heart, so

that she could not ascend an easy stair without bringing on the most violent palpitation. I tested this before operating on her. After being operated on, caused her ascend the same flight of steps, which produced no palpitation, and she has never required the operation to be repeated.

Case LVIII.—A young man had suffered much from valvular disease of the heart and palpitation and difficulty of breathing for four years, the consequence of a rheumatic fever. He could not walk more than twenty or thirty paces without being forced to stand or sit down. After being treated for a short time he could manage to walk upwards of a mile at a stretch. In this case there was so much organic disease as precluded the hope of a perfect cure, but no means could have achieved for him what Braidism did, and in such a short time, too.

When considering the power of Braidism in blunting morbid feeling, I may advert to its power of relieving, or entirely preventing the pain incident to patients undergoing surgical operations. I am quite satisfied that this treatment is capable of throwing a patient into that state in which he shall be entirely unconscious of the pain of a surgical operation, or of greatly moderating it, according to the time allowed and mode of management resorted to. Thus, I have myself extracted teeth from six patients under this influence without pain, and to some others with so little pain, that they did not know a tooth had been extracted; and a professional friend, Mr. Gardon, has operated in my way lately, and extracted a very firm tooth without the patient evincing any symptom of feeling pain during the operation; and when roused, was quite unconscious of such an operation having been performed. He has extracted a second for this patient, and one for another, without their being conscious of the operation. To insure this, however, I consider that, in the majority of instances, it is quite necessary the patient should not, when he sits down, know or imagine the operation is to be performed at that time, otherwise the distraction of the mind, from this cause, may render it impossible for him to become entranced deeply enough to render him altogether insensible to pain. The following case will illustrate this view:

Case LIX.—Mr. Walker called on me, stating that he had been suffering from a violent toothache; said he was anxious to have the tooth extracted, but that he suffered so much pain from the operation, on former occasions, that he could not make up his mind to submit to it unless when entranced. He had been

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frequently entranced and was highly susceptible of the influence. I told him I should be most happy to try, but that unless he could restrain his mind from dwelling on the operation, I might not be able to succeed in extracting the tooth entirely without pain. He sat down and speedily became entranced, but I could not produce rigidity of the extremities, nor insensibility to pinching, which in general were so readily induced in him. I therefore roused him, and told him the fact. He stated he went on as usual to a certain point, but then began to think, "now he will be putting the instrument in my mouth," after which the effects went no farther. The pain was gone, and he left. In the evening, he again called on me, when I tried him once more with the same results. I now roused him, told him it could not be done with him reduced to a state of total insensibility, and that I should therefore extract it now that he was awake. I now extracted the tooth. He was conscious of my laying hold of it, but had felt so little pain that he could not believe the tooth had been extracted. Nor would he believe it till he had the tooth put into his hand. I now requested him to be entranced once more, when he became highly rigid and insensible in a shorter time than I had ever seen him before. From this, and other cases, I infer, that if it is intended to perform a surgical operation entirely without pain, while in the entranced condition, the patient's consent should be obtained for it to be done sometime, but he ought on no account to know when it is to be done, otherwise, in most cases, it would foil the attempt.

Kind Words.

"The Law of The New Thought," a Study of Fundamental Principles and Their Application, by William Walker Atkinson.

This book is considered by many to be the best thing that this author has written, and it is likely to prove one of the most popular works upon this subject. It goes straight to the heart of things and throws light upon many questions that have heretofore proved perplexing to the student of this philosophy. The author's aim evidently has been to give a plain, practical answer to the oft-asked question: "What is the New Thought?" and he certainly has given his readers a comprehensive exposition of the subject. It is rather refreshing to read what he has to say, after one has waded through the flood of metaphysical verbiage affected by many writers on the "New Thought." This author seems to have reached the center of his subject and to have found there an answer to many important questions of life, and he comes forth with a message to others in the same line of thought which will undoubtedly give them a strong mental uplift. To one who seeks an answer to the question, "What is the New Thought?" this is the book.—*Suggestion.*

Cash Prize Competitions for Year 1903.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

Our plan of disbursing some of the profits realized on The New Thought during the year 1903 is by a series of big cash prize competitions. The first of these competitions is now open and closes Jan. 31st. Prize-winners will be announced in the March number of New Thought. Full particulars of the second competition will also appear in the March number, and it is our purpose to carry this plan right through the year.

* * * * *

One Thousand Dollars in cash has been set aside for this January competition, and the prizes will be given as follows:

To the subscriber to New Thought who sends in the simplest, clearest and fullest definition of the New Thought philosophy in a sentence of not more than ten words—less than ten words is even better—\$500.00 in cash will be paid. The second prize is \$250.00; third prize, \$100.00; fourth, \$50.00; fifth, \$25.00; sixth, \$15.00; seventh, \$11.00; eighth, \$10.00; ninth, \$9.00; tenth, \$8.00; eleventh, \$7.00; twelfth, \$6.00; thirteenth, \$5.00; fourteenth, \$4.00. Total, \$1,000.00 cash.

* * * * *

The only condition is that the person entering this competition shall be an annual subscriber to New Thought for the year 1903.

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The rules are very simple. They are:

No postcards accepted.

Only one definition is permitted to each subscriber.

No cash or other matter is to be enclosed with the competitor's definition.

The definition must be written on one side of paper, bearing nothing but the name and address of the sender, and his or her definition.

These letters must be sent to The Prize Editor, New Thought, The Colonnades, Vincennes Ave., Chicago, any time before Jan. 31st.

As soon as these letters are received they will be laid aside, and all will be opened together and judged during the first week in February.

* * * * *

I will not answer any letters of inquiry relating to this or any of our succeeding Prize Competitions. It is all down here in black and white—rules, regulations, everything. The judging will be most carefully done under my supervision, and no favor, prejudice, or partiality will enter into the awards. A lonely settler in Texas is just as likely to win first prize as the most polished exponent of New Thought from a big city.

* * * * *

Now, the point is: Can you say what New Thought means in ten words or less? If you can, try for a prize. You may win \$500.00. Someone must win it. It costs you nothing to try.

Bad Apples in the Barrel.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

ONE bad apple will spoil the rest of the barrelful. One bad boy, if allowed to remain, will spoil the school. One bad dog will spoil the pack. And one bad thought will spoil the Mental Attitude.

By a bad thought, I mean one of the old negative thoughts. Fear, for instance. Hate, for instance. Envy, for instance. Jealousy, for instance. Bad apples all of them. Let them remain and they will spoil the whole mental barrelful. Pick them out and throw them away. Don't let a few miserable old apples spoil the whole barrelful of rosy cheeked, juicy ones.

The deadly decay of the Fear apple or the Hate apple, or the Worry apple, or the Jealousy apple, will quickly communicate itself to the other thoughts in the mind, and the first thing you know the whole lot will be in different stages of decay. And the next thing you will know will be that the whole lot is worthless, and not even fit for making cider. Better give them a good sorting over, and get rid of the specked ones before they spoil the rest.

Take a person with a good healthy lot of thoughts. Let somebody drop in the apple of Jealousy, bearing upon it the marks of decay. Then wait a while and see how that apple affects all the rest. Pretty soon you will see Suspicion and Hate in that mental barrel. Worry and Fear are there also. All the Cheerfulness has gone, for how can a jealous person be cheerful? All the Confidence has gone, for how can the jealous person have confidence? All the Good-will has gone, for the jealous person loses interest in others—loses sympathy with

them—as all his thoughts are directed upon the one thing, Jealousy. And how the decay spreads. You will find it communicating itself to every other thought in the mind. Every thought—yes, every action—shows the marks of the poison. With a good, big, well-developed case of Jealousy on hand, there is nothing else in the person's mind that does not carry the mold and decay of the original spoiled apple. Throw it away, quick. Throw it away.

And the bad apple of Hate. Just as bad, if not worse. Begin hating a person, and you will see fresh causes for hate every day. Every action of that other person is twisted and distorted by you, until you can see no god in him. Then the desire for Revenge is the next stage. You begin talking about the other person, and she talks back, through the accommodating medium of mutual friends (?) and the first thing you know you are all a lot of bad apples—a moldy, decayed lot. And careful people will keep away from you, as they have no desire to be spoiled.

And Fear. Now don't say that I have told you all about Fear, for I'm going to keep on hitting that nail on the head. You need it. With Fear in your minds, you cannot be healthy, happy or prosperous. It is the big spoiled apple of the barrel. All the rest have contracted the decay from the Fear apple. If you don't fear you cannot worry—if you don't fear you cannot be jealous—if you don't fear you cannot hate. And so on. Keep Fear out of the barrel.

Let us get rid of these bad apples, and then let us keep clear of them. If anyone throws in a apple of that kind, let's pitch it out at once, without giving it time to settle itself. Let us put up the sign: "No bad apples admitted to this barrel." And let us see that we stick to it.

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One Year After.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

JUST one year ago this month I spoke my opening words to you in this magazine. Do you remember them?—I called the article "A Fore Word." I might just as well have styled it "Forward," for that has been the mental command that this magazine has steadily followed ever since. It has carried the "I Can and I Will" message to you every month since last December, and you seem to have liked it, for you have grown from a little family group of 4,000 subscribers to a mighty host of 25,000, all in the short space of one year. Many copies of the magazine are passed on to others, and allowing four readers to every copy it is seen that at least 100,000 people read this little magazine every month, and partake of its vibrations of cheer and encouragement. Pretty rapid increase, isn't it? But the publishers are not beginning to be satisfied. They have their eye on the 100,000 mark, and it looks as if they would reach it by January. They are spending thousands of dollars in advertising, and are offering such a feast of good things for 1903 that I do not see how anyone can stay out. The magazine will be better—much better—during the coming year. The publishers have made arrangements with the great News Companies to have "NEW THOUGHT" on every news-stand in the country, and thousands will hear of our beautiful philosophy for the first time, in this way. This is sowing seed by the wholesale.

This magazine has subscribers in every state of the Union, and in every country in Europe. It also has subscribers in Egypt, South Africa, Australia, South America, Turkey in Asia, India, China, Japan, Persia, and many other far-

away lands. This demand from all quarters is very gratifying to us, not only from a financial point of view, but also because it shows that the New Thought movement is growing all over the world, and the day is coming before long when it will be brought to the attention of every man, woman and child in the world. Our readers represent all the varying walks of life. The magazine finds its way to the mansion of the wealthy and to the little cottage in the woods miles away from everywhere, carrying the same message to each. Men and women of all occupations find in it that which they need. We have a number of ministers who read the magazine and work its teachings into their sermons, and at least one successful evangelist is preaching New Thought to his hearers with excellent results—he doesn't call it that, but he has told us, in confidence, that he is drawing his inspiration from our pages, and that his results have materially increased by reason thereof. Lawyers and teachers have found in New Thought just what they needed. And the woman who takes in washing finds in it encouragement and is enabled to do her work the best she knows how—and her work, when so done, equals that of the man or woman in any profession.

Pretty good record for one year, isn't it?

Yes, the publishers have some splendid things in store for you in 1903. You, of course, know all about Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her connection with NEW THOUGHT, as co-editor and regular contributor, next year. It is needless for me to say anything about Mrs. Wilcox or her work. It seems remarkable, but I believe that there is not a single person of my acquaintance who has never heard of Mrs. Wilcox or who has not read at least something from her pen. She has a wonderful hold on the hearts and minds of the people, and she deserves it all, too. Her deliciously

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womanly way of expressing great truths captures the hearts as well as the minds of all who read her writings. Her poems have been an inspiration to thousands, and her New Thought essays will uplift a multitude.

And our good friend, Elizabeth Towne, with her stirring articles, will also be with us in 1903. There is something about Elizabeth's talk that puts ginger into one, and makes him feel like going out and accomplishing something. I'm glad that she's to be with us.

And our old friend, Uriel Buchanan, will stay right with us for another year. Has a beautiful style, hasn't he? When reading one of his articles, you can hear the birds singing—the brooklet rippling—and feel the summer breezes fanning your cheek. And he expresses some mighty good thoughts in his beautiful style, too.

Mr. Flower promises to give us "something new" every month. As for myself, I will furnish my regular talks. Also a "Chips from the Old Block" page. Also a lively "Letter Box" department. Also two series of lessons—twelve lessons in each series—one lesson of each series every month. One series, "Practical Mental Science," will be a sequel to my book, "Thought Force." The other series, "Vedanta Yoga," will be a practical American application of this great Oriental system. Both series will be new and "quite different." I think you'll like them.

NEW THOUGHT is going to be the most popular magazine along these lines during the year 1903. It will be the organ of no particular school or sect, and its tent is big enough to admit you all, no matter to what particular cult you may belong. I don't belong to any, myself, and those of you who don't wear any tickets or labels, will be just as much at home in the big tent as those who do.

Queer people these publishers of ours. Here they have doubled the

attractiveness of the magazine for 1903, and then have gone to work and cut the price in half. What do you think of that? *New price fifty cents per year—five cents per copy.* But just let me whisper a word in your ear—these publishers are not going to lose anything by it—they will get a subscription list of 100,000 in a short time at this price, and at the end of the year will be better off than they are at the present price. So don't waste any pity on them—they can hold up their own end, don't fear.

You've renewed your subscription, of course?

"Business.*"

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

It would seem that fully one-half of our people counted upon taking advantage during December of the special subscription and renewal offer published last month. They write that their plans prevent them from accepting it until the early part of December, and that they had intended using something of this kind for their Christmas gifts to their friends. I am very reluctant to keep it open another month, not because I am especially greedy of gain, but because we are shaving profits so close upon it that we are practically quoting you cost price. The offer is, as you know, The New Thought for the year 1903 and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's book, "The Heart of the New Thought," both for \$1.00. We will run it another month, however. Let us have your Christmas order in good time.

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Single copies of any of the cloth books of The Psychic Research Company cost \$1.00, but as this falls in the same class as the above we will keep open for a month longer the special offer of any five of our books, ordered at once, sent to any address or addresses in the United States or Canada, postpaid, for \$3.00. Any ten of our books, postpaid, \$6.00, cash with order. No books shipped C. O. D. If books are not satisfactory on examination your money promptly refunded without argument. This month ends this special price. Beginning with January, 1903, all books of the Psychic Research Company retail singly, or in lots of five, ten or a dozen, at a flat \$1.00 each. A comfortable discount will be allowed on books in lots of 100, 500, and 1,000.

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Dr. Elspeth Vaughan's offer in our advertising pages is a good one. I hold the stakes. Your hair should be worth \$2.00. Supposing that you have sixty million hairs on your head, would you sell one for one cent? Hardly. Then your hair is worth at least \$600,000.00! Congratulations! Insure it while you may for \$2.00.

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Diamonds? Barbaric splendor! The twinkling of a myriad stars! The effulgent gleam and glitter of these small stones is maddening in its radiance. Offered at very low prices to introduce them in America.

The Columbus Jewelry Company, *cujus magna pars sum*, is reliable and will do exactly what it guarantees.

Winter hats? Cloaks? Walking skirts? Furs? Coats? The fashionable Monte Carlo Coats? Yours almost for the asking. Christmas bargains. Write The Flower Cloak Company, Howland Block, Chicago, for its catalogues. Which do you want? Catalogue A for Walking Skirts; Catalogue B for Furs and Hats; Catalogue C for Flannel Waists, Silk Petticoats and Coats. What a fascinating thing is business!

The Flower Food Remedy Company puts out five new remedies in December. Read the advertisement on the back cover page. This is one more than we agreed to have ready. There is nothing feeble or hesitating in this undertaking. It promises to be the biggest thing in America, and the goods are absolutely the best. Dr. Barclay, the superintendent, sets the Flower stamp on nothing which is imperfect, cheaply made or ineffective. Have you placed your odd cash for investment in The Flower Food Remedy Co.? Better do so at once. Write to 221 Illinois St. for full particulars. Every investor is guaranteed against loss. It looks to me like big profits for all. But remember—no loss! I guarantee that. Stock goes up to six cents a share in January. Buy and hold tight. Buy now. This stock will be at par, ten cents, on April 1st, and by June there will be none to sell. We shall have our full list of 50 remedies out by June—and then for dividends! One year to put out 50 remedies is good work, and I prophesy dividends in the first quarter of the second year.

Nothing so fine on the market as Flower's Pure Food Tooth Powder. Notice the clean taste abiding. Makes sound, red, healthy gums, too.

If you could see the bundle of testimonials to the power of Flower's Woman's Tonic on file in the office you would realize that the problem of curing female troubles of a physical kind by our system of nourishment to the nerves is far ahead of the old-fashioned drugging. Our Tonic stops pain.

The Flower Health Vesta is a new departure in cigars. Entirely made by hand of genuine Imported (not seed) Long Havana Filler, with native wrapper. This cigar is absolutely clean and free from artificial flavoring. It is as pure tobacco as can be found, and it does not affect the heart. This is the first time, so far as I know, that genuine Havana cigars have ever been sold at \$3.00 a hundred, postpaid. Get him a box for Christmas! It is the only cigar I can smoke all day long for months at a stretch and never get tired of.

Our January number will be out on the newsstands by December 10th. This previousness is necessary on account of the extent of our December advertising, and because in this advertising we have proclaimed that New Thought is 5 cents a copy at all newsstands. Therefore we have to rush out the January number to catch this expectant host of people eager and willing to pay 5 cents for January number, but naturally unwilling to pay 10 cents for this December number. Thus our change of price has to be met. Your January number will therefore reach you quite early in December. The February number will come to you as near February 1st as we can lay it down at your postoffice. During 1903 New Thought will be mailed so

as to reach all subscribers in the United States and Canada upon the same day, regardless of distance, i. e., on the first day of every month.

A wonderful seller this new book by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "The Heart of The New Thought." Fifty thousand copies ordered from The Regan Printing House, Chicago, biggest printers in Illinois. John L. Regan, manager. Ask him.

The New Thought is the magazine that makes you glad.

William Walker Atkinson will send you Tables of Contents of his three books, "Thought Force," "The Law of The New Thought" and "Nuggets of The New Thought." All great books. Not a dull line in any one of them. All sound, good, inspiring books. Great sellers. Set of 3 books, \$3.00, postpaid.

Are you an artist? No? Let Dorothy D. Deene make you one.

Uriel Buchanan's book is out. "The Mind's Attainment" is its name. Ripples musically on like a trout-stream. Good fishing there. Write him about it at 1408 Masonic Temple, Chicago, or send \$1.00 to The Psychic Research Company.

Have you got a sample copy of Nautilus from Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.? Be sure to read it. Balsam of pines and sunshine. Five cents.

And The Mental Advocate, Dr. Paul Edwards, 4713 Prairie Avenue, Chicago. Excellent, good stuff, i' faith. Ten cents. Dr. Edwards is the only man who fills my ideal of what a mental science doctor should be and know.

Have you written to Frances Partlow for a reading? One dollar, and worth it.

Merry Christmas.

A Real Book.

We have before us a new book, unwrapped in the color that kings and queens delight in, thereby showing its royal parentage. This beautiful book, "THE LAW OF THE NEW THOUGHT," by William Walker Atkinson, carries the soul vibrations not only in its color, but in all its contents. Every word is vivid, like the brightness of spun gold.

Coming as it does from the pen of a writer and thinker of much experience along the broad lines of the New Thought, the whole tenor of the book is highly significant of right thinking and reflects a right mental attitude throughout. It is free from the narrowness found in most of the so-called New Thought books and is admirable in the thoroughness with which the subject has been studied. It should have the careful attention of all students of life, and should not be overlooked by those who enjoy good literature, for they will derive much pleasure from the perusal of its contents. It is written in a beautiful, refined way that rests one and at the same time stimulates one for more active thinking. Send for this book, which sells for only one dollar, to the Psychic Research Company, Chicago, Ill., and you will find ample compensation in its contents.—*The Pathfinder*.