

50 CENTS  
A YEAR.

5 CENTS  
A COPY.

# NEW THOUGHT

FEBRUARY

1903

5<sup>v. 12</sup>

CENTS

EDITORS:

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY



# NOTICE TO NEWSDEALERS

ROBERT C. ROSS,

Newsdealer, 1263 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.,

Sold 500 copies of New Thought in 5 days, and wired for another 1,000 copies to fill orders.

**New Thought is the Smartest Seller on the Newsstands to-day.**

**BUT IT MUST BE SHOWN BEFORE IT WILL SELL.**

This is the way Mr. Ross won his trade in less than a week. He is now our wholesale agent in San Francisco.



If there are any news stands in the United States and Canada where New Thought is on sale we want to know it. If the newsdealer who does not carry New Thought communicate with us direct, he will learn of something that will put a little money into pocket. New Thought is fully returnable, and is supplied direct to the trade at 3 cents a copy. If your newsdealer does not carry New Thought and a full line of New Thought books, him to write us at once.

— ADDRESS —

**NEW THOUGHT CIRCULATION DEPT.**

Colonnades, Vincennes Ave.,

CHICAGO



# New Thought.

VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 2

## Announcement.

THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE is published on the first day of every month by the New Thought Publishing Company, 3835 Vincennes Ave., Chicago. For sale at all newsstands and bookstores in the United States and Canada at 5 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, 50 cents. Foreign subscriptions are not received at Chicago, but are filled at the London office of New Thought, Temple Chambers, Temple Ave., London, Eng. The foreign subscription is five shillings a year.

*Change of Address.*—Subscribers sending changes of address must always send both the old address and the new address in full, giving name, street, city and State. We must always receive such change of address on a separate sheet of paper to ensure prompt attention. Postmasters are not required to forward this, or any, magazine if the address is incorrect.

THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE contains each month sixteen pages of reading matter. Sixteen pages of the brightest, most wholesome, most energizing teaching ever put into a magazine. All for a nickel.

*Circulation.*—The guaranteed issue of THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE is 100,000 copies a month printed for the year 1903. Circulation proved at any time on receipt of demand from any advertiser.

## Chips from the Old Block.\*

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

NOW.

It's always Now.

Yet you have been fearing After-a-while.

You have been spoiling the Now by fretting about After-a-while.

When After-a-while arrives, you will find that it is still Now.

You have passed through many trying days.

But you have never met one as bad as the After-a-while you had feared.

And you always managed to pull through somehow.

And you're right here Now, in spite of it all.

But still you are fretting about After-a-while.

Why don't you take a little interest in the Now?

After-a-while will be just as good as Now—maybe better.

Do the best you know how Now—then boldly face the After-a-while.

After-a-while will find you all right when it arrives.

The Universe will still be here—every bit of it.

The Power that operates the Universe will still be here.

You will still be here.

So don't worry about it.

What's the use?

Eyes front!

Smile!



## Real Faith.\*

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

**D**URING a trolley ride through a thrifty New England locality, where church spires were almost as plenty as trees, I studied the faces of the people who came into the car during my two hours' journey.

The day was beautiful, and all along the route our numbers were recruited by beves of women, young, middle aged and old, who were bent on shopping expeditions or setting forth to make social calls.

They went and came at each village through which our coach of democracy passed, and they represented all classes.

The young girls were lovely, as young girls are the world over, their complexions possessed that soft tender lustre, peculiar to seashore localities, for the salty breath of Father Neptune is the greatest of cosmetics.

Many of the young faces were formed in classic mould, their features clearly cut and refined, and severe, like the thoughts and principles of their ancestors.

Often I observed a mother and some female relative, presumably an aunt, in company with a young relative; and always the sharpening and withering process of the years of set and unelastic thought was discernible upon their faces, which had once been young, and classic, and attractive.

In the entire two hours I saw but three lovely faces which were matured by time.

Time should mature a woman's beauty as it does that of a tree. Sorrow should glorify it as does the frost the tree, and sickness should not be allowed to lay a lingering touch upon it, until death calls the spirit away.

Without question the great ma-

jority of the women I saw, were earnest orthodox Christians.

I heard snatches of conversation regarding church and charities, and I have no doubt that each woman among them believed herself to be a disciple of Christ.

Yet what was the result of the loving, tender, sweet spirit of Christ's teaching?

Surely not visible upon those pinched and worried faces? And those faces were certain and truthful chronicles of the work done by the minds within.

One face said to me in every line, "I talk about God's goodness and loving kindness, but I worry over the dust in the spare room, I fret about our expenses, I am troubled about my lungs, and I fear my husband has an unregenerate heart. I never know an hour's peace, for even in my sleep I worry, worry, worry, but, of course, I know I will be saved by the blood of Christ!"

Another said, "I am in God's fold, well and safe, but I hate and despise my nearest neighbor, for she wears clothes that I am sure she cannot pay for, and her children are always dressed better than mine. I quarrel with my domestics and am always in trouble of some kind, just because human beings are so full of sin and no one but myself is ever right. I shall be so glad to leave this world of woe and go to heaven, but I hope I will not meet many of my present acquaintances there!"

Another said, "If I only had good health—but I was born to sickness and suffering, and it is God's will that I should suffer!"

Oh, the pity of it, and to imagine this is religion!

Thank God the name of "New Thought" is sweeping over the land and washing away those old blasphemous errors of mistaken creeds.

The "New Thought" is to give us a new race of beautiful middle-aged and old people.

To-day in any part of the land among rich, poor, ignorant or in-

\*Copyrighted, 1903, by the NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., Chicago.



## The Supreme Power.\*

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

tellectual, orthodox or materialists the beautiful mature face is rarer than a white blackbird in the woods.

It is impossible to be plain, ugly, or uninteresting in late life, if the mind keeps itself occupied with right thinking.

The withered and drawn face of fifty indicates withered emotions and drawn and perverted ambitions.

The dried and sallow face tells its story of dried up sympathies and hopes.

The furrowed face tells of acid cares eating into the heart.

All this is irreligious! Yet all this prevails extensively in our most conservative and churchy communities.

He who in truth trusts God cannot worry.

He who loves God and mankind, cannot become dried and withered at fifty, for love will re-create his blood and renew the fires of his eye.

He who understands his own divine nature will grow more beautiful with the passing of time, for the God within will become each year more visible.

The really reverent soul accepts its sorrows as blessings in disguise, and he who so accepts them, is beautified and glorified by them, within and without.

Are you growing more attractive as you advance in life? Is your eye softer and deeper, is your mouth kinder, your expression more sympathetic, or are you screwing up your face in tense knots of worry—are your eyes growing hopeless and dull, is your mouth drooping at the corners, and becoming a set thin line in the center, and is your skin dry, and sallow, and parched?

Study yourself, and answer these questions to your own soul, for in the answer depends the decision whether you really love and trust God, and believe in your own immortal spirit, or whether you are a mere imposter in the Court of Faith.

WHEN we see and admire the beautiful things, the order and symmetry of every plant and flower, the glory of the landscape and the vaulted heavens, the sublimity of the seas, the grandeur of the plains and mountains, we feel the presence of an infinite power, which shapes every visible thing with mathematical precision and paints life's changing pictures with every tint of coloring. We know that we are children of nature. The earth has nourished us through unknown ages of human existence. A mystical bond of sympathy connects us with the generations that have vanished, and we feel a sense of relationship and duty to the race which shall inhabit the earth when we have passed away.

This power, which is immanent in all nature, has kept alive the consciousness and hope of the world. It has urged humanity on through pestilence and famine, through flood and fire. It has given strength to battle with the elements which threaten to destroy. It has removed shackles from tortured slaves. It has shattered caste systems and caste religions. It has penetrated dreary dungeons and desolate places where men suffered in exile. It has kindled the undying fire of genius in prison cells.

During the long night of ignorance the world was the scene of unspeakable cruelties in the name of holiness and law. Yet it is not strange that men worshiped an invisible power, nor that fanatic zeal made them inhuman. They were as children groping their way out of the fearsome darkness of ignorance and superstition toward the first dim rays from the dawning light of knowledge and freedom. And through all the changes of governments, the battles of nations, the fierce struggle for world supremacy, the Infinite Power has inspired the hearts and minds of a vast number with nobler conceptions and more unselfish ideals.

We cannot escape the influence of the Infinite Power. It presses closely about us, and pervades the inmost recesses of consciousness. It is this power which has inspired the dream of immortality and freedom. Through the long procession of historic ages humanity has slowly evolved the higher faculties which bring us into closer relationship with the realm of cause. And there are many who feel in the depths of their being the surging forces



of the Infinite. They know that back of all the discord and confusion of material existence there abides the universe of harmony and design, the wonderful realm of ideas, seeking expression through the plastic and sensitive brain.

Evidently we are here for some high purpose, in accordance with a Supreme Design, requiring millions of years for complete realization. Yet we are in the presence of mysteries we cannot understand. We do not know why we should pass through troublous times. We do not know why the endearing hand, the smile of sympathy and the cheering word should be withheld when craved and needed. But in the absence of knowledge we have faith. We feel that somehow we are sustained by infinite energies. We love existence too well to pass from it, though tortured by unrest and racked with deep despair; though goaded by passion, by hate and jealousy and fear. We feel that somewhere along the wearisome journey lies the goal of gladness and peace, where the heart will feel rapture without pain, where the mind will bask in the light of wisdom and goodness, and be without sin.

The Supreme Power has always kept faith with man. Through all the centuries he has felt its uplifting presence, though prone to ignore its leadings. Man has caused needless confusion and suffering under the sway of ignoble passions. With the consciousness of personal power was born the temptation to use it for individual promotion. And by the illegitimate exercise of a superior knowledge, possessed by the few, came the inequalities which characterize civilization. Man's selfishness has steeled his heart against humanity's cry for justice. He has trampled on the rights of the weak and ignorant and built a dazzling but unstable throne from the proceeds of their enforced sacrifice and toil.

The happiness which should be the inheritance of all—the real human happiness which can exist only when man is insured freedom from hunger and cold, and incessant, exhausting, tyrannical labor—is realized by the few, while the struggle for existence with the majority is almost hopelessly unbearable. Human energy is dissipated in a selfish, unreasoning struggle to accomplish ignoble aims. The ceaseless effort to obtain wealth, prestige and power enslaves mankind to a strenuous, grinding career. But men are slowly awakening to the vital facts of existence. There is a growing feeling of comradeship, justice, and lofty, redeeming ideals. The silent influence of the Divine Power

is stimulating thought in the minds of the confused masses. And the time is approaching when there will be born in the race consciousness a profounder ideal of human relationship—an ideal which will bring enlightenment and comfort, with leisure for culture, for growth and advancement.

The world is coming more and more under the influence of the Supreme Power, which is working in the hearts of men to bring them into closer touch with each other. A sincere feeling of good fellowship is taking the place of hypocrisy and selfishness. The time is approaching when no man can experience happiness while he knows that about him are the weak and afflicted. The selfishness which has plunged the race into ignoble strife is slowly passing from the heart of humanity. The barriers which have shut us off from race fellowship and sympathy are being consumed by the fire of love. In the look of the eye, in the tone of the voice, we discern a mysterious power which awakens our sympathy and stirs in our being an infinite yearning. We feel that we cannot rest until poverty and disease and sorrow have been banished from the earth. With this feeling we are given the power to act from unselfish motives, and to co-operate with others in dispelling error from the minds of men. The new light which is dawning makes us feel our nearness to the heart of universal humanity. And with the faith that the Supreme Power is nearer man's heart than he has ever dreamed, with the belief that humanity will never be left guideless in the dark or unsupported by the Infinite, let us cultivate the good within us, and use its power to promote the happiness of all.

### Series A, B, C and D.

These four books comprise the Home Study Course published by this house. They contain courses in *Zoism*, *The Law of Mental Currents*, *Suggestive Therapeutics*, *Magnetic Healing*, *Hypnotism*, *Clairvoyance*, *Human Magnetism*, *Concentration*, *Mind Reading*, *Psychometry*, *Phrenology*, *Palmsistry*, *Astrology*, *Mediumship* and *Somnopathy*. Each book is complete in itself, and the entire series forms a valuable working library of Occultism. The books sell for \$1.00 each, postpaid.

### The Higher View.

To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and sights the circumstance.—*Emerson*.



## The Man Who Does Things.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

THE world is looking for the man who *does* things. He is scarce. There are plenty of people who talk a great deal about what they can do, and about what they will do—some day. But the man who can do things is not found among these people—he is too busy doing things to talk much about them. It will not do to spend your time in talking about what you *have* done, or what you're *going* to do. The thing to do is to do things. And there's only one way to do a thing, and that is to do it. And the time to do a thing is right *now*.

I heard a tale years ago which gives the world's attitude regarding the doing of things now. A man wants to buy a fast horse. He goes to a leading sales stable. They show him a number of good horses, telling him what they have done in the past. He shakes his head. Then they show him some promising colts, telling what they will do in the future. He still shakes his head. Then they ask him what in the world he wants. He answers, "You have shown me some good 'have beens'—and you have shown me some good 'will-bes'—I don't want them—what I want is a good 'ISer.'" That's what the world is looking for—good ISers.

Don't fool away your time telling how you are decended in a direct line from some great man. That doesn't add anything to your bank account. Don't paint beautiful word pictures of what you are going to do—to-morrow. That will not buy stockings for the baby. Go right out now and do something. If you can't find the thing to do that you would like best, do the best thing you can. And do it well. Do it

the best you know how, and to-morrow you will be called on to do better things. Don't turn up your nose at your present work—do it the best it can be done. If you can't have the thing you like, you must like the thing that you have. The work that lies nearest to your hand is the work for you to-day. Do it right, and something better will come to you to be done. There is a law governing these things, and it is not a mere matter of chance. There's no chance about it.

The man who does things finds many things waiting to be done, and people waiting to have him do things for them. If young men would only realize the dynamic force in a "going" man—and how he attracts things and people to him—they would all start in to do things instead of talking about what they are going to do. Show me a crowd of young men, and I will pick out a winner every time, that is if he is in the crowd—the chances are that he is already doing things and not standing around with the crowd. Winners do not run in crowds, as a rule. They haven't the time, and don't think it "worth while." They flock by themselves.

Time is flying and my space is short. I want YOU to be one of the people who do things, and that is why I have written you about it. Come now, stop your talking and get down to business. Do something, and do it NOW.

## The Law of the New Thought.

This book, by William Walker Atkinson, treats of the higher phases of the New Thought. It goes to the heart of things and brings back to the reader a message of comfort, help and joy. It throws new light on the mystery underlying Life, and explains the Law underlying and in all things. This book takes the student into an advanced grade, and on to the spiritual plane. It tells of the Oneness of All, and sounds the note of the Soul's Awakening. A beautiful book in purple and gold. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

\*Copyrighted, 1903, by the NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., Chicago.



## The Center of Light.\*

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

IN ancient days the priests of the Hebrews wore upon their breastplates over their hearts certain jewels called "Urim and Thummim," meaning "Lights and Perfection," by which they received answers from God. When their people were beset on every hand by enemies, and at their wits ends to know which way to turn, the priests turned to God. After purifying themselves and praying they asked God, "Shall we do thus?" and they watched the Urim and Thummim jewels for the answer. If the jewels appeared dark and opaque the answer was, No. But if they lighted up, as a human face lights when it hears good news, then the answer was, Yes. And the people grew lighter too, and went and did as God had indicated.

Now, right along beside this story of ancient people I will tell you another—tell it just as 'twas told to me, by a woman of to-day, whose name you have doubtless heard. She writes: "I was washing my breakfast dishes one morning and the thought came to me that I would go and see a friend who lived several miles away. I finished my work and started to dress for my journey, when there came over me such a feeling of depression, or despondency, or gloom, that I was startled. I kept on getting ready, at the same time trying to reason away the feeling. But it would not go. Finally, having donned my hat and one glove I started for the door, when such a wave of heaviness came over me that I went back into my room and sat down, and I said, 'God, I want to know the meaning of all this?' And the answer came loud, strong, firm, 'Stay at home.' I staid, and as I took off my coat and hat such a feeling of *lightness* and relief came over me that I seemed to walk on air. At the time I supposed the voice (I call it a voice for want of a more definite term) had told me to stay at home because someone was coming who needed my help. But no one came that day or night, and several times the thought flitted through my mind that perhaps it was all nonsense after all, and that I might as well have gone. Well, the outcome was that the train I would have taken had I gone, met with a fearful accident wherein many were killed or badly wounded. This is only one of many such experiences I have had." And I could tell you still others on my own account.

The One Great Intelligence has built

in every human heart a "Urim and Thummim," which, as a guide, transcends any human brain that ever existed, or ever will.

In fact, every great brain is the result of enlightenment from this very center.

At one's wits ends there is infinite light, only waiting to be used. And if only one's inward eye is single toward this light *his whole wits* shall be full of light.

In olden times people were too dull and material to consult the Light until they had groped into all sorts of trouble in the dark. They supposed it necessary for man to get to his utmost extremity before the Light would shine upon his way. They nosed in the dust and darkness, believing that their natural source and habitat. Then in their hours of extreme need they washed off the dust and went in bare-footed to consult that center of Light upon the breastplate of rightness, over the heart of one consecrated to God.

And they never knew that every man in the multitude carried a center of light in his own breast—a center which only needed *uncovering*. It only needed *washing off the dirt* and letting out the kinks in their nerves and muscles to reveal a center of Light in every breast in that multitude—centers so light and so true that the jewels on the High Priest's breastplate cast only their *composite shadow*.

"There is a light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." And it is not the light of reason, but the light that lighteneth reason.

It is not located at the center of anybody's breastplate, to be seen of every Tom, Dick and Harry who runs and reads. It is located *under* the center of his breastplate, at the solar center of his being. Here his center of Light shines out bright and clear when he is doing the right thing; and when he is doing the wrong, or unwise thing, the clouds of dull feeling roll over and darken his center of Light, and say *No* to him.

And if he goes heedlessly on acting against the admonitions of his center of Light, the clouds keep piling up, and his heart sinks down and down under their leaden weight, and he rarely ever catches even a glimpse of his center of Light. He is "gloomy," we say. His heart is "heavy," we say. And he grows reckless and defiant and rushes on blindly to "a bad end."

He never understood himself. He never knew that the center of Light within him is his most precious possession, the star alone which could guide him into all good. So he hid it with

\*Copyrighted, 1903, by the NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., Chicago.



clouds of doubt, and fear and distrust—with clouds of *ignorance*, of NON-RECOGNITION. He "paid no attention" to it.

And so used was he to living in clouds of distrust that he never realized that there could be a *lighter heart* than his. He laughed loudly, and tossed off sparkling wine, and thought he was having a "good time."

Until the crash came, having obscured his center of Light, there was nothing but his brain to guide his actions. He made mistakes. Then came the crash and a standstill; and he found himself and his heavy heart and the dark clouds, and the bottom dropped off of everything.

But in the midst of despair he found the priceless jewel—the Urim and Thummim—his own center of Light. And behold, the crash was a Good Thing—the best business investment he ever made. He has through it realized the Way, the Truth, the Light of his own soul. Now, he will walk softly in the Light and there will come no more crashes.

I wonder if you think this is a fanciful bit of symbology. It is not. It is plain fact described in the plainest language I have at command.

You have a light at your center, in the region called the solar (or light) plexus. When you feel depressed you feel the effects of *literal* clouds, caused by doubt, distrust, fear, anger, resentment, grief, etc.

Back of these clouds shines the eternal Light, at *your* center—the light meant to guide *you* and *no other*, on *your* way.

Shall I tell you what to do? *Get still*. Quit running around after somebody to tell you what to do. Quit thinking around and around in an endless circle. Quit thinking at all. *Be still*. Keep whispering "*Peace*" to the troubled elements of your atmosphere.

After a bit the winds and waves of emotion will obey you and subside. The clouds will roll away and your center of Light shine out in all its glory. Then you will know what to do.

When you are *still* then you can ask, "Shall I do thus?" and the lighting or the darkening of your heart will give you the correct answer.

### Mesmerism in India.

A wonderful book telling of the psychological work of a surgeon in India, and his success in performing painless surgical operations by psychological methods. A classic in the literature of Mesmerism and kindred branches of thought. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

### The Milky Way.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

Such a passion for facts as glows in the heart of my friend Haggard is given to few. It leads him at all times to offer himself for experiment, when the value of any course of diet, physical culture, etc., is to be determined.

Haggard is lean and reedy-looking. It would be more exact to say he "was" lean and reedy. He is to-day fat and round. He stopped eating solid food on Dec. 20th, since which time he has taken nothing but milk. He began with eight quarts a day. He is now negotiating nine quarts.

I called upon him a few days ago to glean these facts for our NEW THOUGHT readers. I found Haggard sitting by a fire, looking very comfortable. "You don't seem to be busy," I said. "On the contrary, I am very busy—drinking," he replied. "How do you manage to drink nine quarts a day?" I asked. "I don't know," said he. "I compass it in some mysterious way. You see, I've nothing else to do but drink milk. Wherever I cast my eye things have a milky haze. I feel so amiable and good-natured that I don't know myself. I dream a good deal of the time and plan things for your ultimate good."

When Haggard affects philanthropy there is something queer. He seemed much changed. Below I give the scale of his weights and measures, taken on the day he began the milk diet, and showing the increase in two weeks. It should be remembered that he is smoking like a furnace all day long, his average being about twenty cigars a day, and the marked effects of the milk diet are all the more astonishing for that reason.

	Dec. 20.	Dec. 27.	Jan. 3.
Weight, lbs.	169	176	180
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
Chest	34	36	37
Chest, expanded	38	39	39½
Waist	31	34	34½
Hips	37	38	38½
Neck	15	15¼	15½
Forearm	12	12¼	13
Thigh	21	21½	22¼
Calf	14¼	14½	15

It looks as if there ought to be money in a Milk-Cure Sanitarium.

### Home Course in Osteopathy.

This is one of the most practical works ever issued on the subject of Osteopathy, Massage and Manual Therapeutics. One can read it and go right to work. Plain instructions, and numerous practical illustrations. Useful to the practitioner, and invaluable to the student. Price \$1.00, postpaid.



## Practical Mental Science.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

### SECOND LESSON.

**B**UXTON once uttered these remarkable words: "The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY and INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION—a purpose once fixed, and then Death or Victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world—and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

While psychologists may differ in their theories regarding the nature of the Will, none deny its existence, nor question its power. All persons recognize the power of strong Will—all see how it may be used to overcome the greatest obstacles. But few realize that the Will may be developed and strengthened by intelligent practice. They feel that they could accomplish wonders if they had a strong Will, but instead of attempting to develop it, they content themselves with vain regrets. They sigh, but do nothing.

Those who have investigated the subject closely know that Will Power, with all its latent possibilities and mighty powers, may be developed, disciplined, controlled and directed, just as may be any other of Nature's forces. It does not matter what theory you may entertain about the nature of the Will, you will obtain the results if you practice intelligently.

Personally, I have a somewhat odd theory about the Will. I believe that every man has, potentially, a strong Will, and that all he has to do is to train his mind to make use of it. I think that in the higher regions of the mind of every man is a great store of Will Power awaiting his use. The Will current is running along the psychic wires, and all that it is necessary to do is to raise the mental trolley-pole and bring down the power for your use. And the supply is unlimited, for your little storage battery is connected with the great power house of the Universal Will Power, and the power is inexhaustible. Your Will does not need training—but your Mind does. The mind is the instrument and the supply of Will Power is proportionate to the fineness of the instrument through which it manifests. But you needn't accept this theory if you don't like it.

This lesson will fit your theory as well as mine.

He who has developed his mind so that it will allow the Will Power to manifest through it, has opened up wonderful possibilities for himself. Not only has he found a great power at his command, but he is able to bring into play, and use, faculties, talents and abilities of whose existence he has not dreamed. This secret of the Will is the magic key which opens all doors.

Many excellent essays and books have been written on this subject, all of which agree regarding the greatness of Will Power, the most enthusiastic terms being used, but few have anything to say about how this power may be acquired by those who have it not, or who possess it in but a limited degree. Some have given exercises designed to "strengthen" the Will, which exercises really strengthen the Mind so that it is able to draw upon its store of power. But they have generally overlooked the fact that in auto-suggestion is to be found the secret of the development of the mind so that it may become the efficient instrument of the Will.

In this series of articles I will map out a line of auto-suggestive work for those who wish to attain development along these lines, which if carefully and conscientiously followed will show results and improvement from the very start. It is not hard work, but it requires Perseverance and Faith. At least it needs Faith at the start, in order that the proper earnestness may be thrown into the work from the beginning—after a bit, Faith may be dispensed with, as the progress attained will satisfy the mind that there is merit in the plan. Perseverance, however, cannot be dispensed with. I will try to lead the pupil from small victories to great triumphs.

This month I will give you very little theory, but will set you to work on auto-suggestion and exercises until the next number of NEW THOUGHT reaches you. I expect you to do this work faithfully, so as to be ready for the next lesson in March.

### AUTO-SUGGESTION.

The auto-suggestion for February is: "I AM USING MY WILL POWER."

Say these words several times *earnestly*, and positively, immediately after finishing this article. Then repeat them frequently during the day, at least once an hour, and particularly when you meet something that calls for the exercise of Will Power. Also repeat them several times after you retire and settle yourself for sleep. Now, there is nothing in these words unless you back them up with the thought. In fact, the

\*Copyrighted, 1903, by the NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., Chicago.



thought is "the whole thing," and the words only pegs upon which to hang the thought. So think of what you are saying, *and mean what you say*. You must use Faith at the start, and use the words with a *confident expectation* of the result. Hold the steady thought that you are drawing on your storehouse of Will Power, and before long you will find that thought is taking form in action, and that your Will Power is manifesting itself. You will feel an influx of strength with each repetition of the words. You will find yourself overcoming difficulties and bad habits, and will be surprised at how things are being smoothed out for you.

#### EXERCISE.

The February exercise for development of the mind by the Will is simple but effective. It consists in the student performing at least *one* disagreeable task each day during the month. If there is any specially disagreeable task which you would like to shirk, *that* is the one for you to perform. This is not given you in order to make you self-sacrificing or meek, or anything of that sort—it is given you to *exercise your Will*. Anyone can do a pleasant thing cheerfully, but it takes Will to do the unpleasant thing cheerfully, and that is how you must do the work. It will prove a most valuable discipline to you. Next month I will tell you why I set you the task. I am not doing it for fun. Try it for a month and you will see where it "comes in." If you shirk this exercise you had better stop right here and acknowledge that you do not want Will Power, and are content to remain where you are, and remain a weakling. I wish to have a large class following this course, and practicing these auto-suggestions and exercises, and I trust that at least ten thousand of our readers will start to work at once. There is strength in numbers, you know, and when ten thousand people are at work on the same task there is a mighty combined effort under way for mutual improvement. If any of the class have anything to write about the lesson, or wish any points straightened out, they may write me about it, stating the difficulty in a few words, addressing the letter to me and marking it "Personal." I will not be able to answer such letters personally, but will give instruction covering the point in the course of these lessons. Now, get to work.

But if I can discharge its debts it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.—*Emerson.*

#### Business.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

At the present time of writing, Jan. 7, we have printed one hundred and twenty-five thousand odd copies of the January number of NEW THOUGHT. Probably another edition of fifteen thousand copies will see us comfortably through the month.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the present we decline all advertising that encroaches on our own field. This is one of the advantages of being in third-class matter. Were we enjoying second-class privileges we should be a common carrier, compelled to accept any and all legitimate advertising. As it is, we can shut it out if we prefer.

\* \* \* \* \*

The stock of the Bob Matheson Mining and Milling Company is going with a rush. It is offered now at sixty cents a share. On New Year's Day I received a telegram from Mr. Matheson to the effect that he had secured thirty acres of mining land adjoining and surrounding our claims, making now a total of sixty acres in one plot in the possession of the company. Work is being actively pushed, and stock will go to seventy-five cents on March 1st. We reserve the right to push it up to par, or withdraw it entirely from sale, according to the nature of reports from the mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

This magazine is for sale at all newsstands. Every newsdealer is authorized to receive orders for our cloth books and to receive subscriptions for this magazine. We have no other agents.

\* \* \* \* \*

We spent about six thousand dollars in magazine advertising in December to create a little interest in the NEW THOUGHT magazine. Out of about sixty magazines carrying the same advertisement, in the same month, the Nautilus, Holyoke, Mass., yielded the best results. Success of New York came second. Everybody's Magazine was third. McClure's was last and worst. The Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, pulled strong, and is pulling yet. The Brown Book only moderate. The Woman's Magazine, of St. Louis, with a million copies printed, was a frost. Strand, Black Cat and Pearson's—among the "also ran." It's a great game, but it costs money to play it. We will spend a few thousand dollars among the newsdealers for a change, and watch results.

\* \* \* \* \*

After this month we send out no more of the Brown Art portraits of William Walker Atkinson and Mrs. Wilcox. If you have any friends to whom you would like to present these beautiful portraits you must send in their names and addresses this month. They will be sent free for a 2-cent stamp. No postcards.



## 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

### NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

3835 Vincennes Avenue,

"Letter Box Dept."

CHICAGO, ILL.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*M. A. R., Fredonia, N. Y.*—I do not interpret visions. Never had any ability in that direction. The dreamer is the best interpreter of his own dreams.

*Mrs. J. E. H., Urbana, Ill.*—I think that my new book, "Memory Culture" (see notice in another column), will help you to strengthen your memory. It is a good book, even though I do say it myself. You can get your money back if you don't like it.

*J. McD., Lakeview, Cal.*—I do not know of any person making a specialty of the practice of "Braidism," although there are probably quite a number so doing. Any good practitioner of Suggestive Therapeutics should understand this method.

*V. L., Sumpter, Ore.*—Many metaphysical healers have found that when they treated certain chronic cases the patient would grow apparently worse for a short time, after which there would be a marked improvement. Various theories have been advanced to account for this. It seems to be like a house-cleaning before setting things to rights. Experienced healers have become accustomed to this in certain cases, and often expect it.

*"Allen."*—No, it is not necessary for the one whom you wish to uplift by mental treatment to be upon the same plane mentally and spiritually. The higher the plane the more positive the thought, and the stronger in its effect. Before you can uplift a person, you must have reached the higher plane yourself. You must be able to see that which you wish him to see.

Everyone must work out his own development, but the helpful thoughts of another are like a friendly guiding hand, urging gently in the right direction. You must not expect him to see the truth as you see it, without growing into it, and while you may help—never force. You had to grow into the Truth yourself, and he will have to do the same.

*St. J., Spring Valley, Minn.*—Some people have been able to break up a habit of dreaming by giving themselves strong auto-suggestions, just before going to sleep, that they would not dream. Say to yourself, firmly, several times: "I will not dream to-night—I WILL not," and then confidently expect that your sleep will be free from dreams. In a few nights you will establish the new habit and will dream very rarely.

*Mrs. R., Burlington, Vt.*—I think you make a great mistake in constantly reproaching your husband for having ceased to love you. I don't wonder that he grows colder every day, if you are filling him with suggestions of this kind. Never hint at such a thing to him again, and never admit it to yourself. You have much lost ground to recover, but you can do it if you go to work in earnest. Put your best foot forward and make the best of yourself, physically, mentally and spiritually, and make love to him in earnest. Do not do it in the way of thrusting yourself upon him, but so conduct yourself that he will want you to come to him, and will take a few steps in that direction himself. You attracted his love once and you can do it again. Don't admit your defeat, but hold the mental attitude that he is falling in love with you again, and that you have the power to attract him. Have self-confidence, and poise, and do not for a moment surrender. This thing of telling a husband that he has ceased to care for you is a great mistake on the part of wives. They say it so often that they get to believe it, and the husband also responds to the constant suggestion. Keep the upward curve on the corners of your mouth, and go in to win. Play sweetheart again, and he will want to be in the game. Men are a queer lot, but a woman can manage them every time if she goes about it right. You just watch some other woman who understands it, and you will see that she will keep her husband a lover as long as he lives.

*L. X. & R., Pa.*—You ask, "How can one believe in prayer, or in God, when He does not spare the lives of His creatures to those with whom they are connected?" This question is one evidently intended for some orthodox clergyman, and I cannot answer from his standpoint. But, don't you think, my friend, that the Power behind all things knows its business, and that it moves



through well established Law which has Ultimate Good in View? Why should God make an exception to the Law, and "spare" the life of some person who would otherwise die, just because He was begged to do so by some one else? God don't kill people or "spare" them. They live and die under the operation of a mighty Law. I believe that sometimes prayer has brought about cures of disease, and has raised the dying, not because anyone had caused God to change His mind, but because the thought of the praying friend had operated in his behalf, the result being along the lines of natural law, and not contrary to it. The right kind of prayer helps the person praying, in the same way. It is all in accordance with Divine Law, but is not in the nature of special favors shown the few. At least that is the way it seems to me.

*H. L. S., Denver, Colo.*—As I understand Astrology, it's more advanced exponents do not hold that the planets control a predestined state of affairs, but merely indicate a tendency toward certain things, which, if not known, will probably cause these things to occur, but which tendency may be averted by the person being forewarned and placed on his guard, and by the exercise of New Thought principles and asserting one's mastery over outside influence. Any other idea would make of man a mere automaton, and nothing would be "worth while." The esoteric teachers of Astrology, if I understand them aright, hold that man may rise above the influences of the planets and blaze out a new trail for himself. Let us see how this thing works out in practice. One is depressed by a gloomy day, or by hearing unfavorable news, etc. Many yield to these outside influences and make no effort to rise above them, but those who have "found themselves" simply smile at the threatened depression and rise above it by the aid of their New Thought principles. And yet the influences are real, and act with the effect of a law upon many people. Do you see what I mean?

*H. G. F., Fort Wayne, Ind.*—You write: "Kindly give a convincing reason for your belief that the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth was a myth." Why, bless your heart, man, who ever told you that I entertained any such belief? I never said so, and I don't think so. I see no reason for doubting that Jesus of Nazareth was crucified by the orthodox people of his time, because he attacked their accepted institutions and tried to replace the institutionalism of the day by a freer, purer, higher religion and life. The established institution always has resented "new thought"—it does so to-day. This spirit caused Jesus' crucifixion—the burning at the stake of heretics—the burning of holes in the tongues of Quakers—and the modern manifestations of the same spirit, somewhat repressed because of want

of power. Jesus had too many "new thoughts" for his neighbors, and they wouldn't have such a man around them. They didn't know any better, and are not to be condemned—Jesus recognized this, and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This same ignorant crowd is abroad to-day, reviling, cursing, hating and persecuting when they dare. Nineteen hundred years hasn't changed them much—they are still with us. They are doing the best they know how—but they don't know much. How long—how long? No, I don't doubt the story of the crucifixion of Jesus—I would believe it even if it had come down to us in the shape of folk-lore, instead of the present way. I don't disbelieve nearly as much as I might. Chronic disbelief is as much a sign of ignorance as is unquestioning credulity.

*Racine, Wis.*—Healers and persons giving treatment are all right in their way, and do much good. There are times when we need the touch of a helping hand—the strong shoulder upon which to lean. But any healing or any treatment which does not teach the patient to stand firm upon his own feet is but a temporary makeshift at the best. I do not see much difference between leaning on a New Thought healer and leaning on an M. D.'s drugs. Of course, babes must be led before they can walk, but walk they must sooner or later, or babes they will remain. Yes, I think that treatments for Success have done people good by putting new life into them and infusing them with the "I Can and I Will" spirit, but I also believe that a man must work out his own salvation, on every plane of life. Of course, he may be helped—I know of many men who have met with Success because they have had some good woman back of them keeping them up to the mark. (In fact, I believe that in the case of every successful man you will find the woman, *somewhere*, if you only look closely for her.) But the man must do the work himself. Instead of having your husband "treated" for success, why don't you "treat" him yourself, by giving him the rich love and encouragement that will make any man throw back his shoulders and breathe deep? LOVE him into Success. You can do it if you will but try in earnest. God bless these little women, if they would only exert the power that lies in them, what couldn't they make of us men?—the most of us need "managing." Talk about the "Man behind the Gun"—he isn't a circumstance to the Woman behind the Man. Yes, start in to "treat" this good husband by encouraging suggestions of Success—by a brave heart in your own breast—by the cheering word—the word of praise, hope and confidence—and by a reawakened Love that will regenerate him. Try it for a few months, and you will then ask no odds from the best "healer" in the land.



## Vedanta Yoga.\*

BY A WESTERN OCCULTIST.

THE Vedantists hold that the Universe is composed of a Universal Substance, played upon by a Universal Force. This Universal Substance they call Akasa, the Universal Force they call Prana, both terms being Sanscrit words. The student will notice the correspondence to the One Substance and the One Energy of the modern scientist, whose investigations have led him to accept and enunciate a few truths which the Oriental philosophy has taught for over two thousand years.

The Vedantist teaches that Akasa is the omnipresent substance—occupying all space—existing everywhere. If the philosophy stopped here it would be shoulder to shoulder with the Materialistic doctrine of the western teachers—but there is more to be said on the subject, as you will see a little later on. This Akasa manifests in the shape of air, liquids, solids—the sun, moon, stars—the body, the plants, the minerals—in short, everything that we can see, hear, taste, smell or feel is a manifestation of Akasa. But all Akasa cannot be sensed—the greater part of it is too subtle for human perception. That which is sensed is only Akasa which has taken shape—has become sufficiently gross to be sensed.

The Vedanta teaches that this Akasa is played upon by Prana, which is the omnipresent manifesting power of the Universe. Without it Akasa would be inert, and consequently unmanifested. But just as much of Akasa is unmanifest, so is much of Prana not manifest. From Prana comes all that we know as force or energy, in all its apparently differing forms—but there is a great storehouse of Prana as yet untouched. The Vedantist teaches that not only is all that we consider as force or energy but varying manifestations of Prana, but that even Thought itself is but a form of the same great power. Prana, they claim, manifests itself as thought, as gravitation, as electricity, as magnetism, as light, as heat, and other forms of energy; all being produced by Prana playing on and through matter or Akasa. They claim, with the modern scientist, that the sum total of energy or Prana, and of matter or Akasa, in the Universe, is unchangeable—they cannot be added to or subtracted from.

Understanding the Vedanta idea of Prana—this great and only force—present everywhere—in everything, every

place, at all time—one will more readily understand the idea underlying much of the Yoga philosophy, or at least that part of the philosophy which teaches that Man, by intelligent practice, and knowledge, may be able to control, regulate and handle this mighty force—Prana—and use it instead of being merely used by it. The word "Prana" is frequently used by writers as being merely the Sanscrit term for "Breath," but this idea is incorrect, for while there is a close connection between the use of the Breath in the Yoga exercises and Prana, Prana is Breath and much more, besides.

The Yogi aims to bring his body into perfect subjection to his mind, by an intelligent use of Prana. To him, the curing of disease means the increasing of vital energy, or Prana, in the affected part, or the entire system, and thus restoring normal conditions. To him, Health means Prana, or vital force, well distributed and under control of the mind. In some respects this theory does not differ materially from the teachings of many New Thought writers. The Yogi directs Prana to the affected part, while the Mental Scientist directs a current of Thought-force there—the aim of both being to re-establish normal conditions by changing the structure of the cells, etc. The Yogi believing that Thought is but one form of Prana, claims that when the Mental Scientist sends Thought to the affected part, he is really directing Prana there, and that the difference is merely a matter of words.

The control of Prana is known to the Vedantist by the Sanscrit term Pranayama. He seeks Pranayama by controlled breathing, concentration, etc. He claims that Pranayama opens to Man the door of almost unlimited power, the degree of power acquired by any individual depending, of course, upon the degree of attainment of Pranayama. How to control the Prana is the central idea of Pranayama. Its followers have mapped out elaborate systems of exercises, etc., suited to the student or chela in his different stages. The control of one's own body is the first step, and breathing exercises form an important feature in acquiring this control. In our next lesson we will take up the question of the Yogi breathing, giving the elementary principles and exercises, with explanations, following from month to month with the more advanced forms, step by step.

But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action.—Emerson.

\*Copyrighted, 1903, by the NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., Chicago.



## The Garden of the Mind.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

**I**N the garden of the mind grow the rarest plants. There the choicest blossoms unfold themselves. When the garden is well kept, the air is full of fragrance, and beauty manifests itself. There is found the red rose of Courage; the violet of Love; the lily of Purity; the pansy of Tolerance; the little forget-me-not of Cheerfulness. If the gardener is careful, the walks are well kept and clean; the beds nicely rounded; the lawn well trimmed, even, and fresh. No noxious thing is allowed there to destroy the plant. No weeds are permitted to choke and destroy the treasures of the garden.

The plants are carefully tended, supplied with nourishing soil, and well watered. There is nothing that will show the loving care of man so quick as the garden of the mind. And there is nothing that will so richly reward the gardener for his care as this mental place of flowers and blossoms.

But if the garden be not well tended—be not carefully guarded—there will appear weeds—noxious things. The air is full of seeds sent out from other weeds, and each seed, following the law of its being, is seeking congenial soil into which to sink, sprout, put forth leaves, and in its turn produce seed to increase its kind. And if you allow the seed to be deposited in the fertile soil of your mind, it will not be long before its little sprout will push its way up, and before long a stout stalk is manifested, then leaves, then seed is being scattered. There is only one way to guard against these weeds, and that is by careful gardening. If you see the thistle-down of the negative thought com-

ing over your garden wall, catch it and destroy it. If it has managed to work its way in in the shape of an insidious suggestion, or an unworthy thought, pull up the sprout as soon as you see it—and be sure to see it. Do not allow it to stay there and grow and grow until its form overshadows the beautiful flowers, crowding them out of existence and overshadowing them.

And how these weeds do grow. They grow while you are sleeping. You can almost see them growing before your eyes. And many of them are poisonous—none of them are useful or beautiful. There is something about a weed that makes it hardy, and enables it to stand weather that would kill another plant. It thrives and increases and will soon turn the most promising garden into a foul spot sought out by reptiles and other unpleasant creatures.

See how quickly the weeds grow, and how they thrive. See how quickly they overrun everything, until the once fair spot is unattractive, and wild looking—a place from which you instinctively shrink, and into which even the street urchin will not penetrate for fear of snakes and other unpleasant things, not to speak of tin cans and bottles, and other rubbish, which come to that place by the Law of Attraction. Take a lesson and weed out the garden of your mind—then keep it fresh and clean and beautiful.

## Thought Force.

"Thought Force In Business and Everyday Life," by William Walker Atkinson, is a record-breaker among New Thought books. It has reached sixteen editions in one year and is still selling well. It is practical and to the point and is one of the few books of its class which deals in facts instead of theories. It tells you how to do things. It is in a class by itself. This book will put new life into anyone and will start him on the road to success. It is the "I Can and I Will" book. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

\*Copyrighted, 1903, by the NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., Chicago.



## Perpetual Youth.

PART V.

BY SIDNEY FLOWER.

The flattering measure of attention which the previous articles upon the subject of Perpetual Youth have met with from our readers moves me to invite you to pursue yet further this fascinating possibility.

I told you, you may (or may not) remember, that your memories aged you, and laid down a theoretical course of treatment by inhalation of oxygen, which was (theoretically) certain to result in a strangling of memory by a physical burning-out of the system. That this theory was received with jeers by some of the less adventurous spirits among you makes nothing for or against its efficacy. On the contrary, viewing it abstractly, and with nothing of a parent's partiality, your scorn of this discovery is so much in keeping with the world's method of receiving a new truth that I am beginning to believe there must be more in the theory than at first appeared probable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just a few brief suggestions bearing on the point of old age being a reparable physical condition will not weary you, I hope. Believing as I do that mind is constantly affecting body, and that body is constantly affecting mind, I am driven naturally to the conclusion that there is no part of the physical body which has not an independent mind of its own. It is a little staggering at first to accept this proposition, but it is as clear as day, and there is nothing gained by idle incredulity. For example, I accept as true the supposition that there is a brain in my little finger, brain and nerve-substance being identical. Putting the matter in another way, my little finger thinks for itself. Now, provided that this finger's thought does not take upon itself the quality of rebellion, its power to think is a valuable property to the commonwealth. But, should this finger become arrogant, puffed up, inflated with its individual importance, it introduces the harassment of insurrection into the body and strikes at the power of the central government. In order to put down this rebellion the central government wastes force. Sometimes when the insurrection spreads from members to organs, and becomes general, the liver, kidneys, heart and lungs joining with the disaffected members in the assault, the consequences are so grievous that the whole body becomes sick and ill at ease.

\* \* \* \* \*

The amount of force expended by the central government in whipping its vassals into line is something stupendous and immeasurable. It is a constant drain, and makes such roads upon the reserve force, which is the energy that makes youth, that the

system, as a whole, is unable to devote itself to the work of perfect equalization of repair and decay. It is because of this state of affairs, an insulted government, a rebellious tenantry or vassalage, that I urge a clean sweep by means of oxygen—a ripping up of old thought matter, a burning of mental and physical refuse, a bonfire carrying with it a promise of penitence and amendment on the part of the minor mentalities comprised within the human frame. So that's all clear.

## Memory Culture.

This book, by William Walker Atkinson, is just off the press. The advance orders for it run into large figures, and it will have a wonderful sale. It is something different from other works on the subject, and will open up a new field of self-improvement. The author has not attempted to put forward any "trick system" or "patent method" of mnemonics, but instead has given a rational and natural method of strengthening and developing the faculty of memory itself. Full instructions and exercises calculated to develop and strengthen the memory are given, and the book is full of interesting examples illustrative of the principles enunciated. General memory, visual memory, aural memory, memory of what has been read, memory of faces, places, figures, dates, names, etc., are fully considered and explained. Much attention is given to the subject of Observation, which faculty is deficient in many persons, and full instructions and interesting exercises are given. This book teaches not only how to remember and recollect, but also how to observe and perceive. While not, strictly speaking, a New Thought book, it is written along the lines of the latest idea in Psychology, and will prove a great help to those who have suffered from deficient memory and recollection. Bound in cloth, purple and gold, and sells for \$1.00.

## New Books.

Notice the list of New Books in our front advertising pages. You have here the nucleus of a fine NEW THOUGHT library. No such books as these are offered anywhere at the prices quoted. These are all new and original works, owned and published by our house.

## The Mind's Attainment.

This is a delightful book, from the pen of Uriel Buchanan, one of the contributors to this magazine. It is written in his best style, and gives the essence of a beautiful and uplifting philosophy which cannot fail to benefit and instruct humanity. Price \$1.00, postpaid.



**You Find what You Look For.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

JOHN BURROUGHS says: "No one ever found the walking fern who did not have the walking fern in his mind. A person whose eye is full of Indian relics picks them up in every field he walks through." When one looks for a thing he keeps the image clearly before his mind, and he will see that thing before long, although, otherwise, it would have escaped his notice. The thing is quickly recognized because the eye has been commissioned to find it. This is a well known law of mental philosophy.

But it does not stop here. When one is interested in a subject, the mind will readily grasp things bearing upon it and tending to illustrate it. The mind, as well as the eye, "perceives only what it brings with it—the power of perceiving." One may read the writings of the deepest thinkers and get only what lies on the surface, but later on, when one's mind has developed, he may take up the old book and will find new and great truths there which had previously been unnoticed.

This law operates on all planes. The man who is looking for the "bad" side of Life, sees nothing but "bad" things, and he groans because there is no good left. The man who seeks the "good" things, sees nothing but "good," and fails to understand his brother who is stalking down the "bad" things.

If you look for trouble, you will find it. If you look for peace, it will be there. If you see things through the eyes of Love, all will be lovely. If you look for Hate, you will get Hate, full measure and running over. The man who is always expecting to be cheated, is rarely disappointed. The man who thinks every other man a rogue, finds plenty

of examples to prove his claim. The man who is always fearing that he will die in the poor-house makes the acquaintance of that institution. The man who trusts in the Law and works along in trust and confidence, finds evidences of the Law at every turn.

Are you looking for someone to "slight" you? Well, there are plenty who will accommodate you. Are you expecting that everyone will "put on" you? Well, there will be plenty to do it. Are you expecting to be used as a human door-mat? Well, there are plenty who want to wipe their feet on somebody, and as you have assumed the door-mat attitude, you'll suit. Are you entering into a thing feeling certain that you are going to fail? Well, Failure will be right there. You will find that for which you look.

Why not start in and look for the good things. They're lying all around, waiting to be picked up, but you'll never see them while you're expecting to find the opposite things. Read Burrough's words, at the beginning of this article, and put them into practical use. Start to look for the right kind of things—and you'll find them.

**The Prize Competition.**

Entries for the \$1,000.00 Cash Prize Competition close January 31st. Prize-winners will be announced in March number of NEW THOUGHT. If you have not already sent in your definition for the January contest, see that it reaches this office not later than the last day of January. Particulars of next competition will be given in March number.

**Combination Offers Withdrawn.**

All combination offers of this magazine were withdrawn at the end of January. The price of any book published by the Psychic Research Company is \$1.00, post-paid. The price of the NEW THOUGHT magazine is 50 cents yearly. Any book and magazine together, \$1.50. No discounts. The magazine and books may be procured at any newsstand. If your dealer does not handle them, send us his name and we will assist him to a knowledge of a good thing.

\*Copyrighted, 1903, by the NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING Co., Chicago.



### Learn How to Say No!\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

**T**HE ability to say "No!" when necessary, is an important evidence of character and will power. It is so much easier to agree to the proposition or ideas of another, than to say No! It requires so much less effort, so much less will power. And every time you say "Yes!" when you should say "No!" you are indulging in mental laziness—in flabbiness of the will. As a muscle, unused, will gradually wither and become useless, so the Will, or the mind through which the Will manifests, will become atrophied, and will fail you when you need it most.

Look back over your life, and you will see that many of the troubles which came upon you could have been obviated by a brave "No!" uttered at the right time. Many a man could have been saved from ruin by the power of a "No!" Many a woman would have been saved great pain and sorrow by a timely "No!" Then why did they not say the word? Simply because they had not learned how. They had found it so much easier to say "Yes!" in the little questions of Life, that they had forgotten, or never learned, the power of "No!"

It is so much easier to acquiesce. So much pleasanter to agree. So much less effort to move along the lines of the least resistance. So we go on saying "Yes!" all our lives, until some day we find that we have said it once too often. Anybody can say "Yes!" But it takes a *real* man or woman to say "No!" It calls forth all the energies and determination in one to say the needed "No!" when "Yes!" would sound so much "pleasanter"—so much "kinder"—so much more "polite."

These unuttered "Nos" are the tragedies of Life. These wrecks

along the shores of Life have been caused by the false beacon "Yes!" which has lured the good ships to their destruction, where the brave, strong light of an honest "No!" would have warned them off the reef. Many a man can date his misfortune—many a woman can date her undoing—to the moment when it was a question of a brave "No!" or a weak, yielding acquiescence—but the "No!" faltered on the lips, and silence gave consent.

Show me a young man—show me a young girl—who has learned to utter a "No!" in moments of temptation, and I will show you the boy or girl who can be trusted—who can trust themselves—in the battle of life. The man who dares say "No!" is filling the responsible positions in the great world of work to-day. The woman who can utter the "No!" can be trusted to stand on her own feet, and go through the world laughing to scorn the suggestions of weakness and frailty that some are so fond of bestowing upon women. The man who can say "No!" carries with him an air and aura of strength, and the crowd opens to let him pass through. The woman who can say "No!" is able to look any man square in the eyes—and many eyes drop before that steady gaze.

Learn to say "No!" and when you need to say it, it will come naturally to your lips.

### Nuggets of the New Thought.

This book, by William Walker Atkinson, is a collection of his essays which had heretofore appeared in this journal. These essays were placed in book form at the request of many readers who wished to preserve them in durable form. They are "things which have helped people," and we know of no New Thought book better adapted for a present to a friend whom you wish to interest in this beautiful philosophy. Bound in purple and gold. Price \$1.00. Descriptive circular mailed on application.

There is, at the surface, infinite variety of things; at the center there is simplicity of cause.—Emerson.