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# NEW THOUGHT

July, 1903  
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WHEELER  
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CO-EDITOR

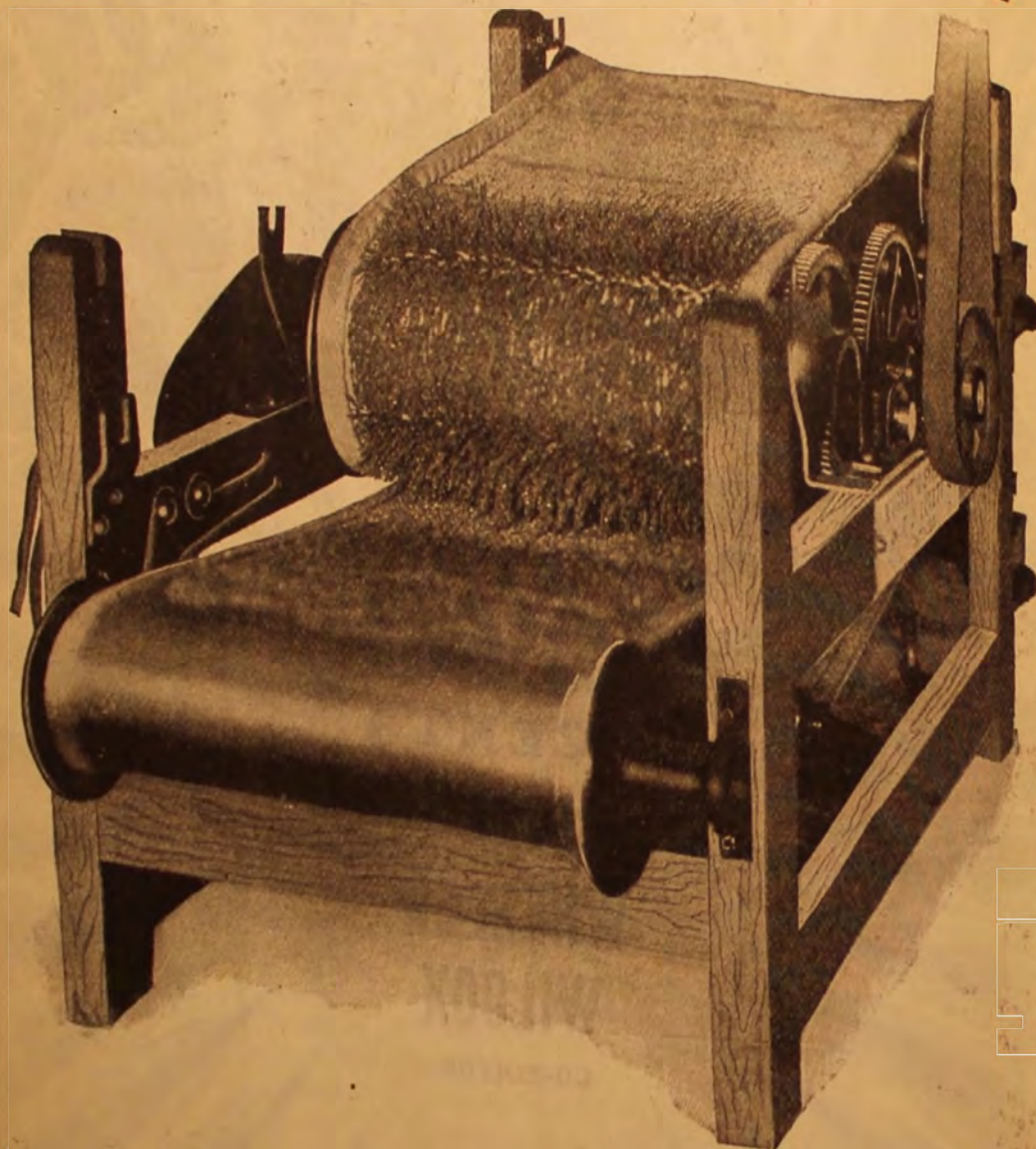
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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX  
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY  
THE HOWLAND BLOCK CHICAGO.



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PUBLISHER OF THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE.



# New Thought.

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No. 7.

## 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.

**P**RESERVE the right Mental Attitude.

\* \* \*

Thought manifests itself in Action.

\* \* \*

We are largely what we have thought ourselves into being.

\* \* \*

Fix firmly in your mind what you wish to be. Then move along steadily toward your ideal.

\* \* \*

You may be urged this way and that way, and seem to be making

no real headway. But it's just the Mental Attitude urging you in the right direction, along the lines of the least resistance, and in the end you will "get there," if you only keep your nerve with you.

\* \* \*

Don't let slips discourage you. If you go three feet forward and then slip two feet backward, what matters it? You are still one foot ahead.

\* \* \*

Keep moving along joyfully, no matter if you cannot see one inch ahead of you. You are on the right road, and have started into motion opportunities which will materialize at the right moment.

\* \* \*

Your mind is an electro-magnet. Turn on the current of Desire, and it will attract to you the things, people and opportunities needed for your development.

\* \* \*

Take one step at a time, and then the next one will be pointed out to you. The Mental Attitude is attending strictly to business, and is doing things when you are asleep or thinking about something else.

\* \* \*

You don't need to strenuously "hold the thought" all the time. Just keep a good, steady, general Mental Attitude, and do the thing that lies to your hand the best you know how, and the Mental Attitude will "do the rest."

\* \* \*

Earnest Desire, Confident Expectation and Joyful Work is the triple key of Attainment.

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**Royalty.\***

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WE get what we give. I have never known this rule to fail in the long run. If we give sympathy, appreciation, good will, charitable thoughts, admiration and love—we receive all these back from humanity in time.

We may bestow them unworthily, as the sower of good seed may cast it on a rocky surface; but the winds of heaven will scatter it broadcast, and, while the rocks remain barren, the fields shall yield a golden harvest.

*The seed must be good*, however.

If I say to myself without any real regard for another in my heart, "I want that person to like me, I will do all in my power to please him," I need not be surprised if my efforts fail to prove of only temporary efficacy.

Neither need I feel surprised or pained if I find by and by that other people are bestowing policy friendship upon me, actions with no feeling for foundation.

No matter how kind and useful I make my conduct toward an individual, if in my secret heart I am criticising him severely and condemning him, I must expect criticism and condemnation from others as my portion.

We reap what we sow. Some harvests are longer in growing than others, but they all grow in time.

Servility in love, or friendship, or duty, is never commendable. I do not believe God himself feels complimented when the beings He created as the highest type of His workmanship declare themselves worthless worms, unworthy of His regard!

We are heirs of God's kingdom and rightful inheritors of happiness and health and success. What mon-

arch would feel pleasure in having his children crawl in the dust, saying, "We are less than nothing, miserable, unworthy creatures?"

Would he not prefer to hear them say, proudly, "We are of royal blood"?

We ought always to believe in our best selves, in our right to love and be loved, to give and receive happiness, and to toil and be rewarded. And then we should bestow our loves, our gifts and our toil with no anxious thought about the returns. If we chance to love a loveless individual, to give to one bankrupt in gratitude, to toil for the unappreciative, it is but a temporary deprivation for us. The love, the gratitude and the recompense will all come to us in time from some source, or many sources. It cannot fail.

**Invincibility.\***

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

If we persistently desire good things to come to us for unselfish purposes, and at the same time faithfully perform the duties which lie nearest, we will eventually find our desires being realized in the most unexpected manner.

Our thought force has proved to be a wedge, opening the seemingly inaccessible Wall of Circumstance.

To read good books, to think and ponder on what you read, to cultivate every agreeable quality you observe in others, and to weed from your nature every unworthy and disagreeable trait, to study humanity with an idea of being helpful and sympathetic, all these efforts will help you to ultimate attainment of your wishes.

It is a proven fact that if we devote a few moments each day to reaching exercises, standing with loose garments and stretching the body muscles to reach some point above us, we increase our stature.

Just so if we mentally and spiritually are continually reaching to a higher plane we are growing.

Every least thought of the brain is a chisel, chipping away at our characters, and our characters are building our destinies.

The incessant and persistent demand of our hearts and minds **MUST** be granted.

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## The Communion of Self with the Deity Through Nature.\*

By Uriel Buchanan.

You have taken a new life departure when you have attuned the brain and nerves to feel the beating upon your system of the potent waves from the ocean of divine vitality. When you have become consciously responsive to the infinite forces which inseparably pervade each atom of your being you will know that a great cycle of preparation has rounded itself away and that you have made a breach in the mental wall which has kept from you the inspiring vision.

To behold the wondrous play of colors in the evening twilight or early dawn, to keep in constant touch with the creative power which brings forth all that is beautiful and real, to live in sympathy with the pulsating forces of nature, will open the heart to the magical influence of the divine elemental fire of sensation and wake an infinite yearning to understand the truth of being.

As you undergo the process of change into a higher organization of body and mind you will become more and more responsive to the caressing touch of the unseen hand. In every tree and plant and flower, in the panorama of landscapes and the vaulted heavens you will know that there the Infinite Presence is patiently and unremittingly at work, giving to nature every tint of coloring and beauty of form, and you will have more faith in the unity of life and its goodness.

To watch the processes of nature working miracles in plants and trees, to see the unfolding of buds and smell the perfume and sweetness of myriad blossoms, to walk in the early morning amid the sun-kissed foliage, with the mind free from care, will bring you in close touch with the source of man's greatest power and give you a life-draught from the Infinite Fountain. The heart of nature conceals a balm for every ill. He who is blind to her beauties and deaf to her harmonies must be incapable of responding to life's sweetest strain.

You have only to feel as a pure heart will let you feel, to know as your questioning mind will help you to know, and to do as your determined will shall enable you to do, in order to invoke the great powers of nature and to compel the

forces of morality and love to control and inspire. In this school of reality the impressional mind will understand more of life's deep meaning and catch visions of its hidden beauty and grandeur. You will apprehend gradually that new forces have taken possession of you, stimulating hope where there was despair, delight where there was grief, strength where there was weakness. The key to all the deepest joy is placed in every hand, and those who seek will find. Coming in whatever way, when it does come to you as that sweet perfect possession, charging every sense with palpitating life and the ecstasy of peace and love, you will become sentient to a new order of experiences. Your progress will never again be hindered by the discordant thoughts and selfish demands of those who would claim the victor's reward without the inevitable toil of attainment. You will push forward with purpose strong and will unwavering. Visions of future happiness and greatness will give strength and courage to let go of all things which have held you in bondage to the narrow horizon of fruitless yearnings.

There is an intensity of pleasure to one who lives close to nature and walks in solitude amidst the sun-purified hills. Alone with nature, man obtains peace and tranquillity and a sense of companionship supremely greater and more inspiring than can ever be found amidst the sway and press of the multitude. In the crowded cities man breathes burnt air laden with germs and poisonous fumes, and meets the rushing mass of humanity in its feverish struggle for wealth and material supremacy.

From the pure fountain of nature flows the perennial stream of energy which renews and invigorates the race. The master minds of every nation, in every period of the world's progress, have received their greatest strength and inspiration direct from nature, the great teacher and developer of mankind. The grandest achievements effected by man were conceived in the mind during hours of silent meditation when the intellect soared out into the solitudes of nature and gathered crystal thoughts from the fountain of truth and wisdom.

Votaries of fashion may obtain fleeting happiness in the gay functions of social life, man may forget himself for a time and find some degree of pleasure in the world's vanities, yet with the final awakening will come fear and disquietude and a sense of the artificial. While he who has sounded the deep silences of meditation avoids the shoals and whirlpools of life and keeps in the wide current of thought which expands to the sublime realization of Truth and Deity.



### The Limitless Self.\*

By Elizabeth Towne.

"Who are you?"

"Who? *Me?* Who am *I?* Why, *I* am the man who was five times elected Mayor of Podunk. That's who *I* am."

"And who are you?" I asked a rather ragged looking woman.

"Oh, I am the wash-lady," she answers.

"I am a sales-girl in the big department store across the street," says another.

I asked a little child, "Who are you?" and it answered, "Who am *I?* Why, why, I'm just *me*."

"Well, but what *is* *me?*" And he looks puzzled, and up and down, and gives it up. But he is sure he is *me* and nobody else.

The five-times-elected man has crystalized into a mayor; the woman who does washing has crystalized as a washing machine; the sales-girl has settled into a mere part of the great selling-machine across the street.

Only the child knows that *Me* is *undefined*, *undefinable*, *unconfined*, *limitless*.

But he doesn't *know* that he knows it. Consequently as he grows up he becomes so interested in what he *has done* that he thinks it is *himself*. He has grown legs and arms, a teacupful of brains, a little knowledge and a reputation, and when you ask him who he is, he thinks of himself as a mixture of legs, arms, brains, doings and reputation. He is *limited* in his own estimation by what he has done. He remembers it all. Every time he says "*I*" sees a panorama of things he has done, or failed to do. He is little or great, a failure or a success, according to his depreciation or appreciation of what he has done.

The child has forgotten his past. When he says "*I*" he defines nothing. He sees simply a rosy nebulous mist out of which worlds and other wonders may be formed. There is to him nothing formed and fixed. He is a glorious and untrammelled Reality and all things are possible. He is full of the joy of power and prospect.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and "except you become as a little child" you shall remain forever imprisoned by *what you have done and left undone*. This kind of prison is hell, where one grows not "in wisdom and in knowledge," but in *hate*—hate for himself and his "life." And his prison walls keep pressing in and in, and by and by they are simply the walls of a coffin.

And it is all so needless. One only needs to *forget*, to be again a child in the rosy mist of glorious possibilities.

Forgetting is so easy too. It is only a matter of displacing one picture with another, just as one paints a new picture right over the old one on a canvas. As the new one appears the old one vanishes.

Ah, it is *easier* than that. Memory is just the original stereopticon show, where the old picture fades as the new appears. Change the slide and presto the old has vanished from view. Keep on slipping in new slides and by and by the old one will find its way into the ash barrel and the ash barrel will be dumped into the bottomless pit of oblivion. Oh, it is *easy* to forget by *putting in new slides*.

It is our memories which limit us. If we didn't die once in a while and forget, we would surely curl up into something too insignificant to mention. As long as we persist in piling up our doings and misdoings in a great burden of memories we shall continue to be borne down by them to earth and the grave.

As long as we clutter up "memory's walls" with back-number pictures of ourselves and our powers we shall need to call in Death, the junk man, to renovate for us.

But we are learning—by and by we will get waked up to the desirability of keeping "memory's walls" *freshly* decorated, with *new* and up-to-date conceptions. This thing of hanging on to old things simply because they are old is not only silly, but it is death-dealing.

Our mental pictures are the source of our inspiration and power, or of our *lack* of inspiration and power,—all according to the style of pictures we entertain. There is no power or inspiration or wisdom to be got out of things that are past. He who dwells upon *fleeting things* runs on with the water after it has passed the mill-wheel,—on and on down the stream and out into the ocean, accomplishing nothing. The wise man stays by the mill and *looks for more water* to turn his wheel. If water fails he conjures steam or electricity—always something *new*. Always he looks *ahead*, not behind, for his power.

Why don't we do that? When all things are failing us why do we think of the time when we *used* to have water to turn our wheel? Why do we look down stream at the water that is past? What *good* will that water do us *now*? And does not the thinking of it simply fill us with despair and paralyze effort and common sense? Of course.

*There is plenty more power where that flying water came from. Look up stream, not down; and be ready.*

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Your mental pictures are your *only* source of power and wisdom. Your continued growth in wisdom and power depends upon your development as a mental artist. And that depends wholly upon quiet, wide-awake *persistence*.

Have you held beautiful mental pictures and worked faithfully to put them on life's canvas? And did you fail? Well, what of it? There is *more* canvas ready. You have learned by your mistakes. Now *wipe off everything* and take a NEW mental picture. Get away from the old one. Begin as if this were your *very first* attempt in all the world.

Relax your physical efforts for a time. Get limp all over and *let* a new mental picture form. It will be a better work of art than the last one—it will be nearer true to principle. We learn to make true mental pictures by making them. We learn by every one we make, even though the picture itself is smashed.

And by and by we learn to make such mental pictures as can be worked out without a mistake.

Success lies all in *keeping at it*. Faith and work will accomplish *anything you can picture mentally*.

When you cannot work a thing out just as you picture it, it is because you have not *looked carefully enough at your picture*.

If an artist keeps his eyes too steadily fixed upon the canvas where he is working out his picture he never makes a good picture. *He looks at his model, looks long and with joy. As he looks he sees something new.* Then quickly, lightly, with as few motions as possible, he reproduces what he saw *in the model*. If he is not quite satisfied with his reproduction he *looks at his model* again, and keeps looking until *it comes to him* just how to get the effect he is after. Then a few more quick, light strokes and success is his. This is what the *wise* artist does. The foolish one *keeps looking at his canvas* to see where his mistake lies; his eye is filled by his imperfect work. The wise artist fills his eye *with the perfect model*. The unwise artist, seeing only mistakes, is discouraged and incapacitated; while the wise artist *feasts upon the perfections of his model*, and is inspired to try, try again until he hits it *just right*.

### The Mail Order Business.

This little book, by Sydney Flower, tells how it is done. It gives a good clear idea of the best methods of conducting the mail-order business, which methods have brought fortunes to hundreds who have put them into practice.

### Second-Class Rates.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

The ingenious Mr. Madden, wearying of answering the letters that poured in upon him from NEW THOUGHT readers, demanding that he admit this magazine to second-class privileges, had a few thousand imitation typewritten letters struck off, and mailed one to each correspondent, filling in the name and address on a typewriter indifferently well.

\* \* \* \* \*

This was not very courteous on Mr. Madden's part, because a written letter merits a written answer, and a circular is a subterfuge.

\* \* \* \* \*

However, I hold to the opinion that Mr. Madden has not become fully possessed of the facts in this case, or he would scarcely feel justified in continuing a wrong.

\* \* \* \* \*

Would it not be a good plan, however, if Mr. Madden were to make it his business to possess himself of those facts? I had an idea he was paid for that sort of thing.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are not more than a dozen magazines in the United States which have a larger newsstand sale than this magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is capable of demonstration. This is a fact. Facts are things on which Mr. Madden should base his decisions.

\* \* \* \* \*

This magazine is entitled to second-class rates because it is bought at newsstands for the sake of its literary value by more than forty thousand men and women, and because it is subscribed for by the year for the sake of its literary value by more than thirty thousand men and women. Total number of copies bought and paid for each month—seventy thousand odd. Samples mailed in single wrappers—thirty thousand odd. Monthly output—a trifle over a hundred thousand copies.

\* \* \* \* \*

And this has been going on since January, 1903, and the newsstand trade is steadily increasing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Peradventure the gentleman sleepeth.

### Nuggets of the New Thought.

This book is a collection of the best essays of William Walker Atkinson and is a most popular gift book. If you wish to direct the attention of a friend or relative to that which has been of such great value to you, this is the book.



**Practical Mental Science.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

*Seventh Lesson.*

We often hear repeated the well known Mental Science statement: "Thoughts are Things," and we say these words over without fully realizing just what is the meaning of the statement. If we fully realized the truth of the statement, and the natural consequences of the truth back of it, we should understand many things which have always appeared dark to us, and would be able to use the wonderful power, Thought Force, just as we use any other manifestation of Energy.

When we think, we set into motion vibrations of a very high degree, but just as real as the vibrations of light, heat, sound, electricity, etc. And when we understand the laws governing the production and transmission of these vibrations, we will be able to use them in our daily life just as we do the better known forms of energy. That we cannot see, hear, weigh or measure these vibrations, is no proof that they do not exist. There exist waves of sound which no human ear can hear, although some of these are undoubtedly registered by the ear of some of the insects, and others are caught by some delicate scientific instruments invented by man, yet there is a great gap between the sounds registered by the most delicate instrument, and the limit which man's mind, reasoning by analogy, knows to be the boundary line between sound-waves and some other forms of vibration. And there are light waves which the eye of man does not register, some of which may be detected by more delicate instruments, and many more are so fine that the instrument has not yet been invented which will detect them, although improvements are being made every year, and the unexplored field gradually lessened.

As new instruments are invented, new vibrations are registered by them—and yet the vibrations were just as real before the invention of the instrument as afterward. Supposing that we had no instruments to register magnetism. One might be justified in denying the existence of that mighty force, because it could not be tasted, felt, smelt, heard, seen, weighed or measured. And yet the mighty magnet would still send out waves of force sufficient to draw to it pieces of steel weighing hundreds of pounds.

Each form of vibration requires its own form of instrument for registration. At present the human brain seems to be the only instrument capable of registering thought waves, although occultists say that in this century scientists will invent apparatus sufficiently delicate to catch and register such impressions. And from present indications, it looks as if the invention named might be expected at any time. The demand exists and undoubtedly will be soon supplied. But to those who have experimented along the lines of practical telepathy, no further proof is required other than the results of their own experiments. The series of articles by Mr. W. T. Cheney, now running in this magazine, will give the reader a very clear idea of what results are being obtained by earnest scientific investigators along these lines.

Beginning with the August number, I will take up the "practical" side of the question of thought-force, that is, I will not attempt to elaborate theories regarding the subject, or to furnish proof of said theories, but will get right down to business and tell you of the effect of the use and misuse of this mighty force in our everyday lives. We are sending out thoughts of greater or less intensity all the time, and we are reaping the results of such thoughts. We are affecting ourselves as well as others by the character of our thoughts, and we are being affected by the thoughts of others to a greater or lesser degree, varying according to our knowledge of how to protect ourselves.

This matter of the power of Thought is of the greatest importance to the world to-day. We have passed through the age of physical force, on to the age of intellectual supremacy, and are now entering a new and almost unknown field, that of psychic power. This field of energy has its established laws, as well as have the others, and we should acquaint ourselves with them, or we will be crowded to the wall as are the ignorant on the planes of effort. In the following articles of this series, I will endeavor to make plain to you the great underlying principles of this new field of energy which is opening up before us, that you may be able to protect yourself from those who have acquainted themselves with this great power and who would use it for selfish ends; and that you may be able to make use of this great power and use it for legitimate and worthy purposes, just as men are using steam, electricity, and other forms of energy to-day.

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**Lost Motion.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

WHEN a machine manifests lost motion to any marked degree it is gone over and repaired so far as possible, but before long the same old trouble reappears, and after repeated repairs the machine finally finds its way to the scrap pile. Lost motion manifests itself in rattling and banging and general unsteadiness of motion, which, besides rendering the machine less able to do the work, also causes a frightful loss of energy and power which is needed to run the machine. Power which should be used to get the best work out of the machine is wasted by reason of the lost motion. It costs money, time and attention, and ends in the ruining of the machine.

Our bodies—yes, and our minds—are much like machines. They run by virtue of the Life Principle within, and it is evidently intended that we should waste no power, but should get full benefit from every ounce of life force within us. Lost motion is foreign to the Divine Plan, and yet we are guilty of the greatest carelessness in this respect, and our bodies and minds are paying the penalty of our carelessness. I will not speak of the lost bodily motion just now—that will keep for another time—but will say something about the lost mental motion.

Our mental machines are suffering from lost motion and waste of power. You don't believe it? Well, let's see. Yesterday you had stored up a considerable amount of Vital Force and were feeling pretty good until something went wrong. You then flew into a passion, and away went the mental machine rattling and banging, and the steam fairly poured out from every mental joint and crevice. When you settled down

you felt all used up and weren't much good the rest of the day. Lots of lost motion and waste energy there.

Then some other day—in fact many days—you indulged in the foolishness of Hate, and all day long—possibly all week long—you were pouring out energy to no purpose, and your mental machine was wobbling and manifesting lost motion. Then some other days you were Jealous, and the waste continued. And almost every day your mental machine is set to rattling, and a frightful amount of energy is wasted by the Worry habit. When I see some of these worrying people they remind me of an old worn-out machine, rattling and banging and clattering and thumping, while the engine is puffing away at a great rate and using up two or three times as much power as would be needed to run a machine in good order. Waste, waste, waste. And it is going on all the time all around us. Sooner or later these wasteful practices are going to land you in the scrap pile, for that will be all that you are good for then. You cannot expect to keep in good order if you allow your mental machinery to run away in this style.

If you would but devote to some task, plan, work or pleasure one-fifth of the energy that you expend in a fit of anger you would sweep things before you. Never thought of that, did you? Well, it's true. Think over it a little, and the next time you feel like getting "mad," use the energy to some good purpose. And that energy which you are wasting in Worry—why don't you conserve it and apply it to something which you wish to accomplish?

Conserve your energy, and shut off the sources of waste motion, and you will be a perfect piece of mental mechanism for many years, and the scrap pile will await your coming in vain. Stop that lost motion!

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### Conclusion of the Second Cash Prize Competition (\$2,000 Award.)

BY SYDNEY FLOWER, PUBLISHER NEW  
THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

The gratifying increase in the number of contestants in this Prize Competition as compared with the first contest is evidence of the awakening interest of all our readers.

The subject of this contest, which closed May 30, was, "What Sentence of Four Words Spoken by Jesus Christ to His Disciples Most Nearly Express the New Thought Aims?"

The prize sentence is, "Be Ye Therefore Perfect."

I am afraid this competition was a little too easy for you, because no less than 769 subscribers to NEW THOUGHT have sent in the correct answer, according to the count of two of our most experienced women clerks, who have counted and filed alphabetically and by cities and states the postal cards of the successful competitors bearing the prize sentence. Inasmuch as the total amount of prize cash is only \$2,000, there will be of necessity a very small cash prize to each, and I have thought that perhaps you would prefer to waive your individual claims to the seven hundred and sixty-ninth part of the prize cash and permit me to bestow the whole amount where it is most sorely needed.

To this end I invite your attention to the following correspondence:

MR. FLOWER—*Dear Sir*—Will you pardon me if I take this opportunity of asking your advice in how to get help in my trouble? I will try and be brief.

I see you are a great business man. I am led to believe you have a kind heart as well as a good business head. Your writings indicate such.

I am greatly afflicted—am in great need of help, both physical and financial. Can you suggest any manner of help?

I have been in bed, flat on my back (with the exception of about two months last spring), constantly for nearly three years, suffering from diseased knees. In August, 1900, I fell and injured my left knee. At once I had to go to bed, have my leg put in plaster cast. Well, what I suffered for nearly two years no words can describe. My leg was amputated above knee. I was just learning to walk on crutches when my right knee became affected. I have now been in bed over nine months with this, my last knee.

We have always been able to keep even, and "owe no man anything," until this long

sickness. All the little we had and all our friends could spare us was more than consumed in the struggle to save my first knee.

Now I do need some money so much to secure the proper treatment and care to try and save this last knee. I am very helpless—my only leg in a plaster cast—and, Oh! so painful.

My husband is a frail, delicate man, but is very industrious and steady—denies himself every comfort so to supply my needs. But his wages are small—not enough to pay a trained nurse. Now, can you suggest any way to raise a few hundred dollars, to help me in my awful plight? I never felt the need of money as I have since my sickness.

Now, my husband is doing all he possibly can. If you can tell me of any way please do so. All I have said is the very truth, as God knows. Please write to Rev. C. M. Hill, 1428 Tenth avenue, Oakland, Cal., or Dr. N. H. Chamberlain, Macdonough boulevard, Oakland, Cal.

I could send you many other names, but no one would doubt either of these gentlemen's word. All I ask is that you do not publish me in the paper. Yours truly,

MRS. ADA DECKER,  
Dimond, Alameda Co., Cal.

P. S.—I have sent in two postcards for contest, one from a friend. But I am never lucky in this way. If I needed the money less, I might be.

A. D.

April 24.

MY DEAR MRS. DECKER—Your letter is just at hand, and I am very sorry for you. Indeed, you have much to bear. There is a way by which I could help you, but it would be necessary to publish your letter.

Glancing over the postcards which are coming in every day on the prize contest, I find that nearly ten per cent of them are prize winners—that is, have chosen the correct sentence.

There will evidently be a thousand prize winners among whom the \$2,000 prize money must be divided equally. I think, if they knew your story, they would unanimously vote that the whole amount of prize money should be given to you; and if you wish me to do so, I will leave the matter in their hands for decision. Cordially yours,

SYDNEY FLOWER.  
April 29.

MR. SYDNEY FLOWER—Yours of the 24th came yesterday.

I thank you for the kindly interest you have taken in me; it has cheered me.

Altho I feel diffident about having my letter published, the need is so great I have made up my mind to submit. I sent you a message over the wires last evening. Thought you would want to know by the 30th; a letter could not reach you by that



time. It will be a "God send" to me if you can raise me some money.

I feel sure if the prize winners could see me lying here in my little room month in and month out, with my only limb in a plaster cast; my knee paining night and day, with only the care an inexperienced girl can give me, they would be willing to give me their small share.

Have been in bed with this knee between nine and ten months.

My husband works in the city; is with me only on Sundays. If I can save my knee it will mean more than life to me. It is impossible to obtain the right medical attention and other care for such a long period unless I have money to pay for it.

Thanking you again for your kind offer to help me (God knows I need it; may He give you a rich blessing in return), I remain, sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) ADA DECKER.

Address me, Dimond, Alameda Co., Cal., P. O. Box 12.

You will understand, my good friends, that you have won your prizes, and I do not presume to dictate to you how you dispose of the money. I merely suggest that a couple of dollars will do you very little good; whereas the whole sum, \$2,000, if given in a lump to this afflicted woman, would materially lighten a lot that is sufficiently hard without the grinding misery of want. She is a New Thought woman, and she is entitled to your sympathy; and when your sympathy can take as practical a form as is here suggested, I feel sure not many of you will hesitate.

However, this \$2,000 is your money, not mine; and you must decide this matter.

I am ready to carry out your wishes in either of these two directions:

1. I can mail a check for \$2,000 to Mrs. Decker; or, 2. I can divide the \$2,000 into seven hundred and sixty-nine parts and mail to each of you a postal order to the amount of \$2.60.

I have an idea you will prefer to give the prize money to the woman.

In case you decide to give her the money, DON'T WRITE ME AT ALL.

In case you want your \$2.60 in cash sent to you, WRITE ME A POSTCARD TO THAT EFFECT. BE BRIEF.

At the end of this month I will deduct from the \$2,000 the amounts sent to those prize winners who preferred to receive their cash, and will mail a check for the balance to Mrs. Decker, together with a list of the names of those prize winners

who make the gift to her. She will thank you herself.

That seems to me the easiest way to handle this matter.

Always avoid unnecessary correspondence.

The next Prize Competition will be one in which there will be no chance of more than one person winning the first prize.

## The North Shore Reduction Co.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

I am sorry that we shall not have enough stock in this company for sale to meet the demand from NEW THOUGHT readers, but I warned you that only a few shares were placed in my hands to dispose of, and the attitude of the Directors of the North Shore may be clearly seen from the fact that they will not sell a share for less than par value to-day.

I should like those of you who are, or will be, stockholders, to see the machine working, and as you cannot come to Chicago for the purpose, I have arranged to send Mr. Frank Druiding to you, and if you can guarantee him an audience of thirty or forty people he will be pleased to make a few trips out of Chicago this month to meet you. All he needs is a room in a house which is lighted by electricity. He unscrews one of the electric lights, attaches his own wire, and so secures the power necessary to charge the rotary magnet.

He will show you a machine the like of which the eye has not seen for simplicity and efficiency.

You have read the prospectus, of course. That tells the whole story. If you missed getting a copy write me to-day and I will have one sent you.

And if you want to see this machine in action write Mr. Druiding, the Howland Block, Chicago, and ask him to come out to your city and prove the truth of all I have said in favor of this Magnetic Separator.

It's a wonder. You should see it if possible.

By the end of this month I shall have assumed all the responsibility I want to carry in the matter of refunding cash, if desired, to investors in North Shore stock. Consequently any sales of stock made after July 31 will not carry with them my guarantee to refund. Please bear this in mind and act accordingly.



**"Lead, Kindly Light."\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

**D**ID you ever think that being "led by the Spirit," as our old Quaker friends put it, was more than a fanciful figure of speech? It is a reality. And every one may receive such leadings if he will only open himself to the guidance. I am not speaking of "spirits" or disembodied entities, but of that little spark of the Divine Fire which is within us all—the Spirit.

In the inmost recesses of the mind of man dwells a tiny something which is really the center of our individual life, and which is the most real thing about us, for come what may, in spite of all the changes which may come to the soul, the little spark is always bright and unchangeable. Many of us are so much occupied with material things that we fail to be aware of the existence of this little monitor, although, if we will but allow it, it will guide us along the paths of material life just as surely as it will pilot us through higher planes. At times we are conscious of the reality of this Something Within, but then, when the trouble is over, we turn our backs upon it, and even deny its existence, calling it "mere imagination," etc. But it is a living fact, and in the degree that we recognize it and welcome its guidance the better we get along over the rough places of life.

This little bit of Spirit within us is in direct touch with the great Spirit of the Universe, and knows all that is going on everywhere. Occasionally we have a "bright idea" or an "inspiration," and wonder how in the world we ever happened to think of such a thing so foreign to our ordinary thoughts—just a little message from the Spirit, that's all. In times of trouble and dis-

trouble, when we "come to the end of our rope," how often are we seemingly carried right over the trouble, and later on awake and find ourselves still the same and quite well. We do not know what carried us through and are always puzzled when we think of it—just the guiding hand of that Something Within, that's all.

We are apt to be distrustful of the guidance when it comes. It is something outside of our everyday experience and we don't know what to make of it. But somehow we feel inclined to follow it, and when we do so we find that we come out all right. Many a thing that we have been unable to reason out for ourselves seems to have been straightened out for us, and, at the end, there seemed only one thing for us to do, and we did it, and the result was all that could have been desired. This is no fanciful teaching. The most practical, matter-of-fact, successful business men of the day could tell strange stories along these lines if they were not afraid of being considered foolish. And they do tell them—to their very intimate friends—sometimes. They do not know the cause of these strange occurrences, and are apt to think that there is something supernatural about it; but it is just as natural as any other mental process when one has learned to know just what it is.

Don't sneer at those who talk of being "led by the Spirit." There's much more to it than you have been thinking. The old Quaker was no wild visionary. He knew just what he was talking about. And—note this—the old Quaker was, as a rule, a pretty successful man—practical, full of common sense, and far from being a dreamer. Some time I will have more to say on this subject. In the meantime, think it over.

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**Preparation.\***

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

EVERY day I hear middle-aged people bemoaning the fact that they were not given advantages or did not seize the opportunities for an education in early youth.

They believe that their lives would be happier, better and more useful had an education been obtained.

Scarcely one of these people realizes that middle life is the school-time for old age, and that just as important an opportunity is being missed or ignored day by day for the storing up of valuable knowledge which will be of great importance in rendering old age endurable.

Youth is the season to acquire knowledge, middle life is the time to acquire wisdom.

Old age is the season to enjoy both, but wisdom is far the more important of the two.

By wisdom I mean the philosophy which enables us to control our tempers, curb our tendency to severe criticism, and cultivate our sympathies.

The majority of people after thirty-five consider themselves privileged to be cross, irritable, critical and severe, because they have lived longer than the young, because they have had more trials and disappointments, and because they believe they understand the world better.

These are excellent reasons why they should be patient, kind, broad and sympathetic.

The longer we live the more we should realize the folly and vulgarity of ill-temper, the cruelty of severe criticism and the necessity for a broad-minded view of life, manners, morals and customs.

Unless we adapt ourselves to the changing habits of the world, unless we adopt some of the new ideas that are constantly coming to the

front, we will find ourselves carping, disagreeable and lonely old people as the years go by.

The world will not stand still for us. Society will not wear the same clothes or follow the same pleasures, or think the same thoughts when we are eighty that were prevalent when we were thirty. We must keep moving with the world or stand still and solitary.

After thirty we must seize every hour and educate ourselves to grow into agreeable old age.

It requires at least twenty years to become well educated in book and college lore. If we begin to study at seven we are rarely through with all our common schools, seminaries, high schools and colleges have to offer under a score of years.

The education for old age needs fully as many years. We need to begin at thirty to be tolerant, patient, serene, trustful, sympathetic and liberal. Then, at fifty, we may hope to have "graduated with honors" from life's school of wisdom, and to be prepared for another score or two of years of usefulness and enjoyment in the practice of these qualities.

Instead of wasting our time in bemoaning the loss of early opportunities for obtaining an education, let us devote ourselves to the cultivation of wisdom, since that is free to all who possess self-control, will power, faith and perseverance.

Begin today, at home. Be more tolerant of the faults of the other members of your household. Restrain your criticism on the conduct of your neighbors.

Try and realize the causes which led some people who have gone wrong to err. Look for the admirable qualities in every one you meet. Sympathize with the world. Be interested in progress, be interested in the young. Keep in touch with each new generation, and do not allow yourself to grow old in thought or feeling.

Educate yourself for a charming old age. There is no time to lose.



## 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. N.**—This lady wishes to be told how to avoid Jealousy. All I can say is that Jealousy is one of the most unworthy emotions and is based upon the most undeveloped views of life. When one has grown to see things and people in their right relation, and have ceased to imagine that they "own" anybody, Jealousy dies a natural death. Jealousy always defeats its own object anyhow. You can't make people love you by insisting on it as a right. Some people smother Love to death. "Avoid the strangle-hold."

**W. M. U.**—The little child who seems to have no power of concentration, and who cannot commit anything to memory, may outgrow the trouble later on. I have known children who could remember lessons only with the greatest effort, and yet in after life they had good memories, and could then do many things in a better manner than could their brighter school fellows. Any man who has kept track of his schoolmates will see that many of the brightest have fallen by the wayside, while some of the dullards have achieved great success in all walks in life. Children, like trees, grow at different rates of speed—some slow, some fast. Perhaps this little one may be a slow mental grower, but will take a sudden start later on and make up for lost time. Don't attempt to push her too rapidly—I don't like nothouse children. Let her develop naturally. The kindergarten idea would be a good thing for her—and for all children, for that matter, and for many grown-ups as well. If there

is no kindergarten near by, you would do well to have the kindergarten materials at her home. They are cheap, and last a long time. Kindergarten methods teach children how to think—that's the important thing. The rest follows naturally.

**"A New Yorker."**—This correspondent writes inquiring "How to get rid of fear?" So many ask this question, although I have tried to answer it over and over again. The trouble is that you imagine there is some patent way of doing this thing—but there isn't. The only way to get rid of Fear is to *get rid of it*. Tell it to "shoo!" just as you would a troublesome fly. When you once realize the folly and uselessness of Fear, it becomes simply a matter of manifesting what you believe. But many of us haven't settled the matter in our own mind yet. We say that Fear is useless, and all that, but deep down in our hearts we have a lurking sense that it is a thing which, while hurtful, had better not be defied. We are like the devil worshippers in Africa, who, while thinking that the devil brings them all sorts of evil, still offer sacrifices to him, in order to keep him in a good humor—sort of a sacrificial jolly. And many of us are treating Fear as if it were a big painted idol on a pedestal, to which we must bow. Nonsense! There's nothing to be afraid of, unless you make it yourself. Fear never did any good, and never will, and there's no sense in bowing down to the old painted monstrosity. Kick him off of his pedestal and dance all over him. Don't be afraid of him, for he's only an old fraud—a great, big mental bluff, that's all. When you get to see Fear as a muslin-and-lath bugaboo, you'll have no need to ask how to get rid of him. You'll just let fly a broomstick at him and smash him once and for all.

**M. M. C.**—This correspondent asks: "What can I do to prevent mean and unworthy thoughts from coming to me?" It seems to me that when we get to a point where we recognize that certain thoughts are unworthy and "mean," we are on the road to getting rid of them. These thoughts are the results of old habits of thought which have not been entirely eradicated from the "habit mind." They will undoubtedly put in their appearance long after they have become unwelcome visitors, but you will get rid of them in time. If they are not encouraged, or made welcome, they will get tired of coming after a bit. If they are not fed, by encouragement or by fear, they will hunt some place where there are better pickings. Suppose you try the experiment of treating them as if they were old village gossips. You know these old gossips. They are usually women, not because men are any better, but because a man who would gossip like some of these women would be likely to be



laid up for repairs before he talked very much—women don't run such risks. Well, these old gossips will come around and visit you, and stir you up with their tales and scandal—but only so long as you turn a listening ear to them. As soon as they feel that you are not interested they will begin to feel ill at ease, and will gradually stop coming at all. Now, these "mean" thoughts will act very much the same way. Suppose you try it on them. When they come, look at them as sort of curiosities—don't get annoyed or frightened—but look them over from head to foot and see what miserable sort of things they are and then laugh at them. There's nothing that a mean thought hates as much as being laughed at, and a good, hearty laugh will send it flying out of the window pretty quick. Try it.

*S. L. B.*—Your railing at new ideas will not stop them. You cannot head off Progress by sneers and snarls. Better join the procession or get out of the road. You remind me of something which I saw the other day. I was walking down a crowded Chicago street and heard a loud, shrill bark of a dog, accompanied by the laughter of the passers-by. I turned and saw a trolley-car moving slowly down the crowded street and right in front of it an indignant yellow dog, who was evidently objecting to the car having the right of way. He was snapping, snarling and barking and manifesting to the extreme his intention of driving the car off the track. But it moved steadily on, and every once in a while the safety-fender would give the dog a jolt, whereupon he would become more savage than ever, and his bark would take on a more vigorous tone, if possible. The car kept steadily on, the dog running backwards on the track before it, getting a bump every few seconds, but displaying a courage worthy of a better cause. The motorman rang his gong and yelled at the dog, hoping to chase him off the track, but in vain. The car turned the corner—the dog still in front of it—and, the side street being less crowded, the motor man increased his speed suddenly. The car rushed forward and the fender lifted up the dog and carried him on in spite of himself. He was not much hurt—only shaken up a bit. He staid on the fender for a few moments and then, thinking the time for retreat had arrived, he sprang off and darted down the street, with not a bit of bark left in him. He had gained some experience and had made some discoveries regarding the nature of trolley-cars. I think that many of us are more or less like that dog. We see a new thing coming along, and we snap and snarl and bark, thinking that we can scare it off the track. But we only get bumped for our pains and often get picked up by the fender or thrown off the track, or perhaps even may be run over. You are just as bad as that dog. You fail to recog-

nize that Progress has the right of way and doesn't intend to give it up. Better stop your barking and stand aside, if you don't want to be jolted by the fender. Get off the track!

*A Student.*—This correspondent asks: "What are your ideas on love? Is the love between the sexes incompatible with the highest mental states? And does the latter destroy the attraction between the sexes?" Well, well! It is very evident that this enquirer is a man—no woman would ever ask a question like that. What men don't know about love would fill many volumes. Now, look here, friend; what do you mean by "love," anyhow? If you mean the mere animal attraction between the sexes, I would say that "high mental states" would be apt to destroy it, and that such feelings would be apt to destroy "high mental states." But, bless your soul, cannot you conceive of other "attractions between the sexes" except those built upon such a primitive foundation? Cannot you see any difference between the love of a Bushman and the love of a man of high development? Cannot you distinguish between the love of the Kaffir woman and the love of a woman of fine feeling and mental attributes? Now, I'm not condemning the love of the Bushman or the Kaffir woman—they are manifesting all that they can in their present stage of development—and yet I am sure that you and I know something better. Let us take, for example, the keyboard of a piano. There are a number of octaves upon it. Strike the lowest "C" and see how deep and low it is; then strike the "C" in the next octave; then the same note in still an octave higher, and then on from octave to octave, sounding "C" in each. Well, you notice the difference between the "C" in each octave, and the great difference between the lowest and the highest. And yet each is "C"—the same note, only an octave or octaves higher. Think over it a few moments, and perhaps, you will see what I am trying to say. No, no; high mental unfoldment does not "destroy" any good thing—on the contrary, it accentuates the good thing and raises it up an octave or two. Don't you bother about whether this thing or that thing is incompatible with the higher development. Just keep your eye on the development itself, and when you get there—yes, while you are on the way—you will find that the undesirable things will drop from you like the castoff skin of the snake. Many things will you part with—because you no longer want them, not because they are "bad." And lo! when you reach a higher plane you will find many of those discarded things awaiting you, ready to be again used—but the note is then sounded on a higher octave, remember. All things are good for our proper use—but no thing is good if it uses us.



**Being Good.\***


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 BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.
 

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I HEARD a woman say the other day, "Oh, this NEW THOUGHT is just the same old business of telling one to 'be good'! There's nothing new about it. It's just another form of 'Be good or you'll catch it'!"

Well, it all depends on one's point of view, of course. For myself, I see a great difference between the Old Thought "Be good" and the New Thought "Be good." It seems to me like the difference between telling a child that unless it does what it is told "the boogy-man will grab you," or, on the other hand, instructing the same child as to why it should do certain things and why it should not, and the advantages and disadvantages arising from either course. Even little children are quick to see just why a thing should be avoided if one will take the trouble to explain. Their little lives are just one series of hungry "Whys"—they want to know, and if they are not told, they will make up their own answers. Yes, the "Why" of the child can be answered in a better way than by telling it that the goblins will get it if it don't look out.

And we grown-ups are just little children of a larger growth. We are asking "Why" just as earnestly. And when we asked why we should be good we have been told merely that something would catch us if we didn't do as we were told. And so many things that didn't count were mixed up with the real things that we shouldn't do, that many of us grew skeptical and distrusted the whole thing, and started in to find out for ourselves, and obtained many valuable finger burns. Then we knew "Why?"

The New Thought does not say to people, "Be good just because we say so," or "Do this or something will jump around a dark corner and catch you." Instead, it has taught that the law of cause and effect was in force, and that certain results accompanied certain acts or thoughts. It has taught for the first time that it pays to be "good" because "good" is productive of greater happiness and well-being than the other course. It has taught us that we cannot injure another without injuring ourselves, and that murder is practically suicide. It has taught us that Hate is to be avoided because it is a poison which will inevitably kill us. It has taught us that Anger is a self-destructive process. It has taught us that malicious and vengeful thoughts surely return to the sender, injuring and harming him. It has taught us of the boomerang effect of certain kind of thoughts, as well as deeds, and we have learned to see the folly of such. We have learned to realize that a "bad" thing is "bad" in the same way that a hot stove is "bad" to the child who touches it—in the same way that wasps are "bad" to the child who fools around the business end of them. Selfish, you say! Well, perhaps so—but how about the Old Thought goblin plan?

And after a bit, as light dawns on the New Thought man and woman they begin to see the real relationship existing between people, and then they learn to be "good" for good's sake, without thought of reward or punishment. This is the highest teaching, but one must work up to it by degrees and by the experiences above alluded to. Yes, I see a difference between the old and the new thoughts. But it's all a matter of point of view, perhaps.



## Parent and Child.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

The training of the ideal Twentieth Century child—the moulding of its nature—the shaping of its career—begins before its birth, yes years before. And by this I do not mean to hold the mother solely responsible—the father shares the responsibility. We cannot well follow the old adage and begin with the grandparents, inasmuch as these good people may have passed into other phases of existence, or at least have already performed their part of the work of character-building for their descendants—be that work well done or ill done. But we can begin with the parents of the child, and this is where really begins the work of child-training.

To those who have children already born, awaiting the loving care and attention of the parents, we would say that this care and attention will do very much toward remedying the mistakes which might have been obviated by previous knowledge. But much of the work before the parents might have been spared them had they but realized the important factors in the well-being of the child that exist in intelligent forethought on the part of the parents. Pre-natal thought on the part of the mother is too well established to need much argument—but the real influence goes still further back of even that.

There has been much said of late regarding the utterances of our chief public servant, regarding "race suicide," and I have no word to offer in adverse criticism, but the suggestion referred to merely touches upon one phase of "race suicide," and there are other and more subtle forms of injury to the race being inflicted every day by ignorant and unthinking people in all walks of life, wealth and social position not having improved the character and intelligence of some people. To me it seems to be a question of quality rather than quantity and I trust that I may be pardoned for suggesting that what we want is not more children, but better ones.

Every child has a natural and vested right to be well born—to be loved into being. When one considers the thoughtless, careless, almost criminal manner in which so many children are called into being, and the terrible pre-natal conditions with which they are surrounded, he is brought to a vivid realization of the mighty law back of and in all things, working for good, and

which has brought the race to its present stage of evolution in spite of the unfavorable conditions just alluded to, which have been forced upon the children of the race by the immoral, ignorant selfishness of the fathers, and the ignorance and lack of courage on the part of the mothers.

Fatherhood and Motherhood are sacred offices—divine privileges—and yet many of us have treated these offices as a jest, or as a thing of which to be ashamed. We have sought to escape from our responsibilities, or have perhaps philosophically resigned ourselves to the inevitable and made the best of "a necessary evil," as I heard one man express it recently. That which is of the highest and best in our nature has been brought down in degradation and brutality. That which belongs to the highest manifestation of love has been made the accompaniment of selfish gratification. That which should bring forth the highest and noblest thoughts and aspirations in man, and the most loving and tender emotions in woman, too often brings forth only a brutal indifference or annoyance on the part of the one, and a forced resignation on the part of the other.

Every child has a right to be well-born—to be lovingly conceived—thoughtfully nourished before birth—cheerfully, gratefully, lovingly welcomed by both parents upon its arrival in the world. No other child is well-born. Think of the ordinary use of the term "love child," which is applied only to the little one whose parents have not been legally married. What a reproach to the married mothers and fathers of the world! Every child should be a love child—not in the usual acceptance of the term, but in fact. And yet to how few of our children can this term be justly applied. To how few of them is the greeting "Welcome" given.

The fathers of the children are to blame for much of this perverted state of things. They have been ignorant, careless and brutal regarding the well-being of their future children. And the mothers are not without blame, although much of their error may be attributed to deference to their husbands rather than to indifference. The women of the land are awakening to the truth, and by their influence are leading their husbands to see the mistakes of the past. "Husbands' rights" are being subordinated to the rights of the child. "Husbands' rights" are too often husbands' wrongs. Much has been written of late years on this subject, and men and women are beginning to realize higher ideals regarding the offices of fatherhood and motherhood, and the

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result is more manly men and more womanly women, although the former are showing a tenderness and consideration formerly almost unknown, and the latter are showing more independence and self-reliance than was formerly their wont. And the result will be a race of well-born children.

The object of this article, however, is not to tell men and women how to live, but to champion the rights of the twentieth century child. I am considering men and women only as they serve the well-being of the child. Much has been said to men and women regarding their welfare—let us now give the child a chance.

In the past, children were considered as secondary to the parent. The duties of the child toward the parent have been faithfully and persistently preached. But what of the duties of the parent toward the child? That is one of the live questions of the hour. The Old Testament teachings of the honoring of the parent are still in force, but the New Testament teaching of the importance of, and the beautiful love of the child, is just beginning to be understood after these nineteen centuries of preaching, but not teaching. The time of the child has come—its hour has been sounded by the clock of Evolution.

The child is brought into the world without being consulted—without its approval or consent being obtained. As old Omar, eight centuries ago, said, it is

" . . . without asking, whither hurried hence?

Oh, . . . the memory of that insolence!"

We have been in the habit of thinking that the child was greatly indebted to us for having brought it into the world, and that it should be correspondingly grateful, and that a lifetime of devotion on its part was but a slight reward for our services in the matter. Indebted for what? Grateful for what? Did we think of the child and its well-being, or of ourselves? In the majority of cases the child is here as the result of our selfishness—not of our love. In a few cases it is here because of the love of us, the parents, reaching out into the Great Unknown and entwining itself around the spiritual form of a little soul which we wished to come to us, to be loved and to love us. It came in answer to our appeal to the Infinite to loan us the little soul, that we might care for it, cherish it, and love it; and that thereby we might be made happier. But remember, in either case, it was all for us—all for us.

We owe the child as much gratitude as the child owes us. We owe it as much duty as it owes us. We owe it as much love as it owes us. The law of reciprocity is in operation here. The child owes us something for our care and thoughtful rearing—we owe the child much for having allowed us to be parents. We have given it a parent's love—it has given to us the supreme joy of parenthood. In either case, it is the debt of love, not the enforced penalty of duty. The entire relation between the parent and child should be based on Love and Reciprocity.

In the short space of an article of this kind, I can do but little more than to suggest a few thoughts to you, which I trust will prove to be seed thoughts and which will begin to manifest life and activity within your mind, so that they will in time grow and bring forth leaf, blossom and fruit. Let us hope that these few words will bring to some a realization of the great joy and responsibility of parenthood, and of the true relationship between parent and child, and the reciprocity which should exist between them. Remember that each little child which comes to you is not yours, in the sense of ownership; but that it is a little soul committed to your keeping and care in order that it may be helped as it progresses along the path of life. It is not only your offspring, but is a fellow-soul, a comrade traveling along the same path, destined to the same end. In but a few years the slight difference in your respective ages will be wiped out—and perhaps the child will be the one to lead. The relationship of parent and child is but relative and temporary—but there is a stronger bond between you—you are kindred souls—both children of the same Universal Parent. The little one is your brother or sister, as well as your child. Forget this not, as its realization will throw light on many a dark question of duty, and will help you to solve many a troublesome problem.

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### Mesmerism in India.

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Read this book and see what great works have been accomplished by this most potent force directed by an able practitioner. Dr. Esdaille blazed out a new path, which has been followed by all who since traveled in that direction.



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

PRESENTED IN POPULAR FORM FOR GENERAL READING.

(By W. T. Cheney, A. B. B. Ph., Rome, Ga.,  
Associate Member S. P. R.)

#### ARTICLE NO. 4—TELEPATHY.

In our articles in the April and May issues of NEW THOUGHT we treated of the work done by the Committee appointed to investigate "Thought Transference" in an experimental way—these experiments falling under class III., as given in the April Journal.

It would require several volumes to summarize even briefly all the experimental work that has been done by the Society's committees and reported by its learned correspondents falling under this class.

What I have given shows the character of the work and the degree of success achieved, and it would be but piling up more facts to continue on that line. Those desiring to study this experimental work more fully, and wishing to see the drawings, diagrams, etc., should write to Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary, No. 5 Boylston place, Boston, Mass., and get copies of the Society's "Proceedings."

We now propose to give briefly certain cases out of thousands that have been reported and investigated, falling under class IV. of the committee's report, to wit: "Where similar thoughts have simultaneously occurred or impressions been made in minds far apart, without any known means of communication."

The following case is one where the impression was conveyed at the same time to two different people so vividly as to cause them both to act promptly on it. They are people of high repute and well known to the Society's officers:

Lady G—— and her sister had been spending the evening with their mother, who was in her usual health and spirits when they left her. In the middle of the night the sister awoke in her fright and said to her husband: "I must go to my mother at once; do order the carriage. I am sure she is taken ill." On the way to her mother's house, where two roads meet, she saw Lady G——'s carriage. When they met each asked the other why she was there. They both related the same experience and impression. When they reached their mother's house they found that she was dying and had expressed an earnest wish to see them. (Proc., Vol. 1, p. 31.)

The following case is instructive as showing the telepathic action where the persons were one hundred and fifty miles apart:

On September 9, 1848, at the siege of Mooltan, Major General R——, C. B., then adjutant of his regiment, was severely wounded and supposed himself to be dying, and requested that his ring be taken off his finger and sent to his wife. At the same time she was at Ferozepore, one hundred and fifty miles distant, lying on her bed between sleeping and waking, and distinctly saw her husband being carried off the field and heard his voice saying: "Take this ring off my finger and send it to my wife." This case was verified and the names known to the Society. See Proc., Vol. 1, p. 30.

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The instance now to be given occurred while the agent was awake and exercising strong will power to make himself known to two friends who at that time, at 1 A. M., were asleep. The parties in this case are known.

When the agent met his friends a few days thereafter one of them said: "You would not believe what a strange night we had last Sunday;" and then recounted that they both had believed themselves to see my figure standing in their room. The experience was so vivid that it woke them both completely and they looked at their watches and found it to be exactly 1 o'clock. See Proc., Vol. 1, p. 120.

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In the following case the agent was asleep and conveyed his impression as an apparently objective reality to a wakeful mind. In this case the agent or dreamer was the Rev. Joseph Wilkins, a Dissenting minister at Weymouth, and endorsed by the late Dr. Abercrombie of Edinburgh, who was a man of the greatest scientific acumen:

"Joseph Wilkins, while a young man absent from home, dreamt, without any apparent reason, that he returned home, reached the house at night, found the front door locked, entered by the back door, visited his mother's room, found her awake and said to her: 'Mother, I am going on a long journey and am come to bid you good-bye.' A day or two afterwards this young man received a letter from his father, asking how he was and alleging his mother's anxiety on account of a vision which had visited her on a night, which was, in fact, that of his son's dream. The mother, lying awake in bed, had heard some one try the front door and enter by the back door, and had then seen the son enter her room, heard him say to her: 'Mother, I am going on a long journey and am coming to bid you good-bye;' and had answered: 'O, dear son; thou art dead.' Words which the son also had heard her say in his dream."



Later on in this series of articles we intend discussing "Hallucinations" and "Apparitions," under their proper heads, but in this connection, as illustrating some interesting phases of telepathic action, we will brief some instances taking place at or near the time of death.

The following personal experience was furnished by Mr. John Addington Symonds (who was a special friend of one of the committee. See Vol. 1, "Proc." S. P. R., p. 124): "I was a boy in the sixth form at Harrow, and, as head of Mr. Randall's house, had a room to myself.

"I awoke (one morning) about dawn, and felt for my books upon a chair between the bed and the window; when I knew that I must turn my head the other way, and there between me and the door stood Dr. Macleane in a clergyman's black clothes. He bent his sallow face a little towards me and said: 'I am going a long way—take care of my son.' While I was attending to him I suddenly saw the door in the place where Dr. Macleane had been. Dr. Macleane died that night (at what hour I cannot precisely say) at Clifton. My father, who was a great friend of his, was with him. I was not aware that he was more than usually ill. He was a chronic invalid."

\* \* \* \* \*

The following interesting case under the same head illustrates a vivid telepathic impression conveyed at a great distance at or about the time of the agent's death. It is an experience furnished by Capt. G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Coatbridge, N. B. I have abridged the account considerably, and those who wish to read it in full can. See Vol. 1, Proc. S. P. R., p. 124 and 125:

"I was at home for my holidays and residing with my father and mother. \* \* \* My bedroom was a curious old room, long and narrow, with a window at one end and a door at the other. My bed was on the right of the window, looking toward the door. I had a very dear brother, Oliver, lieutenant in the Seventh Royal Fusiliers. He was about 19 years old and had at that time been some months before Sebastopol. I corresponded frequently with him, and once when he wrote in low spirits, not being well, I said in answer that he was to cheer up, but that if anything did happen to him he must let me know by appearing to me in my room, where we had often as boys together sat at night. This letter (I found subsequently) he received as he was starting to receive the sacrament from a clergyman, who has since related the fact to me. Having done this he went to the entrenchments and never returned, as in a few hours afterwards the storming of the Redan commenced. He, on the captain of his company falling, took his place and led his men bravely on. He had just led them

within the walls, though already wounded in several places, when a bullet struck him on the right temple and he fell among heaps of others, where he was found in a sort of kneeling posture (being propped up by other dead bodies) thirty-six hours afterwards. His death took place, or rather he fell, on the 8th of September, 1855.

"That night I awoke suddenly and saw facing the window of my room, by my bedside, surrounded by a light sort of phosphorescent mist as it were, my brother kneeling. I tried to speak, but could not. I buried my head in the bed clothes, not at all afraid (because we had all been brought up not to believe in ghosts or apparitions), but simply to collect my ideas, because I had not been thinking or dreaming of him, and, indeed, had forgotten all about what I had written to him a fortnight before. I decided that it must be fancy.

"But, on looking up, there he was again, looking lovingly, imploringly and sadly at me. I tried again to speak, but found myself tongue-tied. I could not utter a sound. I sprang out of bed and glanced through the window and saw that there was no moon, but it was very dark and raining hard. I turned and still saw poor Oliver. I shut my eyes, walked through it and reached the door of my room. As I turned the handle, before leaving the room, I looked once more back. The apparition turned around his head slowly and again looked anxiously and lovingly at me, and I saw then, for the first time, a wound on the right temple, with a red stream from it. \* \* \* I left the room and went into a friend's room and lay on a sofa the rest of the night. I told him why. I told others in the house, but when I told my father he ordered me especially not to let my mother know. On the Monday following (communication with the Crimea was then conducted by telegraph for only part of the way) he received a note from Sir Alexander Milne to say that the Redan was stormed, but no particulars. I told my friend to let me know if he saw the name among the killed and wounded before me. About a fortnight later he came to my bedroom in his mother's house in Athole Crescent, in Edinburgh, with a very grave face. I said: 'I suppose it is to tell the sad news I expect;' and he said, 'Yes.'

"Both the colonel of the regiment and one or two officers who saw the body confirmed the fact that the appearance was much according to my description, and the death wound was exactly where I had seen it. But none could say whether he actually died at the moment. His appearance (to me), if so, must have been some hours after death, as he appeared to me a few minutes after two in the morning. Months later his small prayer-book and the letter I had written to him were returned (to me), found in the inner breast pocket of the



funle which he wore at his death." Here follows confirmatory accounts of the incidents, etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

The case now to be given is also one of a telepathic impression at or near the time of death, affecting both the visual and auditory sensation. It is furnished by Miss Summerbell, of 140 Kensington Park Road, W., London, Eng., who is personally known to the secretaries of the S. P. R.

The facts abridged are as follows:

"My mother married at an early age without her parents' consent. My grandmother vowed that she would never see her daughter again. A few months after her marriage my mother was awakened at about 2 A. M. by a loud knocking at the door. To her great surprise my father did not wake. The knocking was resumed; my mother spoke to my father, but, as he still slept, she got up, opened the window and looked out, when, to her amazement, she saw her mother, in full court dress, standing on the step and looking up at her. My mother called to her, but my grandmother, frowning and shaking her head, disappeared. At this moment my father awoke and my mother told him what had happened. He went to the window, but saw nothing. My mother was so sure that my grandmother, even at that late hour, had come to forgive her, and entreated my father to let her in. He went down and opened the door, but nobody was there. He assured my mother that she had been dreaming, and she at last believed it was so. \* \* \* The next evening they learned that my grandmother had been in court dress at a ball the night before, that, feeling unwell, she had returned home and after about an hour's illness had died at 2 A. M. (Proc., Vol. 1, p. 126.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. J. G. Keulmans is an artist and scientific man, of London and Paris, well known to the readers of the published literature of the S. P. R. and personally known to the officers. He has had a number of strange psychic experiences which are of record. The following, communicated by him, falls under the classification we are now treating:

In December, 1880, he was living with his family in Paris. The outbreak of an epidemic of small-pox caused him to remove three of his children, including a favorite little boy of five, to London, whence he received in the course of the ensuing month several letters giving an excellent account of their health.

"On the 24th of January, 1881, at half past seven in the morning I was suddenly awoken by hearing his voice, as I fancied, very near me. I saw a bright, opaque, white mass before my eyes, and in the center of this I saw the face of my little darling, his eyes bright, his mouth smiling.

The apparition, accompanied by the sound of his voice, was too short and too sudden to be called a dream; it was too clear, too decided to be called an effect of the imagination. So distinctly did I hear his voice that I looked around the room to see whether he was actually there. The sound I heard was that of extreme delight, such as only a happy child can utter. I thought it was the moment he woke up in London, happy and thinking of me. I said to myself, 'Thank God, little Isadore is happy as always.'" Mr. Keulmans describes the ensuing day as one of peculiar brightness and cheerfulness. He took a long walk with a friend, with whom he dined; and was afterwards playing a game at billiards, when he again saw the apparition of his child. This made him seriously uneasy, and in spite of having received within three days the assurance of the child's perfect health he expressed to his wife the conviction that he was dead. The next day a letter arrived saying the child was ill, but the father was convinced that this was only an attempt to break the news; and, in fact, the child had died, after a few hours' illness, at the exact time of the first apparition. (Proc., Vol. 1, p. 127.)

\* \* \* \* \*

The following narrative, falling under this head, is furnished by Mr. P. H. Berthon, F. R. G. S., etc. (Proc., Vol. 1, p. 131): "Some years ago, when residing at Walthamstow in Essex, my wife and self became intimate with a lady and gentleman who had become temporarily our neighbors. On one occasion, when they were dining with us, my friend and I, on repairing to the drawing room, not long after the ladies had left us, were surprised to find that his wife had been suddenly taken with a kind of fainting fit and had been obliged to return home, accompanied by one of our female servants. My wife, as a matter of course, went the next day to inquire after her friend, who then told her that the cause of her sudden indisposition had been the appearance, as if in actual person standing before her, of one of her sisters, who were then residing with their mother at Beyrout, in Syria, which had greatly alarmed her. Communication by telegraph had not then been established, and by post it was much slower than at present. Many days had therefore elapsed before the lady received letters from Beyrout, but on their arrival they conveyed the intelligence that her sister had died on the day and, allowing for the difference in time, at about the hour of her appearance to our friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

Omitting for the present any further cases of telepathic impression at or about the time of death, we will cite a few where the impression was from a person who is excited or in danger. (See Proc., Vol. 1, p. 133, et sequ.)



A widely known case is given in the life of the late Bishop Wilberforce, from which this brief account is extracted:

"The Bishop was in his library at Cuddesdon, with three or four of his clergy with him at the same table. The Bishop suddenly raised his hand to his head and exclaimed: 'I am certain that something has happened to one of my sons.' It afterwards transpired that just at that time his eldest son's foot (who was at sea) was badly crushed by an accident on board his ship. The Bishop himself records the circumstance in a letter to Miss Noel, dated March 4, 1847; he writes: 'It is curious that at the time of his accident I was so possessed with the depressing consciousness of some evil having befallen my son, Herbert, that at the last, on the third day after the 13th, I wrote down that I was quite unable to shake off the impression that something had happened to him, and noted this down for remembrance.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

The following account was given the committee by Mrs. Gates, of 24 Montpelier Road, Brighton, who is known personally to them, and who has had several experiences of telepathic impressions from her children. This experience is also confirmed by her daughter:

"One August morning at breakfast the well-known feeling stole over her of some danger to her son. She had a vision of pain and blood, and spoke of it to her daughter. The son in question, in a letter received a few days later, requested his mother to write in her next letter if she had had any presentiments the last week. 'We were going to Canal fishing, and I got up at the first sound of the bell and, taking my razor to shave, began to sharpen it on my hand, and, being, I suppose, only half awake, failed to turn the razor and cut a piece clean out of my left hand. The artery was cut in two places and bled dreadfully.'" This happened at the exact time the mother had seen her vision.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the discussion of other subjects investigated by the Society telepathic phenomena will largely enter. In fact, throughout the whole range of our study this far-reaching and unknown faculty will run as a mighty cable, as it were, to bind together into a homogeneous whole apparently dissimilar and disconnected phenomena. Hence, for the present, we will defer further discussion under this particular classification and will close by citing the student, who may wish to go more thoroughly into the subject, to the following investigations, all of which were strongly affirmative of this faculty, to wit: Experiments in "Thought Transference," by Dr. Guthrie, Vol. 1, Proc., p. 263; Vol. 2, p. 24; Vol. 3, Proc., p. 424. Fourth Report of Committee, Vol. 1, p. 1, et sequ. Experiments in, by Sir Oliver

Lodge, Vol. 11, Proc., p. 189, et sequ., and Vol. 7, p. 374, et sequ. Diagrams Illustrating Drawings and Reproductions of Thought Transference, Vol. 11, Proc., p. 207, et sequ. Telepathy as Explaining Some Spiritualistic Phenomena, by Myers, Vol. 11, p. 217, and Telepathic Hypnotism, Vol. 4, p. 127, et sequ. Researches in Telepathy, by Prof. Richet, Vol. 11, Proc., p. 239, and in Hypnotic Clairvoyance (same author), Vol. 6, p. 66, et sequ.

Experiments in Telepathy and "Muscle Reading," by Max Dessoir, Vol. 4, Proc., p. 111, et sequ., and Vol. 5, p. 355, et sequ. Experiments in Telepathy, by Anton Schmoll, Vol. 4, Proc., p. 324 and 5, p. 169, et sequ.

Address by Prof. Henry Sidgwick (of Cambridge University), Vol. 5, Proc., p. 271, et sequ., and Experiments in, by Prof. and Mrs. Sidgwick, Vol. 6, p. 128, et sequ., and Vol. 8, p. 536, et sequ.

Review of Dr. Gurney's work in Establishing Telepathy, by Prof. F. W. H. Myers, Vol. 5, Proc., p. 369, et sequ. Also Myers' Presidential Address, Vol. 15, Proc., p. 110, et sequ.

Telepathy Under Hypnotism at a Distance, Vol. 5, Proc., p. 559, et sequ.

Telepathic and Other Experiences, a Record, Vol. 6, Proc., p. 358, et sequ., and Vol. 11, Proc., p. 114, et sequ. "Comparison Between Chance and Telepathy," Vol. 6, Proc., p. 398, et sequ.

Experimental Studies in, by Schrenck-Notzing, Vol. 7, Proc., p. 3, et sequ.

Telepathic Experiments, by Dr. Thaw, Vol. 8, p. 422, et sequ.

"Telepathy and Spiritualism," Vol. 9, p. 225, et sequ.

Experiments in, Vol. 11, p. 2, et sequ.

Examination of Evidence for Telepathy, a work by Frank Podmore, reviewed by Dr. Newbold, Vol. 11, p. 147, et sequ.

Acquisition of Knowledge, by Mrs. Varrall, Vol. 11, Proc., p. 174, et sequ.

"Telepathic Dreams Experimentally Produced," Vol. 11, Proc., p. 275, et sequ.

Pres't Address, by Prof. William James, of Harvard, Vol. 12, Proc., p. 2, et sequ.

Telepathic Suggestion in Healing, Vol. 12, p. 21, et sequ.

Cases cited, Vol. 12, Proc., p. 33, et sequ. "Unconscious Whispering" in, considered, Vol. 12, Proc., p. 298, et sequ.

Sir William Crooke's Address on, Vol. 12, Proc., p. 338, et sequ. Also same author, Vol. 14, Proc., p. 2.

"Telepathy and Mrs. Piper," by Andrew Lang, Vol. 15, Proc., p. 39, et sequ.

"Telepathy and Pseudo-Possession," Vol. 15, Proc., p. 384, et sequ., and vide, p. 407.

"Telepathy from the Dead," Vol. 15, Proc., p. 410, et sequ.

"Psychic Problems," Camille Flammarion, Vol. 15, Proc., p. 422, et sequ.

In our next article we will treat of the strange faculty of "Clairvoyance."