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# NEW THOUGHT

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The leading  
Page

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**New Thought.**

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 12

## Announcement

The type of difference - the strains, usually changes of address, must always come with the old address and the new address in full, giving house, street, city and state. We must always receive such change of address in a separate sheet of paper. The numbers are not required in business letters, or any correspondence of the address in connection.

Claps from the Old Block."



**Generosity.\***

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

**H**AVE you ever observed how invariably your "last dollar" is restored to you, with additions, when you have given it for some worthy purpose?

Even if the purpose did not prove to be a worthy one, yet if you thought it so, and gave your last dollar with spontaneous sympathy and good will, you were not long left penniless.

Money is much like a man. If you do not hold it too jealously it returns to you the more readily.

Never hesitate to give aid, where you feel there is sore and pressing need, for fear you will be left in want yourself. You will not be.

This does not mean that indiscriminate charity is commendable. It does not mean that you should lend money to every one who asks, or lift and carry the burdens of every one who is ready to lean upon you.

It is as wrong to encourage the man addicted to the vice of borrowing, as the one with the vice of alcohol or drugs.

One depends upon his acquaintances to tide him over hard places, instead of upon his own strength of character, and the other depends upon stimulants for the same purpose. The too ready lender is almost as great an evil to humanity as rum or opium, since he too helps a man to kill his own better nature and destroy his self-respect.

If you were able and willing to pay rents of all the poor people you know, and clothe their children, you would soon produce a condition of settled pauperism among them. Large and frequent favors of a financial nature are an injury to any one, even if it is your son or brother.

Let no man lean on any one save God and his own divine self.

But little helps, when they are unexpected, arouse hope and awaken new faith and new ambition in a discouraged soul.

Look about you for such souls, the worn and weary father of a brood of hungry children, the widow struggling with adverse fate in an effort to clothe and educate a child, the tired shop girl who uses all her earnings to sustain her parents, the ambitious boy or girl eager for a chance in life, and the poor cripple or invalid seeking health. You will find them all about you. Do not be afraid to use a dollar here or there to give these worthy ones a happy surprise, no matter how poor you are.

It is an insult to the opulent Creator to suppose you will suffer want and poverty if you help those who are in temporary misfortune.

You will not.

Ofttimes we read and hear of the open-handed generous man who "helped everybody," and who "never refused to aid a needy brother," and who ended his life in penury because of his generosity.

Never believe these tales until you investigate them. Invariably you will find not generosity but extravagance and utter lack of forethought caused the man's financial ruin.

I recall a gifted young woman who gave freely to all who asked her assistance, and who died a lingering death as a charity patient in a hospital.

Yet this young woman had expended ten dollars on foolish and rapid living where she gave one in charity; it was her wasteful extravagance, not her open heart of sympathy, which made her a pauper.

It has been my observation that dollars planted in the soil of benevolence grow into harvests of prosperity. The man who is not afraid to use his small means to assist others need not fear poverty.

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## Let Us Play!\*

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

**E**XCEPT you become as a little child you shall in no wise be able to "concentrate." Concentration is the natural mental attitude of a child.

A child is one-minded. When its attention turns to any given object its whole being is polarized to that object. To all intents and purposes there is nothing in existence beyond the one thing to which the child's attention is turned.

Did you ever notice a fine horse when its attention is turned toward something? He "pricks up his ears" and they point directly at the thing that has attracted his attention. Every cell in a child's body, and every atom in his soul, "pricks up its ears" at the thing his attention is attracted to. Every cell and atom receives clear impress of the thing attended to. This is "polarization," or concentration. This is the secret of the child's marvelous aptitude for learning. It is likewise the secret of good memory and the joy of living.

But the child forgets the art of polarized attention as he grows up. The main cause for losing the art is lack of gumption in parents and teachers. The child is charged with "musts" and "don'ts" to which he is compelled to pay attention. Every little cell is made to carry such burdens that it simply has not the heart to "prick up its ears" and take in a new impression. Only here and there is found anything vital enough to polarize attention.

Burden-bearing is the great cause of lack of concentration, lack of ease in learning, lack of memory and of joy of living.

If we were a bit wiser life would be a continual playground, where we'd simply grow in wisdom and

knowledge and self-use by having a good time at our games.

When we must play there is no joy in it. We must play the business game and support our families. We must "keep up appearances." We must do as others do. We must—we must.

Nonsense! The only must there is about it all is the one we took from our parents and teachers and the traditions of men. We are hypnotized to think we must.

And it's all a lie, too. Suppose you try it once and see. Suppose you sit down and say you will not. Who is to compel you? Nobody. You have heard of women who took to their beds and staid there—out of pure lack of anything else to attract the attention they wanted. They could have walked if they would—as circumstances proved—but they wouldn't. They went to bed. And somebody or other always met the compulsion and took care of them. They refused to even take care of themselves; they slid the "must" off themselves. And there was always somebody else ready to assume the "must."

That is it—we assume our own burdens. The less vigorous and determined and wise we are the more of these burdens we assume—burdens dropped by others.

And what good does it do to bear burdens? None—worse than none. The woman who dropped hers and went to bed simply stagnates and atrophies for lack of activity; and the woman who assumes the burden of walking and thinking for her wears herself out for nothing at all. If she had walked out and left the woman in bed that woman would have got up again and walked and thought for herself.

All our burden-bearings are as utterly foolish and unavailing as that. I have before me letters from two women who are still toting their sons around, although the sons are past the thirty mile-stone, and do not even take the trouble to let

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their mothers know their whereabouts. If those mothers had dropped those boys years ago and made the most of life for themselves they would be now such bright, handsome, attractive women that they couldn't keep their sons away from them.

The burden-bearing woman (or man) tires herself so with useless efforts of mind and body that she has not energy enough left to keep herself in even decent trim. She gets bedraggled and falls away back to the tail end of the world's never-pausing procession.

Women as a class do not think and command themselves to best advantage. They are content to shoulder any old burden they see slipping from the shoulders of another, and to spend days and energy in feeling. Any kind of a feeling will keep the generality of women from thinking. Women shoulder indiscriminate and useless burdens and feel themselves into innocuous desuetude.

It is a hardship when one does not learn in childhood to read and write. But it is not an irremediable evil. One can learn when he is twenty or forty or sixty. A great authority on the Greek language learned the language after he was eighty. He couldn't have done it though if he had fagged himself with burdens other people had dropped.

It is never too late to drop burdens and use energy to some purpose. All one has to do is to declare, "I have no burdens—life is a playground!"—and stick to it.

You have no burdens—they are all an hallucination. Life is a playground. This is the truth. Just tell it to yourself until it works its way into your semi-paralyzed mind and makes itself felt. Relax physically and mentally. Lie idly under the apple-tree and look up to the blue sky and let fancy play with the world. You will find new and happy

truth in common things, as Newton did.

Lie there and let truth regenerate you. By and by you will think of something you want to go play at. Perhaps the pervading humor of the world will suggest that you want to make mud-pies again. Perhaps it will suggest a blackberry pie instead. It is a lot more fun to make blackberry pies than mud ones; and it's such pleasure to watch the other children's shining eyes while you all eat.

Perhaps you will prefer to go play the game of business. Well, play that. This whole great playground is before you. Go play. Make your own choice of games and have a good time.

Somebody says, "Life is real, life is earnest." But I say unto you that "Life is real—ly what you think it." It is a great game, a tragedy, or a sentence at hard labor, just as you will. If you don't like what it has been use your ingenuity to make it different.

Above all things, drop the burdens. Refuse to make bricks without straw. If the world won't let you go just go anyhow. There is always a Red Sea to cut off pursuers and obliterate your tracks—unless perchance you dig up your old tracks and lug them along through the wilderness. If you do, I give you fair warning, you'll never get across the border into the land flowing with milk and honey.

This is a new, glorious day—different from any other day—a clean, beautiful day. The Red Sea has wiped out all the old days; the new days are not yet born. This is the only day there is. Go play in it.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." One thing at a time, and that thing done with all thy heart—this is concentration, the secret of Life and Creation itself. And it is a simple little



thing—so simple that a child does it without effort, and any man or woman can acquire it again by practice.

Remember, that every time you say to yourself, "I must," you tell a lie, and you commit a crime against yourself. You lay upon yourself a burden and rob yourself of the joy of doing.

Every time you catch yourself saying, "I must," deny it hard. Sit down in a chair, relax all over, and ask yourself solemnly who says you "must." You said it. You are doing all the compelling. Why? Simply because you choose to do this particular thing. There is no compulsion about it. You choose to do it—you want to do it. You are exercising your divine free-will to do it. Oh, of course you can say, "If it wasn't for this, that, or the other I wouldn't do it." But that does not alter the fact that you can fold your hands and leave it undone if you choose. But you desire to do it. You choose to. You want to.

Keep at this practice of logic until you realize that you have thought yourself completely out of the old "must" feelings.

As you emerge from the "must" feelings you will find the joy of life filling you, and you will find memory and other faculties regaining the vigor of youth.

Everything but a mushroom or a toadstool takes time to manifest. You have been growing into the "must" habit since childhood. It may take time to outgrow it. But perseverance will accomplish it. And the more faithful you are in practice the more quickly will you realize the freedom, joy, youth you desire.

The joy of life is here and now.

Joy of life is the power of accomplishment.

All things are easily possible to him that believes—and practices.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

### The Human Damper.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

**D**ID you ever meet a human damper? And do you remember how he turned himself around and shut off the draught which had been fanning the fire of your enthusiasm? Oh, his specialty was the deadening of the heat of joy. If you spoke of an enterprise as being like a big rolling snow-ball which was constantly growing in size, he would say, "Yes, but the big snow-ball will melt in the spring." Or, if you spoke of the wonderful energy or activity of another, remarking that the person in question was "always on the move," this old damper would wheeze out, "Yes, but a rolling stone gathers no moss." If you spoke of the beauty of the day, the blueness of the sky, the gentle breezes, the balmy temperature, the joyousness of the whole grand day, the thrill of pleasure which made you glad that you were alive, this old kill-joy would cock up his eye, and say raspingly, "Yes, but it's just one of those blamed weather-breeders." If you spoke of how you enjoyed your home on the hill, he would say, "Just wait until the winter—you'll come nigh freezing then." If, in winter, you spoke of the keen, bracing air, which made your blood circulate, and imparted a pleasant tingle to your whole being, he would sigh, "Yes, that's so, but just you wait until summer, and see how hot it is hereabouts; the sun strikes right upon your roof and will pretty near bake you; you haven't any shade around your house, you know."

And so he went on. If any one evinced any interest in anything this dear old damper would try to shut it off. He was a pessimistic old phonograph, always grinding



out a string of "but," "what if," "supposing," "you can't," "aren't you afraid?" and all that sort of thing—all the old moss-back songs. He was a storehouse of horrible examples; reminiscences of a doleful nature; tales of failure, disaster, discouragement, and the rest of it.

He saw everything through blue spectacles, and was forever trying to press down his old goggles upon your nose; he was color-blind to the rest of the colors of the spectrum. His ears were open only to the minor notes; the funeral march made him feel natural, and "Flee as a bird to the mountain," in the slowest measure, brought a sigh of pleasure from him. Oh, he was great—as a damper.

If you come in contact with people of this type learn a good lesson from them, but brace up so that they will not affect you. Don't let them close the damper on you, and stop the circulation of life as it flows through you. Don't try to reform them, it's not worth while; they must learn by experience. Let them sizzle in their own fat, until they are well done.

Don't associate with people of this sort any more than you can help, unless you are very strong yourself. Look for, and attract to yourself, the bright, energetic, hopeful, optimistic people, and let the human dampers go. Sounds selfish, doesn't it? Well, don't let that scare you—don't be afraid of the word. There is much good in the right kind of selfishness. There is no law, human or divine, which makes it right for you to consort with venomous reptiles and savage beasts. You are at liberty to select your mental atmosphere as well as your companions or food, and if you're wise, you will cut loose from these human dampers.

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#### Look Within.

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**I**F thou wouldst have aught of good,  
have it from thyself.—EPICTETUS.

#### Youth and Age.\*

By URIEL BUCHANAN.

**W**HEN one is quite young he scorns facts and figures. His throbbing, buoyant life revels in dreams and aspirations. He loves the fiery red sunset, the swiftly moving clouds, or bleak winter nights with wind-blown cutting snows. These are fitting symbols of youth's restlessness and the heart's yearning for great adventures. When one is young he would awaken the world by the power of a mastering enthusiasm. He would stir mankind to glorious achievements. He is enthralled by the sublimity and beauty of nature. He is magnetic and fearless, and feels his ability to surmount every barrier to the realization of his dream ideals. He is under subjection to the magical influence of poetry and music, and all the subtle harmonies which touch one only in youth.

The imagination, before darkened by memories of fruitless efforts, sees the pathway of life radiant with promises of love and fame and all that one aspires to. The heart of youth beats fast with restless yearnings, and hope whispers to the awakening mind bright oracles of future greatness. There is something in youth which pulsates in harmony with infinite life. The impressible mind feels the surge of divine forces, quickening the consciousness to a sense of vital relationship with the source of its being. Youth pleads no excuse. It thinks all things possible. It would subdue adversity and force its way upward. It would attain the summit, and not be kept back by any barrier.

But the imprisoned mentality gradually becomes conscious of its limitation. It attempts what is above its strength. It meets the obstacles of material environment,

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and dissipates its energies in the unceasing struggle against the tide of circumstance. Later on, after numberless discouragements and defeats, one becomes more humble, but wiser, and learns to tread life's pathway patiently, guided by silent reason. The best part of one's nature is developed by years of contact with the world's great forces. One cannot understand life's deep meaning or know his true strength, till tried by experiences that expose every phase of his nature to the countless subtle influences that oppose him.

The average person spends much of his time in misdirected efforts. Not knowing his natural gifts when young, swayed by ever-changing desires, or influenced by those who are equally ignorant of his talent for some fitting pursuit, he tries a number of things with indifferent success. When thrown upon his own resources in the competitive struggle, he is forced to grasp what chance may offer, regardless of talent or ambition for something better. Then comes repeated efforts to change environment, and the long waiting for an opportunity to achieve that which is finally revealed as being the ideal he had vaguely felt and yearned for in the days of his youth.

Order is Nature's law. And as design is universal, there must be a place for all. To find the appointed way, to see the beckoning light and let it lead us on, is to win success. While we cannot recall the vanished years and obliterate the mistakes of youth, nor retrace the steps which wandered from the path the wisdom of age would have chosen, we may, with strength of purpose and faith in the future, hold steadfast to high hopes and worthy ambitions. Though the present outlook may discourage, and the waiting seem long, the time will come when our cherished desires will blossom and bear fruit.

Youth is swayed by impulse and

expends divine energies in profitless adventures. Age is given discernment of mind, and is guided by wisdom. Age has come in contact with every element of life, has felt as others feel, has seen as others see, has judged as from the standpoint of the weak and the strong, the oppressed and successful.

There are many of mature years who feel regret that they cannot recall the days of their youth and commence life again with the knowledge gained by experience. Looking backward they see the symbols in which were hidden bright messages of hope and promise. They see on the dial of destiny the golden hours which youth ignored. They remember the time when opportunity knocked at the gate and found them heedless. But it is not well to regret the past. The present is ours, with the wisdom and strength gained by experience and struggle. The pressure of material duties and necessities may lead to entanglements which confuse and depress the mind, yet deep in man's being is the faithful guardian of his inner life. Those who earnestly invoke its aid will find strength and protection.

One needs only a little more knowledge, a little more faith, more love and devotion, to call forth the stored energies of manhood and direct them, by the light of experience, in the accomplishment of all he desires.

### Real Victory

TO forgive wrongs darker than death  
and night;  
To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;  
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates  
From her own wrecks the thing she con-  
templates;  
Never to change nor falter nor repent,  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, brave and joyous, beautiful and  
free;  
This is above life, love, empire and victory.

—SHELLEY.



**The Old and the New Way.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

A YOUNG woman recently asked me to read a little book which she had owned for several years, and from which she had obtained much benefit. There were many good things in the book, but much of it was very old-fashioned, from the New Thought point of view. Take this, for example: "Count yourself richer that day you discover a new fault in yourself—not richer because it is there, but richer because it is no longer a hidden fault; and, if you have not found all your faults, pray to have them revealed to you, even if the revelation must come in a way that hurts your pride."

Now, this little quotation illustrates very forcibly the difference between the old and the new methods of self-improvement. I am glad that I noticed it, because I had almost lost sight of the old way, and unless my attention had been called to it, I would not have appreciated how far we had traveled. You will recognize, of course, that this old bit of advice has in view the improvement of the reader—a desire to have him see and get rid of his faults. The New Thought idea also has for its aim the improvement of the individual, and the substituting of better things for the old discarded habit of thinking and acting. But note the difference in the methods. The old plan lays great stress upon the unearthing of faults; the more faults one finds the better he should feel; and he should diligently search for faults in himself, and even pray that these faults be revealed to him. He is taught to be a fault-finder. Nothing is said to him about the replacing of these faults with better things; he is not taught to look for these better things within himself,

or to search for them diligently, or to pray that they may be revealed to him. No, nothing is said about the sunlight which is to be admitted to the mental room; all the effort is directed to the finding out how frightfully dark that room is, and the student is invited to peer into the dark corners of his mind in order to find, if possible, a spot even darker than he had before observed.

The New Thought, on the contrary, tells the student that he has within him wonderful possibilities—latent powers for improvement—all the good things that there are going. All he has to do is to coax out the good things, water them, and let the sun shine on them that they may sprout. Nothing is said of the faults, as the New Thought teacher knows that the positive will always overcome the negative—the light will always overcome the darkness—the "good" will always overcome the "bad"—if it is given half a chance. The New Thought advocate does not fool around calling attention to the dark corners of the room, but says authoritatively, "Throw open the windows, and let a little sunshine in." His orders are obeyed, and lo! when the bright sunlight begins to pour in, the darkness has departed without any particular attention being called to it. These "old thoughters" don't seem to know anything about this letting in of sunshine, and instead, they advise their followers to realize just how dark it is, and then get shovels and pitch out the darkness. Why don't they give the sunshine a chance?

I would like to call your attention again to the well-known illustration of the mind as a wash-bowl full of dirty water. If the faucet is turned on, and the clear fluid allowed to run into the basin, the dirty water will grow lighter, the overflow continually running off, and in the end the water in the basin will be as clear as the water running in. The

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clear water clarifies and gradually gets rid of the dirty water, remember, without any particular work on your part except the maintaining of the steady stream of pure water. The only way that undesirable habits of thought can be gotten rid of is to supplant them with new desirable habits. Don't run around bothering about the "bad" things within you—just go to work and turn on the stream of good things. Concentrate on the good things within you, and help them to sprout.

Another point of difference between this old-thought teaching and the New Thought methods is that the old plan of telling people to hunt for their bad qualities is apt to cause these bad qualities to increase. You know the law: We are apt to find that for which we look—to develop that upon which we concentrate. If we spend all our time hunting for faults we will be very apt to cause new faults to spring up. Read over the quotation at the head of this article, and see how the writer puts a premium upon the finding of a new fault. He says that you are to "count yourself richer that day you discover a new fault in yourself," and that "if you have not found all your faults, pray to have them revealed to you."

He tries to develop a keen scent for "faults" on the part of his readers. Why, if one gets started on that tack, he will eventually become morbid on the subject, and will get to calling all sorts of good things "faults." Oh, haven't we had enough of this "we are miserable sinners," and "there is no health in us," business? The more we moan that we are miserable sinners, and that there is no health within us, the longer we will lie in the mire, and the more true will be the assertion about the state of our spiritual and physical ill health. Let us get out instead, and throwing back our shoulders, and raising our heads, say proudly and joyfully, "We are chil-

dren of God, and inheritors of His Kingdom; we assert the health within us as our rightful heritage; we are no 'worms of the dust' but of divine origin, and we are striving to be worthy of our Father."

What's the use of all this fault-finding anyway? Our neighbors and relations (particularly the latter) will keep us advised as to our faults. The observation sieve of the average relative is very fine, and it is a mighty small fault that manages to get through unobserved. If we make a business of looking for faults in others, we are apt to find them; if we pursue the same plan toward ourselves, we will be equally successful. Let us look for the good things in others; let us look for the good things in ourselves; they are in both places in goodly quantity, and by searching for them we encourage their growth. We find that for which we seek, therefore let us seek the good things in others and in ourselves. Brother and sister, you've lots of good things within you; hunt them out and encourage their growth. Don't bother about the darkness of the mental room; it may be as dark as pitch, what of it? The remedy is at hand—just let a little sunshine in.

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#### Wordless Communion.

IN wordless communion question the oracles of life, and measure, if you can, the potentialities of your being. In the hush of that peaceful hour, brought face to face with the silent guardian which keeps faithful account of your wanderings, the touch of a divine fire will quicken the dull brain, and the sluggish heart will become responsive to an energy which lifts man out of the confines of the physical and draws him close to the heart of being.

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#### Endless Change.

"BECAUSE the soul is progressive, it never quite repeats itself, but in every act attempts the production of a new and fairer whole."—EMERSON



### The American Association of Clairvoyants.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER, PUBLISHER  
OF NEW THOUGHT.

THE importance of Clairvoyance, as a field for the investigation of genuine psychic phenomena, was recognized by The Society for Psychical Research of London at a very early period in the organization of that important body of scientists.

We of America have been somewhat backward in responding to the evident truths to be gleaned from the exercise of the gifts of the thousands of clairvoyants scattered throughout this country and Canada.

As a means of furthering the aim in view I would ask that all our readers assist me in organizing The American Association of Clairvoyants by sending me the names and addresses of all professional and amateur clairvoyants living in the United States and Canada. Such an Association would probably number fifteen thousand names in the course of a month or two, and from this mass of material we cannot fail to extract much information that will be of lasting advantage to all in our search for data upon which to found a theory which will satisfactorily explain the clairvoyant faculty as a human attribute.

That clairvoyance is a fact is not to be doubted by any one who has given the subject the attention which its importance merits.

That we can prove clairvoyance to be a fact is quite probable, requiring the collecting and presenting of a large amount of evidence without prejudice or bias, and requiring also sound explanation of the fact that this faculty is possessed by only a small percentage of individuals.

Let this be our labor during the

coming year. I can do very little without the kindly support of our immense circle of readers beyond showing, in a series of articles upon clairvoyance which I propose to write for the NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE, that clairvoyance is a true faculty of the human mind.

I feel, however, that in an inquiry so deserving I can count upon the assistance of all NEW THOUGHT readers, and as a first step in this investigation will you oblige me by sending to this office at your earliest convenience the names and addresses of all clairvoyants whom you know or hear of, no matter where they live, and no matter whether they follow clairvoyance as a profession or for amusement?

With your help the A. A. C. (American Association of Clairvoyants) will become an accomplished fact inside of two months.

Just write the names and addresses on postal cards and send them to Sydney Flower, 27 East 22d Street, New York City.

### The Law.

'TIS a truth as old as the soul of things—  
Whatever ye sow ye reap.

'Tis the cosmic law that forever springs  
From the unimagined deep.

'Tis shown in the manifold sorrows  
Of the race; in remorse with its secret  
stings;

That he who grief to his brother brings  
In his turn some day shall weep.

To the man who hears his victim's cries  
And hardens his heart at the sound,  
At last a Nemesis dread shall rise  
From out of the void profound.

Who sows in selfishness, greed, and hate  
Shall gain his deserts in the years that wait,  
For the slow and remorseless wheel of Fate  
Forever turns round and round.

If ye give out of mercy and love and light,  
The same shall return to you;

For the standards of right are infinite  
And the scales of the gods are true.  
By its good or evil each life is weighed;  
In motives and deeds is its record made;  
In the coin ye pay ye shall be repaid.

When your wages at last fall due.  
—J. A. EDGERTON.



## Two Ways of Working.\*

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

THERE are two ways of working. One may make his work either a joy or a burden, a pleasure or drudgery. If one goes about his occupation regarding it as a curse placed upon the race by reasons of the sins of his first parents, then will his work seem like drudgery and a burden heavy to bear. Such a man will feel the weight of his task, and will probably sooner or later break down under it. On the other hand, the man who regards his work as a thing of interest will find plenty of joy in it, and will obtain from it a pleasure greater than anything else yields him.

The mental attitude determines the thing. You have it within you to make either a pleasure or a burden of your occupation. It is the old story of the boy who will work hard all day long, and thoroughly enjoy it, if it is but called "play." The same boy will complain and grumble at the small tasks which he is called upon to perform, because they are "work." You remember Mark Twain's story—"Tom Sawyer," isn't it?—where the boy is set to work whitewashing a fence. The other boys come up and are inclined to jeer at him because he has to work while they are playing. He keeps on, touching up the fence with an artistic finish, now and then standing off and admiring what he has done, giving an extra touch here, and a little dab there, in order to make a fine job of it. The watching boys begin to be interested, and before long they offer to take a hand at the job. The boy indignantly rejects the offers of help, and assumes the position that a boy doesn't get a chance to whitewash a fence every day, and he isn't going to share his good fortune with the

other fellows—not much. The other boys begin to coax and beg, and then to offer bribes. In the end the boys have parted with all their marbles, tops, and other mysterious articles found in the pockets of a boy, and are taking turns at whitewashing the fence, while the original boy reclines on the grass, limiting the time of each boy, and seeing that he does not get more time than his share. The old fence gets about a dozen coats of whitewash, and every one is happy. All a matter of mental attitude, don't you see?

I can conceive of no worse fate than uncongenial occupation—having to work at something in which I cannot take an interest. And I know of no greater pleasure than in work in which I take an interest. I like to do things—to create things—to see things growing beneath my hand, the result of my thought. If one takes an interest in his work he will have something which will last him as long as he lives, which nothing can rob him of, a thing upon which he can depend.

And what would I do, you ask, if I were forced into some uncongenial occupation, and couldn't get out of it? Well, if I couldn't get out of it, I would start to work to find points of interest in my work—and find them I would, for there are points of interest in every kind of work—and I would cultivate these interesting points, all the time searching for others, until I obtained a certain amount of joy from my work. I wouldn't let any kind of work cheat me of my pleasure; I would turn the tables upon it, by extracting from it the very thing of which it would rob me—interest. Some time I will say more of this thing; it's worth while thinking about.

## Universal Need.

FOR neither didst thou choose thine own time to come into existence; but when the Universe had need of thee.—  
EPICTETUS.

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## LETTER BOX.

Conducted by  
William Walker Atkinson.

This department was established for the purpose of answering interesting questions from our subscribers. Personal inquiries cannot be answered by letter, as it would be a physical impossibility for us to thus reply to the many personal letters which are received daily at this office from our thousands of subscribers. But we will, from now on, select from the inquiries reaching us those of greatest general interest, and answer them in this "Letter Box" department, as soon as possible. If you have a question to ask which 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, and then watch this department. Address all such inquiries to

**WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON,**

27 East 22nd Street,

"Letter Box Dept."

NEW YORK CITY.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A. F.** Yes, I have noticed that some places seem to have the atmosphere of non-success about them. Many business men have realized this, and the Rothschilds have a maxim, "Always avoid an unlucky place." But the teachings of Mental Science have remedied this. I fully believe that the thought vibrations around a building leave an effect, but I also believe that a good treatment of success thoughts will counteract the old negative thoughts with which a building is permeated. The positive drives out the negative every time. Just give the room a good daily mental treatment for success by pouring out a steady stream of thoughts of success. If you need the use of an affirmation to help you to concentrate your thoughts, try something like this: "This room is the place of success; we will make it a success by right thinking and honest endeavor; we are filling every portion of it with the vibrations of positive thought, and it is beginning to radiate success; we are making it a center of success vibrations." Let in the sunlight of success and energy thoughts, and the darkness of the negative thoughts of the past will disappear. Don't think about the past failures of the building, but think about its present prospects of success under your treatment, and you will deal that old "hoodoo" a solar-plexus blow which will put it out of business. Fill the place with your own vibrations, and don't bother about the old vibrations left there by others. Disinfect it by positive thoughts. Mean business, and go in to win.

**B. M. C.** This correspondent writes: "How may one rid one's self from the terribly depressed feeling and suffering which comes from finding deceit in a friend in whom one has placed entire confidence?" She also writes that she cannot look at the matter as a lesson, because she has done nothing to warrant it. Lessons do not come to us as a punishment, although to our school-child minds it often seems as if the lesson has been given us because of some wrong-doing on our part. Lessons come because we have not learned them before. That is if the lesson seems hard to us. Lessons we have already learned are not hard to us—it's only the ones we have not thoroughly learned. Possibly this lesson may mean that our correspondent must not let her happiness depend entirely upon what another person says or does—her reed has broken under her weight. I do not say that this *is* the lesson—how can I tell? I do not know the people concerned—but there is certainly an unlearned lesson there, else the problem would not prove so perplexing or painful. Then, again, do we not often deceive ourselves, or lead others to deceive us, by our mental attitude? I have known lovers (and husbands and wives, too, for that matter) who lived out a mutual lie simply because each was afraid of hurting the feelings of the other, and so they really hurt each other more by refraining to tell the truth. Many a one lives out a lie to us, because he is afraid of hurting us, not realizing that the lie is a greater hurt than would be the plain truth. If we let those around us know that we want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—no matter how much it hurts—they will be apt to give us what we want, and will not shrink from telling the truth, and will not live out the lie which, when discovered, causes us to charge them with "deceit." Many of us invite deceit. We prefer to live in a fool's paradise rather than to see things as they are. When we place it in the power of another person to cause us great unhappiness by his or her actions, we are the slave of that other person. And about the "deceit" part of it: have any of us the right to charge another with deceit, unless our own skirts are entirely clean? How many of us are absolutely honest in our relations with other people? Are we not all more or less guilty of deceit—a kindly deceit, you may say, but deceit for all that? Are we not all more or less guilty of saying "Yes," when we mean "No," just because it is easier?—and then when sooner or later we are found out and called deceitful because of that untrue "Yes," how hurt we feel. Well, maybe the other fellow has been acting just as we have. Let us not be too free to judge and condemn—none of us are so very good. Cheer up, B. M. C.; how will this thing appear to you one year from to-day?



*A Student.* This correspondent writes: "How is it that when a friend of mine wills that a specific thing shall come to her it comes almost immediately, but not to her, however, but in nearly every case to the person who at the time is nearest to her? Up to the last year she had been a remarkable illustration of the orthodox idea of a perfectly sacrificial life, counting others everything and herself nothing. Would such a life have a tendency to bring about the conditions described?" This is an interesting case. I shouldn't wonder but that our correspondent has answered her own question. Some people live for others, and seem to like it, or they wouldn't be doing it. I think it likely that one whose mind had been bent in that direction would find that it took some time to change her mental poise. The old channel is still there, and what could be more natural but that the good things should flow through it, in preference to the new one being dug? But keep on digging, and after a bit the flood will pour into the new channel. I believe in being kind, but don't forget yourself when you are passing the good things around. It is good to help others, but the best way to help them is to teach them to help themselves. A good mother does not hesitate to wean her child, although it pains her mother heart to do so. A babe carried in the arms continually, never learns to crawl. The best service that we can perform for those we love is to teach them to do without us when they are old enough to stand alone. This seems harsh at first sight, but it is Nature's own plan, and man has never been able to improve upon it. Don't subsidize those you love. Lend a helping hand, but discourage too much leaning upon you—it isn't good for either the leaner or yourself. Help the other fellow to bear his burden, but don't let him make a hog of himself and shift the whole thing on you. Salt is a good thing, but don't let anybody put you in pickle.

*Daisy Dean.* This young woman induces the editorial sanctum with the following letter, bearing the post-mark of New York City:

"THE CITY THAT CHICAGO WILL  
NEVER TOUCH, October 4, 1903.

"*William Walker Atkinson, New York City.*

"DEAR SIR: How can an individual with a sensitive nature, trying to do all things to the best of her ability, live continually in the midst of unkind criticism and fault-finding, and possess her own soul? Will Little Willie please solve the problem?"

DAISY DEAN."

Well, Daisy, you certainly are a "daisy."  
"Little Willie," forsooth! I would have

supposed that the dignity inspired by a sight of the gray around the temples of the "Letter-Box Man," and the bald spot at the back of his head, would have rendered impossible any such term; the tender appellation carries one back to his "bread and molasses" days, reminding him of "Grandmother." I wish you to understand, Daisy, that I am a very grandfatherly individual, not to be addressed in such a flippant manner. Such undue levity on your part indicates the need of a vigorous application of the slipper, in the style fashionable in the old days, before the time when women who never had children, and men like myself who never really knew a thing about the proper management of a child, wrote learned articles about "The Training of Children." (Sometimes when that nine-year little rascal of mine gets on the rampage I blush to think what the good folk who have read my articles on "Parent and Child," etc., would say if they could see that particular child and his parent at certain interesting stages of the argument. There have been moments when I have felt that an "Old Thought" paddling would be worth tons of "New Thought" theorizing, mine own included. But, as our good friend Kipling would say, "that's another story.") I think it a very safe guess, when I say that "Daisy Dean" at some time in her life must have lived west of the Alleghanies; no Eastern girl would have had the nerve to greet the august and dignified editor of a serious magazine in such a way. But I'll forgive you this time, Daisy, if you promise to never do it again. By the way, Daisy, your comparison of New York with Chicago betrays your Western origin; a real native-born New Yorker would never have thought of that, the real New Yorker simply ignores the existence of any place outside of Manhattan. Well, to get down to business: An Individual (capital I, please) would not have found it necessary to ask this question—he would have found out for himself. The individual (with the little i) finds "unkind criticism and fault-finding" annoying because he is just beginning to sprout Individualism, and yet has not grown enough to throw off these things. Isn't it true, Daisy, that the reason you let these things affect you, is because you are afraid of them? It's your fear of the things that hurts you, rather than the things themselves. If you believed in yourself these things would drop from you like the water from a duck's back. An Individual would either bring matters to a focus and stop those mosquito bites, or he would change his environments and get rid of them in that way. I think, though, that if you ceased to fear these fault-finders, and refrained from presenting such a tender skin toward the ones bestowing them upon you, you would soon be rid of them. There are some peo-



ple (people doing good work, too) who are always being pestered in this way, while others are not so troubled. Why the difference? I have tried to illustrate this in some of my earlier writings by the somewhat rough illustration of the dog whose tail always invited the tying of tin cans to it, while other dogs surrounded themselves with such an aura of thought-force that no boy who valued the entirety of his nether garments would ever dream of making the tin-can connection. The tin-can dog always carried his tail in the manner which invited the can, just as surely as if he had said it in words. And the other dog's attitude (thought manifest in outward appearance) said plainly, "Cans off." Say, now, Daisy, haven't you really been "expecting" these unkind criticisms and fault-findings? There's nothing that will attract a thing quicker than the confident expectation of it, and fear is a form of expectation. Just you change your mental attitude toward those around you, and they will soon find that their fault-finding and unkind criticism fails to find a resting place in your make-up, and they will feel the rebound of these things as they fly back to them, and will soon get enough of it. Look these people fairly and squarely and fearlessly in the eye the next time they try it on you, and note the effect. A little practice of this sort will do more toward pointing out the way to you than would several columns of Letter-Box talk. Don't coddle that "sensitive nature," little girl—it don't pay. At least, that's what "Little Willie" thinks about it, Daisy dear.

### Kindergarten Cheer.

**W**ORRY not, fellow-scholars in the kindergarten. The teacher is loving, even when apparently chiding us; while she looks stern and offended, it is as much as she can do to refrain from throwing her arms around us and drawing us close to her bosom, and kissing away our childish tears. Smile in her face, through your tears, little playmate, and let her know that you trust her. Nestle up as close to her as you can, and you will find that she does not shrink away from you. Do not do this from fear, or to avoid a chiding, but because you love her. Do this and you will see the love-light in her eyes—will feel the longing to possess you that is consuming her soul. Be honest with her, and do not try to conceal your faults. She will understand—for is she not your mother as well as your teacher? And the mother-love is always with you—enveloping you. You cannot escape it, for in it you live and move and have your being.—W. W. A.

### The Philosophy of Happiness.\*

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

**T**HERE are natures born to happiness just as there are born musicians, mechanics, and mathematicians.

They are usually children who came into life under right pre-natal conditions. That is, children conceived and born in love.

The mother who thanks God for the little life she is about to bring to earth, gives her child a more blessed endowment than if it were heir to a kingdom or a fortune.

As the majority of people, however, born under "civilized" conditions, are unwelcome to their mothers, it is rarely we encounter one who has a birthright of happiness.

Youth possesses a certain buoyancy and exhilaration which passes for happiness, until the real disposition of the individual asserts itself with the passing of time.

Good health and strong vitality are great aids to happiness; yet that they, wealth and honors added, do not produce that much-desired state of mind we have but to look about us to observe.

One who is not born a musician needs to toil more assiduously to acquire skill in the art, however strong his desire or great his taste, than the natural genius.

So the man not endowed with joyous impulses needs to set himself the task of acquiring the habit of happiness. I believe it can be done. To the sad or restless or discontented being I would say: Begin each morning by resolving to find something in the day to enjoy. Look in each experience which comes to you for some grain of happiness. You will be surprised to find how much that has seemed hopelessly disagreeable possesses either an instructive or an amusing side.

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There is a certain happiness to be found in the most disagreeable duty when you stop to realize that you are getting it out of the way.

If it is one of those duties which have the uncomfortable habit of repeating themselves continually, you can at least say you are learning patience and perseverance, which are two great virtues and essential to any permanent happiness in life.

Do not anticipate the happiness of to-morrow, but discover it in to-day. Unless you are in the profound depths of some great sorrow, you will find it if you look for it.

Think of yourself each morning as an explorer in a new realm. I know a man whose time is gold, and he carefully arranged his plans to take three hours for a certain pleasure. He lost his way and missed his pleasure, but was full of exuberant delight over his "new experience." "I saw places and met with adventures I might have missed my whole life." He was a true philosopher and optimist, and such a man gets the very kernel out of the nut of life.

I know a woman who had since her birth every material blessing—health, wealth, position, travel, and a luxurious home. She was forever complaining of the cares and responsibilities of the latter. Finally she prevailed upon the family to rent the home for a series of years and to live in hotels. Now she goes about posing as a martyr, "a homeless woman." It is impossible for such a selfishly perverted nature to know happiness.

A child should be taught from its earliest life to find entertainment in every kind of condition or weather. If it hears its elders cursing and bemoaning a rainy day the child's plastic mind is quick to receive the impression that a rainy day is a disaster.

How much better to expatiate in its presence on the blessing of rain, and to teach it the enjoyment of

all nature's varying moods, which other young animals feel.

Happiness must come from within in order to respond to that which comes from without, just as there must be a musical ear and temperament to enjoy music.

Cultivate happiness as an art or science.

### An Interesting Experiment.

**T**AKE an ordinary glass tumbler, a finger ring, and a piece of thread. Tie one end of the thread to the ring, and make a fair-sized knot on the other end. Grasp the knot firmly between thumb and forefinger of the right hand, resting the elbow on the table. Let the ring hang just inside of the glass, and keep the hand perfectly still. Put yourself in a passive condition, and concentrate the entire attention on the ring. In a moment or two the ring will be seen to swing backward and forward, and will presently touch the sides of the glass. Listen intently to it, and *trill* that the ring shall strike the hour of the day for you. If the conditions are good, the ring will strike the glass and tell the nearest hour, for instance, if it is twenty-five minutes past four, it will strike four; if it is twenty-five minutes to five, it will strike five, and so on. By considerable practice it will also strike the quarter hours, after the hours have been struck. It will also answer questions, such as telling how many people there are in the room, ages, etc., but it will only give information already in the mind of the person holding the knot. There is no spirit-influence or anything of that sort, about this phenomenon. It is merely an interesting manifestation of a psychological law. Try it.—W. W. A.

### The Law of Love.

**I**T is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want to. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into friendship through the door of discipleship. We can learn love through service.—HUGH BLACK.

### The Real and Unreal.

**H**ATH He not given thee that which is thine own unhindered and unhampered, and hindered and hampered that which is not thine own?—EPICETUS.



### Sublime Truth and Its Mysteries.\*

BY JEAN COWGILL.

*The Fourth Lesson—(I.) Dealing  
with the Peculiar Functions of  
Perception in the Different Facul-  
ties while in the Natural State.*

THIS work is not strictly a treatise on mind, for all that it seems necessary, from what I have already said concerning the division of faculties and the functions, that I should make some further explanations. At any rate, the functions of the faculties while in the stavolic condition will be much more easily understood if their action while in the natural state is first properly comprehended. Then the peculiar perceptions of the different faculties, which have heretofore been considered the faculties themselves, will be more easily understood. Most authorities believe that instead of being composed of separate and distinct functions, the faculties possess as a whole only modes of action. To be clearer, these may be styled modes of quantity or modes of quality.

I consider the senses to be fundamental faculties situated in the brain.

Each has a peculiar apparatus or organization communicating with the external world. The use of this peculiar apparatus or organization is to receive and transmit sensations or impressions to their internal faculties.

The faculties so situated have respectively power to attend to, perceive, judge, and remember their peculiar sensations or impressions only as sensations or impressions.

The respective quality of these impressions must be perceived, attended to, etc., by the various other faculties according as the impression related to the faculty which can

have or has the power of perceiving it.

All the internal faculties possess like functions, which together constitute the faculty. But the particular function or power in each, whether it be called feeling or perception, I consider to be peculiar in each. For example, the faculties called the affective faculties or faculties of feeling by some authors, and by them divided into feelings proper to man and animals and feelings proper to man, I consider to be like all the rest, whether termed intellectual, reflective, or otherwise. They are possessed of peculiar powers to observe, perceive, know, or recognize the peculiar impressions, sensations, objects, or ideas which their individual capacities render them capable of. In destructiveness this power is the power which enables us to observe, know, or recognize destruction or desolation. In the organ of benevolence it may be generosity; in conscientiousness, justice; or in causality, the cause of either.

All the perceptions may be excited by internal as well as external impressions.

The knowledge of our internal impressions, whether they are called feelings, perceptions, or ideas, is as positive as of those from without.

Every determinate action of any function depends upon the function and the impression.

All the faculties perceive, reflect upon, or judge those things which relate to their capacities.

All the faculties are in relation to and adapted to the external world. All may receive impressions from within or without. Each may act functionally upon its own peculiar impressions; the same thing is accomplished by the other functions of the other faculties. The power to feel, perceive, or know impressions in the organ of destructiveness perceives the impressions relating to desolation, decay, or destruction.

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In the organ of combativeness the same function perceives the impression relating to resistance, quarrels, battles, or conquests.

The same in benevolence may recognize the benign, the kind, the generous, or liberal.

The same in reverence, what is venerable.

In individuality, the same function may perceive persons or things.

In comparison, the identity or difference between persons or things, and in causality, the cause of one or of all. If the function of perception in the faculty of destructiveness note or observe an impression, whether of desolation, decay, or death, its peculiar functions of consciousness, attention, perception, and the will must have acted. Before it can judge of the impression or remember it, its functions of judgment and memory must also act. So it is with likes and dislikes, imagination, association, and all the other functions. Each must have been active in its own peculiar individual manner before the mind is able to draw conclusions as to the exact time of desolation, decay, or death; its identity with other desolations, or the cause of either.

If the function of perception in the organ of causality perceives a cause, whether it be from an external impression or an idea of the mind, the same functions must have acted before the organ could observe, judge, remember, like, or associate, and compare with others.

It seems evident from this that if an impression is received through the external apparatus or organization of the sight, by the function of perception in the sense or faculty of seeing, that impression may be judged by the other functions of that faculty only as an impression and before the respective qualities of that impression can be known. The functions in the organs capable of recognizing them must also attend to, perceive, judge, and reflect upon them.

Suppose the impression received be caused by the presentation of a rose. At the time it will be perceived and judged by the faculty of seeing. Individuality will perceive, judge, and remember the object's distinct or individual existence; size, its bulk; color, its shade; form, its configuration, before the mind can know that it is a rose.

If it is beautiful, that quality must be recognized by ideality. If decayed, by destructiveness; its identity with others, by comparison and the cause of either by causality.

As each function may differ in health, strength, and activity, or in quality, quantity, and energy, it must follow that there will be degrees in their capacities.

Violent emotions are the result of uneven functional activity. If any function, say love, in the organs of combativeness and destructiveness be large and very much excited by impressions received or impulses given by the other faculties, the consequence will be violent emotions in these faculties. When not held in check by other functions in counteracting faculties injuries will be contemplated. Aided by the power to do, this unusual activity may result in the doing of injury purely for the love of it. If with the above faculties the functions in the organ of acquisitiveness be very active, the motives to do injury would be for gain; if the same in the organs of cautiousness and secretiveness be added, the disposition would be to do the deed as an assassin. It follows also that the assassin would cloak or hide his material act after it was done.

Should the functions of the imagination in all the faculties be large and active, the plan to murder would probably be good or well contrived. If not, the reverse would be the case. This holds good with the rest of the functions respectively.

One might carry on the analysis or synthesis indefinitely, but there has already been some repetition,



which, in order to make the functions of the faculties clearly understood, it is almost impossible to avoid. There must also, I fear, be a trifle more of repetition in the next lesson, when I shall consider the functions while in the somnambulic state.

(II.) *On the Peculiar Functions of Perception when in the Statuolic Condition.*

It is here that we learn more and go deeper into the actual meaning of the power I call clear-mindedness. When the function of perception in any of the faculties belonging to the brain becomes active while in the state of artificial somnambulism, it is enabled to perceive without the aid of the external senses.

This perception is clear-mindedness.

The power is not peculiar to any one faculty, but is possessed by all while in the state. They act as they do in the natural state and perceive only what is related to their peculiar capacities. It matters not whether it be an idea in the mind of another or something composed of matter existing in the external world, the perception is the same, if their individual attentions be attracted.

The functions can and often do act independently of one another. As they act singly or not, the external results differ. If the function of perception in the organs of motion and imitation become active together independent of the functions of consciousness and memory or either of these faculties, an imitative motion may take place or be produced independent of the subject's knowledge. This is frequently the case, although the rest of the faculties may not be clairvoyant, when drawing the attention of these faculties to a motion which we wish to be imitative.

Sometimes the imitation can be

accomplished without the operator's saying a word, particularly if a slight noise be made by the motion. Through the hearing the attention of the faculties is attracted by the sound. Nothing, however, can be effected unless the attention be first drawn by some means. When this is the case it is astonishing how slight a hint or even a thought will be observed and produce the desired results without the subject's knowledge.

In this peculiar power of the faculties lies the supposed sensitiveness and impressibility of some subjects; by its means they know or arrive at correct conclusions respecting the contents of sealed letters, the whereabouts of absent persons, and many details of life unknown to them while in the natural state. They are even able to arrive at a knowledge of the thoughts of another, although the person thinking may be at a considerable distance.

Were it necessary I could furnish innumerable facts to prove their ability to do these things. I will, however, relate but one case which lately came to my knowledge.

A lady, after she had been in the somnambulic state, awoke with the impression that she must or could not avoid knowing the mind of the operator. Since that time she has been possessed of that power. Her mind, which she thinks must be, is, of course, almost always directed to him. Consequently when so directed, she enters the statuolic condition involuntarily. She is irresistibly compelled to know his thoughts and his whereabouts. The power is a great annoyance to her. It will be likely to continue as long as her belief remains the same, or until she learns the true nature of her state and that the remedy lies within herself. To cure herself of the habit she must understand that it is entirely within the domain of herself to prevent her mind from entering the state or of reaching out clairvoyantly after him.



Some of the Results of "Psychical Research" of the "Society for Psychical Research" of London, England.\*

PRESENTED IN POPULAR FORM FOR GENERAL READING.

By W. T. CHENEY, A.B., B.Ph., Rome, Ga., Ass. Member of S.P.R.

Article No. 8. *Apparitions or Death Coincidences (II).*

THE cases of "veridical death apparitions" given in our former article and those now to be given are all cases of a high evidential value for the reason that some note or written memoranda were made by the percipient at the time of the occurrence of the apparition or very soon thereafter, and before it was known whether the apparition was veridical or not. However, in only one of these six cases was the note preserved, but in three others, viz.: Nos. 425.12, 381.4, and 147.23, there is evidence, independently of the percipient's memory, that the note was made at the time.

The following case (383.24) from Mr. James Lloyd is one in which a note was made at the time of the apparition.

\* \* \*

Mr. Lloyd (of Birmingham, England) was at the time of his experience in India.

"I awoke in the night and saw my father in England standing beside the bed. He was as real as in life, and dressed in a gray suit such as he used to wear when I last saw him about nine years before. The figure said, 'Good-bye, Jim; I won't see you any more,' or words to that effect. A month after that (the first mail I could have heard by) a letter came, saying he had died that same night and about that hour, September 14, 1876. [This date was afterward corrected by Mr. Lloyd to November 9, 1876, which was the correct date.]

"I was a soldier at Mhow in Bombay Presidency. What hour the vision appeared I did not know. In the morning I told a comrade who slept in the next room. I wrote it on the wall at the back of my bed at the same time, so as to fix the date."

Mr. Lloyd was interviewed by Mr. F. W. H. Myers (one of the committee), and the statements written above confirmed. Mr. Lloyd also sent Mr. Myers a funeral card, which shows that James Lloyd died November 9, 1876, and was buried at Saltley.

\* \* \*

In the next case to be given (No. 362.21) there is not only the "death coincidence," but definite information is conveyed pictorially and more in detail than in former cases given. It is also interesting as being one of the three apparitions at the time of death where a compact had been made to appear, if possible. In this case a note was made at the time of the apparition.

From Mrs. J. Adeline Baldwin:

"November 19, 1890.

"I was my Uncle E. de C.'s favorite niece, and we had made a compact that whichever of us died first should appear to the other. I was about twenty-five at the time, and he said to me, 'You won't be afraid, but, if God permits such a thing, I will come to you.'

"This took place at Camareah in 1860. I was then a widow living in my uncle's house. It was in December, 1863 (I had married again and was living at Umritsur), when one morning at about four o'clock, as I was sitting up in bed with my baby in my arms, I saw my uncle. He was lying on the sofa in the drawing-room and appeared to be dying. I saw his bearer and my aunt's ayah. They passed each other in going across the room, and looked at me and sighed. I said to my husband, 'Look, there is my uncle dying,' and I described the above scene. He thought it so re-



markable that he got out of bed and made a note of it. He wrote at once to my cousin C., to inquire after uncle, and we heard from him that my uncle had died very suddenly on the day and at the time I saw him, of heart disease, after an illness of a few days, at his house at Mirzapore."

Later, Mrs. Baldwin wrote further that Camareah is between Allahabad and Benares, about thirty miles from the latter, and that her uncle was not failing in health prior to his sudden death, and did not even know he had heart disease. She saw the drawing-room distinctly, with her uncle lying on the sofa. The room was at his own house.

The note that was made at the time of the apparition and the letter from her cousin, which her husband received in answer to inquiries, were unfortunately destroyed by white ants, and other important documents were also destroyed in this way.

She wrote further:

"With regard to the mode of my uncle's death, it happened just as I saw it, inasmuch as he died in the drawing-room on the sofa; the ayah and bearer were present; all this my husband wrote and ascertained. The sofa was placed in a different position to what it had been when I was last in the house."

This case was especially investigated by Mrs. Sidgwick and her report published which confirms the foregoing statements.

I think this case is especially referable as a clairvoyant vision, though not classed that way by the committee.

\* \* \*

In the next case (No. 147.23, from Madame Abalecheff) as in the last, the appearance includes a veridical feature unknown to the percipient.

Another point of interest in the case is that the vision appears to have been shared by a second person. This case is the last of the death coincidences about which it is stated that a note was made at the

time. Any one wishing to see this case in full and also the preceding ones which I have briefed can see ch. 12, vol. x., Proceedings.

\* \* \*

In concluding this class of cases, six in number, where there was a note or written memorandum made at the time, the committee in their report mention certain criticisms of their report and give an answer thereto which I desire to notice here.

Some of the critics of the Society's work have assumed that in a large proportion, probably about one in seven of the cases where a sensory hallucination is experienced, the percipient would at once write a letter on the subject to some friend, and that letters containing such accounts would, in general, be carefully preserved. They have accordingly maintained that the absence of documentary evidence in the great majority of cases constitutes a positive argument against the telepathic explanation, or against the validity of the evidence.

The committee accordingly endeavored to obtain information as to the cases in which any notes were taken at the time of the hallucinatory experience. From the information received it appears that in forty-nine out of nineteen hundred and forty-two cases recorded, that is, in 2.5 per cent., some note was made or some letter mentioning the hallucination written, within twenty-four hours of the occurrence, and before knowing whether it was coincidental or not, either by the percipient himself, or by some person who was told of it at the time.

Where no information is given on the subject, it is generally probable that no written record was made at the time; and a positive statement to this effect is made in two hundred and fourteen cases.

When we consider the small proportion of adults who keep diaries, and the probably still smaller proportion of people who are in the habit of making any other written



notes, otherwise than in letters, about any events in their lives, the small number of notes is not surprising.

With regard to mention in letters, it happens often that the percipient is living with the person to whom, if he were living elsewhere, he would most naturally write on the subject, and he therefore speaks of his experience and does not write of it.

\* \* \*

It has also to be borne in mind that the great majority of educated persons are reasonably afraid of being ridiculed as superstitious if they appear to attach importance to such experiences, and this deters them from writing about such things, though they may communicate the morally to sympathetic auditors. It follows that corroborative evidence, depending on some person's recollections of a verbal communication, exists much more often than contemporary written evidence.

As to the preservation of any notes that are made, it must be remembered that, as a rule, only a very small proportion of letters written on any subject are producible after a lapse of a few years.

The committee's report on the question of evidence concludes as follows:

"Whether the proportion of documentary evidence that has been preserved in the coincidental cases is, or is not, smaller than would be reasonably expected, we must leave to the judgment of our readers.

"Since the numbers are so small, it will be convenient to summarize here the amount of the evidence in the two classes of 'death coincidences' and 'coincidences with other events' put together; but it will, of course, be obvious, on referring to each case, to which class it belongs.

"Of the seventeen coincidental cases which were noted at the time, the note has been seen by us in two cases (No. 442.17, see p. 213, vol. x.

Proceedings, and No. 660.6, see p. 282); and in a third case (No. 290.3, p. 293) a letter which was written in answer to one from the percipient describing her experience, and which establishes the coincidence, has been seen by us; in a fourth case (No. 34.20, p. 289) we have received a copy of a similar letter; and in five other cases we have evidence—either from the persons who received the letters, or from those who witnessed the making of the notes—confirmatory of the percipient's statement that the letters or notes were written at the time. (See Proceedings, vol. x., ch. 12.)

\* \* \*

We will conclude this article by giving in brief a few illustrative cases falling under the head of the next best kind of confirmatory evidence, which is that offered by the testimony of a second person who has known of the percipient's impression at the time, before the arrival of the news of death, and with him has been aware of the coincidence as soon as it was ascertained.

The death coincidences among the sixty-two with this kind of confirmation are ten in number.

In case No. 579.24 the fact of death is communicated by the hallucination.

The same information is given in case No. 215.9 from Miss J. E. L.

In this case the percipient saw the figure of a friend at her door on June 14, 1885. She looked very ill, and bent down and kissed her. Miss L. got out of bed and looked at the hour. It was between six and seven o'clock. That day she received news that her friend had died at that hour. She was in London at the time, and had left home in May, and on saying good-bye to her friend, the latter asked her should she die while Miss L. was away, might she come to her in spirit and tell her so?

After seeing the apparition Miss S. told her sister of it before hearing of the death, and her confirma-



tory evidence was given the collector.

\* \* \*

In case 379.24, from the Rev. Matthew Frost, the person whose apparition appeared to him—his grandmother—had promised to appear if possible.

In three days afterward he learned that she had died about half an hour before the time the apparition appeared. His wife was with him at the time, and he called her attention to the apparition, but she did not see it.

Professor Sidgwick made a special investigation and report on this case, which can be seen in full in vol. x. Proc. S. P. R., pp. 225, 226.

\* \* \*

In case No. 422.25 from Mr. D. Amosof, St. Petersburg, the apparition was seen by seven persons and apparently also by a dog, which coincided approximately with the death of the child.

In case 630.5 Mr. J. H. saw the apparition of one of his step-brothers pass before him. He called the attention of three step-brothers in the room to it, but none of them saw it. At the same time there was a rattling noise at the window. The time was 2:30 A.M. The father was called into the room and the facts told him. The next morning the news came that the step-brother had been taken ill and died about 2:30 A.M.

\* \* \*

In case 83.21 Mrs. Edwards sat one evening reading, and on looking up saw a school friend of hers in her room, but this friend quickly vanished.

She knew nothing of the friend's illness. She at once spoke to her mother about it. Within a day or two she had news of her friend's death.

Case No. 418.4 is a collective hallucination, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sims at night, when the gas was burning brightly, saw an

aunt walk across the room and disappear. The figure was as plain as in life. She lived one and one-half miles away in Birmingham, England. The next day they heard of her death at the hour her apparition had been seen by them.

\* \* \*

The foregoing cases give a fair idea of the character of the evidence collected in support of the theory that there is a causal connection between the death of an individual and the appearance of his apparition to another person at or near the time of his death.

In other words, these two events do not *happen* to coincide by *chance* alone. As I showed in a former article, quoting the eminent Prof. Henry Sidgwick, these death coincidences are four hundred and forty times more numerous than chance alone can account for.

What is the cause then of this causal connection?

The pronouncement of the S. P. R.—that is, of representatives of its work and thought—is that the cause is to be sought for in the operation of that wonderful faculty, Telepathy.

There are those whom this explanation will satisfy, but there are many more whom it will not.

The explanation at any rate must go as far as this.

The reader may form some idea of the mass of evidence collected on this one subject when he is told that the committee's report on the "Census" is a volume of over four hundred pages.

### A Haven of Rest.

MEN seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores, and mountains; and thou art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul.—MARCUS AURELIUS.



### The Sowing of the Seed.\*

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.\*

WHEN you start in the "New Thought" do not expect sudden illumination. Do not imagine that you are to become perfectly well, perfectly cheerful, successful, and a healer, in a few days.

Remember all growth is slow.

Mushrooms spring up in a night, but oaks grow with deliberation and endure for centuries.

Mental and spiritual power must be gained by degrees.

If you attained maturity before you entered this field of "New Thought" it is folly to suppose a complete transformation of your whole being will take place in a week—a month—or a year.

All you can reasonably look for is a gradual improvement, just as you might do if you were attempting to take up music or a science.

The New Thought is a science, the Science of Right Thinking. But the brain cells which have been shaped by the old thoughts of despondency and fear cannot all at once be reformed.

It will be a case of "Try, try again."

Make your daily assertions, "I am love, health, wisdom, cheerfulness, power for good, prosperity, success, usefulness, opulence."

Never fail to assert these things at least twice a day; twenty times is better. But if you do not attain to all immediately, if your life does not at once exemplify your words, let it not discourage you. The saying of the words is the watering of the seeds.

After a time they will begin to sprout, after a longer time to cover the barren earth with grain, after a still longer time to yield a harvest.

If you have been accustomed to feeling prejudices and dislikes easily, you will not all at once find it easy

to illustrate your assertion, "I am love." If you have indulged yourself in thoughts of disease, the old aches and pains will intrude even while you say, "I am health!"

If you have groveled in fear and a belief that you were born to poverty and failure, courage and success and opulence will be of slow growth. Yet they will grow and materialize, as surely as you insist and persist.

Declare they are yours, right in the face of the worst disasters. There is nothing so confuses and frustrates misfortune as to stare it down with hopeful unflinching eyes.

If you waken some morning in the depths of despondency and gloom, do not say to yourself: "I may as well give up this effort to adopt the New Thought—I have made a failure of it evidently." Instead sit down quietly, and assert calmly that you are cheerfulness, hope, courage, faith, and success.

Realize that your despondency is only temporary; an old habit, which is reasserting itself, but over which you will gradually gain the ascendancy. Then go forth into the world and busy yourself in some useful occupation, and before you know it is on the way, hope will creep into your heart, and the gray cloud will lift from your mind. Physical pains will loosen their hold and conditions of poverty will change to prosperity.

Your mind is your own to educate and direct.

You can do it by the aid of the Spirit, but you must be satisfied to work slowly.

Be patient and persistent.

### God and Man.

"I LAUGH at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools and the learned clan,  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?"—EMERSON.

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### Veiled Advantages.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I HAVE often noticed in my own experience how some thing learned long in the past—some experience of long ago—would fit right into the thing before me. At such times I have wondered much—have been fairly startled at times—at the flash of understanding which would come over me. The bit of knowledge in question seemed absolutely necessary for the solution of the matter in hand; the bit of stone raised from the dark river of memory seemed to fit exactly into the edifice being erected, and often became the corner-stone of the temple. At times the bit of information—the experience of the past—the thing learned long ago—fitted so closely into the thing before me, that I could see the tongue fit into the groove; the broken parts joined so closely together that I felt bound to say, "This is not chance—here, surely, is an evidence of some great plan." What this plan is I do not know, but its working out I constantly witness in myself and others. And my faith is growing. I am learning to trust more and more in the Power and Intelligence back of it all. I am getting in closer touch with that Intelligence by trusting it.

One of the most peculiar things about these occurrences is that the most valuable bits of experience which present themselves before me for use at these times are experiences gained by pain and suffering in the past. Well do I remember some of these experiences and the pain I experienced in gaining them. How I rebelled, and how I asserted positively that there could be no good in the thing, that no good could come from such evil things.

And yet these very things are now of the greatest use to me—many of them I do not see how I could get along without at this time. And I am gaining a new lesson from these experiences. When a thing that hurts comes to me now I find myself wondering "what is all this for, and when am I going to use the experience and information which come from it?" And I am learning to be perfectly sure that each and every experience is going to be turned into account for my good, and the good of others, some time, somewhere.

Do you remember the story of "Ben Hur"? Do you remember how he was captured and transformed into a galley-slave? He pulled at the heavy oar all day while chained to his bench in the galley. He asked permission to change seats, that the muscles of both arms might become developed. Horrible condition—terrible plight—degrading servitude! Could any good come from this evil thing? Then you remember the chariot race long years after—the turning-point and opportunity of Ben Hur's life. You saw him matched against formidable rivals, with but little chance of winning. You heard the rattle of the wheels, the beating of the horses' hoofs, the clang of the chariots, the shouts of the drivers, the yells of the populace. You smelled the dust of the arena—you were there gazing upon the exciting race. You saw the chariot of the Jew forging ahead of the others—the horses under perfect control of those wonderful muscles of the ex-galley-slave; you heard the shouts of wonder and admiration from the populace; you saw the look of triumph upon the face of Ben Hur as he swept onward past the others: "The Jew wins! the Jew wins!" And the Jew did win—and his victory was possible only because of the terrible experience of the galley-bench. Was it worth the price? Ask Ben Hur!

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# "FORTUNE KNOCKS ONCE!"

By **SYDNEY FLOWER**

Publisher of the New Thought Magazine.

## TO THE READERS OF NEW THOUGHT:

You have been consistently staunch supporters of my three business undertakings, to wit: The Flower Health Cigar Company, The Flower Food Remedy Company and The Bob Matheson Mining and Milling Company. You have dealt well by me; I have dealt faithfully by you. You have invested your money on my advice; you have never lost a cent through me. Some of you have made 10 per cent on cash invested in The Flower Health Cigar Company. Some of you have written me that you wished the cash you invested in The Flower Food Remedy Company returned to you. You received it without argument on my part. I have never lied to you; never broken my word to you.

Some of you, not investors, however, have written me sharp letters with regard to these business undertakings, especially with regard to The Bob Matheson Mining and Milling Company, averring that THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE should not be used to advance pecuniary interests or to further mining speculations, and you have not hesitated to denounce the Bob Matheson mine as a myth and a fraud. Hard words are cheap, my friends, and it does not become you well to talk in such vein. The Bob Matheson mine is no myth, as you could very easily have satisfied yourselves upon, and work on the shaft is actively progressing to-day. But let us look fairly at this matter, because I have something of importance to say to you, and criticism or argument has no place here. They are both time-wasters. And time is strictly money.

I think that we are all willing to make money when we can do so honestly. That much being assumed as granted, I do not know of any good reason why New Thought people should not make as much money as their brethren, and more if they can do so. This also being assumed as granted, I should like to know if THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE is not the very best medium through which to reach the New Thought people who are ready to make money?

I think it is the best medium myself, and that is why I use it, and expect to continue to use it. My money must make money. Now let us look into my business undertakings so far as they concern you.

The Flower Health Cigar Company was started in the spring of 1902. Readers of this magazine invested about \$15,000 in this under my guarantee to refund cash in full with 10 per cent interest added on December 1, 1902, if so desired. During the summer of 1902 the cash of the investors remained in bank at Detroit because I was unwilling to take chances on a factory. I was not sure of winning and therefore did not take the plunge. Your money was just as sacred to me as my own, and I was not prepared to take any chances. To-day



all the investors in The Flower Health Cigar Company have withdrawn under my advice and I am running the business in a very conservative way, taking no chances, because the field does not warrant large expenditures.

The Flower Food Remedy Company is doing a steady and increasing business. It looks to me like a solid 5 per cent permanent investment, and under its present conservative management it is accumulating a profit each month over its running expenses.

The Bob Matheson Mining and Milling Company is an undertaking which I took hold of at a time when its work was at a standstill for want of capital. In making my arrangements with the president of the company, I said that I would spend two thousand dollars of my own money in development work as a chance investment, but that every dollar subscribed for stock by New Thought readers must be subject to my guarantee to refund the amount in full in case I was unwilling to go further with the undertaking after my own small appropriation had been exhausted. This meant, in a word, that the stock must not be sold for the enrichment of the proprietors of the mine, but for the *development* of the mine. The shaft was untimbered and 30 feet deep when I went into the game. The shaft is now 60 feet deep and timbered all the way, and they are following a good lead deeper. I expect a report on the property in a few weeks from Major Thomas of Breckenridge, Colo., who will make a careful inspection of the showing. Now we have come to a point where I am not inclined to take any big chances on this Bob Matheson mine. The gold may be there in big quantities—I hope it is—and it may not. NEW THOUGHT readers have subscribed for forty thousand dollars' worth of this mine stock. My own little two thousand dollars is almost eaten up, and I am not inclined to sink more than another five hundred dollars in sinking the shaft deeper. And I most certainly do not advise NEW THOUGHT readers to go on with this if I withdraw my guarantee to refund. The situation in a nutshell is like this: If news came from the mine to-morrow that a rich vein had been uncovered it would take not less than thirty thousand dollars to put in machinery to work the mine. I should write you a letter of information saying that the report from the mine was favorable and asking you if you were ready to take your chance on this undertaking or would you prefer to withdraw. I could not spend \$30,000 of my own money in developing this mine, and if I spent *your* money on it I would not guarantee to safeguard you against loss. If the mine succeeded we should all win; if it failed we should all lose.

But I do not think highly enough of a gold *prospect* to advise you to do this. It looks like a chance to me, and I must have *certainities* to deal with. I would not spend \$30,000 on a gold prospect with my guarantee attached to refund the amount in full if it failed. That would not be business. It was reasonable enough to spend \$2,000 to find out if a good prospect were likely to become a better at twice the depth. But I want you to understand the difference between a wild speculation, involving a large amount of money and such a tentative investment on my part as this spending of two thousand dollars of my own money to find out if a property was worth big money or not. I would risk \$2,000, but not \$30,000. I am dwelling upon this point because some hundred NEW THOUGHT readers could not understand why I should not be willing to erect an expensive plant at the mine and give a guarantee to refund their money at the same time. I won't do it, because the game does not look safe to me.

If I spend your money and still guarantee to refund your money in full it will be upon a proposition that is as safe as the bank—not upon a gold prospect. I have your money in bank. I have not spent it, and I will not spend it on The Bob Matheson mine. If you want your money returned to you, simply endorse your certificate of stock over to The



Bob Matheson Mining and Milling Company, mail it to me, and I will send you cheque by return mail for the full amount you invested. That's all.

I am not risking money on prospects.

I have a certainty right in my hand. Hear me. About a month ago my friend, Mr. Bryce, President of the Bryce Star Baking Company, Indianapolis, Ind., was talking with me about investments. Mr. Bryce is one of the best known men in his city, a thorough man of business, straight, clean and energetic. His opinion is no bad thing to listen to. He told me of the North Shore Reduction Company, a corporation owning grants of land from the Canadian government, stretching for miles along the north shore of Lake Superior. Mr. Bryce put his money into this North Shore Company after getting the best legal talent he could procure to examine the company's patents and land grants.

We went together to see the machine working, and after a careful examination I decided that we need look no further for a money-maker. It is simply incalculable. It is a rotary magnet which draws iron ore clean from black sand and drops it into scows ready to be unloaded at the dock. Clean, high-grade iron, a staple product, commanding a value at any and all times; iron of the highest quality, without cost of mining or crushing. We have here the machine that does the work. Edison worked on this for several years, but he could not make it a commercial success. Our man has done it, and he has tied it up with patents in all countries and plastered it over with caveats so thick that not even the Steel Trust can pick it to pieces or infringe on our rights. The machine is the property of the North Shore Reduction Company, and all the processes of working are patented as well as the machine. North of Lake Superior the company holds under Canadian government patents hundreds of square miles of the black sand which this machine feeds on. Millions of tons! Billions of tons of it—waiting for this machine! This black sand gives an average run of over 30 per cent iron, with no trace of titanium. You cannot, unless you are "in iron," understand what this means in money. It is incalculable. If Morgan or John Gates owned this patent and land grants this company would have been capitalized at Fifty Millions of Dollars—but you and I would not have obtained the stock. It is owned and capitalized by comparatively poor men. Incorporated for \$1,500,000 under the Ontario Companies Act. Divided into 15,000 shares of the value of \$100 each.

Now there is only one possible outcome to this proposition. We have the machine, and we have the iron beds. Either the Steel Trust must buy us clean out at a very high figure or it must buy our product. It cannot work its low-grade mines, dig the ore, crush it and mix it to obtain necessary quality, at a price which will compete with us. We can undersell the Steel Trust five to one in cost of production. Whichever way the cat jumps our stock goes soaring. It will be worth ten times its par value in two years. That is my prediction. I don't think our people will sell. Our Board of Directors know what they have. They know the value of their holdings and of their machine. They know that they practically control the profitable iron production of the world, and they are not worrying about selling out to anybody.

After I had seen the machine work I put in \$2,000 hard cash, and bargained for a seat on their Board of Directors. I told them I was willing to put in \$25,000 in a lump sum, and could influence more capital their way if they would give me a seat on the board in order that we New Thought investors might have a say as to what should be done with our money.

I have just received information to-day, April 2, from the President of the company that I am to be elected a member of the Board of Directors, and that is why I present



this proposition to your notice now. I want to put a block of owners' stock in the hands of NEW THOUGHT readers. This company has no shares of treasury stock. The full capitalization is allowed by the Canadian government as already paid up and forever non-assessable.

The inventor of the machine, Mr. Lovatt, was offered \$150,000 spot cash for it as soon as the patents were granted. He refused it. Wise man! This is not the kind of proposition that calls for newspaper advertising. It is "the dark horse" of the iron industry. But those who can wait a year or two and watch developments will hear strange things of this machine and of the iron beds which this company owns.

A little of the stock is being sold direct by the North Shore Reduction Company at par. A single share costs \$100. You cannot buy it for less than this from the company's offices. I have contracted for a block of this stock and I offer it at the same figure, namely, par value, \$100 per share to NEW THOUGHT readers, with my guarantee attached that I will refund the full cash price paid, together with 8 per cent interest at the end of one year if desired to do so.

I am not willing to take a chance on a gold mine prospect.

But this is quite different. I am not taking chances here.

The officers of the North Shore Reduction Company are:

President—Samuel N. Smith, 424 Andrus Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Secretary-Treasurer—J. W. Dyrenforth, 1552 Monadnock Building, Chicago.

Counsel—James Walter Curry, K. C., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Hydraulic Engineer—Alexander McDougal.

This company will bear the closest scrutiny and investigation. If you can call at the offices of the company, 1552 The Monadnock Building, Chicago, you can see the machine working, and you will find that I have understated rather than overstated the facts. The truth is that I hold this thing to-day to be worth fifty million dollars and of international importance.

The men at the head of this company are not stock manipulators or speculators. They are hard-headed business men and they are selling only such stock as they can comfortably spare to fully equip the plant.

I don't think they will sell another share after I have placed my block of stock. They will not need any more money, and they are conservative men, with an eye to the future of a great industry. They mean to keep the reins in their own hands.

Go into this. Put your money into it under my guarantee.

I can give you one share for \$100; ten shares for \$1,000. You have my guarantee with every share of stock you take. The first buyers get the stock. I have not enough for all the NEW THOUGHT readers who have money to invest.

Let your lawyers look into this. Examine it any way and every way. It is the chance of a life-time. But don't waste time. Don't imagine that I can do any more than place with you what stock is in my hands over and above what I keep for myself. I cannot make the company sell its stock. I have only 500 shares for sale at \$100 each. I am preparing a little book covering the ground thoroughly and telling you all about the iron situation to-day. A copy will be sent to every subscriber to NEW THOUGHT, whether an investor or not, simply to show the magnitude of this industry and the part we shall play in the future of the iron trade.

The book ought to be ready by the middle of May.

Make your cheques and drafts payable to me personally. Address me at 3835 Vincennes avenue, Chicago. I will return you my signed guarantee and will forward your name to the Secretary-Treasurer of the North Shore Reduction Company. Your certificate of shares will be made out and mailed you from the offices of the company, Monadnock Building, Chicago.

This is *your* opportunity. Will you take it or let it go by?

The first plant is all ready for installation. The machinery will be on the ground as soon as navigation opens, and work started right away under terms of contract with the Canadian government. But there will be no stock for sale when work is begun. Go into this to-day.



# The North Shore Reduction Co. and My Experience with the Magnetic Separator

By Frank G. Druiding

**I**N concluding my testimony to the value of the North Shore Reduction Company's Magnetic Separator and land concessions of Magnetite it might not be out of place to say that in the course of my career I have been identified with many financial enterprises of industrial importance. My business and social acquaintances are for the most part mechanical and civil engineers, brokers and financiers. Conversation, both in business and social life, usually drifts along channels of mechanical development, commercial enterprise and financial speculation and investment. The latest news on these subjects is always exchanged and discussed whenever the time is opportune. When I heard of the Magnetic Separator of the North Shore Reduction Company I must say frankly, I did not believe a word of the story. I knew that the market existed and I knew that the sands were to be found, but the vital question with me at the time was the machine itself. I did not believe in the Magnetic Separator, but I immediately determined to investigate it very thoroughly. When one has had a wide experience with patents of many descriptions and in financial enterprises of many kinds, the tendency is to become very skeptical of mechanical achievement. In the exhibition of patent machinery for the purpose of securing subscribers to stock, in nine cases out of every ten only a *partial* demonstration is given. The excuse usually given is that the inventor or those directly interested with him have not the means wherewith to produce expensive mechanical appliances. Again, many inventions are incapable of demonstration unless used under conditions very difficult to obtain. In preference to paying the transportation expenses of prospective investors, a small model is made and if same does not operate to satisfaction it is said that the machine when built in the correct proportion on a larger scale will be efficient. In many cases this is true, and in as many it is a trick or a subter-



## *Fortune Knocks Once*

fuge resorted to by shrewd promoters to secure capital for stock-jobbing schemes which have absolutely no commercial or financial value whatsoever.

When I decided to investigate the Lovett Magnetic Separator I was in a decidedly skeptical mood. The principles which actuated me were those of doubt, disbelief and suspicion. I firmly expected to hear the proverbial "when so and so is done," or, "if this were as it will be," and an endless variety of "ifs," then we should see this and that. I meant to harass this inventor. It is a maxim in our business that it is the obvious fact which is the most deceptive. Therefore I meant to overlook nothing. I meant to pry everywhere; to test; to question; to examine. The mere fact that the machine might extract the ore from the sand as it was said it did affected me in no way. I had to see it; I had to operate it myself; I had to examine the sand, and then I had to convince myself that the machine was not delicate in construction, but that it was firm, durable, economic, and typically mechanical in its adjustments. An appointment was made; I met the inventor, and was introduced to the machine. I critically examined it, and its simplicity struck me very favorably. Complex movements are always derogatory in one way or another in any machine. I understood its theory almost at a glance, and I roughly guessed that the cost of its construction would not be more than \$300.00 to \$400.00 a machine. Its capacity I figured on my cuff-and knowing the value of the concentrates, the figures surprised me. I listened attentively to the description of the inventor, which was terse, technical and to the point, devoid of the exuberant confident expectations of the usual mechanical genius. He spoke of the machine not so much as a product of his own brain as of its value as a commercial factor. He spoke of it as a producing machine and said very little of his having produced it. I liked his manner because he was a business man, because he knew I was not interested in himself, but in his machine. I then witnessed the actual operation of extracting the magnetic iron from the sand. I saw that but a very infinitesimal amount of the iron was lost. I could discover no points of friction which might possibly become a detrimental factor. I operated the machine myself. It did not take me five minutes to thoroughly acquaint myself with the apparatus. I next examined the sand.



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It was exactly as it exists on the shores of Lake Superior. I appreciated the fact that the iron deposits would vary; in other words, in certain locations a very high percentage of iron would be present, while in others there would be a lighter percentage. I doubted very seriously whether or not the machine were capable of extracting profitably under these conditions and I determined immediately to investigate. I ran through a heavy run of iron and sand, and when I had separated them, the iron in one pan and the sand in the other, I made a mixture which I approximated to be but one per cent iron, the rest sand. Thereupon I scattered this iron on the conveying belt and then I poured over it the sand. Thus the iron was completely covered over with a very heavy layer of sand. I then turned on the current and set the machine in motion. You must admit that this was a very drastic and unfair test, but the machine extracted the iron with the same unerring accuracy. It was a very pretty sight to witness. The particles leaped up through the dense sand and adhered to the conveying belt like the needles on the cylinder of the old fashioned music boxes.

In my next test I reversed the conditions. I used a very heavy percentage of iron and just a little sand, the object being to determine if any of the iron would be lost. The conclusion of the test was satisfactory, for upon running the separated sand through the machine a second time, no particles of iron adhered to the magnet; in other words, *the work of the Magnetic Separator is perfect.*

I do not hesitate to say that the machine is the most responsive of any that has ever come to my observation. I next directed my attention to the construction of the machine. I unscrewed every screw, and unbolted every bolt. There were no points of friction; there were no intricate and delicate mechanisms. All was simple, solid, plain, effective. I resorted to other tests of every description to discover a flaw or a fault. I experimented in a hundred ways too technical and too mechanically elaborate to explain to you in order to score a point against the efficiency of the machine: but I was compelled to confess that there is no such thing as a flaw or a weak spot to be found. The machine is perfect.

As an investor in the stock of this Company I was interested in two or three very important points:



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Firstly: The men at the head of this Company are *workers*. They mean business. They mean action. They are not speculators.

Secondly: There is no watered stock in this capitalization. \$1,000,000 is a ridiculously small capitalization for an enterprise of this magnitude. So much the better for me as an investor.

Thirdly: This Company is incorporated under the Ontario Companies Act, not the Ontario Mines Act. I must add a word in explanation of this point of difference. Concerns incorporated under the Ontario Companies Act must give a complete tabulated statement of their earnings, expenditures, etc., every year, to the Ontario Government. Their books must always be open to Government inspection, and, finally, they undergo a very thorough and searching examination as to their *good faith and financial responsibility before their capitalization is allowed*.

In other words, they spell *Security to Investors*.

Concerns organized under the Ontario Mines Act may incorporate for any sum of capital stock *regardless of property values*. Look out for these latter.

They will spring up now by dozens, no doubt. You will hear of "Magnetic Separators," "Canadian Concessions of Iron-Bearing Sand," etc., and dozens of bogus concerns with a typewriter and desk as their stock in trade will incorporate under the Ontario Mines Act to fool the stock purchasers.

Look out for them. Keep away from them.

I have had a good deal of experience along this line. Some bitter, some sweet, but all good, healthy experience, and I have no hesitation in endorsing the North Shore Reduction Company and the Lovett Magnetic Separator.

They will bear the closest investigation.

They mean business—and millions of money.

That is why I am a stockholder.

*Frank Druiding*



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1941. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 34, 1, 1-11.

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