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# NEW THOUGHT

June, 1903  
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CO-EDITOR

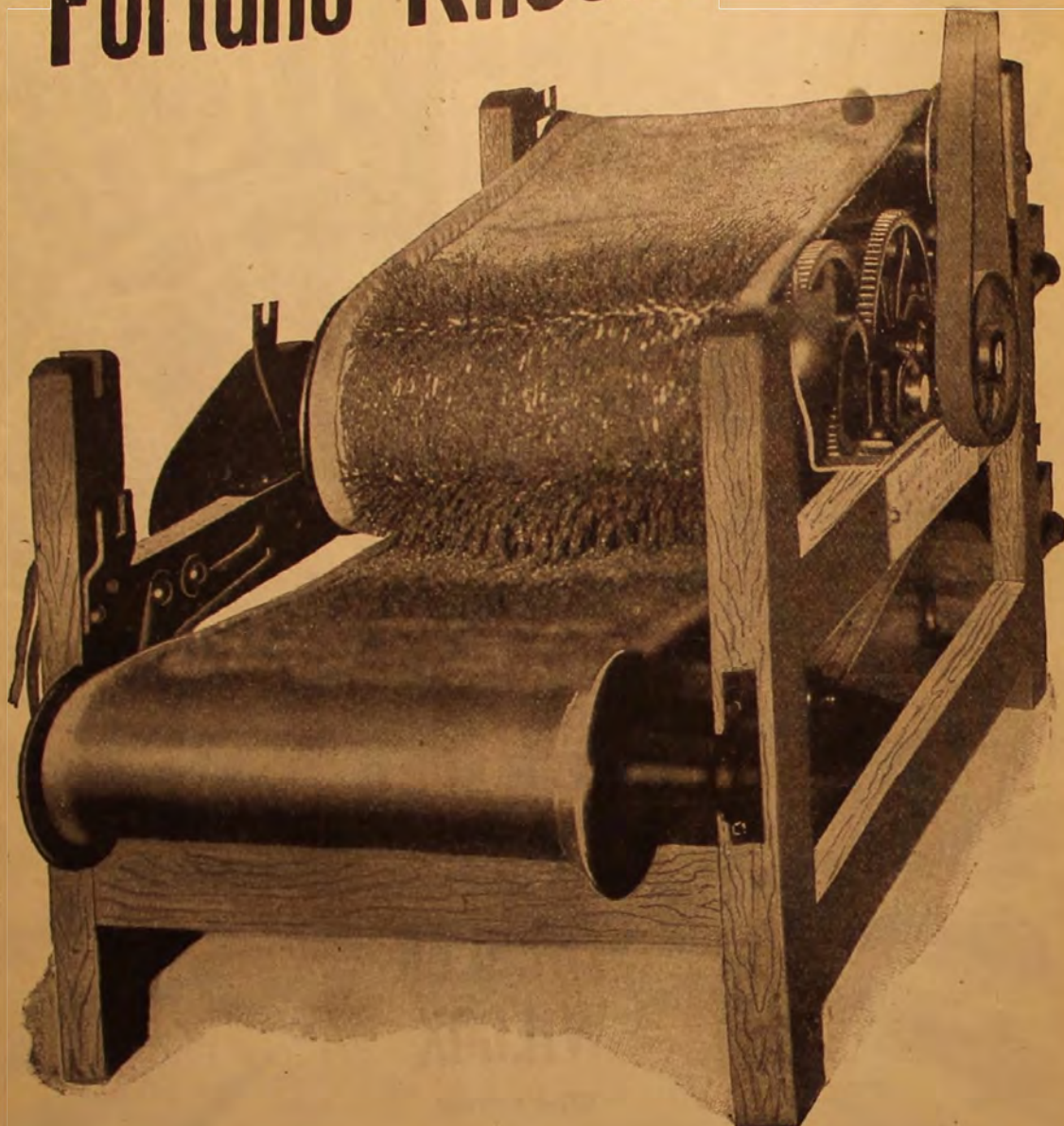
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THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY  
THE HOWLAND BLOCK CHICAGO.



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# New Thought.

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## Announcement.

THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE is published on the first day of every month by the New Thought Publishing Company, The Howland Block, 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 exceeds 100,000 copies a month, printed for the year 1903. Circulation proved at any time on receipt of demand from any advertiser.

*Advertising.*—All questions relating to advertising must be referred to Frank G. Druiding, Special Representative, The Howland Block, Chicago.

## Chips From the Old Block.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

DON'T give up.

\* \* \*

Just take a tighter grip on the thing, and pull for all you're worth.

\* \* \*

The chances are that it only needs a little bit more pulling to bring it along where you want it.

\* \* \*

If you let go, you will lose all the work you have expended on it, and your self-confidence besides.

It's always darkest just before dawn; most sultry just before the cooling shower; you're always hungriest just before the dinner bell rings; and the most tired just before bedtime. And you are just as likely to be the most discouraged just before things come your way. The tide must go out as far as it can, before it begins to come in. So don't give up just at this time. Stick!

\* \* \*

Many a man pursues a thing, and then at the last moment, just when it is almost within his grasp, he draws back, and some other fellow reaches out over his shoulder and grasps the prize. Don't you make this mistake.

\* \* \*

It takes more nerve to finish a race than to start one.

\* \* \*

The homely nag often comes under the wire first, because it didn't have sense enough to know it was beaten on the first quarter.

\* \* \*

Learn to be a good "stayer"—they're scarce, and in great demand.

\* \* \*

Anybody can start off with a rush, but few can come in with a hurrah.

\* \* \*

Stick-to-it-iveness is a thing worth cultivating—it yields a good crop.

\* \* \*

So take a long breath and shout "I Can and I WILL."

\* \* \*

And Don't Give Up.

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**Dividends.\***

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

OUR thoughts are shaping un-  
made spheres,  
And, like a blessing or a  
curse,  
They thunder down the form-  
less years  
And ring throughout the  
universe.

The more we realize the tremendous responsibility of our mental emanations the better for the world and ourselves. The sooner we teach little children what a mighty truth lies in the Bible phrase, "As a man thinketh, so is he," the better for future generations.

If a man thinks sickness, poverty and misfortune, he will meet them and claim them all eventually as his own. But he will not acknowledge the close relationship, he will deny his own children and declare they were sent to him by an evil fate.

William Walker Atkinson tells us that "he who hates is an assassin."

Every kindergarten and public school teacher ought to embody this idea in the daily lessons for children.

It may not be possible to teach a child to "love every neighbor as himself," for that is the most difficult of commandments to follow to the letter; but it is possible to eliminate hatred from a nature if we awaken sympathy for the object of dislike.

That which we pity we cannot hate. The wonderful Intelligence which set this supreme system of worlds in action must have been inspired by love for all it created.

So much grandeur and magnificence, so much perfection of detail, could only spring from Love.

Whatever is out of harmony in our little world has been caused by man's substituting hate and fear for love and faith.

Every time we allow either hate or fear to dominate our minds we disarrange the order of the universe and make trouble for humanity and ourselves.

It may be a little late in reaching us, but it is sure to come to the Mind which sent forth the cause.

Every time we entertain thoughts of love, sympathy, forgiveness and faith we add to the well-being of the world, and create fortunate and successful conditions for ourselves.

Those, too, may be late in coming to us—BUT THEY WILL COME.

Right thinking is not attained in a day or a week.

We must train the mind to reject the brood of despondent, resentful, fearful and prejudiced thoughts which approach it, and to invite and entertain cheerful, broad and wholesome thoughts instead, just as we overcome false tones and cultivate musical ones in educating the voice for singing.

When we once realize that by driving away pessimistic, angry and bitter thoughts we drive away sickness and misfortune to a great extent, and that by seeking the kinder and happier frame of mind we seek at the same time success and health and good luck, we will find a new impetus in the control of our mental forces.

For we all love to be paid for our worthy deeds, even while we believe in being good for good's sake only. And nothing in life is surer than this:

**RIGHT THINKING PAYS  
LARGE DIVIDENDS.**

Think success, prosperity, usefulness. It is much more profitable than thinking self-destruction or the effort at self-destruction, for that is an act which aims at an im-

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possibility. You can destroy the body, but the *you* who suffers in mind and spirit will suffer still, and live still. You will only change your location from one state to another. You did not make yourself, you cannot unmake yourself. You can merely put yourself among the spiritual tramps who hang about the earth's borders, because they have not prepared a better place for themselves.

Suicide is cheap, vulgar and cowardly. Because you have made a wreck of a portion of this life, do not make a wreck of the next.

Mend up your broken life here, go along bravely and with sympathy and love in your heart, determined to help everybody you can, and to better your condition as soon as possible. Men have done this after fifty, and lived thirty good years to enjoy the results. Do not feel hurt by the people who slight you, or who refer to your erring past. Be sorry for them. I would rather be a tender-hearted reformed sinner than a hard-hearted model of good behavior.

I would rather learn sympathy through sin than never learn it at all.

There is nothing we cannot live down, and rise above, and overcome. There is nothing we cannot be in the way of nobility and worth.

### **The Heart of the New Thought.**

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's book, bearing the above title, is meeting with an immense sale, and bids fair to be the most popular production of this famous writer. It is helpful, encouraging and uplifting and has brought peace and happiness to many a weary soul.

### **Thought Force.**

This most popular of Mr. Atkinson's books is in its sixteenth edition, and is being sold in all parts of the world, the foreign public having been fully awakened to its value. It is different from anything else ever written on this subject, and goes right to the heart of the subject. It tells how to do things.

### **Second-Class Rates.**

BY SYDNEY FLOWER, PUBLISHER NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

I wish to thank the many friends who have written personal letters to Mr. Madden regarding the eligibility of this magazine to receive the second-class rates of postage.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEW THOUGHT is entitled to second-class rates because it has a large newsstand trade. This is proof positive that the magazine is purchased for the sake of its contents, and this entitles it to be carried in the mails at the rate of one cent per pound.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Madden reads the law otherwise; but if further argument is needed, I might add that NEW THOUGHT has a paid-up annual subscription list of over thirty thousand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Madden thinks that this subscription list is not lawfully secured because the greater part of it is formed of persons who paid \$1 for Mrs. Wilcox' book, "The Heart of the New Thought," and the magazine for year 1903. Mr. Madden rules that it is lawful and right to give away a dollar book with a year's subscription to a dollar magazine, both for \$1, but it is unlawful and wrong to give away a dollar book with a year's subscription to a fifty-cent magazine, both for \$1.

In other words, I may give you two dollars' worth for one dollar, but I must not give you one dollar and a half's worth for one dollar!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Madden is that rare bird in the official aviary, a legal humorist!

\* \* \* \* \*

Evidence of his legal jocosity is found in his acceptance of a new magazine of physical culture as entitled to second-class rates, although the subscription list was secured by advertising a \$10 course in physical culture and a \$1 magazine for a year; all for \$1.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eleven Dollars for One Dollar!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Madden is indeed a joker.

\* \* \* \* \*

Humor in official administration is always to be welcomed, although in this instance it costs me \$1,000 a month postage to see the joke.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Madden's humor, it may be finally observed, is of the dry order.



### Low Living.\*

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Just as blood circulates in the arteries and veins, carrying material food to every portion of body and brain, so *thought force* circulates in the nerves, carrying *spiritual fire* for the transmutation of matter into *higher forms*.

All disease is due to the clogging either of nerves or veins, or both. The eating of rich food in greater quantities than can be assimilated and eliminated, produces thick, sluggish blood, which tends to deposit sediment at every twist and turn of veins and arteries, thus choking the flow. When a stream gets into this condition navigation has to be abandoned until the stream is dredged out again. When the human body is so choked and clogged with stagnant matter inflammation, fermentation, sets in, a "sick spell" occurs and the doctor administers a cathartic to excite the secretions and dredge out the festering debris. Then the patient "feels better" and free circulation is once more established.

Of course it is not easy to know just how to regulate the supply of rich food so that the circulation shall not become clogged; at least it is not easy whilst we cling to the habit of eating three or four square meals a day, whether we feel hungry or not, and whilst we tempt appetite with all manner of highly seasoned dishes.

Wild animals have to hunt for their food, which consists of but one thing at a meal. They work for all they get. Unless hungry they do not hunt. No one calls a catamount, or an eagle, to highly seasoned feasts at regular intervals. Catamount or eagle eats *when he is hungry*. And before eating he has to wake up and work for his dinner. This induces full breathing and sets his blood to racing at such a rate that it clears the track and leaves room and power enough to take care of the new meal. No sluggish circulation in wild animals, and no disease.

Here is a hint for man. Of course if you are never sick or depressed; if you are strong and well, and growing stronger, you may need no hints. But if you are not all that you desire to be just try a little judicious starving, along with plenty of exercise and fresh air. Live on plain foods, principally fruits and nuts, and skip a meal now and then, or even half a dozen meals, until you get down through that veneer of cultivated

appetite—down to real *hunger*, of the sort that impels a catamount to travel for miles and wait patiently for hours to find that for which he hungers.

*Hunger* is an infallible guide as to *what* to eat, and *how* often. It is the real voice which comes up from arteries cleansed and *ready* to carry fresh supply to waiting body.

But appetite is the whining call of an *unrested* stomach and unready arteries, which have been *taught* to cry at stated intervals.

Most of us are the slaves of spoiled appetite; but we have never once in our stuffed lives since childhood, been really hungry and known the real joy of eating.

Clogging of the arteries and veins results in clogging brain and nerves. It is impossible for a man with a clogged and diseased body to think his best. The clogging presses against nerves as well as arteries, and prevents free circulation of thought.

And only *free* thought is high thought.

A man with a clogged system will think cramped negative thoughts. He can't help it. His nerves are cramped. His doctor may say he is "nervous," but "nervousness" and "weak nerves" are simply cramped nerves—cramped in a clogged system.

Now I know that it is quite possible to take the kinks out of one's nerves by mind power alone—*provided* one is not too badly clogged and cramped. *But high living will eventually choke off high thinking*, and no human being can reach his highest thinking along with high living. Reason and *all human experience* proves this.

And I leave it to you if it is not vastly more sensible to reduce your living and thus free your cramped nerves to the free flow of high thought; than to attempt to live high and *force* high thought through "weak nerves." The only bit of you which may refuse to agree with this statement of the case is *your spoiled appetite*. Are you going to pamper that and starve your high thought? It is for you to decide.

But now let us suppose that with your whole being you *will* serve the God of High Thinking. You are going to practice low living that you may more fully serve the God of High Thinking. You are fasting your body into an unclogged state. You are feeding it upon simple foods, such as nuts and fruits, which are not thickening to the blood, like meat, condiments and pastries. You are exercising freely and taking deep, full, outdoor breathing exercises to promote good circulation of blood and free the nerves. You are doing all this, and you are rejoicing in the glorious feeling of health.

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and courage and freedom which comes to you. You are bright, alert, ready, with "a heart for any fate."

But you want yet higher thinking. Good! Your nerves are free now, and ready to receive higher thought than any they have ever carried.

Now fill them with "incessant affirmatives" of your HIGHEST IDEALS. "Go into the silence" and see how still you can be, mentally and physically. Simply rest until Spirit can form within you the mental picture of what you are to work for. Keep being still, and waiting expectantly, until "it comes to you" just what to do.

To that clean body and brain of yours it will come quickly and with joy.

Keep free in body, and keep looking mentally for new things to "come to you," and the way will grow brighter and brighter. You will grow brighter and brighter and brighter. And whatsoever things you desire you shall have.

Say "I can and I will." It will fill you with power.

Above all things, say "I AM what I desire to be." It is true. You have made conscious connection with The Infinite.

## The North Shore Reduction Co.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

By this time every subscriber to THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE has received and read the handsome prospectus of the North Shore Reduction Company. There is nothing I can say which adds to the force of the argument and illustrations of the Magnetic Separator contained in that prospectus. A schoolboy can understand the vast importance of the machine and its commercial standing after reading that book.

Please bear in mind one fact: The importance of this business does not lie in the fact that we own the patents upon a magnetic separator—there are many magnetic separators of a kind! It lies in the fact that we own the Lovett Rotary Magnetic Separator, which is the only machine capable of separating iron from sand at a commercial profit.

It is because the cost of operating is so small in proportion to bulk and value of product that we shall control the iron market of the world.

If you are not already an investor in the North Shore Reduction Company you had better become one today.

This stock is selling at its par value, \$100 a share. It cannot be bought for less from the offices of the North Shore Company.

I am offering a little of this stock to NEW THOUGHT readers at the same price, \$100 per share, with my guarantee added that I will refund the full price paid together with 8 per cent interest at the end of one year if the investor wishes to then sell his stock to me.

I have that much confidence in the North Shore Reduction Company as a business proposition.

I have secured another small block of this stock—the first block was sold clean out to NEW THOUGHT people inside of thirty days—and I offer it at \$100 per share.

If you want an opportunity to double your money in two years take this up at once. This is the last lot of this stock I can secure for love or money. The owners of the stock grudge every share that is sold; simply because they are not running a speculation in watered stock, but have a gilt-edged business investment and are selling only such stock as they must sell to fully protect themselves in the matter of immediate ready cash for expenses of plant, etc.

If you have not received a copy of the prospectus of the North Shore Reduction Company I shall be pleased to have a copy sent to your address if you address me at the Howland Block, Chicago. Lose no time. These things do not go begging very long.

## Memory Culture.

This book, the latest from Mr. Atkinson's pen, has sprung into immediate favor and is being highly spoken of by the best authorities. It is being used in some schools, and many teachers are recommending it to their pupils. It contains more real information than many of the high-priced memory courses.

## Series A, B, C and D.

These four books form the best library of occultism ever offered the public. They cover all the various phases of the subject, and are written by the best authorities in each line touched upon. Look up the advertisement and see just how much ground they cover.

## The Mind's Attainment.

Mr. Buchanan has excelled himself in this work and it has become a classic in New Thought literature. It contains the highest thoughts clothed in the most beautiful language.



**"Strike Out."\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

IN the old days seekers after religion would ask John Wesley the old question, "What must I do to be saved?" and Wesley would answer "You are saved *now* if you will only believe it."

This same old question is being asked today by thousands of seekers after the benefits of New Thought teaching. "What must I do?" "How must I act?" "How must I be this or that thing?" etc., are the inquiries poured in upon those who write, speak or teach what is known as "the New Thought." And I know no better answer than that given by our good old friend Wesley: "You are saved *now*, if you will only believe it."

A man drops overboard, and shrieks for help. He cannot swim—he has never learned a stroke, and he knows he will drown unless help comes. No one throws him a rope—no one jumps in to rescue him—the end is in sight. But some ragged, dirty, but earnest, urchin on the wharf shouts out "*Strike out, ye fool, strike out!*" and the man, hearing, in desperation strikes out almost instinctively, and lo! he keeps afloat until help arrives.

That is the trouble with us all. Yes, *all*, I said, for we never seem to fully learn the lesson, although it is thrust upon us over and over again. We are always asking: "What shall I do?" "How can I do it?" "How shall I begin?" and other questions of the same kind. You, and I, and the other fellow, are still asking "How?" And sooner or later we must relearn the old lesson that the only way to do a thing is to *do* it. Often have I been compelled to shout to myself the words

of the urchin on the wharf: "Strike out, you fool, strike out." And I know that your experience is the same.

We are all full of reserve force, and latent powers, but we refuse to admit their existence. We fear and worry, and doubt and despair, and fret and whine—but all the time we have the power to rise above our difficulties if we would recognize it. It is all a question of "striking out."

I tell you, friends, that the law which is working in us and through us, and whose main object is development and unfoldment, will insist upon us striking out if we do not do it willingly. If we sit too long on the brink, shivering at the thought of the water, or fearing to get our feet wet, the law will, sooner or later, gently but firmly lift us up and drop us right in four feet of water so that we will be compelled to do something. And then if we wriggle in to the shore and sit whimpering and dripping on the bank, it will again lift us up, and this time will drop us in water over our head, and then strike out we must. That is why so many of us are lifted out of the peaceful, calm environments which have surrounded us until we become stagnated, and forced into new ones in which we have to readjust ourselves, and "get a move on." The law has no use whatever for barnacles, and is forever scraping them off.

Every one of us is able to "strike out" and keep afloat and make progress, if we will only believe that we can. The water is much warmer than it seemed when we were sitting on the bank, and the surf is fine—the breakers are coming in and we are yielding to them and riding over them. Ah, the taste of the salt—the ozone in the air—the exhilaration of it all! The shivering people on the shore are to be pitied. Wade right in, man, and strike out.

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## June Thoughts.\*

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

WHEN we learn to ignore the disturbing influences beating against us, and to cease our vain struggle for peace and contentment, by the adjustment of material relations, where stability is impossible, we may find the path to disentanglement from the pains and penalties of ignorance. When we kill out desire for the changeable and center our mind on the eternal we may attract the conditions which make possible the realization of happiness. Dependence on favorable events and congenial environment for happiness binds us to servitude and discontent. A wise man has said that "numberless wants, like a shoreless ocean, bring despair to look at them." It matters not how bright the present, how filled with promise the day our mind is confused and our vision dimmed by memories of past shadows and forebodings of the possible cloudlands of tomorrow. We are haunted by countless petty desires and regrets which should not concern us. By good actions today we may cancel the past mistakes which are laid to our charge and sow good seeds for the future.

Invisibly enthroned in the heart of humanity is the universal desire for peace. It is the voice of a deathless principle calling to the personal man to come up higher. It is the divine ray which quickens our dull senses to feel the infinite presence and to manifest our individual supremacy. We should learn to think and feel from the inmost center, which is the source of all human power. This center is a sun which illuminates the mind. To find this center requires concentration and meditation, as well as purity of desire and nobility of purpose.

There are many centers of force in the body. The highest is the crown of the head, which relates us to the realm of mind. Once shut out the light and inspiration which come to man through the faculties of abstraction, imagination and reason, he would sink immediately to the plane of the ape. The deepest center is in the heart, which is the source of affection. Love is the oil that feeds the flame of reason, lighting man's pathway to freedom and power. Intensity of love gives capacity for greater intensity of joy and pain. But by suffering the dross is consumed, the desires are purified and the inner man is set free. A determined will, with intensity of feeling and thought, will help to liberate our life from

bondage to adverse environments. We should constantly recognize and declare the supremacy of mind. We should not be seriously affected by anything that occurs. We should be master of all emotions, and should not cling to anything which hinders our progress. We should avoid material attachments and place our independence in a region above the influence of mere physical things. No great attainment in life can be made until the will is freed from desire. We are not to crush out desire, but to change it. We must learn to transmute the force of countless unworthy desires into the light of high ideals. We should ever remember that the will is the monarch of the senses, and we should not rebel against it. In all our desires, silent reason should guide us, that we may fix not our hope beyond the bounds of probability.

As the winds of heaven say unto the waters of the deep, "this way shall your waters roll, and no other; thus high shall they rise in their might, and no farther," so should our will control and direct the senses, repressing their waywardness or wildness. We should strive to realize the divinity within us. We should feel that the opportunity of our lifetime is now. This day is our own. The hours are passing, and time, like life, can never be recalled. Tomorrow is in the womb of futurity; we cannot know what awaits us, but we can have faith. The sea bird lays her eggs on the warm sand and leaves them in nature's care. And she knows that nature will keep faith with her. Let us be true to the present and have faith in the future. Let us banish all fear and destroy belief in delusions.

Friendship, love, power, riches and glory—all these are true, all these are eternally true. "Confiding joy in the midst of nature's festivals, gaiety which intoxicates itself in the sunlight, enthusiasm for the beautiful, devotion to the good—all these do not calculate, do not reason with the anxiety of the morrow." Happy is the man who each day can say to himself: This day I have lived; let the tempest come tomorrow, it cannot deprive me of the serenity of the day that is closing.

Therein lieth the great Arcanum of Magic—not to give way before the unchangeable forces of nature, but to direct them; not to be enslaved by them, but make use of them to the profit of immortal liberty.

## Bible Year Book.

This book contains a text and appropriate affirmations for each day in the year, and can be used next year as well as this. These affirmations are most helpful and start one well on the day's work.

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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,**

Howland Block, Dearborn and Monroe Streets,

"Letter Box Dept."

CHICAGO, ILL.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

*R. B. T.*—You are in a position which may bring out the best in you, or the worst. You have a great problem to solve—but you will be stronger for the effort. You are entangled in the Web of Circumstance, to escape from which will require your full strength. The full manifestation of your love, at this time, would bring great sorrow and pain to the woman you love, and would place her in a position wherein she would be subject to the jeers and revilings of the mob—where she would hear the cry "stone her, stone her"—where she would feel the jagged edges of the rocks cutting into her quivering flesh. And yet you ask me what you should do! Ah, man, I fear that you have not yet learned the true meaning of the word Love. The love of the average man is naught but the desire of possession. He is a worthy descendant of his stone-age ancestor, who wooed a woman with a blow from his club, and then dragged her unconscious form to his cave. He wishes to own the woman, that's all. Be honest now, and consider the matter fairly. I am not going to preach a sermon on "duty"—there is another way of handling the matter. And there are other questions to be considered than "whether a man should not live out his life in spite of conventions." The woman's side of the question must be considered—more particularly if you love her as you say you do. It may be all right for you to "live out your life," but are you justified in putting her in the

position above mentioned? It is not a question of the right or wrong of the world's conventions, but a question of how much you love this woman, and whether true love can demand such a sacrifice from her. I cannot lay down the law for you—you must be guided from within. It seems to me that the first question of an honest, true love is not "how can I gain her," but "what will bring her the greatest happiness?" If your soul is sufficiently developed, your first thought will be of the welfare of the woman you love, and, if her welfare and happiness seems to demand that your paths lie apart for the present, you will not hesitate to take the step that apparently leads you away from her—you will take up your burden with joy, because She will be benefited. I am not preaching the doctrine of dutiful, submissive renunciation—that does not, as a rule, appeal to me. The thing I am speaking of is no mere renunciation from a sense of duty—it is the natural step of a great love. It is simply the renunciation of the desire of possession, because of the desire for the well-being of the loved one—the merging of a primitive desire in a greater one. You may think this is very much "up in the air," but just think over it a little, and then act according to the best part of you. I cannot settle the question for you—but I can point out a principle, which you may accept or reject as you see fit. Every man must face his own conditions—solve his own problems—all that another can do is to extend him a helping hand. The answer to D. L. P. in these columns may interest you. It touches your own question very closely.

*J. H. C.*—You will pardon me, I know, but really I feel like smiling at your inquiry, although it is, without doubt, no laughing matter for you. You say that you are fond of your wife, and do everything that you can think of to make life pleasant for her, and yet she is not happy because you "do not praise her enough," and you are both miserable in consequence. You think that she should know how much you care for her, and admire her, without your having to tell her so constantly. Bless your heart, I can't explain this thing satisfactorily to you—it goes right to the center of the mystery of Womankind. A writer in the daily press recently published an article in which she said that the average woman would rather have a man who did but little for her, but who was liberal with "jolly," than one who did everything else but didn't know the fine art of saying nice things to her. I didn't believe this statement, but upon talking over the matter with some friends of mine (bright women, too) I came to the conclusion that the writer in question was nearer the truth than I had



believed. Of course all women are not alike, but more of them seem to be so than I had thought. I frankly confess that this question is too much for me, and all that I can say is that you might try the experiment of cultivating the habit of saying nice things to your wife. I wouldn't wonder but that you like a bit of petting up and "jollyng" yourself, if the truth were known—maybe that's the reason that the woman who knows how can do so much with us. We are so apt to blame upon women all these little weaknesses, while disclaiming them ourselves—but the woman who knows our weaknesses (and they all seem to) has a quiet laugh to herself at our expense. Let me tell you a little story about this trait of human nature—this appetite for praise. There is a colored woman living in this town, who has a great big, lazy husband, as black as the ace of spades. Well, this big, black rascal has "jollied" that woman into supporting them both, while he loafs around policy shops. He tells everywhere (where she will hear it) that "Hannah is powerful fine washer. There isn't a woman in town who can wash clothes like Hannah," etc., etc., until he has aroused a mighty feeling of pride in the woman, and she is at the tub, early and late, washing to keep that man in clothes and food. Then he tells her how nice she is, and how she grows prettier every day she lives, and she just beams with joy at the rascal's praise. He kisses her when he leaves and when he returns, and tells her how proud of her he is, and that there's not a woman in the town who can hold a candle to her. And she works on, with joy in her heart, happy and contented, trading off good food, clothing and lodging for kisses and praise. One day she blacked his boots for him, as a special token of love, and then when he told her that there wasn't a boot-black on State street that could have done so well, and how every one had asked him where he got his boots polished that day, that foolish woman was so tickled that now she polishes those boots every morning just because he says she can do it so well. That black rascal seems to have solved a problem that has puzzled many abler male minds. Don't do as he does, pray. But it is said that we can gain a lesson for the humblest and most unattractive person—maybe we have been erring as much in one direction as that black fellow has in the other. Keep in the middle of the road.

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*D. L. P.*—Before answering your question I would refer you to the answer to the inquiry of R. B. T. in these columns. Your problem is akin to his, although some of the circumstances are different. To you also must I preach the doctrine of tem-

porary renunciation. You may think that this is very unselfish, and that it savors too much of martyrdom, but don't you believe it. Some of the greatest loves have been hopeless loves, or loves which could not be satisfied without making the loved one suffer. The lives of men and women have been ennobled by such affections, and great deeds—great thoughts—great writings—great work—have resulted from the inspiration springing from such feeling. The man who is so fortunate to have such a great love come into his life will find it the greatest uplifting power in life—will find it an inspiration which never fails, and which will lift him to heights never before attained—will give him strength with which to meet the problems of life—will aid him in his spiritual unfoldment. The great spiritual uplifts which come to us usually come as the result of either a great love, or a great sorrow, or both, and if you will live true to the best in you, you will emerge from this experience a much stronger and more advanced man. Now, don't imagine that this is intended for all men, in all cases, and under all circumstances. As a rule, if the path were clear, I would say "go in and win"—that is the glorious privilege of a man's love—but when a man is confronted with the conditions existing in your case, there is but one thing for him to do, and that is act according to the best within him, and then wait for more light. I remember an old story of the days "when knighthood was in flower." It was about a knight who wore on his helmet the glove of some fair lady, the circumstances being such that the knight could never expect to gain even a smile of recognition except at the cost of great distress to the lady. Notwithstanding the hopeless nature of his affection, the glove at his helm, and what it stood for, inspired him to such deeds of valor and chivalry that he became the glory of the army. The days of chivalry are not over, and the battle-fields of modern life afford as great opportunity for glorious deeds and actions as did the battle-fields of the Middle Ages. Wear your lady's glove on your helmet, if you will, and dare all things for it—let the strength it inspires lead you on and on, even though your case seem hopeless, and you may never again gaze upon your lady's face. Love is its own reward. The greatest gift of love is the ability to love. The joy of love is in the loving. Just as we may do right for right's sake—work for work's sake—so may we love for love's sake. But, after all, in the last chapter of the book things adjusted themselves and the knight and the lady were finally united, and presumably lived happy ever after (they always do in tales). So perhaps the modern knight may look forward to an equally happy ending—or beginning. Who knows?



D. C. W.—You ask me whether it is wrong to kill game for sport. I do not care to take up the question of the abstract right or wrong of this thing, but I do feel that somehow one outgrows the desire that once caused him to say: "It's a fine day, let's go out and kill something." Just as Man has outgrown (or nearly outgrown) the desire to kill people to make a holiday, so is he gradually outgrowing the desire to kill other living things for "sport." It's all a matter of growth—it will come to all in time. When I was a lad I liked to kill things for "sport," with rod or gun, but I got sick of it. I'll tell you just how it happened. One day, armed with a rifle of very small calibre, I was shooting at a mark, when a man standing near by pointed to a bird which was perched on the top of a pole a long distance from where we stood, and dared me to try my marksmanship. I aimed, although the distance was such that it seemed impossible that I could hit the bird, but when I fired the fluttering thing fell to the ground. I walked to the spot, exulting at my skill, and enjoying the praise and wonder of the man who had dared me. When I reached the bird I found the poor creature struggling in its death agony, mangled and torn. Looking closer, I saw in its bill a bit of food which it was evidently carrying to its nestlings far away, it having rested on the pole on its long journey home to its little ones. The bird's eyes looked into mine with a strangely human, pitiful gaze. It may have been imagination, but it seemed to me that I saw the mother-look in the eyes of that poor dying thing, and I felt like a murderer—and I feel so yet. The thought of those little nestlings waiting for the mother who would never return to them haunted me for many days, and the memory is with me still. I hunted long for the nest, but never found it. I have never since had any desire to kill things wantonly, or for "sport," and when I see the gun and the game-bag of the hunter I think of that strangely human look in the eyes of that murdered bird, and the old feeling comes back. I have heard similar experiences from hunters who had gazed into the eyes of a dying deer, and had never again been able to enjoy the hunt. I think that Man must come to a feeling of his relationship with the lower animals before he will lose his old savage instinct to kill for "sport." It is said that a good Quaker friend once complained to George Fox that William Penn still wore a sword, and asked that he be reproved for it. Fox replied: "Let him wear it as long as he can." Penn came to a point, later, where he found himself unable to wear his sword, the thought of the use of the weapon having become distasteful, and he discarded it. So will it be with this form of "sport"—Man will get so sick of it that the thought of it

will be abhorrent to him. When he is once cured of the habit in this way there will be no relapse. It will then not be a question of "ought I," but a feeling of "I cannot."

## The Cash Prize Competition.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

This Prize Contest closes Saturday, May 30, and the results will be announced in July number of NEW THOUGHT.

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Two thousand dollars in cash will be distributed among the prize-winners. First prize, \$500; second, \$400; third, \$300; fourth, \$250; fifth, \$150; sixth, \$100; seventh, \$90; eighth, \$80; ninth, \$70; tenth, \$60. Total, \$2,000.

\* \* \* \* \*

The subject of this contest is: *What Sentence of Four Words Spoken by Jesus Christ to His Disciples Most Nearly Expresses the New Thought Aims?*

\* \* \* \* \*

The Prize Sentence is to be found in the Bible Year Book, published by the Psychic Research Company, and sent postpaid with the NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE for the rest of this year on receipt of \$1.

\* \* \* \* \*

In case more than ten persons guess the Prize Sentence, the prize money will be divided equally among the successful ones.

\* \* \* \* \*

Should no one guess the Prize Sentence the prize money will be bestowed in order of merit upon those whose sentences come nearest the mark.

\* \* \* \* \*

This Prize Contest is open to NEW THOUGHT subscribers only. The answer must be written upon a postal card and sent to *The Bible Contest, "New Thought," The Howland Block, Chicago*. If you are not already a subscriber send in 50 cents for a year's subscription today, or \$1 for The Bible Year Book and Magazine for the rest of year 1903, and enter the contest at once.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each subscriber has one guess.

\* \* \* \* \*

No letters will be answered containing questions on this contest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Get your answer in before the last day of May.

## Training of Children.

Mrs. Partlow's book on the training of children in the New Thought is something new upon a most important subject. No parent can afford to be without this valuable book.



**Mind Your Business.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

WHAT a pleasant world this would be to live in if everyone would observe the suggestion given at the head of this article. A very large share of the unhappiness and trouble in the world is brought about by ourselves or others violating this rule of action. If you will but mind your own business you will have no time for meddling in the affairs of others, and your own business will prosper, and so will that of the other fellow.

Many of us seem to find the task of minding our own business rather burdensome and monotonous, but the task of attending to the affairs of others never loses its interest and zest. We can always point out the other person's failings and shortcomings, and know exactly what we would do if we were but in his place. We know how everything he does could be done better, and we are amazed at his blindness at not seeing things in just the way we do. We frequently spend so much time in watching the affairs of others that we allow our own to go to ruin.

It will keep every man or woman busy enough in attending to his or her own affairs. The person who does this will have no time to bother about finding fault with his neighbor's doings. We have work to do in this life, which no one can do just so well as ourselves, and the task is now before us awaiting accomplishment. Now is the time for action, and the way to act is to get to work at once. To do the work well will require all of our time and attention, and we will have

no time to find fault with our neighbor, and talk about what we would do if we were in his place. What do we know about the other man's affairs, anyway? We see only the outside, and the inner motives and hidden springs of feeling and action are not for our sight. If we were in his place, with all the circumstances of the case the same, with his temperament, training, etc., we would probably do just as he is doing. Has our own life been free from mistakes and errors of judgment? If not, we had better mind our own business, before attempting to tell him how to conduct his.

If you will take the trouble to look around you a little, you will see that the men and women who have accomplished anything in life have had this good trait of attending to their own affairs. If they had not, they would never have amounted to anything. Watch your own pot and see that it does not boil over, and give your neighbor the chance to do the same.

Attending to the affairs of other people is a waste of energy, and is the very opposite of that concentration which brings us the best results. The man who attempts to run the business of others generally makes a sad failure of his own. I have never known one of these busy-bodies to succeed in anything, unless perhaps in the stirring up of trouble and the upsetting of things around him. He is generally regarded as a public nuisance, and people who know anything are inclined to let him severely alone.

Don't be one of these impertinent meddlers, but start in and mind your own business the best you know how. You will find that you will meet with more success, and will be much happier. You will keep out of trouble and will sleep well o' nights. Blessed is he who mindeth his own business.

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**Practical Mental Science.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

## SIXTH LESSON.

**I**N my last talk I spoke of the advantage of getting rid of Fear. This month I wish to put LIFE into you. Many of you have been going along as if you were dead—no ambition—no energy—no vitality—no interest—no life. This will never do. You are stagnating. Wake up and display a few signs of life! This is not the place in which you can stalk around like a living corpse—this is the place for wide-awake, active, *live* people, and a good general awakening is what is needed, although it would take nothing less than a blast from Gabriel's trumpet to awaken some of the people who are stalking around thinking that they are alive, but who are really dead to all that makes life worth while.

We must let Life flow through us, and allow it to express itself naturally. Do not let the little worries of life, or the big ones either, depress you and cause you to lose your vitality. Assert the Life Force within you, and manifest it in every thought, act and deed, and before long you will be exhilarated and fairly bubbling over with vitality and energy.

Put a little life into your work—into your pleasures—into yourself. Stop doing things in a half-hearted way, and start in to take an interest in what you are doing, saying and thinking. It is astonishing how much interest we may find in the ordinary things of life, if we will only wake up. There are interesting things all around us—interesting events occurring every moment—but we will not be aware of them unless we assert our life force and begin to actually live instead of merely existing.

No man or woman ever amounted to anything unless he or she put life into the tasks of everyday life—the acts—the thoughts. What the world needs is live men and women. Just look into the eyes of the people whom you meet, and see how few of them are really *alive*. The most of them lack that expression of conscious life which distinguishes the man who lives from the one who simply exists.

I want you to acquire this sense of conscious life so that you may manifest it in your life and show what Mental Science has done for you. I want you to get to work today and begin to make yourselves over according to the latest pattern. You can do this if you will only take the proper interest in the task.

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## AFFIRMATION AND EXERCISE.

The watchword for June is "I AM ALIVE." Fix in your mind the thought that the "I" within you is very much alive and that you are manifesting life fully, mentally and physically. And keep this thought there, aiding yourself with constant repetitions of the watchword. Don't let the thought escape you, but keep pushing it back into the mind. Keep it before the mental vision as much as possible. Repeat the watchword when you awaken in the morning—say it when you retire at night. And say it at meal times, and whenever else you can during the day—at least once an hour. Form the mental picture of yourself as filled with Life and Energy. Live up to it this month as far as possible. When you start in to perform a task, say "I Am Alive" and mix up as much life as possible in the task. If you find yourself feeling depressed, say "I Am Alive," and then take a few deep breaths, and with each inhalation let the mind hold the thought that you are breathing in Strength and Life, and as you exhale, hold the thought that you are breathing out all the old, dead, negative conditions and are glad to get rid of them. Then finish up with an earnest, vigorous affirmation: "I am Alive," and *mean* it when you say it, too.

And let your thoughts take form in action. Don't rest content with merely saying that you are alive, but prove it with your acts. Take an interest in doing things, and don't go around "moon-ing" or day-dreaming. Get down to business, and LIVE.

If all of you would take this little lesson to heart, and would but practice it faithfully during the month of June, what a wonderful thing it would be. There would be some great work done, and things would go forward with a jump. Those who practice the above exercise will find themselves wonderfully improved by the first of July, and will then be ready for the next lesson in self-development. But don't forget the previous lessons. Review them every once in a while, so as to keep them fresh in your mind.

**Law of the New Thought.**

This helpful book, by William Walker Atkinson, was written to answer the oft-repeated question "What is the New Thought?" It treats of the higher phases of the subject in terms so plain and simple that the veriest beginner is enabled to grasp the highest truths underlying the new philosophy. It lifts the veil and makes plain the great secrets of life.



**Get Rid of That Bigotry.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

MANY New Thought people take pleasure in decrying the narrowness and bigotry which they see in some of the "old thought" people—they see what they look for, and hear the notes to which they are best attuned. But they fail to see that they are often just as bigoted as those "old thought" people—just as narrow, just as intolerant. Many New Thought people have merely changed their coats—same old people underneath the garment—same old intolerance and narrowness, needing a good scrubbing to get it off.

You must not forget that there is more or less truth in everything, and that no one thing can contain all the truth. There is no corner in truth—no monopoly of knowing. If the man at the other end of the field turns up one kind of soil, and you at your end are turning up another, it is most foolish for you to look upon the other man as a fool, or as untruthful, because he sees a different thing from you.

You remember the story of the old woman who thought that there were only two sane people in the world—she and her husband—and sometimes she thought "that even John was a little off his base." Another good soul thought it strange that whenever she got into an argument she always found herself on the right side. Another, a man this time, thought it very nice that the most intelligent and pleasant people he met agreed perfectly with him, while the unpleasant and stupid people had contrary views. Yes, let us laugh at these people, but, after all, aren't we in about the same

condition? We are in the habit of thinking that our own little slice of the truth is the Whole Thing.

The Orientals have a story of several blind travelers who came across an elephant, the first one that they had ever felt (seen, I was going to say). They passed their hands over the particular part of the animal which was nearest them, and formed an idea of the beast from what they felt. They walked on discussing the wonderful thing that they had examined, but their impressions were all different. The man who felt a leg said, "Why, it's something like a tree, round and straight up." "Nonsense," said he who had felt of the stomach, "it's something like the roof of a hut." "Most absurd," cried the one who had discovered the trunk, "it's a kind of a large snake." "Oh, ye fools," cried out he who had felt the tusk, "it's smooth, and hard, and pointed. It's something like a spear." "Idiots, all of you," shouted the last, who had taken hold of the beast's tail, "it is nothing but a piece of rope." And they disputed fiercely for hours, forgetting all their love and friendship, and finally coming to blows and a separation. And in the meantime, the elephant fed on, not disturbed by the contention of the travelers—heeding them not. But the little child playing by the roadside saw the elephant as it was—for it had eyes to see.

We are all like the blind men—our spiritual vision is not clear—we get impressions through faculties which recognize only that which comes in contact with them, and which are within their range. Hold fast to that which seems truth to you, but do not imagine that *your* truth is *all* the truth to be had. If you have hold of the trunk, perhaps the other fellow has found the tail. Walk all around the beast before you set up as an authority.

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### One Step at a Time.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

DO not try to cover the entire journey with one step—you cannot do it, and you may get a tumble for your pains. It is hard, at first, when one thinks of all the weary steps ahead of him. And he finds that the effort to take all those steps, mentally, before he reaches the place where they must be taken, is far more tiring than the step actually before him. Take one step at a time.

And then it is annoying when we think that we cannot see the end of the journey—cannot see very far ahead on the road, as it winds in and out among the hills. If we only knew more about the destination, or even about the things lying a little ahead of us on the road. But no one who has gone ahead will retrace his steps in order to inform us, and those whom we overtake, of course, have been no further along than have we. And so, we don't know very much about the trip, after all. But somehow we know that there must be a destination, else the road would not be there. No road ever existed but what led to somewhere, as otherwise there would have been no reason for its existence. And all we can do is to walk on and on, in trust and confidence that those who built the road knew their business and have provided stages for rest, and a final rest at the end of the journey.

If we think too much of what is on the road far beyond, we will miss the beauties of that part of the road over which we are passing—will fail to note things which will be of use to us later on. At every point of the journey there are interesting

things—things from which we may obtain instruction and benefit—let us not pass them by unheeded, in our worry about the miles beyond us. Let us, instead, take one step at a time, taking it boldly and fearlessly, and being confident that the road just around the bend will afford us solid footing when we reach it. It is these bends in the road, and what lies around them, that makes the walking so hard—that makes us feel weary and tired—that makes us feel like lying down by the roadside in despair and disgust.

We are spoiling things by too much worrying about the advanced stages of the journey. Oh, what's the use? It seems to me that the true philosophy consists in taking one step at a time—the step that lies just before us—as if there was but one step to be taken, and that the step. If you try to take the step before you, and at the same time the one ten feet ahead, you will soon tire yourself out, and yet that is just what you have been doing all your life—that is the reason why you are so tired and weary of it all.

In this journey of life, let us take the step that lies just ahead of us, knowing that it is as needful a step as even the last will be, for without it the last could never be taken. Let us not murmur at our slow progress, but look around us and we will be sure to see something that will brighten us, no matter how monotonous may be the particular state of the journey. Let us enjoy every bit of the road, for we will never see just the same bit again. Let us get all that's going, and the only way to do it is to make the best of every step. One step at a time—not only as a means to an end, but for the sake of the step itself. Pucker up your mouth for a whistle, and then step out boldly with a light heart.

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**A Timely Caution.\***

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A GREAT many people are attracted to the New Thought of the day, by its declaration of our right to material wealth, and by its claim that the mind of man can create, command and control conditions which produce wealth.

There is no question concerning the truth of this claim.

But woe unto him who cultivates his mental and spiritual powers only for this purpose.

His gold shall turn to dross, his pleasure to Dead Sea fruit.

He shall be as one who drags a beautiful garment through the mud of the streets, and while clothed in purple and fine linen is yet a repulsive object.

Into the Great Scheme of Existence, as first conceived by the Creator, money did not enter.

He made this beautiful Universe, and all that it contains was meant for the enjoyment of His creatures.

There was no millionaire and no pauper soul created by God.

Each soul contains the spark of the divine spirit, and by the realization of that spark, and all it means, whatever is desired by mortal man may come to him.

But wise is he who remembers the injunction, "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and all other things shall be added unto you."

Wise is he who understands the meaning of the words, "Unto him that hath, more shall be given."

Not until you obtain the faculty of being happy through your spiritual and mental faculties, independent of material conditions, not until you learn to value wealth only as a means of helpfulness, can you safely turn your powers of concentration upon the idea of opulence.

To demand, assert, and command wealth for its mere sensual benefits,

to focus your mind upon it because you desire to shine, lead, and triumph, is to play spiritual football with spiritual dynamite.

You may obtain what you seek, you may accumulate riches, but at the cost of all that is worth living for.

The merely ignorant, or stupid, or wholly material man who stumbles into a fortune, through inheritance, dogged persistent industry, or chance, may enjoy it in his own fashion, and do no harm in the world.

But the man who knows and who has developed his spiritual powers only for the purpose of commanding material gain, might better have a millstone tied about his neck. For he makes himself a spiritual outcast, and his money shall never bring him happiness.

Make, therefore, your assertion of opulence the last in your list, as you make Love first.

Call unto yourself spiritual insight, absolute unselfishness, desire for universal good, wisdom, justice, and usefulness, and last of all opulence.

Think of yourself as possessed of all these qualities before you picture financial independence.

For without love for your kind, without the desire for usefulness and the spiritual insight and the wisdom to be just before being generous, your money would bring you only temporary pleasure, and would do the world no good.

Neither should you labor under the impression that God's work is lying undone because you have no fortune to command and wisely distribute where most needed. Rest assured if you do the work which lies nearest to you, relieve such distress as is possible to you, and keep your faith in the ultimate justice of God's ways, that the world will move on, and humanity will slowly attain its destined goal, even if you never become a millionaire.



**A Bit of Homely Philosophy.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I READ a little story recently about a jolly little urchin who had been out in the snow all day. He was cold—his ears nearly frosted—his toes numb—his nose, well, wintery. He was tired and pretty well used up, and had about as much of a winter day as a little boy could well stand. As he came into the warm kitchen, his cheeks seemed all aglow, and the melted snow dripped all over the floor, from his clothes. The warm room felt good—and the boy felt good, too.

"Well, Jack," said his grandmother, smiling into his rosy face, "I guess you'll be glad enough when the weather moderates, and the bright spring weather comes again, won't you?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Jack slowly, "but you bet I'm going to get all I can out of Winter while it's here."

Little Jack had in him the making of a philosopher. He had grasped the fundamental principle of the philosophy of life. He was glad to think of the bright Spring days ahead, but he wasn't missing any of the pleasures of the Now, in dreaming of the future. He was getting all he could out of Winter while it was there, and when Spring came it undoubtedly found Jack ready to treat it the same way.

Jack was right, and we can learn a lesson from him. Some of us would have shivered through the cold Winter, complaining of the slowness of Spring's approach, instead of recognizing that there were some things in Winter that were good. We let lots of good things get away from us every day, because our eyes are fixed on the days

to come. We are always thinking of the better time that's coming by-and-by, and fail to take advantage of the things around us which we can turn to good account.

The truth is, that as in each season of the year there are good things as well as unpleasant things, so in each phase of our existence there are things to compensate us for the trials, sorrows and pain. But we think only of the unpleasant things and fail to recognize the others. We complain of the Winter cold, and sigh for Spring, forgetting that we, like Jack, could get much out of Winter, as well as out of Spring.

And then the Spring comes so much sooner, if we but interest ourselves in the Winter, and get all we can out of it. Time passes so much more rapidly when we are taking an interest in things. Time to the interested person is a very different thing from time to the one who counts each minute complainingly.

So let us go along making the best of every day—seeing what is to be seen, doing what is to be done, thinking what is to be thought, getting out of it all that there is in it.

In the humblest position—in the most unfavorable surroundings—in the worst times—there is something to "get out of it." Get it. From the humblest person one may learn valuable lessons. From the greatest pain one may gain valuable experience. From the dark, cold days of life, as well as from the bright, balmy ones, one may get much of value.

The incoming tide brings with it things of value. And the out-going tides leaves on the beach beautiful things. He who takes only the things that come in with the flood, loses the things left by the ebb-tide.

Don't despise any time or thing. Get good out of them all. "Get all you can out of Winter"—and you will be all the better, stronger and happier when Spring comes.

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