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NEW THOUGHT

August, 1903

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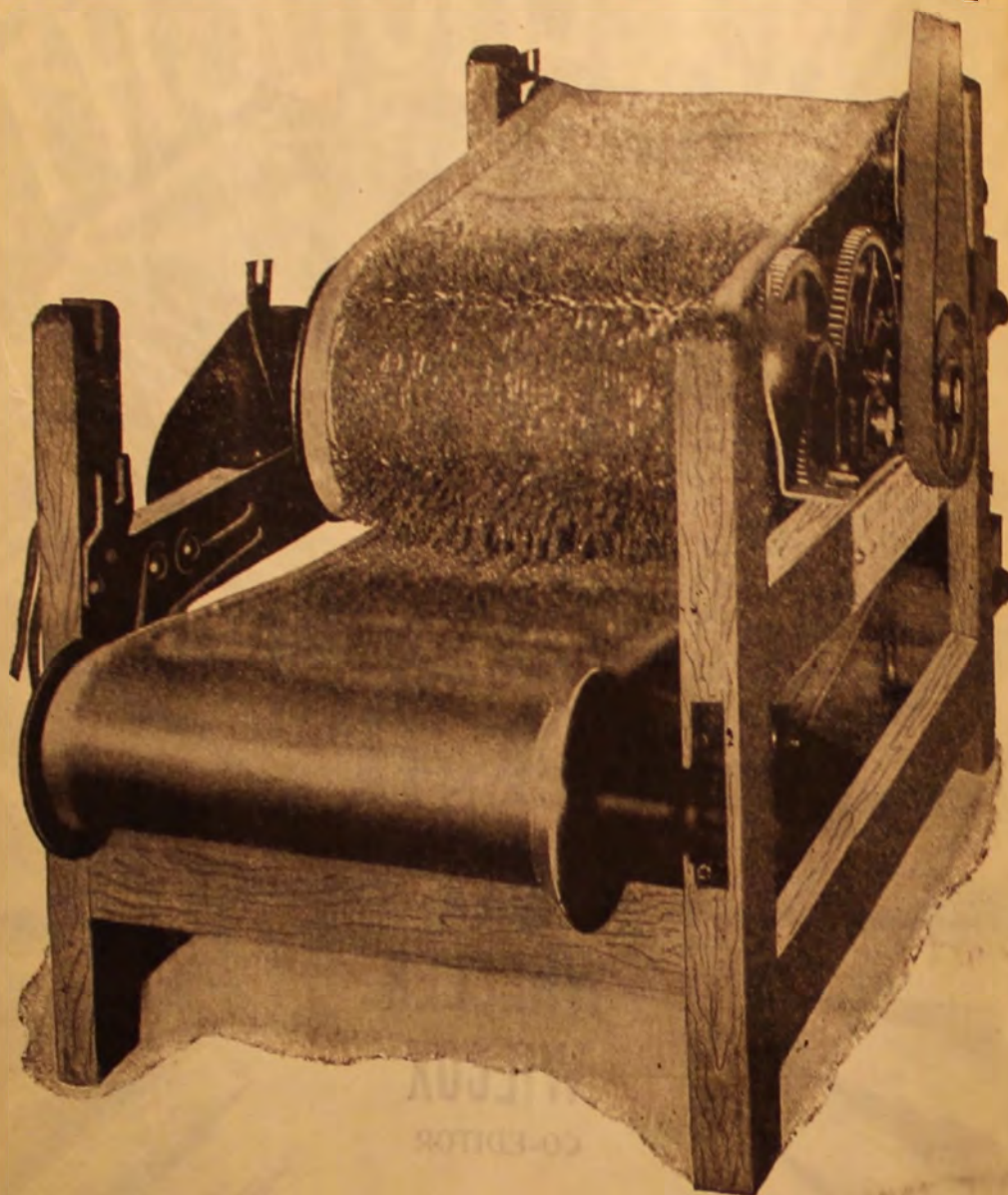
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY

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To SYDNEY FLOWER,

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per share, being par value of the stock.

Signed _____

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Very Plainly.

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Signed _____ PUBLISHER OF THE NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

Preserve This Form.

It is your receipt and guarantee. Your Stock Certificate will be mailed you direct from the offices of the North Shore Reduction Company.

New Thought.

VOL. XII.

AUGUST, 1903.

No. 8.

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.

LET your hopes, desires and aspirations unfold.

* * * * *

In every earnest hope nestles its potential realization.

* * * * *

The existence of a hope or aspiration is the best assurance of the possibility of its accomplishment.

* * * * *

Every hope is a prophecy of its own fulfillment.

* * * * *

The Absolute is not so unreasonable as to give us mouths to feed,

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with nothing to fill them—eyes to see, with nothing to be seen—ears to hear, with nothing to be heard.

* * * * *

Nor are we given hopes, desires and aspirations, without there being a possibility of their realization.

* * * * *

The fact that physical hunger exists is proof positive that somewhere there is food to satisfy it. The fact that mental and spiritual hunger exists is proof positive that there is in existence that which will satisfy it.

* * * * *

The hungry man's mouth waters when the odor of cooking food reaches him. And mental mouth-watering indicates that the bake shop is not far away.

* * * * *

Do not choke or smother your aspirations—but bid them unfold. Let the sun shine on them—water them carefully—that they may wax strong and blossom into realization.

* * * * *

The sprout from the seed presses this way and that way—forcing its way through crevices, going under and over obstacles—until it finally emerges from the earth and is greeted with the kiss of its lover, the Sun. And your hope, desire or aspiration will likewise press forward, bending and turning until it reaches that which will allow it to express itself. Aye, and it will also put forth roots which will draw to it nourishment and sustenance while it grows.

Obstacles.*

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

HOWEVER great the obstacles between you and your goal may be or have been, do not lay the blame of your failure upon them.

Other people have succeeded in overcoming just as great obstacles.

Remove such hindrances from the path for others, if you can, or tell them a way to go around. Even lead them a little distance and cheer them on.

But so far as you yourself are concerned, do not stop to excuse any delinquency or half-heartedness or defeat by the plea of circumstance or environment.

The great nature makes its own environment, and dominates circumstance.

It all depends upon the amount of force in your own soul.

You are robust and possessed of all your limbs. You can mount over the great boulder which has fallen in the road to success, and go on your way to your goal all the stronger for the experience.

But behind you comes a one-legged man—a blind man—a man bowed to the earth with a heavy burden, which he cannot lay down.

It will require weeks, months, years of effort on their part to climb over that rock which you surmounted in a few hours.

So it is right and just for you to call other strong ones to your aid and roll the boulder away or blast it out of your path.

That is just exactly the way you should think of the present industrial conditions.

In spite of them, the strong, well-posed, earnest and determined soul can reach any desired success.

But there are boulders in the road which do not belong there, boulders which cause hundreds of the pilgrims who are lame or blind or burdened, to fall by the wayside and perish.

It is your duty to aid in removing these obstacles and in making the road a safe and clear thoroughfare for all who journey.

Do not sit down by the roadside and say you have been hindered by these difficulties, that is to confess yourself weak.

Do not mount over them and rush to your goal and say coldly to the throngs behind you, "Oh, everybody can climb over that rock who really tries—didn't I?" That is to announce yourself selfish and unsympathetic.

No doubt the lame, the blind and the burdened *could* attain the goal despite the rocks if they were fired by a consciousness of the divine force within them; that consciousness can achieve *all things under all circumstances*.

But there will always be thousands of pilgrims toiling wearily toward the goal who have not come to this realization.

If there are unjust, unfair and unkind restrictions placed about them, see to it that you do all in your power to right what is wrong.

But never wait to attain your own success because of restrictions or obstacles.

Believe absolutely in your own God-given power to overcome anything and everything.

Think of yourself as performing miracles with God's aid.

Desire success so intensely that you attract it as the magnet attracts the steel.

Help to adjust things as you go along, but never for a moment believe that the lack of adjustment can cause you to fail.

The Mystery of Justice.*

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

THE endeavor of man through the ages has been to discover in the universe a law or intelligent cause which displayed interest in human conduct. Our imagination is inclined to admit, perhaps to desire, a nameless inflexible Judge, a more or less personal and unceasingly vigilant Being, who controls the world's destiny. Since the dawn of reason mankind has peopled the universe with invisible gods who issued mysterious decrees and directed the forces of justice to reward or punish.

With the evolution of thought we have endowed the imaginary gods with loftier conceptions and higher ideals. And there are many who no longer believe in supernatural interventions, but are still inclined to have faith in an obscure but inevitable Justice of the Universe, higher than man's ideal, intangible, yet omnipresent and all-powerful.

Is there a sovereign justice which sets its seal upon our thoughts and actions and rewards or punishes according to an inflexible moral law of the universe? If we observe the conditions existing in the external world, we will perhaps discover that none of the elemental forces of nature display the slightest regard for any principle of justice arising from moral causes. And if we sincerely study our own personal experiences we will learn that between nature and our actions there exists only the unconscious relation of cause and effect. The violation of certain laws will incur a danger corresponding to the imprudence of the individual, regardless of good or evil intentions. A person exposed to the elements on a very cold day, whether his mission be for some noble purpose, or to commit a crime, will suffer the same physical discomfort. The lightning-flash is not directed by an intelligent, angry power to punish the guilty, but will strike down the virtuous and innocent as quickly. Floods devastate and cyclones destroy without apparent purpose or warning. Innumerable instances might be observed to indicate that nature is absolutely indifferent to our morality. And the instinct nature has given us would almost seem to justify the triumph of the stronger, regardless of right or wrong.

But as we look deeper we discover in the human consciousness a psychologic justice which is superior to the laws of nature and transcends the established

social and economic justice. In the depth of our mind presides a mystic ideal which may be called the justice of the conscience. This ideal, though obscure and changeable, quickens the common social instinct and accords with the deep principle of race-fellowship. Slow as our advance may be, we are getting hold of right relation to the Supreme Power. This indwelling ideal gives us more confidence in the ultimate triumph of justice. It imbues us with a larger sympathy. It makes us more just and humane. We would not willfully cause suffering. We would deprive no one of happiness. We would make life richer and more beautiful to those round about us.

The laws which govern human existence, the subtle causes of happiness and sorrow, of fortune and misfortune, are becoming better known. And we are learning that the invisible justice which we have vainly sought in the material universe, reposes in the depths of the consciousness of every man. And though this principle within us may be helpless against the unorganized forces of nature, though it may not check the lightning, or quiet the storm or stay the hand of disaster, its sway is complete in the domain of the heart and mind. Every good thought or deed or earnest desire to become more noble and unselfish, transforms latent forces into the mind's purest flame. Our most urgent duty should be to constantly strive to adjust our material life and environment to accord with our inmost desires and ideals. In seeking to establish this desirable equilibrium we will discover the true relation existing between man and nature.

The word of kindness, the act of justice; an effort made for the good of another; generosity, love and unselfishness; the yearning for truth and beauty—these are things that shall bring out what is best within us and secure a happiness that shall be peaceful and permanent.

Thought Force.

This book still leads our book list. Its large sale arises from the fact that every purchaser is satisfied and recommends it to his friends.

Bible Year Book.

This book has helped many persons, and is a splendid book to keep on one's table for reference in moments of need.

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The Laughing Philosophy.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

SOMEONE has said "Truth has many faces, upon one of which is always to be seen a smile." There was once an old philosopher; who taught that there was but one answer to all the deep problems of life, and that answer was a laugh. People would come to him with all sorts of trouble, and ask for his instruction. But the old chap would invariably answer, "Laugh over it for a while, and the matter will clear itself up." Many thought him heartless, but some followed his advice and were benefited.

Sometimes I think that the old philosopher knew better than any of the rest. At any rate I have found out that there are but few things but have a humorous side as well as a serious one. And when we can see that humorous side, somehow the other features of the case seem less severe and painful. If we can only laugh at a thing—even though we smile through our tears—we are the better therefor.

I wouldn't care to live if laughter were abolished. My idea of hell is a place in which no one is allowed to laugh—in which there is nothing to laugh about.

There is an old Middle-Age tale about a monk who was so prone to laugh that he couldn't keep still even in church, so after he died he was sent to the lower regions as a punishment for his levity upon sacred and solemn occasions. Beelzebub took pity on him, or was amused by the smile which he wore when he entered the brazen gates, so he put him in one of the least unpleasant places in the whole infernal region. The monk started

to tell funny stories, and soon the whole crowd were having such a good time that they forgot they were in a place of torment. So Beelzebub was compelled to keep up the reputation of the place and ordered him to a chamber a shade hotter. But the monk kept on laughing and made the place really quite pleasant. Beelzebub got worried and kept on removing him from time to time, but the monk kept up his accustomed jollity, until at last he was placed in the worst dormitory of the whole place. But without result. He only got jollier than ever, and Beelzebub received applications from the people in the cooler dormitories for permission to go to the warmer apartments in order that they might enjoy the company of the monk. And this wasn't the worst of it. News began to filter out and people lost their terror of the "bad place," and were quite willing to be sent there. In fact some of them thought that they would even like it better than the other place—as it wouldn't be so monotonous. At last Beelzebub, expelled the monk, saying "Get out of here you rascal; you have ruined the place—you have made a heaven out of hell—and if I let you go on the place will lose its reputation."

And so the monk went to the better place, and Hades again became a place of torment, particularly as its occupants remembered the good old times when the monk was there, and their torment was intensified by the memory.

There's plenty to laugh about, no matter how sad one is, if one only looks for it. If you can't find any other way, do something to bring a smile of pleasure to the face of some one in worse trouble than you, and you will find it contagious, and will at last be able to smile again. Take a draught of the Laughing Philosophy—it will do you good.

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Ideals.*

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

YOU and I are artists. But we are prone to look too long and often at our canvas—the results of our efforts; and too little at our Ideals, which are the sources of all effort and power of accomplishment.

Let us take special times every day for gazing upon our models—our Ideals. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night should be daily given to special gazing upon *what we desire*. Then many times a day we should pause in our efforts for a few moments' study of the Ideal.

Choose for these sittings the same hour, the same place, and even the same chair, facing the same way. Let the chair be an easy one, but with a straight back.

Keep your appointments with your Ideal to the minute as nearly as possible. But if at any time you are unavoidably hindered, take the earliest moment possible.

And remember always that the matter of first importance is to *keep sweet*. To let a change upset you simply necessitates extra time and effort to get settled again.

Sit bolt upright, resting against the back of your chair, and in an easy position. Keep absolutely still, with eyes *resting* (not *fixed*) always on the same spot, straight ahead and slightly above the level. Do not get into a *rigid* state, but see that you *are still*. Aim not to move once during the entire sitting, which should be about half an hour long. Perhaps less to begin with.

Now, having disposed of your body, rise mentally to the highest heights you can picture. For instance, take your highest business ideal; picture it in rosy colors and *definite* outline. *Stretch* it. Make your Ideal just as large and fine as possible.

Picture out the details as plainly as possible. Make it definite. *Decide* just what you mean to work for and to realize. Let us suppose that you are a married man with a family of small children whom you wish to educate. You don't want just barely enough to send them to college on, leaving yourself a broken down and poverty stricken slave in the end. Neither do you want to remain a hack worker in a mean position and have somebody die and *give* you money to school your children with—whilst you keep on doing hack work.

You want to be a MAN, so valuable to the world that you can *command* plenty of money as your *RIGHT*. You want to grow in wisdom and knowledge until a more remunerative work will call you and be *glad* to pay for you. You want, say \$5,000 a year, to come *easily* to you as a result of your own good and *enjoyed* effort. Then you can hold your head up and enjoy looking any man in the eyes—*kindly*, as a brother and equal. Then you will enjoy *sitting straight* and being still and happy.

Keep filling in the details of your Ideal and get just as *enthused* over it as you possibly can. But keep your muscles relaxed. Rise above the body and revel in your Ideal.

There is a reason for this:—when muscles are relaxed they are in condition to be filled with power *from the Ideal held*. Tense muscles keep out the mental energy. Mind is positive to muscle, and *relaxed* muscles are receptive to mental power.

So loose the body and get enthused over the Ideal. Let your mental picture wake as much emotion as possible, for emotion is real creative force, and *creates after the pattern held in mind*. If you hold a fearful picture in mind, *emotion* creates it. Job said: "I feared a great fear and it came upon me." If you hold a beautiful picture, emotion creates that. Fear and joy, and all intermediate shades of feeling, are the *same force*—the soul force out of which all creation is made.

So I tell you to do your best to get enthused and exalted over your Ideal. Keep telling yourself that your Ideal is *you*, and that in due time you will prove it in terms of matter. If it is not *you*, what is it? Your Ideal exists *within* you, does it not? And therefore it *must* be you. And your poverty, or your work, your "conditions," exist *outside* of you, do they not? Then they are *not* you. What exists within is *you*.

Of course your "conditions" have their mental pictures within you too,—*pictures which preceded the conditions themselves*. In past years, perhaps in past ages, you have held with emotion the mental pictures of these very conditions. Hence their creation. *But these pictures have grown old*, as people grow old, and are ready to be laid away and dissolved in ashes. Every single day and hour you are dwelling with emotion upon more mental pictures which are to take their place, both inside of you and out. So I bid you take special hours for holding with enthusiasm the sort of pictures you *want* to create, instead of letting your mind perpetuate

the same old things over again. And I bid you put into this Ideal picturing all the emotion you can summon, to the end that you the more quickly and *vitality* create what you want.

Of course this is not at first easy to do. *Conditions* will come in between you and your Ideal—conditions which arouse fear; which is emotion, remember—your creative energy. Your emotion has habitually gone out to conditions, recreating them. And when you picture your Ideal it seems cold, dead and unreal.

But here is another place where practice makes perfect. Repeated efforts will soon switch emotion into new channels, permitting the old mental pictures to shrivel. And conditions will follow.

And the more *regular* the efforts the more quickly will energy acquire the *habit* of flowing in the new directions. There is enormous power in *rhythm* of effort. One soon gets into the *swing* of a new thought and it fairly does itself. By rhythmic effort one soon creates through the Ideal a heart-throb. The Ideal passes the period of gestation and comes forth into the actual.

Make light of the actual. Do not permit it to play upon your emotions. But exalt the Ideal. Glorify it. Accord it all power. Rejoice in it and give it your most loving thought. Return to it at regular intervals, and always enthuse over it. To yourself.

As to other people, keep mum. Many a man's Ideal is still-born because he wastes his energy in *talk*; and because he draws to himself the opposition or contempt of others. *Be still*; make no noise, except when there is something to be gained by it. Noises of all sorts *use up* your mental energy. In stillness power is generated. Be still.

After a few days of faithful practice at gazing upon your Ideal you will find your whole life changing. You will find yourself with more heart for your work, and things will seem easier to do. Depressions will grow less frequent and less profound, and in time they will entirely cease, and you will find new ideas coming to you about *how* to do your work. Then your interest in it will increase and you will begin to know the joy of the successful artist.

When you arrive at this stage you will wake some morning to find yourself making more money. And you will find yourself with a little real faith, or conviction, that in due time your Ideal will become real. After that all is easy—your Ideal will *live you*, instead of having to be carefully nurtured at stated intervals.

Between the times when you gaze specially upon your Ideal it is well to

forget it as fully as possible. Put your best thought into your work. But never neglect your stated seasons with your Ideal.

All life is growth, and a live Ideal is no exception. *Let it grow*. Stretch your imagination to take in all you can. When you find yourself approaching the \$5,000-a-year mark you have set for yourself you will find yourself wanting \$10,000. Now, don't accuse yourself of never being satisfied. Just rejoice in this evidence of spiritual growth, enlarge your operations and go in to win on a larger scale.

When you have got your children well educated, don't stagnate. Look within and find another Ideal to work for.

Your Ideals are God-given for use. Look eagerly upon them and know that they are *Life*.

You do not make your Ideals; *they make you*—if you keep mentally in touch with them.

The North Shore Reduction Co.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

(Publisher New Thought Magazine.)

This month closes up the advertising of the North Shore Reduction Company in the NEW THOUGHT magazine. As a stock-selling proposition it has been an immense success, but as an iron-producing, dividend-yielding investment it will be an even greater triumph. I cannot figure out how you can fail to double your money inside of two years. And if it is worth my while to hold on to a thousand shares of this stock for myself, you may be very sure that I look to this investment to yield me as much as 50 per cent per annum.

Upon the last day of July I withdraw my guarantee to refund in full to purchasers of this stock the amount of their investment at the end of one year, together with 8 per cent interest. I withdraw this guarantee because I shall by that time have guaranteed \$100,000 worth of this stock to NEW THOUGHT people, and while I do not consider it a risk, it is a liability of a value about equal to my tangible assets, and beyond this point I do not care to go.

You are therefore advised to make your odd purchases of shares of this stock before the last day of July if you attach any value to my guarantee. During August the remaining shares of stock will be offered for sale at One Hundred and Fifty Dollars per share upon the merit of this proposition alone.

The following letters received a few weeks ago from Mr. Smith, the president of the North Shore Company, will show

you that he is not inclined to waste time, and the letters make interesting reading. Note the points carefully:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 15, 1903.

W. S. Evans, Esq., Hiawatha, Kan.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of June 13 received and contents noted. In reply I will say that I have referred your letter to Mr. Sydney B. Flower, of the New Thought Publishing Company, who is the only person I know of having any of our stock to sell.

Thanking you for your inquiry, I remain, yours very truly,

SAMUEL N. SMITH.

MT. MORRIS, ILL., June 8, 1903.

Mr. S. N. Smith, 424 Andrus Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIR: As I am a stockholder in the North Shore Reduction Company, and may want to buy a little more stock if things look favorable, would thank you for answering a few questions:

Has the plant been installed? If so, at what locality?

Has work with Lovett separator commenced? If so, how does it pan out? What is the expectation for the first year?

I would like to keep in touch with the work of the company. How can I do so? Is there any publication for which I could subscribe which would give me the necessary information? Or will the company report to stockholders? Any information that you can give me regarding your company will be very thankfully received. Yours respectfully,

GREGOR THOMPSON.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 15, 1903.

Gregor Thompson, Mt. Morris, Ill.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of June 8 received and contents noted. I will endeavor to answer your questions in the order in which they have been put. Our plant is on the point of completion; would have been completed some forty days ago had a strike in Chicago not delayed us for that length of time. The machinery is all on the ground, including our steam tug and dredge. We expect to start work with the Lovett magnetic separator in the vicinity of Nipagon, Ontario. There is no guess work, at least not on the part of those who have been over the ground and those already on the ground, as to what it will pan out. I myself have discovered a large majority of our properties and have backed up my confidence in our proposition to the extent of every cent I have in the world. The expectation for the first year is that we would use our earnings in the installation of new plants rather than in paying small dividends. This you will readily see tends to give us an equipment from which we will get large returns for the stockholders in the future.

When we get our plant installed and at work I will make from time to time reports to Mr. Sydney B. Flower, which he will undoubtedly publish in the NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE. We also expect to make our regular reports to the stockholders and will gladly give any information that lies in our power to them at any time, our company being run on a wide-open basis; therefore, we have nothing to hide from any stockholder. I will refer your letter to Mr. Sydney B. Flower, from whom you purchased your stock.

Thanking you for your inquiry, I remain, yours truly,

SAMUEL N. SMITH.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 15, 1903.

Mr. Sydney B. Flower, care New Thought Magazine Co., Howland Block, Chicago, Ill.

MY DEAR MR. FLOWER: I was very sorry that I could not see you while I was in Chicago. Mr. Druiding can tell you how busy I was and you are well aware, I suppose, that I am not letting any moss gather on the soles of my shoes, being very anxious myself to see a little of that black magnetic oxide slide over the top of that machine and down into the scow. We are as busy as bees up north installing that plant, which has taken us some time longer than we anticipated, owing to our desire to have everything in tip-top shape so as to avoid all break-downs at some distance from a machine shop. Every precaution has been taken for the safety and comfort of our employees and to secure the most economical production. I am staying at home a few days, my correspondence having accumulated to such an extent that I thought I had better answer some of it. Then, you know, I wanted to renew acquaintance with my family.

Everything is moving along as rapidly as possible. So far we have made no mistakes. I am to leave next Sunday night for the north shore with the view of looking over one of our properties which, I am informed, contains a large bed of almost clear oxide. It is pretty hard to make me believe it until I see it. I am pretty well satisfied with 10 per cent iron, but of course if we can get something that runs 60 or 80 per cent, we certainly have a place we can put it all. I had the pleasure of a sail in our little tug a week ago yesterday. It is a beautiful working machine; handles perfectly and is just exactly what we require in size, speed, etc.

Enclosed please find two communications and copies of my answers to same.

Kindly let me hear from you from time to time with suggestions, etc., tending towards the more perfect management of our company.

With best respects to all, I remain, very truly yours,

S. N. SMITH.

Second-Class Rates.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER, PUBLISHER
NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

The recent investigations into the conduct of affairs of the Postal Service of the United States have disclosed a shocking condition of things in high places. It does not appear, however, that the Third Assistant Postmaster at Washington, Mr. Madden, under whose ruling this magazine is excluded from second-class privileges, is in any wise implicated in this scandal.

This chimes with my previously expressed opinion upon Mr. Madden's integrity as a public servant. That he has kept his hands clean of the loot and pillage and blackmail by which he was surrounded will be received as a matter for congratulation by his critics as well as by his friends.

Our disagreement with Mr. Madden concerns simply his judgment. He is continuing an injustice in denying this magazine the second-class privilege which he extends to magazines which have infringed, and do infringe, upon all and each of the Postal Regulations governing the admissibility of periodicals to the mails at second-class rates of postage. He is discriminating against NEW THOUGHT.

Admiration for Mr. Madden's personal integrity should not blind us to the fact that partiality and prejudice are grave faults in an official holding an important public post, and it is painful to remember that Mr. Madden has twice refused to accept this remarkable magazine at one cent a pound postage.

To be refused once provokes indignation; to be refused twice is faintly humorous. It is the light breaking through the cloud. If it were not for the fact that NEW

THOUGHT is a mass of resilient energy, bubbling over with life, light and enthusiasm, we should no doubt have fallen withered by the wayside under the blighting breath of a thousand dollars a month postage. But, as it happens, the amiability of Providence permits us to cover loss, and even increase in numbers each month, to the amazement and chagrin of the envious.

At the close of the year 1903, if our request for second-class rates is not granted before that time, we shall have the consciousness of having added about \$15,000 to the revenue of the Postal Service of the United States, being about \$13,000 more than the Postal Service of the United States is lawfully entitled to receive from us!

Gentlemen, on this long-to-be remembered occasion, confronted by the majesty of State, flanked by the beauty, wealth and intellect of this broad land, and backed by the influence of half-a-million readers, I rise, glass in hand, to propose a joyous toast:—*Our Country: Whether We Bleed For It, Or Are Bled By It; Our Country.*

New Thought Union Meetings.

The New Thought people of Chicago, representing some twenty or more organizations, as well as those who, Arab-like, will not organize (I am one of these last), have come together and have been holding some big Union Meetings. The big reception to Elizabeth Towne, at the Masonic Temple, on May 24, started the ball rolling, and the result has been great. The meeting on Sunday, June 28th, at Masonic Temple, was attended by over 1,200 people, on a week's notice. It was quite enthusiastic and inspiring, and the result is that Union Meetings will be held from now on on the last Sunday evening of each and every month, beginning with July 26th. Prominent speakers will address each meeting, and good music will be furnished. Place of the July meeting, and full particulars may be obtained by addressing "Secretary of Union New Thought Meeting," Room 600, Masonic Temple. (Enclose an addressed postal—the Secretary has expenses enough of his own.) If you live in Chicago, or vicinity, or if you are visiting in this city, you must attend these meetings. They are great. We will tell you more about them later. W. W. A.

Rescued From the Waste-Paper Basket.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I RECEIVE many letters in the course of a month. I do not answer them—I cannot. But I read them carefully—every one that is marked “Personal”—the rest the business department handles. And some of these “personal” letters are mighty good reading. Many of them contain things well worth printing—much better things than I can write—but they are not sent for publication, and then our space is all allotted.

But this month I am going to give you a peep over my shoulder while I read some of these letters—you cannot read the whole letter, and must begin and stop when I tell you. Here are extracts from a few letters received by me during the past month. I think they are worth reading. See what you think of them.

The first is from a woman, who has many things that most of us lack. But you will see that she lacks a few things that some of us have. She lives in a fine house—has beautiful things around her—and is no doubt envied by many. But hear what she has to say:

“Just back of my house, is a tiny cot, with a little mother and two small boys, and, oh, yes, a man. He is a brown-eyed fellow who wears his cap like a crown, and has black curls down in front of it, and a white forehead—yes, and a laugh that makes the shadows, here in my study, grow deeper. Well, lately, I rise early to see that little family separate in the morning. He carries a dinner-pail, and leaves at seven. That little woman—of course it is so plebeian, you know—follows him to the gate, and kisses him good-bye. Once, he went back and kissed her over again. They live in the rear, and no one sees them, unless curious enough to get up so early. She watches him out of sight. Once she sat on the little porch and there was a look on her face of immortal dreams, a something that means for longer than to-day—then she rose and went into the house to those boys. At evening they sit together under the vines, and once when it was quite dark I am sure that she sat in his lap, and I heard a soft, satisfied laugh, and looked up to see from whence it came—looked up, I say, do you understand. They are, of course, not in my set, so I don’t know them, and ought not to watch them, but they are unconscious of the inspiration they are to me—a weary, the world says, worldly, and sometimes it says, a heartless, woman. Don’t laugh—I want a

tiny cottage—and eyes, and arms, and lips, and laughter at dawn. I want to gaze up into a face eloquent with tenderness—eyes sparkling with love—strong arms and warm kisses at dusk from a man who would love me, and whom I could love. I want two boys, who look like their father. Oh, it is wrong to envy that poor woman in that little cot—but I do, I do, I do.”

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Second-Class Rates.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER, PUBLISHER
NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

The recent investigations into the conduct of affairs of the Postal Service of the United States have disclosed a shocking condition of things in high places. It does not appear, however, that the Third Assistant Postmaster at Washington, Mr. Madden, under whose ruling this magazine is excluded from second-class privileges, is in any wise implicated in this scandal.

This chimes with my previously expressed opinion upon Mr. Madden's integrity as a public servant. That he has kept his hands clean of the loot and pillage and blackmail by which he was surrounded will be received as a matter for congratulation by his critics as well as by his friends.

Our disagreement with Mr. Madden concerns simply his judgment. He is continuing an injustice in denying this magazine the second-class privilege which he extends to magazines which have infringed, and do infringe, upon all and each of the Postal Regulations governing the admissibility of periodicals to the mails at second-class rates of postage. He is discriminating against NEW THOUGHT.

Admiration for Mr. Madden's personal integrity should not blind us to the fact that partiality and prejudice are grave faults in an official holding an important public post, and it is painful to remember that Mr. Madden has twice refused to accept this remarkable magazine at one cent a pound postage.

To be refused once provokes indignation: to be refused twice is faintly humorous. It is the light breaking through the cloud. If it were not for the fact that NEW

THOUGHT is a mass of resilient energy, bubbling over with life, light and enthusiasm, we should no doubt have fallen withered by the wayside under the blighting breath of a thousand dollars a month postage. But, as it happens, the amiability of Providence permits us to cover loss, and even increase in numbers each month, to the amazement and chagrin of the envious.

At the close of the year 1903, if our request for second-class rates is not granted before that time, we shall have the consciousness of having added about \$15,000 to the revenue of the Postal Service of the United States, being about \$13,000 more than the Postal Service of the United States is lawfully entitled to receive from us!

Gentlemen, on this long-to-be remembered occasion, confronted by the majesty of State, flanked by the beauty, wealth and intellect of this broad land, and backed by the influence of half-a-million readers, I rise, glass in hand, to propose a joyous toast:—*Our Country: Whether We Bleed For It, Or Are Bled By It; Our Country.*

New Thought Union Meetings.

The New Thought people of Chicago, representing some twenty or more organizations, as well as those who, Arab-like, will not organize (I am one of these last), have come together and have been holding some big Union Meetings. The big reception to Elizabeth Towne, at the Masonic Temple, on May 24, started the ball rolling, and the result has been great. The meeting on Sunday, June 28th, at Masonic Temple, was attended by over 1,200 people, on a week's notice. It was quite enthusiastic and inspiring, and the result is that Union Meetings will be held from now on on the last Sunday evening of each and every month, beginning with July 26th. Prominent speakers will address each meeting, and good music will be furnished. Place of the July meeting, and full particulars may be obtained by addressing "Secretary of Union New Thought Meeting," Room 600, Masonic Temple. (Enclose an addressed postal—the Secretary has expenses enough of his own.) If you live in Chicago, or vicinity, or if you are visiting in this city, you must attend these meetings. They are great. We will tell you more about them later.

W. W. A.

Rescued From the Waste-Paper Basket.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I RECEIVE many letters in the course of a month. I do not answer them—I cannot. But I read them carefully—every one that is marked “Personal”—the rest the business department handles. And some of these “personal” letters are mighty good reading. Many of them contain things well worth printing—much better things than I can write—but they are not sent for publication, and then our space is all allotted.

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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.

J. R.—This correspondent asks "How New Thought promulgates the doctrine of transmigration of souls?" I answered a similar question a few months ago, and if *J. R.* had been reading the "Letter Box" closely he would not have asked me the question over again. Well, New Thought does not teach the doctrine alluded to, nor any other of its kind. It allows every one the privilege of his or her own opinion and judgment on these matters, believing that there is more or less truth in all views, and that none of the views contain all the truth. Follow your own light, brother, and no matter how much you may differ from another New Thought student, he will respect your views and not wish to read you out of the circle. New Thought has no creed or dogmas, and consequently it has no heretics. It has no ironclad rules to which all must conform or get out. It does not wish to stifle independent thought—but seeks to encourage it. It does not wish to mould all its followers into one shape—but its chief glory is that it is composed of individuals, each standing on his own feet and doing the best he knows how. New Thought people are not cut from a regulation pattern, and, in fact, I never met two of them just alike, and I hope I never will, for then I would begin to think that crystallization had set in and that New Thought was to go the way of the rest of the fossils, and that individuals had better pack up and get out. By the way, friend, do you mean "transmigration" or "reincarnation"? The two words have entirely different meanings, you know.

Reader.—You ask whether I think it right to cultivate beauty and whether I think it one's duty to do so? First of all, I don't like to tell people to do things from a sense of duty. Duty always seems to me so much like a forced thing. I like things that are done naturally and spontaneously—that unfold as does the rose. People who do things from merely a sense of duty, often do the things because they are afraid of adverse criticism if they should leave them undone—and are consequently not much better for the doing. I like the idea of people doing good things because they want to do them—that is real growth. But to get back to Beauty: why shouldn't one cultivate any good thing? and isn't Beauty a good thing? Of course, there are all kinds of beauty—physical beauty, mental beauty, and beauty of the soul. I like the last, perhaps, best of all; but they are all good. Just turn the question around and ask, "Should I cultivate ugliness, and do you think it one's duty to do so?" Doesn't that reversed question give you your answer? But, my dear girl (I guess it's a girl, although she does not sign her name), don't you go about cultivating beauty by plastering your face over with face-powder and then daubing red paint on your cheeks, and pencilling your eyebrows and reddening your lips. Carry a little powder-cloth if you will, but confine its work to taking the shine off your nose, and don't make of your face a work of art. I told you a few months ago that Beauty came largely from within—that beautiful thoughts reflected themselves in the shape of a beautiful face. I have known people's faces to be made beautiful by a changed habit of thought, and I have seen originally beautiful faces ruined by negative habits of thought. Keep your beautiful human body clean, internally and externally—breathe plenty of fresh air—drink plenty of pure water—eat sensible food—let the sun shine on you—and think beautiful thoughts—and Beauty and you will be soul-mates. Now run along, little girl, and cultivate beauty to your heart's content, and don't bother about whether it is your duty or not—you know very well that you wanted to, and were just a little afraid that it might not be worthy of one of the higher thought, now weren't you?

B. S. F.—You ask whether I consider it possible for an uncultured mind to appreciate beautiful things. Certainly I do. There's many a beautiful soul which has only an uncultured mind to work with—and the beautiful soul will reach out for the beautiful things in spite of the uncultured mind. I have not space to go into the subject at any length, but let me tell you a little story. Yesterday I spoke at the "Truth Student's" meeting in Chicago.

After the meeting one of the officers gave me a bunch of flowers which had been sent to the meeting by a friend. They were country flowers—the real thing—not hot-house productions with an air of ennui about them. On my way home I stopped on a corner awaiting a street car. A ragged, dirty-faced little newsgirl was also on the corner, and she became so much interested in my flowers that she forgot to cry her papers. Noticing that her eyes were fastened upon a particularly fine rose, I took it from the bunch and without a word handed it to her. She did not say "Thank you"—she didn't know how—but she thanked me with her eyes. A friend passing along, caused me to walk out of my way for several blocks, and it was some time before I again reached the corner where the car passed. When I returned, I saw the little girl still selling her papers, but with the rose tightly clutched in her little fist and the little hand pressed close up against her breast. Every once in a while she would look at it intently—would press it to her cheek and to her lips. She saw the real beauty of the flower and loved it. Later on, in the car, I saw a woman of "cultured mind," with a magnificent bouquet of hothouse flowers, which some admirer had doubtless given her. They were nothing to her but a bunch of color—I could see that she didn't realize their beauty—she didn't *feel* those flowers. Query: Which showed the greatest appreciation of the beautiful thing, the uncultured newschild or the cultured woman of fashion? You may object that the latter had not real culture—but she had what passed for it. And some may say that the newsgirl had real culture. Maybe she had, but she had not got the credit of it. What is "culture," anyway? I don't know, do you?

Marguerite.—This correspondent takes issue with me regarding certain answers given by me in this column. She proceeds to pierce my armor with a well sharpened lance and I am still suffering from the wounds which she has bestowed upon me. Alas! that such fair hands should handle such a deadly weapon. She writes:

"There is something so graceful, elegant and *safe* in the scheme of love enunciated by you in your answers to correspondents in the Letter Box. So freezingly refined are its Platonic prescriptions that I find myself wondering whether it were not wisdom to adopt them—just to freeze to them, as it were. Your plan contains so much that is white-souled, calm, serene, placid and well defined that it must be secure, hence desirable. It makes me think of a sanctified plunge-bath in a tub of ice water, or of a damp undershirt on an anæmic body. Its breath would leave frost on the window-pane. I am afraid that too much New

Thinking bath made thee mad, friend William, and hath sent thee chasing after rainbow ends. Away with a love that can be weighed, measured, analyzed or defined. Give me the kind that can pick a fellow up quicker, lift him higher and throw him down harder than a Cheyenne broncho could do while exercising his greatest talent or using his highest privilege. I want the kind in which a touch, a sigh, a glance, sets the blood on fire and makes one drunk with love and glad of it. Such a love, compared to your bloodless conception, is like the distillation of the yellow corn, with its diamond studded plumes, on our south-wind warmed plains when compared to pink lemonade. When I read what you say about love I feel like one who has dined on vinegar and tenpenny nails. Your idea is as bloodless and frozen as a Boston spinster or a Nebraska blizzard. The thing that you speak of so calmly and philosophically is the only thing worth living for—the only thing that satisfies, blesses, crowns and inspires—that is complete in itself—that completes Man—that lifts up, enlightens and broadens—and yet which *you* would carelessly throw away as worthless—Physical Love. Only to the mortal is this great gift given. Nowhere else, in all the spheres, can this transcendent bliss be found. Spiritual gifts—mental attainments or acquisition—intellectual quests—high aspiration—fine ideals—with all their flattering promises, fail utterly, and leave the disembodied to learn that the bade of immortality is lack of the physical body. One hour of love, in the flesh is, compared to spirit-life, as the chain of gold to the rope of sand. This chalice of sanctified joy is passed but by mortal hands, and its wine creeps, like a subtle perfume, through the senses, filling the brain with madness and the heart with fire. And without the fleshly tenement this is impossible. No, no, William Walker, I want none of your prescriptions for love. You would have me barter rich, golden Jersey cream for the skim-milk of your transcendental philosophy. Get thee to a monastery—get!"

Respectfully submitted without argument. The good sister writes like either a very young woman dreaming of the future, or a very old woman dreaming of the past—a Mary McLane sighing for the devil, or a dowager duchess writing her memoirs. But, bless her heart, perhaps I *have* been offering you a desiccated article instead of the real thing. I guess that in this, as in everything else, Truth is to be found walking in the middle of the road—that the real thing always lies midway between the two extremes. The pendulum swings far to the right—far to the left—but sooner or later comes to rest right in the center. Again, I would say: All things are good to be used by us, but no thing is good enough to use us.

Practical Mental Science.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Eighth Lesson.

I TOLD you last month that we are constantly sending out thoughts of greater or less intensity, and we are reaping the results of such thoughts. We are affecting ourselves and others by the character of our thoughts, and we are being affected by the thoughts of others, to a greater or lesser degree, according to the mental keynote being sounded by ourselves.

We are largely what we have thought ourselves into being, the balance being represented by the character of the suggestions and thought of others, which have reached us either directly by verbal suggestion, or telepathically by means of the thought waves being sent out by the minds of others. Our general mental attitude, however, determines the character of the thought waves received from others as well as the thoughts emanating from ourselves. We receive only such thoughts as are in harmony with the general mental attitude held by ourselves, the thoughts not in harmony with our general mental attitude affecting us very little, as they awaken no response in us.

The man who believes thoroughly in himself and maintains a positive strong mental attitude of Confidence and Determination is not likely to be affected by the adverse and negative thoughts of Discouragement and Failure emanating from the minds of other persons in whom these last qualities predominate. At the same time these negative thoughts, if they reach one whose mental attitude is pitched on a low key, deepen his negative state and add fuel to the fire which is consuming his strength, or, if you prefer this figure, serve to further smother the fire of his energy and activity.

You will be able to carry this idea more clearly if you will think of the Marconi wireless instruments, which receive the vibrations only from the sending instrument which has been attuned to the same key, while other telegrams are passing through the air in near vicinity without affecting the instrument. The same law applies to the operations of thought. We receive only that which corresponds to our mental attunement. If we have been discouraged, we may rest assured that we have dropped into

a negative key, and have been affected not only by our own thoughts, but have also received the added depressing thoughts of similar character which are constantly being sent out from the minds of other unfortunates who have not yet learned the law of thought. And if we occasionally rise to heights of enthusiasm and energy, how quickly we feel the inflow of the courageous, daring, energetic, positive thoughts being sent out by the live men and women of the world. We recognize this without much trouble when we come in personal contact with people and feel their vibrations, depressing or invigorating, as the case may be. But the same law operates when we are not in their presence, although less strongly.

There are more people on the negative plane of thought than on the positive plane, and consequently there are more negative thought vibrations in operation in our mental atmosphere. But, happily for us, this is counterbalanced by the fact that a positive thought is infinitely more powerful than a negative one, and if by force of will we raise ourselves to a higher mental key, we can shut out the depressing thoughts and may take up the vibrations corresponding with our changed mental attitude. This is one of the secrets of the affirmations and auto-suggestions used by the several schools of Mental Science and other New Thought cults. There is no particular merit in affirmations of themselves, but they serve a two-fold purpose. (1) They tend to establish new mental attitudes within us, and act wonderfully in the direction of character building—the science of making oneself over; (2) they tend to raise the mental keynote so that we may get the benefit of the positive thought waves of others on the same plane of thought.

We are constantly making affirmations, whether or not we believe in them. The man who asserts that he can and will do a thing—and asserts it earnestly—develops in himself the qualities conducive to the well doing of that thing, and at the same time places his mind in the proper key to receive all the thought waves likely to help him in the doing. If one, on the other hand, says and feels that he is going to fail, he will choke and smother the thoughts coming from his own sub-conscious mentality which are intended to help him, and at the same time will place himself in tune with the Failure thought of the world—and there is plenty of the latter kind of thought around, I can tell you.

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Put Love Into It.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I RECENTLY heard a story of a woman who couldn't make good bread. She asked all her neighbors and friends for instructions and recipes, but somehow the bread wouldn't turn out well. She spoke to an old lady in the neighborhood about it, telling her that she had followed her directions faithfully, but somehow the bread would not consent to be made properly. "Well," said the old lady, "you seem to have followed directions all right, but did you put love into it?" "Put love into bread," replied the woman, "why, no, I never heard of such a thing. What has love to do with bread?" "Everything," said the old lady; "if you have left out love, you have omitted one of the principal ingredients. After this put plenty of love in with the flour, and stir it up good until it permeates every part of it, and you will find out what an important thing you have been leaving out. Why, when I make bread I just see the perfect loaf ahead of me, and I take an interest in it—I just love to make bread, and to have it just right, and I can just see the perfect loaf in the flour begging for me to liberate it. And then I go on just loving that loaf so that it is liberated. I don't know just why this is, but I do know that it is so."

Now, I don't know a thing about bread baking or making, but I do know that the old lady was right, for I have tested her recipe on other things—work that lay at my hand to do. I found that if I took no interest in the task, the work would be very hard, and the result poor. But if I would con-

centrate on the task, and take a real interest in it, the time would fly and the work would be a pleasure, and the result would be satisfactory.

You can easily take an interest in almost anything, because everything has something in it worthy of interest. The simplest thing—the humblest task—is worthy of attention and interest. Everything can be done just a little bit better—there are always chances of improvement—there are always little things to notice in the doing of things.

Cultivate your creative faculties—learn to like to make things. It makes no difference whether you make them with your head or your hands. In fact, you cannot make things with your hands, without your head doing the best part of the task. In the degree that you call your creative faculties into play, and use your mind, you will be able to do things well with your hands. And the best way to call into play your creative faculties is to put love into the task—want to do it well. Every task from digging a ditch to painting a picture needs love put into it—can be done better because of this. I know a little old shoemaker whose work consists principally of repairing. You should see the gentleness with which he mends a shoe. Now, don't laugh, this is a fact. Every shoe that leaves his hands bears upon it the loving marks of the tool—carries with it the caress of the workman. He likes to mend shoes and he does it well. And people come from far and near to have this man mend shoes—because with every patch, or heel, or sole, love goes into that shoe, and somehow people feel the difference. Putting love into work makes the task easier, the result better, and the worker happier. Try it in your work.

About Jean Cowgill.

I take pleasure in introducing to our friends and readers of NEW THOUGHT our new contributor, Jean Cowgill. In Chicago, we know Jean Cowgill very well. Her "featured" articles in the *Chicago Chronicle*—each signed and with her name in the headlines, have made her name a household word among thousands of residents of this city. She is known here, and in New York, as a journalist of great ability, with an instinct which leads her right to the heart of the matter in hand, and with a power of expression possessed but by few. She is also known to the reading public through her articles in *Harper's Weekly*, and other publications of a similar character. Everything to which Jean Cowgill signs her name is worth reading. She is a thought provoker. She gives suggestions which are apt to take root, and grow, and blossom.

I wish that I could reproduce Jean Cowgill's photograph for your benefit, but if she has any photographs they would fail to do her justice—would lack that peculiar "something" which is the attribute of genius, and which Jean Cowgill possesses. Yes, Jean Cowgill is a genius, although she will be apt to scold me for accusing her of it. Some years ago, she walked out of a high-priced position, without a dollar in her pocket—just because she felt a call to write. She thought that she could write, although she had no experience, and with a sublime impudence walked into the office of one of the leading editors in New York City and applied for a good position. Her New Thought faith in herself impressed the editor, who, contrary to precedent, gave her a chance to make good her claim. She made good. And she has been making good ever since. Jean Cowgill and the Law of Attraction are on good terms.

She has written a book on Clairvoyance and other so-called "occult" powers of the mind. The book will be published next Fall. The publishers of this journal thought that you would like to read what she has to say, before the book appears, and so have decided to give you the substance of the book in serial form, every month, commencing with this number. You will find the introductory article on this and the next page. The book grows better as it progresses. It will be practical, plain, and interesting. It will be the Jean Cowgill kind. You will like it.

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Sublime Truth and its Mysteries.*

BY JEAN COWGILL.

Introduction.

THIS book is not a learned treatise on metaphysics. As the word is commonly understood, I know nothing about that subject. I could not write a book about it if I tried.

Everyday science is what the world needs now—everyday understanding of the things that the metaphysicians twist into all sorts of complexities and which are, in reality, as simple as one and one.

I am a practical sort of a woman and also a successful woman. Success has come to me while I labored, not because I claimed it as my right but because it waits somewhere, somehow, for every one on this little rolling ball.

No published book, it seems to me, which deals with the science of soul, has any enduring practical value. Of course I haven't read them all. I speak only for those which I have read. They were highly recommended to me, however, by shining lights among the elite in mind knowledge. Two or three were interesting. The others were impossible. Those which were interesting to me had this failing. They were not everyday books. The comfortable, ordinary person finds them troublous reading.

It has been my endeavor, therefore, to make the following pages as lucid as possible. The task was not an easy one. Perhaps it is well to explain briefly why this is so.

All the technical and strictly material, scientific portions of this book are extracts from the works of Dr. Fahnestock, who in his day was the most serious investigator of the science to which he gave the name of "Statuolism."

In the light of present day understanding, we know that Statuolism, as practised by Dr. Fahnestock, was nothing more than the hypnotism of today, as coming within the comprehension of its most enlightened operators.

Artificial somnambulism, without which no clairvoyance is possible, is one stage of hypnosis. Dr. Fahnestock is still recognized as a sort of classic in the exposition of the science.

I have taken only such liberties with his writings as would tend to make them easily understood and assimilated by the untrained mind. Like most writers on things scientific, Dr. Fahnestock

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made many experiments and obtained many results. These he details with accuracy. He does not, however, clearly show by what process the results are brought about. A curious thing about all mental processes is that the road between the beginning and the end is not often even dimly traced.

All the portions of the book which in any way help to throw light upon the logical reasons for the results obtained are mine.

That this curious blending of the ideas of Dr. Fahnestock and myself may not seem an unwarrantable liberty, I am going to make another explanation.

At first it was not intended that I should do anything more than simply rewrite the things that Dr. Fahnestock had written. This was to be done only to make the book more modern than it was originally.

My life has been a curious development. All the knowledge I possess of mind and soul is purely a matter of natural growth. I have had no lessons and have, as I said, read few works on the subject.

In these, I found the same failing I have just mentioned as being in the work of Dr. Fahnestock.

There is never a complete connection between the beginning of any experiment and the result. The connection must be there or no result would follow, but it seems to me that no one has made these things plain.

In the experiments detailed by Dr. Fahnestock I found room to apply the principles which I had been formulating since I was a very small girl.

The same principles apply to all forms of mental phenomena. They are applicable because all are alike vague as to why results come about.

Suggestive Therapeutics, Christian Science, Divine Science, Mental Science, the Statuism of Dr. Fahnestock—all are vague as to the exact manner of doing.

Some of the things of which I have made up my mind may seem odd and altogether too easy to be accurate. People are apt to feel that way about the things they have been used to considering as beyond their mental grasp.

Metaphysicians have been trying to make their scholars read in the fifth reader before they were well grounded in the alphabet.

All that is necessary to start with is a person of good sense and average understanding.

The primary facts he must understand are as easy as reading a newspaper item.

Every man has a mind. Every man can think. That is the start.

How much he can think—how far, how soundly,—every man must judge for himself. Before he can do this every man must learn how.

He can learn how in only one way.

That way is through and by his body.

Our bodies are matter. For matter in itself, our minds (or shall I say "our souls?") have no need beyond a certain point.

Nor has matter need of mind. It is continually being resolved into itself regardless of mind.

Mind progresses. Matter is changeless.

The changelessness of matter is the great first cause for the moving onward of mind.

Matter is nothing more nor less than a mind developer.

Through matter, the mind learns to know itself. Knowing itself is development. Perhaps it is better to say that learning to know itself is mind development.

Knowing itself is recognition of its power.

The more it knows about itself, the more mind recognizes that power and the less it is dependent upon matter which is body and all other material things.

The less it is dependent upon body, the better and more clearly mind is able to do its own individual work along its own particular lines.

When it is able to forget matter, mind reaches its best earthly attainment. Beyond that this book has no concern.

Before mind knows itself it must first know matter. It learns matter and then forgets what it has learned. Much of this forgetfulness is unconscious. The rest is accomplished at will. Any person can learn how.

When the mind works independently of the body (never in the fullest sense, of course. The term cannot be accepted literally. No term which is inclusive of material meanings can, with the fine exactness that soul meanings can.) it is capable of focusing all its energies upon one object. This is done in an entirely undivided manner.

It is the exercise of the mind which we call "concentration."

There are different degrees of concentration, varying according to the ability with which mind is able to work independently of the body.

Clairvoyance is one form of concentration. It is not a sixth sense, as so many metaphysicians would have us believe, but simply a higher form of intelligence, which anyone may come to possess.

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. 5. CLAIRVOYANCE.

Clairvoyance is defined in the glossary of terms used in Psychical Research (Vol. 12, Proc., p. 169) as "the faculty or act of perceiving, as though visually, with some coincidental truth, some distant scene, used sometimes, but hardly properly, for *transcendental vision*, or the perception of beings regarded as on another plane of existence. Clairaudience is generally used of the sensation of hearing an internal (but in some way veridical) voice."

Some psychical researchers prefer to use the term *telæsthesia* for distant perception—affirming that the faculty has seldom any close analogy with an extension of sight; the perception of distant scenes being often more or less symbolical and in other ways out of accord with what actual sight would show in the locality of the vision.

On the other hand, *telæsthesia* merges into *telepathy*, since we cannot say how far the perception of a distant scene may in essential be the perception of the content of a distant mind. (F. W. H. Myers.)

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, an eminent writer on ethical and psychical subjects, the wife of the late distinguished Prof. Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge University, England, in her contributions to the "Proceedings" of the S. P. R., Vol. VII, "On the Evidence for Clairvoyance," says: "The word clairvoyance is often used very loosely and with widely different meanings. In the present paper I intend to denote by it a faculty of acquiring supernormally, but not by reading the minds of persons present, a knowledge of facts such as we normally acquire by the use of our senses. I do not limit it, notwithstanding the derivation of the word, to knowledge which would normally be acquired by the sense of sight, nor do I limit it to a knowledge of present facts. A similar knowledge of the past and, if necessary, of future facts may be included."

"On the other hand, I exclude the mere faculty of seeing apparitions or visions, which is sometimes called clairvoyance. Clairvoyant knowledge may reach the consciousness of the percipient in the form of a vision, but no vision will here be termed clairvoyant unless it be, at least, veridical."

Again, in order to differentiate clairvoyance from telepathy, Mrs. Sidgwick does not use the word to mean supernormal knowledge of a simple fact, such as might be the result of telepathy. To illustrate: A dies, let us say, and at the same time his friend B at a distance has an impression about A, or sees an apparition of A, or perhaps even knows that A is dying. If the knowledge goes no further than this she regards this as a case of simple telepathy, as distinct from clairvoyance.

But suppose, as often happens, that B seems to see the scene of A's death as it actually occurred, with details which can hardly be supposed to have originated in the mind of B by accident, or to be due to previous knowledge or association, and which are unlikely to have been consciously in the mind of A. Such as this, Mrs. Sidgwick thinks, should be included and discussed under the head of clairvoyance, even though telepathy may be thought a sufficient explanation of the facts, because as the records show there are very similar cases where the telepathic hypothesis is difficult to apply. But those cases where the knowledge exhibited by the clairvoyant or percipient is already in the mind of some person present had best be included under telepathy.

However, Mrs. Sidgwick is of the opinion that at the present stage of psychical research we know too little about this subject to define it scientifically. All that we can do now is to define provisionally a certain region to explore, in hope that the definition may aid us in ascertaining what facts we have to explain in collecting the evidence, etc. What mainly concerns us now is to establish the fact that such a strange faculty as this exists, more fully developed in some people, latent, perhaps, in all of us, ready to manifest itself on certain occasions which may, by some catastrophe or cataclysm in our lives, call forth its exercise.

The writer can only present in brief form a few of the best cases collected, examined and published by the S. P. R.

The first case I will give was reported through the American Branch of the S. P. R. by Mr. F. A. Nims, associate member, and the sad accident which occasioned it happened in Chicago, as follows:

On October 24, 1889, Edmund Dunn, a brother of Mrs. Agnes Paquet (who saw the vision, as it were, in this case), was serving as fireman on the tug *Wolf*, a small steamer engaged in towing vessels in Chicago harbor. At about 3 o'clock a. m. the tug fastened to a vessel, inside the piers, to tow her

up the river. While adjusting the tow line Mr. Dunn fell, or was thrown, overboard by the tow line and drowned. The body, though sought for, was not found until about three weeks after the accident, when it came to the surface near the place where Mr. Dunn disappeared.

This was the accident, and now follows the statement of the dead man's sister, Mrs. Agnes Paquet, who was specially interviewed by a representative of the S. P. R. and her statement corroborated by that of her husband.

Mrs. Paquet's statement:

"I arose about 6 o'clock on the morning of the accident (she lived in Muskegon). I had slept well throughout the night, had no dreams or sudden awakings. I awoke feeling gloomy and depressed, which feeling I could not shake off. After breakfast my husband went to his work and the children were sent to school, leaving me alone in the house. Soon after this I decided to sleep and drink some tea, hoping it would relieve me of the gloomy feeling aforementioned. I went into the pantry, took down the tea canister, and as I turned around my brother Edmund—or his exact image—stood before me and only a few feet away.

"The apparition stood with back toward me, or, rather, partially so, and was in the act of falling forward—away from me—seemingly impelled by two ropes or a loop of rope drawing against his legs. The vision lasted but a moment, disappearing over a low railing or bulwark, but was very distinct. I dropped the tea, clasped my hands to my face and exclaimed, 'My God! Ed is drowned.'

"At about half past 10 a. m. my husband received a telegram from Chicago, announcing the drowning of my brother. When he arrived home he said to me, 'Ed is sick in hospital at Chicago; I have just received a telegram,' to which I replied, 'Ed is drowned; I saw him go overboard.' I then gave him a minute description of what I had seen. I stated that my brother, as I saw him, was bareheaded, had on a heavy blue sailor's shirt, no coat, and that he went over the rail or bulwark. I noticed that his pants legs were rolled up enough to show the white lining inside. I also described the appearance of the boat at the point where my brother went overboard. I am not nervous, and neither before nor since have I had any experience in the least degree similar to that above related. My brother was not subject to fainting or vertigo.

AGNES PAQUET."

Mrs. Paquet's vision was verified in every particular by subsequent inquiry and fully corroborated by her husband's statement. He went to Chicago and made full investigation and found that the details of the acci-

dent and Mr. Dunn's dress, etc., as seen by Mrs. Paquet, were all true. (See Vol. 7 Proc., pp. 32 and 33.)

The next, though the accident was of a less serious nature, is a very striking case, and the fact that the percipient recorded her vision almost at once, and before she knew it to be veridical, gives it a very high evidential value. This case was reported by Dr. Elliott Cous, of Washington, D. C., who personally investigated the facts and knew the "agent" and "percipient," ladies of prominence and attainments. Without going into the detailed report, and the corroborative statements, the facts are these:

In Washington, D. C., January 4, 1889, between 2 and 3 p. m., Mrs. E. A. Conner (who kindly allowed the use of her name) is going up the steps of her residence, No. 217 Delaware avenue, carrying some papers. She stumbles, falls, is not hurt, picks herself up, picks up her bonnet and papers, which had fallen helter skelter, and enters the house.

At or about the same time, another lady (called in the record Mrs. B., as she did not wish her name used), is sitting sewing in her room, about one and one-half miles distant. The two ladies are friends, though not of very long standing. They had walked together the day before, January 13, 1889, but had not met the day of the accident, January 14. Mrs. B. "sees" the little accident in every detail. The vision is minutely accurate, as it afterwards proves. But it is so wholly unexpected and unaccountable that she doubts it were not a passing figment of her imagination. But the mental impression is so strong that she sits down at once, and writes a letter to Mrs. Conner (which letter with date and dates on envelopes of mailing and receiving, etc., is published in the record). The letter is written, of course, without any communication whatever between the two ladies. Mrs. Conner receives Mrs. B.'s letter next morning, Tuesday, the 15th. Dr. Cous happened to call on Mrs. Conner that day on another errand, when she hands him the letter and verified it in every particular. The little accident had happened exactly as Mrs. B. described it from the clairvoyant image she perceived. She had thus seen and described the dress, waist, bonnet, papers in her hand, etc., minutely and the steps to the house where the accident occurred, though the house was a new one which she had never seen. (For the case in full see Vol. 7 Proc., pp. 35-37.)

The next case was reported to the S. P. R. by Bishop E. Sullivan, Bishop of Algowa, and the incident is reported in Bishop Lee's history.

The "percipient" was Mr. H. M. Lee, of Syracuse, N. Y. This case resembles the

two last except that the "percipient's" was a dream instead of a waking vision.

Bishop Sullivan writes that he had the narrative from Bishop Lee's own lips, and reports the facts as follows:

"Some time during the summer of 1874 the Bishop (Lee) occupied for the first time a new residence (in either Davenport or Burlington, Iowa) built for him by his diocese.

"Not being accustomed to the interior arrangements, he one night took a false step, turning towards the stairway instead of his own room, and fell down the stairs, a flight, I think, of twenty-one steps. As might be expected, he was very seriously injured. * * *

"Needing special care and medical treatment, the Bishop came to Hyde Park, near Chicago, in which city I was then residing. At the time of the Bishop's fall one of his sons was resident in a city several hundred miles west of Iowa—Denver, I think. One night this son jumped up out of his sleep in a state of great alarm and excitement, crying out, 'Father has had a bad fall.' His wife endeavored to calm him, saying he had only had a bad dream, but his reply was, 'No, it was no dream; I heard the fall.' He rose, struck a light and looked at his watch. It was the very night on which and almost to the minute the very time at which the Bishop had fallen. This narrative I had from the Bishop's own lips. He died shortly afterwards. * * *

(Signed) "E. SULLIVAN,
"Bishop of Algowa, Toronto.
"Dec. 29, 1887."

Then follows the corroborative statement from the son, Mr. H. M. Lee. He writes that the vision was so real "that I slept no more that night, in fact, did not go to bed again; so vivid was the whole thing to me that I knew father was badly hurt. Early in the morning I went to town and telegraphed home, inquiring if all was well, and received a letter from father which fully corresponded with my vision to the very minute."

He also relates a railroad accident which happened to his father, of which he had a vision when fully awake, and attending to his duties in the bank, which vision was true. (See Vol. 7 Proc., pp. 38-39.)

In the next case the "percipient," a physician, also had his vision in a dream, at a time when the "agent" was in a state of intense anxiety for his assistance. The dream was also prophetic—a case of pre-cognition, as it were—and had its fulfillment very soon after the vision.

The "percipient," Dr. Golinski, practicing at Krementchug, in Russia, was taking his after-dinner nap at about 3:30 p. m. He dreamt that the door bell rang and that he

must go to some sick person. He found himself in a little room with dark hangings. To the right of the door leading into the room is a chest of drawers, and on this he saw a little paraffine lamp of special pattern, different from any he had ever seen. To the left of the door he saw a bed on which lay a woman suffering from severe hemorrhage.

Somehow he just knew she had hemorrhage, though no one spoke to him. He then dreamt of the medical assistance he gave her. He then awoke with a start and saw it was half past 4 o'clock.

* * * * *

Within ten minutes he was summoned to a patient, and on entering the bedroom he was astonished, for he recognized the particulars of which he had just dreamt. Everything turned out just as he had dreamed it—the bed, the peculiar pattern of lamp, the woman suffering with a hemorrhage, the chest of drawers, etc., etc. His astonishment was so great that he lost, so to speak, the clear distinction between the past dream and the present reality, and, approaching the sick woman's bed, he said: "You have a hemorrhage"—only recovering himself when the patient replied, "Yes, but how did you know it?" He learned from her that she had been suffering since morning, grew worse between 3 and 4 o'clock p. m., and in great anxiety about herself, had wished for his assistance for an hour, and then sent for him at 4:30.

He only knew her from having attended her in illness some time before, and knew nothing of her present state of health. (See full report Vol. 7. Proc., pp. 39-41, in Mrs. Sidgwick's paper before referred to.)

* * * * *

Omitting for the present any further cases of a spontaneous character, we would like to call attention to some instances of clairvoyance experimentally produced under hypnosis. I can only briefly refer to these experiments, and any interested student can see them in full in the "Proceedings" referred to hereafter.

One of the earliest of these cases is that recorded of the clairvoyant called "Jane" in the records, who lived in the county of Durham, England. Mr. F. W. H. Myers collected the evidence in this case. She was mesmerized at intervals through a long period of years from 1845 onward for the sake of her health, and when in the mesmeric state soon exhibited the clairvoyant faculty.

"Jane" was a remarkably refined woman for her rank in life, sweet and gentle looking, with delicately cut features and very dark hair. When in the mesmeric trance she almost always spoke in a childish language, and nearly always asked to "travel,"

that is, to be sent to "see" and describe distant scenes and events.

She was very religious and conscientious, and even when mesmerized and under the influence of others, would never be induced to read letters or pry into things which she knew the person visited would wish to keep secret.

* * * * *

From a number of clairvoyant experiments conducted with "Jane" in the mesmeric trance I will give the following as a sample. The experiment was conducted by Dr. F. (who wishes his name withheld to avoid an extensive correspondence on the subject).

* * * * *

"Before commencing the sitting, I fixed to take her to a house, without communicating my intentions to any of the parties present. In the morning of the day I stated to a patient of my own, Mr. Eglinton, at present residing in the village of Tyne-mouth, that I intended to visit him (with the clairvoyant). He stated that he would be present between 8 and 10 p. m. in a particular room, so that there might be no difficulty in finding him. He was just recovering from a very severe illness, and was so weak that he could scarcely walk. He was exceeding thin from the effects of his complaint.

"After the usual (mesmeric) state had been induced (in the clairvoyant 'Jane'), I said, 'We are standing beside a railway station, now we pass along a road, and in front of us see a house with a laburnum tree in front of it.' She directly replied: 'Is it the red house with a brass knocker?' I said, 'No, it has an iron knocker.'

"I have since looked, however, and find that the knocker has an old-fashioned brass handle in the shape of a knocker. She then asked, 'Shall we go up the steps? Shall we go along this passage, and up these stairs? Is this window on the stairhead?' I said, 'You are quite right, and now I want you to look into the room on the left hand side.' She replied, 'Oh, yes, in the bedroom. There is no one in this room; there is a bed in it, but there is no person in it.' I was not aware there was a bedroom in the place I mentioned, but upon inquiry next day I found she was correct. I told her she must look into the next room and she would see a sofa. She answered, 'But there is a little gallery. Now I am in the room and see a lady with black hair lying upon the sofa.' I attempted to puzzle her about the color of her hair, and feeling sure it was Mr. Eglinton, who was lying there, I sharply cross-questioned her, but still she persisted in her story. * * * I asked her if there was not a gentleman in the room. 'No,' she said, 'we can see no gentleman there.'

"After a little she described the door opening, and asked, with a tone of great surprise, 'Is that a gentleman?' I replied, 'Yes; is he thin or fat?' 'Very fat,' she answered; 'but has he a cork leg?' I assured her that he had no cork leg, and tried to puzzle her again about him. She, however, assured me that he was very fat and had a great corporation (abdomen), and asked me whether I did not think such a fat man must eat and drink a great deal to get such a corporation as that. She also described him as sitting by the table with papers beside him and a glass of brandy and water. 'Is it not wine?' I asked. 'No,' she said; 'it's brandy.' 'Is it not whisky or rum?' 'No, it is brandy,' was the answer; 'and now,' she continued, 'the lady is going to get her supper, but the fat gentleman does not take any.' I requested her to tell me the color of his hair, but she only answered that the lady's hair was dark. I then inquired of her if he had any brains in his head, but she seemed puzzled about him, and said she could not see any. I then asked her if she could see his name upon any of the letters lying about. She replied, 'Yes,' and upon my saying that the name began with E, she spelled each letter of the name, 'Eglinton.'

"I was so convinced that I had at last detected her in a complete mistake that I arose, and declined proceeding further in the matter, stating that, although her description of the house and the name of the person were correct, in everything connected with the gentleman she had guessed the opposite from the truth.

"On the following morning Mr. E. asked me the result of the experiment, and after having related it to him, he gave me the following account: He had found himself unable to sit up to so late an hour, but wishing fairly to test the powers of the clairvoyante, he had ordered his clothes to be stuffed in the form of a figure, and to make the contrast more striking to his natural appearance, had an extra pillow pushed into the clothes so as to form a "corporation."

This figure had been placed near the table, in a sitting posture, and a glass of brandy and water and the newspapers placed beside it. The name, he further added, was spelt correctly, though up to that time I had been in the habit of writing it 'Eglinton,' instead of as spelt by the clairvoyant 'Eglinton.'

Those wishing to see the full record of experiments with "Jane" should read Vol. 7 Proc. S. P. R., pp. 53-62, and pp. 82-94.

* * * * *

We will reserve further treatment of this subject for future papers, when we will deal with some well authenticated modern instances.

Expected Bad Luck.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

SOME time ago I was talking to a man about the Attractive Power of Thought. He said that he did not believe that Thought could attract anything to him, and that it was all a matter of luck. He had found, he said, that ill luck relentlessly pursued him, and that everything he touched went wrong. It always had, and always would, and he had grown to expect it. When he undertook a new thing he knew beforehand that it would go wrong and that no good would come of it. Oh, no! there wasn't anything in the theory of Attractive Thought, so far as he could see; it was all a matter of luck!

This man failed to see that by his own confession he was giving a most convincing argument in favor of the Law of Attraction. He was testifying that he was always expecting things to go wrong, and that they always came about as he expected. He was a magnificent illustration of the Law of Attraction—but he didn't know it, and no argument seemed to make the matter clear to him. He was "up against it," and there was no way out of it—he always expected the ill luck, and every occurrence proved that he was right, and that the Mental Science position was all nonsense.

There are many people who seem to think that the only way in which the Law of Attraction operates is when one *wishes* hard, strong and steady. They do not seem to realize that a strong *belief* is as efficacious as a strong wish. The successful man believes in himself and in his ultimate success, and, paying no attention to little setbacks, stumbles, tumbles and slips, presses on eagerly to the goal, be-

lieving all the time that he will get there. His views and aims may change as he progresses, and he may change his plans or have them changed for him, but all the time he knows in his heart that he will eventually "get there." He is not steadily wishing he may get there—he simply feels it and believes it, and thereby sets into operation the strongest forces known in the world of thought.

The man who just as steadily believes he is going to fail will invariably fail. How could he help it. There is no special miracle about it. Everything he does, thinks and says is tinctured with the thought of failure. Other people catch his spirit, and fail to trust him or his ability, which occurrences he in turn sets down as but other exhibitions of his ill luck, instead of ascribing them to his belief and expectation of failure. He is suggesting failure to himself all the time, and he invariably takes on the effect of the auto-suggestion. Then, again, he by his negative thoughts shuts up that portion of his mind from which should come the ideas and plans conducive to success, which come to the man who is expecting success because he believes in it. A state of discouragement is not the one in which bright ideas come to us. It is only when we are enthused and hopeful that our minds work out the bright ideas which we may turn to account.

Men instinctively feel the atmosphere of failure hovering around certain of their fellows, and on the other hand recognize something about others which leads them to say, when they hear of a temporary mishap befalling such a one: "Oh, he'll come out all right somehow—you can't down him." It is the atmosphere caused by the prevailing Mental Attitude. Clear up your Mental Atmosphere.

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