

New Thought.

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care,
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

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Chips From the Old Block.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Stop waiting for the crowd, and strike out for yourself.

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The crowd is a weak-kneed creature, and waits to see some bold hand reach out before it and capture the prize—then it snarls in disappointment.

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The prize is always captured by some one who has nerve enough to step out from the crowd—the crowd gets nothing but the crumbs.

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It takes nerve and grit to step out from the crowd—for the crowd generally criticises one who has enough individuality to step out from its ranks—but it is the only way to accomplish anything.

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The crowd is a "waiting" concern—waiting for some one to do something. If you wish to do something, you must step out.

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The crowd is a coward—that is the reason it hangs back, and allows itself to have the prizes captured before its eyes. The man of grit and nerve is never satisfied to keep in rank, but is possessed of an itching to step ahead—and he usually does.

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Step out and do things. Don't be afraid—it is the only thing to do. Let the crowd howl, and whine, and growl—do what you think right, and when you succeed, the crowd will cry out, "We told you so."

What is "The New Thought?"

(Eleventh Paper.)

BY WILLIAM WALTER ATKINSON.



In my last paper I promised to devote this one to a consideration of that branch of New Thought known as "Mental Science." But now that I am about to write, it occurs to me that the other ten papers really are along Mental Science lines. That is, along the lines of broad, general Mental Science, divorced from the particular metaphysical theories of any of its teachers.

Come to think of it, what relation has any metaphysical theory to the real principle underlying Mental Healing? Let us examine the subject. We find before us a great natural force, dwelling in the mental structure of Man, which force operates directly upon the physical body, its parts and organs. We find this force being called into play by numerous people under all sorts of guises and disguises. Nearly all who use this force, consciously, as a healing agency, call it into play as a part of some religious, semi-religious or metaphysical belief, creed, or theory, while, really, it seems to have no more connection with these theories, creeds, or beliefs, than has the force called Electricity. Just consider how foolish it would seem if the different sects, cults, or denominations were to use electricity in their work, claiming that its effect was due to some particular belief, creed, or theory held by them. Just imagine the Baptists using electricity to run a machine, and claiming that their success in its application was a proof of the soundness of their belief in adult baptism or immersion. Or, suppose that the Seventh-day Adventists were to claim that the telephone was a positive proof of their beliefs. What would we think of them?

And yet, right before us are numerous cults working cures upon their followers, each claiming that the cures are proofs of the soundness of their theological or metaphysical theories. And the people are saying, earnestly: "They must be right in their beliefs, for they are curing people right and left." Cause and effect are badly mixed.

If the various orthodox denominations were to take up this work of Mental Healing, by tacking it on to their pet theological theories, each and every church in the land would be a scene of wonderful and almost miraculous cures of disease. Each and every one of them would be a successful rival of Christian Science, Divine Healing, Faith Cure, and all the rest. In fact, the blind faith held by so many of the orthodox people, if directed in the road of "faith cure," would become such a power for good that a period of religious revival would set in such

as all the preachers have been praying for of late years. Thousands who would be cured, or who would witness the cures, would be brought forward as converts to the "mourners' bench" or altar rail, for the cures would be attributed to the teachings of the church, instead of the use of that great natural principle within Man: The Power of the Mind.

So you see that I have been talking about a kind of Mental Science all along.

Of course, some of the great Mental Science teachers have attempted to account for this Power of the Mind by some pet metaphysical theory, just as have the others, but that is only natural. The fact remains, that the Power is a reality and may be used or misused by the individual. For Mental Science teaches that disease may be caused by improper thinking, just as certainly as disease may be cured by proper thinking. The rule works both ways.

I believe that a very large percentage of disease is caused by people being "scared" into it by suggestions from others; patent medicine advertisements; articles in the public press, etc., etc. Fear brings upon the race a multitude of physical ills. Fear depresses the entire system so that it is most apt to "catch" anything that is catchable. Those who are always worrying about disease are most apt to contract it.

Mental Science teaches this and many other things. The curing and prevention of disease is only a small part of Mental Science, but is the only part we are considering here.

I do not care to dwell at length upon a consideration of the claims of any particular school of Mental Science, for, to tell the truth, after we lay aside the particular theories and beliefs of the different schools, we find the same thing in each case—the ability to cure disease by the Power of the Mind. Some have better ways of applying and directing this force than have others, but the real principle is the same.

My object in writing this series of papers has been to bring to your attention the great principle underlying all these branches of the New Thought and to try to show you the harmony existing among the apparent inharmony. I have not tried to preach a new doctrine, or to advance any special theory, but rather to clear your mind of some of the confusing and perplexing points, so as to leave you free to investigate for yourself. You will find more or less of good in the various methods employed by the different healers of the different schools, and the best plan is to adopt the one that seems best to fit in with your tastes. The plan or method that seems the most "natural" to you is the one for you to follow. Don't be wedded to any one set of methods of practice. "Take your own wherever you find it," independent of any special theory of the users.

And you who have been considering this Power a "Divine Principle"—do not get the notion that I wish to ridicule this idea. On the contrary, I consider this Power to be Divine, in all its phases. But so do I consider Electricity, or the Law of Gravitation. In fact, I consider all

of them as but apparently varying manifestations of the One Great Power of the Universe—one as much Divine as the other. I consider the Energy at work in the sprouting of a blade of grass as truly Divine as the greatest exhibition of Mental Force. Both have Mind back of the work, and back of the Mind of both is something still greater. I have not grown to lose respect for this Great Healing Power of the Mind, just because I am able to see it independent of the mystery, superstition, and fantastic garb bestowed upon it by many who are employing it. Far from it. I may truthfully say that my respect, reverence, and awe for this great Power increases day by day as I am able to see it in its beautiful simplicity and strength. The mystery of its existence does not diminish, but increases as one explores its sources.

I feel I have but poorly expressed my meaning in these papers, but then perhaps some of you will be able to read into the lines, and between them, that which I feel but have not said. I thank all my friends for their kind attention during the course of this series. So, here's Love all around, and an asking for your best wishes for next year's work.

"Furnished Rooms"—A Business Talk.

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

Did you ever look for "Furnished Rooms?" Recently I had occasion, in the interests of a friend, to renew my acquaintance with the advertising column of our newspapers which bears this title and with the varying localities, houses, rooms and people to which it introduced me.

At first I went at the matter in a rather haphazard fashion, but in a few hours' time I found I had unconsciously evolved a "system" of judgment and investigation.

As I approached a house whose number was on my list, I came to form my impression from the exterior. Was the lawn well kept, the steps neat, the windows clean? If so, I rang the bell with a hopeful hand; perchance the room we sought was there. On the other hand, if the yard was only half-patched with starved grass, through which spaces of bare earth showed, if the steps bore marks of a hasty scrubbing down the center, with the corners unmolested, if the windows were dusty and fingermarked, I knew very well what would be found within. You say, perhaps, the woman of the house, with its many rooms and much care, was overworked, overburdened, and a charitable mind would find excuses for careless housekeeping forced on her by circumstances. That's all right, friend. We'll all find excuses for her under these supposed conditions,—but we won't choose her house as a place to live!

Excuses are all right for *home consumption*, but they don't go when you've got something to sell.

So there's my first business axiom. *Don't try to sell anything, from a sewing machine to time and gray matter, for which you have to offer excuses.* The man around the corner who has a sewing machine and no excuses, will get the customer every time.

Once inside a house, the inner stairs were a fair index of what we would find in the "furnished room." Dusty corners spoke eloquently of half-tidied bedrooms, a bathroom with a tub not carefully cleaned after its last occupant, towels on the floor (to be bundled into the soiled-clothes hamper with apologies for the omission).

Or, perchance, clean steps and windows and spotless inner stairs led to a bedroom as immaculate,—but with a window looking into a dark ventilating shaft, or a back alley. On some occasions we found cleanliness, light and air—but so little else. A worn, tasteless but clean bit of Brussels carpet in the middle of the room, an old-fashioned bed with a straw mattress and worn bed clothing,—clean,—a straight-backed uncomfortable chair, an inconvenient and ugly dresser but with a clean mirror. We left such rooms with a sigh of regret. There was the light, the air, the view, the cleanliness, but made so barren by their garb.

The landlady, whose invariably anxious air announced the fact that her room had long been vacant, missed a tenant simply because she had not familiarized herself with the needs and predilections of the class of customers she was seeking. She wanted first-class prices, but had only consulted second-class tastes.

At another house the price asked was exorbitant. We could duplicate the room half a dozen times in the next two hours at two-thirds the price. The furnishings were neat, the arrangements convenient and the surroundings good, but the price was purely arbitrary, evidently set with a view to supplying a certain fixed monthly need and having no reference to the principles of barter and sale.

At still other places we found in clean houses dismantled rooms, a rugless floor, curtainless windows, a bed without counterpane, but were told how it *would* look when properly arranged.

During one call the attitude of the woman in charge was that of being prepared to resist any and all impositions we might seek to practice on her. She announced with finality and some acerbity that smoking wasn't permitted in the house, that they objected to many visitors, that she hoped my friend went to bed early nights, and managed to convey the impression that the motto of the house was: "Whatever you want to do, don't!" Most of the prohibitions failed to hit my friend's habits, but though the room itself was satisfactory, the general atmosphere was too much for him, and we passed on.

All along the way in the windows of certain houses hung the little sign "Furnished Rooms for Rent," eloquent of a permanent condition. Lodgers in such a house were evidently never more than transient, and usually an investigation of the rooms and service offered spoke the reason.

Before I got through with my room-hunting tour, I began to apply my experience to life at large—a favorite pastime of mine. From selling soap to renting rooms the same principles operate to make success or failure, and I like to trace cause and effect.

These are the things I learned while walking up and down lodging house stairs:

Appearances count! People haven't time to study every cranny of your brain, ferret out your bright, clever thoughts, or ingenious powers. They look you over, size you up, and if the impression is unfavorable, pass you by. Keep the "outside of the house" in immaculate condition, the "windows" clean and bright. Clear, open, honest eyes, a fresh, healthy skin, and neat attire, invite people to go further and find out what you've got *inside*. So, look to the outside!

Clean out the dark corners. You can't let dirt accumulate anywhere and win success. You may think if you give a vigorous brushing to the front stairs, as it were, that it doesn't matter about the back hall. But people who expect to put up in the same house, have got their eyes open for the back hall and the strip behind the door. If you've got a pet corner that you're keeping out of sight, remember that dirt is a drug in the market, but it *pays to be clean*.

Consider your surroundings. You may possess all the qualities sought, you may "fill the bill" outside and inside, but if your environment is coarse, common, vulgar or debasing, your commodities will go begging. The world doesn't like your choice of an atmosphere; it doesn't admire your view, and it leaves you to enjoy them as best you may. Make a change! You *can* pick your friends, purify your environment, *seek your level*. Be sure it's placed high enough!

You can't sell shopworn goods, except at a bargain. If you want good prices, you must find out what the market demands and supply the need. You may have brains, ability, good address, executive force, but if your business methods or business data are just a little out of date, you belong on the bargain counter. You've got to get the newest ideas in stock before you can command the current rates. Keep in touch!

Don't put an extravagant value on your attainments. Go out and see what they can be duplicated for in open market. That's the test! Perhaps you think what you have to offer is of a little better quality than the current commodity. But remember it *looks* just the same. If it's better, it'll prove itself in the using, and then they'll mark you up, never fear. Accept the market value and give yourself a chance!

Be ready for the opportunity when it comes! I've met young men and women in search of congenial work who were very much like the landladies with the dismantled rooms. They aspired to become magazine contributors, longed for positions as private secretary, or wanted charge of classes in English Literature, etc., etc. None of them were ready, but each would tell you that the moment they succeeded in get-

ting such a position, it wouldn't take them *any* time to "post up a little." The would-be magazine writer had no wares to show. She wanted first to have the assurance that what she wrote would be accepted by the particular magazine she had in mind; the private secretary was "a little rusty" in shorthand, and not specially neat or attractive in appearance, but these lacks he intended to remedy so soon as he was definitely employed; the young woman who planned to teach English Literature, had no courses outlined, nothing to show her prospective pupils, but the instant she secured the class she meant to plan the most interesting line of study. You can't earn a living (at least away from the Board of Trade) by dealing in "futures." Have your goods ready to deliver when they're asked for. Remember, lots of orders come in marked "Rush," "Special," "Immediate." Make those *your* kind. Be ready!

Don't apply for a position or go out in search of business, carrying a list of "Don'ts" or "Won'ts" in your pocket. *You want the work.* That's the idea to carry! Don't bother about whether you may once in awhile be asked to work over time, whether you may occasionally have to help out in another department than the one you enter; don't imagine that you're going to be taken advantage of at every turn. It's time enough to resent imposition when it occurs, and I wouldn't add the word to my vocabulary until I'd tried to fit every other word in the English language to the existing condition.

When you get into a chronic condition of "Wanted, a position!" "Wanted, success!" you're in the second-class category. The best things will pass you by. *Take down that sign!* Quit advertising the fact that you're not a success. *Make* success out of what you've got already, if it's only a day's labor as hod-carrier. And in the meantime keep your eyes open and nail every opportunity that comes in sight. In a year, there'll be no occasion for any sign on your front door.

Friend, what kind of "furnished rooms" are you offering?

New Thought Which Is Old Thought

"Finally be ye all likeminded, compassionate, loving as brethren, tenderhearted, humbleminded, not rendering evil for evil, or reviling for reviling; but contrarywise blessing; for hereunto were ye called, *that ye should inherit a blessing.*"

1 Peter III:8-9

The Body Clamorous

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

How your soul plaints, crying: "Let me free!
Unbind! unloose! give me a little span
Of silence, thou! that I may walk apart
With vision clear, and learn again the way
Where lies less stumbling for thy weary feet.
I shall forget the landmarks if we fare
Striving so long, worn with the toilsome way!"

Tender the call, and you do almost pause,
Rapt at the memory of that fairer road.
Yes, almost pause!—I wonder if we know
How sad that word "almost" may some day sound
When it shall echo down the empty years!
But calls thy body clamorous: "Nay, not yet!
There is so much to do—trees in the path
To hew, rocks to upheave and bridges still
To build, the deep dark streams to cross. Labor
Is everywhere. You may not steal the time
To loose the bonds which bind your soul to me!"

So you fall laboring again, and still
Your soul walks fettered by your side, pallid
In dumb desire. When will you break its chain?

Optimism.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Not long ago I read the following gloomy bit of pessimism from the pen of a man bright enough to know better than to add to the mental malaria of the world. He said:

"Life is a hopeless battle in which we are foredoomed to defeat. And the prize for which we strive 'to have and to hold'—what is it? A thing that is neither enjoyed while had, nor missed when lost. So worthless it is, so unsatisfying, so inadequate to purpose, so false to hope and at its best so brief, that for consolation and compensation we set up fantastic faiths of an aftertime in a better world from which no confirming whisper has ever reached us out of the void. Heaven is a prophecy uttered by the lips of despair, but Hell is an inference from history."

This is morbid and unwholesome talk which can do no human being any good to utter, or listen to.

But it can depress and discourage the weak and struggling souls, who are striving to make the best of circumstances, and it can nerve to suicide the hand of some half-crazed being, who needed only a word of encouragement and cheer to brace up and win the race.

This is the unpardonable sin—to talk discouragingly to human souls, hungering for hope.

When the man without brains does it, he can be pardoned for knowing no better.

When the man with brains does it, he should be ashamed to look his fellow mortals in the eyes.

It is a sin ten times deeper dyed than giving a stone to those who ask for bread.

It is giving poison to those who plead for a cup of cold water.

Fortunately the remarks above quoted contain not one atom of truth!

The writer may speak for himself, but he has no right to speak for others.

It is all very well for a man who is marked with smallpox to say his face has not one unscarred inch on the surface of it. But he has no premises to stand upon when he says there is not a face in the world which is free from smallpox scars.

Life is not "a hopeless battle in which we are doomed to defeat."

Life is a glorious privilege, and we can make anything we choose of it, if we begin early and are in deep earnest, and realize our own divine powers.

Nothing can hinder us or stay us. We can do and be whatsoever we will.

The prize of life is not "a thing which is neither enjoyed while had nor missed when lost."

It is enjoyed by millions of souls to-day—this great prize of life. I for one declare that for every day of misery in my existence I have had a week of joy and happiness. For every hour of pain, I have had a day of pleasure. For every moment of worry, an hour of content.

I cannot be the only soul so endowed with the appreciation of life! I know scores of happy people who enjoy the many delights of earth, and there are thousands whom I do not know.

Of course "life is not missed when lost"—because it is never lost. It is indestructible.

Life ever was, and ever will be. It is a continuous performance.

It is not "worthless" to the wholesome, normal mind. It is full of interest, and rich with opportunities for usefulness.

When any man says his life is worthless, it is because he has eyes and sees not, and ears and hears not.

It is his own fault, not the fault of God, fate or accident.

If every life seems at times "unsatisfactory" and "inadequate" it is only due to the cry of the immortal soul longing for larger opportunities and fewer limitations.

Neither is life "false to hope." He who trusts the divine Source of Life, shall find his hopes more than realized here upon earth. I but voice the knowledge of thousands of souls, when I make this assertion. I know whereof I speak.

All that our dearest hopes desire will come to us, if we believe in ourselves as rightful heirs to Divine Opulence, **and** work and think always on those lines.

If "no whisper has ever reached us out of the void" confirming our faith in immortality, then one-third of the seemingly intelligent and sane beings of our acquaintance must be fools or liars. For we have the assertion of fully this number that such whispers have come, besides the Biblical statistics of numerous messages from the other realm. "As it was in the beginning, is now and shall be ever more, world without end, Amen."

"Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."—ST. BERNARD.

"Every man is not so much a workman in the world, as he is a suggestion of that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age."
—EMERSON.

Selfishness in Giving.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



This is the Christmas month; the month of good will, good cheer; the month when we wish we could give to everyone we know and to many we do not know; this is a month of dread to those who think that "giving" can be only through the pocket book—if the pocket book is unable to meet such demands.

Still there is much "giving" that hardly takes the pocket book into consideration at all; kind words, written and spoken; kind thoughts, silent, often unconsidered, messengers. There are little thought-filled home-fashioned gifts, and gifts that, while bought outright, show loving thought for and remembrance of the recipient's desire.

Once, when I was expressing to a dear elderly friend my enjoyment of her gift she said, "I knew that would please you, my dear, because I heard you wishing for it some time ago. I always note the little spoken wishes of those I love so I can play fairy godmother, and grant them when the right time comes. I never make presents just for the sake of giving; my gifts are intended for the pleasure of the one who receives, not for my pleasure in giving."

That makes one think; yes, there is much selfishness in giving. I knew a woman who counted the names of acquaintances likely to send presents at Christmas and regulated her presents accordingly. So-and-so would send a gift of considerable value, she must send one of equal cost; Some-one-else would give only a little home-made remembrance, because Some-one-else had but a slim pocket book, hence an inexpensive gift would be selected in return, although a goodly bank account stood behind the woman I knew. So rigidly was this rule adhered to that when a sincere and less well provided for relative said, "I cannot make you the usual present this Christmas and I hope you will not give me anything," the relative was taken at her word and was shown also what had been intended for her, since the article had been selected and was laid away with others ready for distribution.

That was an extreme case, but it was true, and it seemed an ordinary and proper line of conduct to the one who did it. There are others who see nothing but what is commendable in their way of giving; they give, they even may deprive themselves of something in order to give, then are they not generous?

Deeper than that lies the motive; they should ask themselves—am I thinking only of the happiness and good of the one to whom I give; have I considered what would best please the one who is to receive, or

have I merely chosen what I like to give? Unconsciously many do the last; choose what they like to give, or what they would like to receive.

I knew a man and a girl who expected to marry. The man had made a list of everything he could call to mind to buy for her Christmas when the girl told him she was obliged to go to an aunt in another city for the holidays. The man expressed his disappointment, telling her how he had planned for their Christmas together, how he had looked forward to watching her enjoyment of the pleasure he was preparing. The girl was sorry and promised to return as soon as possible, then said thoughtlessly, "But you can send the things to me, for I love to receive packages." Yes, she was thinking of her own pleasure, but the man *was not*, for it transpired that he revised his list and sent only a few of the prospective gifts because—he could not have the pleasure of seeing her enjoyment. He was giving for *his* pleasure, not for hers.

It is the motive, the thought that goes with a gift, which makes the value. The motive, the thought, may not always be apparent but often it is felt. Not necessarily should we give more, but give better.

A Christmas greeting to you all
I send.

A greeting given unaware
To you who think I do not care;
And yet, within my heart, I call
You friend.

Another greeting goes to you,
My friend.
The friend who knows he holds a share
Of my heart life; who *knows* I care,
And that a greeting warm and true
I send.

And here's another greeting, quite.
I send
To those who neither know nor care
If I be here or anywhere;
I greet you, and myself I write—
A friend.

"Follow thou thy star; Thou shalt not fail of a glorious haven."

Practical Mental Science.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

* You have noticed the difference between the successful and strong men in any walk of life, and the unsuccessful weak men around them. You are conscious of the widely differing characteristics of the two classes, but somehow find it difficult to express just in what the difference lies. Let us take a look at the matter.

Buxton said: "The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy and invincible determination." I do not see how the idea could be more clearly expressed than Buxton has spoken. He has put his finger right in the center of the subject—his eye has seen right into the heart of it.

Energy and invincible determination—these two things will sweep away mighty barriers, and will surmount the greatest obstacles. And yet they must be used together. Energy without determination will go to waste. Lots of men have plenty of energy—they are full to overflowing with it, and yet they lack concentration—they lack the concentrated force that enables them to bring their power to bear upon the right spot. Energy is not nearly so rare a thing as many imagine it to be. I can look around me at any time, and pick out a number of people I know who are full of energy—many of them are energy *plus*—and yet, somehow they do not seem to make any headway. They are wasting their energy all the time. Now they are fooling with this thing—now meddling with that. They will take up some trifling thing of no real interest or importance, and will waste enough energy and nervous force to carry them through a hard day's work, and yet when they are through nothing has been accomplished.

And others who have plenty of energy, fail to direct it by the power of the Will toward the desired end. "Invincible determination"—those are the words. Do they not thrill you with their power? If you have something to do, get to work and do it. Marshal your energy, and then guide and direct it by your Will—bestow upon it that "invincible determination" and you will do the thing.

Everyone has within him a giant will, but the majority of us are too lazy to use it. We cannot get ourselves nerved up to the point at which we can say, truthfully: "*I Will.*" If we can but screw up our courage to that point, and will then pin it in place so that it will not slip back, we will be able to call into play that wonderful power—the Human Will. Man, as a rule, has but the faintest conception of the power of the Will, but those who have studied along the occult teachings, know that the Will is one of the great dynamic forces of the universe, and if harnessed and directed properly it is capable of accomplishing almost miraculous things.

"Energy and Invincible Determination"—aren't they magnificent words? Commit them to memory—press them like a die into the wax of your mind, and they will be a constant inspiration to you in hours of need. If you can get these words to vibrating in your being, you will be a giant among pygmies. Say these words over and over again, and see how you are filled with new life—see how your blood will circulate—how your nerves will tingle. Make these words a part of yourself, and then go forth anew to the battle of life, encouraged and strengthened. Put them into practice. "Energy and Invincible Determination"—let that be your motto in your work-a-day life, and you will be one of those rare men who are able to "do things."

Heart Throbs.

BY IDA GATLING PENTECOST.



Is your soul invertebrate and shapeless?

When the skeleton of the soul begins to form, man ceases to look down. Many soul skeletons are deformed. When you hurt another's heart, the skeleton is bent out of shape. Rude, ungraceful speeches make it unsightly. Meanness makes it crooked. Sneering makes it ugly. Ignorance makes it weak and uncertain.

A lack of doing unto others as they want to be done by, and as you would want done by you, were you in their place, crumbles the skeleton to dust!

Perceive, and you have the secret of God.

The Kingdom of Heaven never is obtained by force.

All growth must be spontaneous. No man can be driven.

Kill all memory of the past. Look back, and you are lost.

Endeavor becomes ecstasy when you realize that the whole race's progress is bound up in yours.

I am love, and I am optimism.

All life through the Spirit is Peace.

No one can criticise me, or make me afraid. God is my only Judge.

Faithful hearts will find full measure.

Open eyes and courage are synonyms.

One is a slave to a bad habit, and like many slaves in the South that did not want freedom, so he does not want freedom. A bad habit is a slave-driver; you are the slave driven by it. But when you can once and forever overthrow it, you will feel finer and more self-respecting, and your freedom from the slave-driving habit will be great. Try it and see if I am not right.

A man in his vice cannot see. What use is there in talking to a

drunken man? He must discover his own folly, and convince his own mind of the existence of the vice before it can be gotten rid of. Bad habits are alarming for the reason that they finally dull the brain so much that it loses the power to see.

Purification of mind and body, and clearness of heart, come first in the process of unfoldment.

Do not believe that vice or lust ever died by gratification. Feed vice through gratifying it, and it will expand and grow strong. Take warning, or you will return to the nebulous state.

Troubles are always self-made. A fact discernible only to those who see far.

O, the slow-traveling brain, and the swift winged soul! Mortals shrink from the Great Spiritual Awakening.

Suffer you will as long as you refuse to learn. No guiding star will aid you till you want the Best.

Distress of any kind begins with the commencement of disintegration.

The "Day of Judgment" is here. Events as well as your feelings are rousing you to realize this. The next nine years or so are going to be crucial and testing ones for the nations, and each man and woman individually.

Be extremely careful or you will not pull through.

You have entered the fullness of life, if you have heart perception. Such perception is much deeper and more intense life than brain action.

Have neither contempt nor regret, and learn not to explain, influence or construe.

There are times of inexpressible sweetness, but they come to those only whose hearts are set on the Supreme Goal. No such an one is homeless or an outcast.

Ecstasy comes from spiritual illumination. Thus enlightened you are always making for happiness.

Freedom does not preclude refinement, though many so called free are coarse and vulgar.

When you are unkind in speech, or deed, you have lost for the human race your power and energy.

Never be downhearted; wonder at the abundance within you.

I am rich because I have so many that will let me be good to them.

If you will understand love more you will experience a great increase.

A Merry Christmas to you all! God's garden is abloom because I love you.

"Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor."—EMERSON.

Hark!

From the German of Arno Holz, by E. G.

Over the earth, clouds are floating,
Green through the forest streams their light.

Heart, forget!

In quiet sunlight is comforting magic,
'Neath swaying blossoms, balm thousand fold.

Forget! Forget!

From the far vale pipes—hark!—a bird.

It sings its song,

The song of joy!

Of joy!

Letters to a Seeker.

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



Happiness and freedom are easily within your reach. You do not need to fret and struggle and wear out your life fighting against adversity; you only need to know. The unrest and disquieting fears you feel are in the sensuous mind. You are influenced by the destructive forces that dominate the material man. The selfish human will is struggling for supremacy without a conscious link to the realm of cause. It is not the divine self that feels pain and limitation. The real man is never affected by any harm. There can be no disturbance of the entity, the being or spirit, for it is one with the Absolute, from which it can never be lost.

You say that you have suffered unjustly. You murmur against the decree of destiny that has immured the ashes of your dreams and ideals in the caverns of the sub-conscious memory with the ghosts of unworded yearnings. You say that the zeal of youth has ebbed, your ambitions are crushed and your plans thwarted. The complaints you make and the excuses you offer are common. You are too easily discouraged. The fault is not in circumstances, but within yourself that you have failed. You have been conquered by obstacles that you should have mastered. No great and permanent good comes to man until he has proven his worthiness to receive and enjoy its blessings.

The birds sing as sweetly, the flowers bloom, the sun shines with the same brightness and warmth, the dawns are as beautiful and in the world are all the music and poetry, the romance and love that you once knew when life was young and full of hope and wonderment.

You were vexed with delays. You lost sight of the lofty ideals that would require years to attain. You sacrificed the noble attributes of heart and mind that should have been treasured as your greatest wealth. You ignored unselfish love and friendship, crushed out the flower of sentiment and stifled the longings of your better nature. In the midst of a world radiant with beauty, where man may have peace, happiness and all things that inspire and ennoble, you have lived in a dismal environment where all has been sacrificed to the god of self. Yielding to the impulses and passions of the lower nature, you rushed into the world of action to seize with rough hands life's tinsel trophies. But in the conflict your brain has become clouded, your thoughts confused. Experience has put fetters upon your ambitions. Time has silenced your lips and sounded the knell of defeat. Your estimate of life-values has been wrong.

You seek to regain your lost kingdom, to look again upon the world with the eyes of faith and love, to feel the sublimity of the starlit nights, to hear the surge of the sea and be at one with the spirit of the waves, to forget self in the ecstasy of living, to find yourself at the very heart of being, thrilled with every conceivable joy.

To enter upon life anew you must learn to forget the past. Banish from the mind all feeling of regret and enmity. Change your environment, your habits and mode of living. Avoid close personal attachments and harmful influences. Realize that all the good you have realized may be attained again, for the laws that govern thought are unchanged, the forces back of nature are eternal. Imagine yourself again at the threshold of life. You are a child of the Infinite, an inseparable part of Supreme Wisdom and Supreme Power, the Supreme and absolutely One. In your reflected and finite mind there are discordant thoughts and in your life are actions which seem the opposite of good, because you have turned your ears to the noises and tumult and are deaf to the monitions of the higher self.

You may experience again the rapturous calm, the passionate peace of the soul bathed in the healing silences. You may turn from the disordered state, from the sensible emotions that you have called pleasures, sorrows, pain and error and find union with the Absolute. Accept all these griefs and disappointments you have endured as ripening experiences that have forced your soul into truer conditions and awakened your mind to a better understanding. Being a part of the Supreme Power you can never be banished from the source of your being. If you are true to the Divine leading no harm can possibly affect you. You will be given strength from unseen sources to overcome every apparent evil, and the things that you have feared will be turned to blessings.

Awake from the dream of limitation and failure in which you have long been held. Turn from anger, hatred, jealousy, strife, revenge and all the disturbing influences which affect the body and mind. Say to

your higher self, or the divine power within which is a part of the Absolute, "if my will and ways cross Thine, show me and I will yield my will to Thee, for Thou art right and good."

"Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept my gift this day for Truth's sweet sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make.
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,
But only Thou, sweet Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching eye canst see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
Fond hopes and longings infinite. It hath
Been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Till strength and love and beauty it hath none.

Now take, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thy sweet will that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cry prevail
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know it as my own,
But gaining back my gift may find it Thine."

"He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head."—EMERSON.

"That which is past, is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present, and to come: Therefore, they do but trifle with themselves, that labor in past matters."—BACON.

Buster Brown Resolves.**RESOLVED!**

THAT FORGETFULNESS HAS ITS GOOD AND ITS BAD POINTS. IT IS BEST TO FORGET YOUR OWN AND OTHERS MISTAKES, OR THE INJURIES YOU'VE RECEIVED, BUT OH, HOW EASILY WE FORGET PAIN AND PANG AND GO RIGHT BACK TO SOWING THINGS THAT WE DON'T WANT TO REAP. I'M GOING TO GET MY MEMORY TRAINED SO IT WILL FORGET. WHAT GOOD IS A MEMORY THAT REMEMBERS THE UNPLEASANT AND UNHAPPY THINGS. YOU CAN'T LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELF UNLESS YOU CAN FORGET. AND UNLESS YOU LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR YOU'RE WAY OFF THE TRACK, FOR LOVE IS THE FUL FILLING OF THE LAW.

BUSTER BROWN

The Diary of "A New Beginner."

(The real diary of a real live person, whose name is withheld by request.—Editor.)



I don't know how I shall succeed, but at any rate, by the very first word written here, I stand committed to "the new philosophy," and the process of regeneration is supposed to be setting in.

Many times I have laughed and poked good-natured fun,—and some that was not so good-natured,—at Mental Science, Christian Science, Suggestion, New Thought, any and

every philosophy of life which differed from the old orthodox formula of existence. But gradually I have come to believe that in each is a slowly ripening kernel of truth; that the real vital force, the secret of all things, lies in each of us, and I almost believe that we *can* learn to control our circumstances, environment, health and happiness. I wonder if this is so. At any rate tonight I cast off, so far as I am able, allegiance to my old habits of thought, take a long breath, dip my pen deep in the inkwell and write myself, with a queer sense of entering a strange world—a "New Thinker."

What must I learn first in this new world? Oh, much about myself, I feel. For the real task I have assumed is the re-creation of myself. More than money, more than fame, more than what is usually meant by "success," I want to realize my own ideal of womanhood. I want to be the woman I have dreamed. At eighteen how impossible it seems that one should fail in this. At thirty, what heavy barriers one has reared between one's self and that dream woman. But can they not come down? Shall they not come down? I believe—yes, I *believe* the answer rests with my own self, and New Thought means to me that what I will to be I can be.

Yes, I have made my confession of faith—I can be what I *will* be, and I will to be that woman who at eighteen inspired my every dream and who all the years of my life has dumbly cried to me for realization.

I remember so well my eighteenth birthday. I had been reading Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," and the strong words of the Preface went deep into my young and impressionable heart:

"The second thing you may make sure of is, that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and that however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—effort to get quit of them." * * * * * *"Now, therefore, see that no day passes that*

you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body." My merciless young conscience searched every corner of my being, and, humbly following Ruskin's command, I wrote my portrait down. Oh, be sure no fault escaped my rigorous eye! I felt humbled before my shortcomings, and in fervent words pledged myself to overcome, to live every day so that in the happy years to come my face should be that

"—— countenance in which do meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Poor diary of the long ago, bearing the futile words! tonight I think of you, and as I turn the first pages of this new "Diary" of my later years, I feel humbly that there is a long stretch of road ahead before I can even walk abreast of the girl you knew.

Well, then, Josephine Gregory, looking at me there from the glass; if we remember so well that old "pen-portrait," what about taking another tonight?

It will not be an honest one. I *hate* to acknowledge faults. When I know I'm wrong, I don't mind so much—but, as John says, if the thirteenth labor of Hercules had been to convince me that I was wrong, he would have gone down in mythology as a vanquished hero. Even now with but a sheet of paper to listen, my pen balks.

Well, here goes. Name, Josephine Gregory; age, thirty; Spinster! Such a hopeless word that is; wish I'd said bachelor maid. For there *are* several varieties of "us." There's the "old maid"; she's beyond redemption, cranky, sour-visaged, and with a grudge against the world. There's the spinster; I rather think she's a gentle, quiet, benignant creature, destined later to neices and nephews and happy household cares. There's the "unmarried lady," who carries about with her an air of ultra-conventionality, never discusses age (and might be any), and who keeps up a bold front to the world, as of one who may yet not only be wooed but won. And there is the "bachelor maid"—but she's so young, so happy, so vigorous, so assured that she is filling the very only right place in life, and so certain to draw to herself whatever is needed—even marriage—to make it so, that I really daren't claim the term. So, after all, I guess I'm just a plain "unmarried woman." That's discreet and not too definite.

I simply can't get down to the faults. Well, that's one, to begin with—Pride. I am proud. I know it. I don't know why; I don't know what of.

I've been sitting here thinking, and I wonder if Pride isn't really only another name for Self-Love. When, after a difference with a friend, I

hold myself aloof waiting his acknowledgment of wrong, it isn't that I'm not sorry for my share—is it self-love, demanding that I be valued above him? That seems partly true. I must watch and learn.

To cure Pride, it seems to me absolute sincerity with myself and through self with others, is all that is needed. If I can teach myself to rightly view each action and word and to say to myself the truth concerning it, acting and speaking that truth openly, then Pride, I feel, must die.

Next, I am very self-willed. By hard and continued struggle through the responsibilities, mental and financial, of the last ten years, I have learned to *shut my teeth and conquer*. When a thing had to be done, I have not admitted the possibility of defeat; I have started out to do it. To nobody have I told the inner shrinking, at times, the wish to let go, give up, surrender responsibility. I have fought them down, and while there is some virtue in the energy and determination developed, this virtue in excess has become a fault, and a grievous one. From *need* to dominate, has come the involuntary *desire* to do so, at all times. My own way seems the only way; I can't yield one inch; I can't defer. I grow overbearing, irritable, impatient. I am intolerant of opposing ideas, actions, even ambitions or hopes. This is my great failing.

Third (and last for tonight; I can't stand any more unveiling at one sitting;) contact with the business world, its materialistic atmosphere, the sliding standards of right and wrong, and the easy familiarity with the world's weaknesses, has in a manner brushed the delicacy from my mind. I need to re-place myself, mentally; to return to my own ideals, my own standards and hold them unswervingly, let the crowd jostle as they may. The real fabric of my soul—albeit “a little soiled about the hem,”—I yearn to find still whole, still fair.

It's not very complex, what I want—to *find* myself, to be myself.

Diary, I know what a zigzag road you will chronicle! I shall climb up a little—such a short way,—only to fall. Again I'll rise; again to fall. I do not expect to conquer easily. I may *always* have to struggle. But struggle I will to free myself from every fetter and let my soul and spirit illumine my life. And every mood shall truthfully bare itself to you; happy, sad, flippant, serious; just as they come to me; just as I yield to them. The cares of my day, the wearing problems of my business life, the hours full of personal incident; all shall be set down, and to each will I try to apply that new power—no, that old power newly recognized,—the struggling belief in whose existence has made me this day write myself, in the words of an old country friend of mine, “a new beginner” in New Thought.

“We are the miracle of miracles,—the great inscrutable mystery of God.”—CARLYLE.

In Harmony With the Law.

-(A Series of Twelve Articles on the Physical Life.)

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

VII. HABITS.

The victim of any of the habits of appetite,—tobacco, whiskey, opium, morphine, etc.,—has bartered in exchange for his moments of indulgence, the control of his mind, the regulation of his emotions and his moods, the power to enforce his will,—and in nine cases out of ten his bodily health as well. Where he should hold dominion, Habit sits. When he says “No,” Habit cries “Yes,” and conquers. While ambition, love, unselfishness set their goal before him, Habit fetters each struggling step.

In each of us is a power—*the* power—which is meant to dominate all the circumstances of our life, transmuting them into harmony, attainment.

He who becomes a slave to appetite, in whatever form, loses his ability to call this power into action, and has turned over the control and direction of his life to the caprice of moments. Appetite has taught his will to yield, and when he needs its strength most he finds it wavering.

The man who honestly and earnestly desires to free himself from this self-inflicted bondage, can do so. But he must take up the task thoroughly and systematically.

The first thing to consider is *the cause*. The habit of taking stimulants or narcotics often has its root in an overtaxed mind, depleted nerves, neglected body, each or all crying for the false strength of stimulants or the false quiet of narcotics. Look, then, first to the conditions which beget the appetite you seek to conquer. Analyze your physical, mental and material life and make a list of the weaknesses you discover. It might read like this:

PHYSICAL.

1. Insomnia. (What causes it?)
2. Great nervous irritability.
3. Sense of exhaustion following exertion.

MENTAL.

1. Habit of worry.
2. Tendency to despondency and discouragement.

MATERIAL.

1. Financial difficulties.
2. Heavy business responsibilities requiring constant thought and care.

Well, if you should show me such a list I would say, “Man, you’re not properly nourished!” What do the three physical symptoms mean but a depleted body? Mind, I don’t say you are not taking *enough* food,

but you are not getting the proper nourishment from it, therefore it's the wrong food for you. Nervous irritability means that your nerves are not properly fed and rested. The tendency to exhaustion shows you are overtaxing your body. If, by the use of a narcotic or stimulant you manage to force your body beyond the point it warns you is its limit of strength, you are still further depleting it.

If an animal was suffering from an arterial hemorrhage you could perhaps lash it to action,—but what would be the result? Death! You would know better than this, and would compress the severed artery and enforce quiet until it healed.

So with your own body. The worst thing you can do is to use tobacco or whiskey as a lash. Your life arteries are ebbing away. They need binding up, care and attention.

Your mental symptoms will be greatly improved, if not entirely overcome by an improved physical condition. Your material difficulties, believe me or not as you may, are largely the result of your physical and mental conditions. Very well, then, *strike at the root!* Begin today to lead a *healthy* life; to build your body up systematically. Give it perfect nourishment. (Read Article III of this series in June NEW THOUGHT.) *Keep your bowels open.* Drink eight to ten glasses of water per day. Eat quantities of fresh fruit—this is important. Go to bed early and *regularly*, and keep your windows open. Morning, noon and night, see that your circulation is even. In the November article I gave some exercises to produce this result,—two or three minutes' use when you find your head hot, feet cold or vice versa, will restore normal conditions. Take a hot bath each night. It allays excitement, relieves pain, equalizes the circulation and tends to produce sleep.

Don't wait until your body is rebuilt before you attack that Habit of yours. Begin today! Tear down Habit and build up physique at the same time. Neither process alone will bring success, for body-building is slow when you are poisoning the new blood daily; habit-destruction is difficult when the weaknesses of the body are daily draining your strength and will. Then strike both ways at once—and STRIKE HARD!

The Milk Cure is an excellent thing for either the whiskey or tobacco habit, and the reason for this is that it provides the body daily with a quantity of nourishment in an easily digestible form. You are taking a great deal in *bulk*, and your stomach feels unusually full and indisposed to further activity. The thought of adding to its contents soon becomes nauseating and before long the old desire *dies* from lack of gratification. The secret of this is that the milk cure feeds the body so thoroughly that its every need is satisfied,—the natural outcome of *perfect* nourishment.

In physical life, as in mental, the best way to destroy a habit is to put another in its place. That's a point you want to remember. *Select your new habit!* I knew a man once who cured himself of the tobacco habit by the use of a little book of synonyms and yet he had been in the

habit of smoking twenty to thirty cigars a day. He was passionately fond of the study of words, and whenever he felt the old tobacco hunger coming on, out of his pocket would fly the book of synonyms and he would fall to studying words. You see he had been wise enough to select another passion,—and a harmless one—to take the place of the one that had been sapping his strength.

Another man, very proud and fond of his daughter, cured himself by saving his tobacco money daily, to make possible a long desired vacation trip for her. His love for her was stronger than the tobacco craving in the end. He got more gratification from depositing the ten cents five times a day in the "vacation box" than in burning a cigar to ashes. He merely substituted one passion for another.

If it is the drink habit you seek to overcome, make it an ironclad rule to make no engagements, accept no invitations, which shall test your new resolution. The best way to accomplish this is to make some other engagement *immediately* for the tempting hour; your resolution will be bulwarked. Carry a good sweet orange in your pocket at all times, and whenever you feel a desire for a drink, take a suck at the orange. It seems simple, but it's a help. And again I say: *Keep well nourished*, and drink water, water, water!

With the tobacco habit, take a glass of milk whenever you feel the old nervous demand. Never mind if you have to drink six glasses in a morning; it's good for you.

If you have been accustomed to either drinking or smoking after dinner, make a fixed engagement for that hour which is incompatible with the indulgence of the habits. If you live in the city arrange to take up some study under a teacher at that hour, English, the violin, mathematics, draughting, whatever you are interested in. You will find an instructor no more expensive than a habit! If in the country, form a chess or cribbage club of eight or ten members to meet progressively; for instance, John Smith calls at your house tonight at 7:30 to play chess (or cribbage or whatever you may have selected), Thomas Jones the next night, Henry Bird the next night, etc., etc.

Remember, this is forming a *new* habit and that is the best way to shove the old one out.

To overcome, then, give yourself perfect nourishment, proper sleep, fresh air, exercise; drink plenty of water; keep your bowels open; weed out of your daily life whatever annoys or harasses you, no matter of what sort; decide on a *new* habit and whenever the old one calls for recognition, shove the new one promptly in its place; make no engagements or plans which are apt to test your resolution; make counter engagements for every hour or occasion which is likely to call upon it. And have perfect faith in your ability to overcome. You *can*! Give yourself a chance! Start in with determination,—and,—STOP TODAY, my friend!

Compensation.

ROBERTA Y. HAYNES.

We must take people as they are, rather than as we hope. I suppose one of the chiefest griefs of every sensitive spirit is this apotheosis of the unknown, and subsequent discovery of the feet (and alas! sometimes more) of clay. One wonders if he shall ever cease this boundless expectancy, this immeasurable ascription of perfection and wholeness to each new person who looms on the horizon as peculiarly congenial. Does one really wish to become lost to spontaneity and enthusiasm, and coldly calculate the compensations of disillusionizement? The universe appears infallibly balanced—things so accurately offset one another on the final reckoning, that there is no evil, no good, but only the old Same, turn it how we may. I suppose the constant realization of this principle is what produces the state of Nirvana, the middle course, or freedom from all human emotion of the Hindu devotee. When pains preponderate over pleasures, this vacuum looks like a rather inviting sort of place, and then, when the inevitable reaction comes, and pleasurable states are in the ascendancy, pain looks like only the shadow on my picture, and I see the high lights only the more vividly for it.

But is it true that we are made fools of, vibrating from extreme to extreme, from asceticism to epicurianism, grasping what seems for the moment truth, only to find it turning to a lie in our hands?

Let us say what honestly can be said on all sides, and leave the deduction to work itself out in everyday practice; in the first place, emotion or feeling can never be completely eradicated from human nature. What can be done is to confine it within extremely narrow limits, when it gains in force what it loses in extent; and, moreover, even if the eradication of the passions were within the range of human possibility, how few would desire release from pain on the condition offered, i. e., inability to feel either joy or sorrow? Is not this a rather doubtful good?

Each life is an experiment. My problems never were proposed before. The elements have always existed, but never in the combination in which they present themselves to me and in me, and my own personality contains their only solution; I am the solvent of my circumstances. Self reliance is the golden thread to lead me out of the maze of circumstance that envelops and is always threatening to submerge me. Only as I stand alone am I strong. Only as I become passive to the flux of Truth am I electric and vital.

"Every friend whom not thy fantastic will but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace."—EMERSON.

Affirmations for December

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I.

In the voice of unspoiled Nature sounds the
true harmony of life.
I seek its melody. I open myself to its song.

II.

I take my soul aside in silence.
Shut out is the clamour of the world; the
conflict of man with man.
Only The True Voice shall speak.

III.

I give strength to him who lies worn on the
bed of illness;
Calm to his mind, health to his body, peace
in his soul.

IV.

I will! Every power is mine.
I will! Barriers shall fall.
I will! The goal is sure.
I will!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor, WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

FRANKLIN L. BERRY

Assistant Editors

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Earnest Inquirer.—You ask me to state my attitude toward the theories of Thomson J. Hudson, and whether or not the said theories conflict with New Thought teachings. You say that your question is prompted by the statement of the teacher of a New Thought class that you recently attended, the teacher stating that there was nothing in Hudson's theories and that you would have to unlearn all that you had obtained from the reading and study of Hudson's books before you could grasp the real truth underlying the New Thought philosophy. Well, all I can do is to give you my particular view of the matter—but I suppose that that is what you are asking for anyway, so I need not try to explain at length that many New Thought people may differ very widely from my views. In the first place, I would say that it seems rank nonsense to me for any teacher to try to set up a New Thought creed, and to claim that all teaching that does not conform to that creed is "heretical" and heterodox. It seems to me that *all* honest teaching and investigation along these lines should be accorded a place in the New Thought work. Each investigator, student or teacher is digging away at the great volume of truth, and as each uncovers a bit of precious metal he has a right to exhibit it as such, without being complained of by others who have unearthed something that looks different from the aforesaid specimen. There are all sorts of precious metal to be found in the great mine of truth, and no one has a right to claim that the particular vein that he has brought to view is the "only real stuff" and that the "find" of the others is but base and worthless metal. We must avoid falling into the error of the theologians, many of whom can see no good or truth in anything outside of their own pet theories or dogmas. If we do not, then New Thought will decay and be discarded in favor of something else more in harmony with the spirit of the age. I cannot sympathize with the statement of the teacher who would read Hudson out of the fold. While I differ very materially from Mr. Hudson on many points, I gladly say that his work has been of the greatest value in clearing away many old notions; in classifying the phenomena of the mind; and in attracting the attention of the public to the subject of mental phenomena. I venture to say that more people have come into the New Thought by reason of having become interested in the "Law of Psychic Phenomena" than from any other one cause. In my opinion, Mr. Hudson became enamored of his dual mind theory and tried to explain everything by the one theory, going to great length in the attempt. This has caused many later investigators to belittle his efforts, which is unfair, for, no matter how Mr. Hudson stretched his pet theory, the fact remains that he has done more than any other recent writer to classify the action of the several planes of mental activity, and to state the matter in plain terms so that the public could grasp it. Personally, I prefer the old occult teaching of the *threefold* planes of the mind, to Hudson's *dual* mind, but I think that one can better grasp the former teaching by reason of having read and studied Hudson's work. The occult teachings hold that man's mind functions on three planes: (1) the sub-conscious; (2) the conscious; and (3) the super-conscious. Hudson holds that Man has a "dual mind," consisting of (1) the Objective Mind, and (2) the Subjective Mind. He holds that all the action of the mind outside of the field of consciousness belongs to the Subjective Mind. No matter if the product be the lowest animal impulses or stupidity on the one hand, or the highest aspiration or flashes of genius on the other—it is all the work of the great Subjective Mind. It is admitted that the animals have little or no Objective Mind, and that Man has developed the latter—but this is ignored by those singing the praise of the Subjective Mind, which is described as containing the highest and the lowest in the field of thought. I call your attention to this, not as depreciating Hudson's work, but that you may see how well he has paved the way for the occult teaching. To those who, while admiring Hudson's work, still felt the incongruity of lumping this highest and lowest together, I would suggest the following plan as a means of forming a clear idea of the occult teachings regarding the Threefold Mind. Set aside the "Conscious Mind" as practically being the same as Hudson's "Objective Mind." Then split up his "Subjective Mind" into (1) a higher plane of mentation, which you may call the "Super-conscious" (or "higher-than-conscious")

plane; and (2) a lower plane which you may call the "Sub-conscious" (or "lower than conscious") plane. Do you not see how the rough places of Hudson's theory are smoothed out, and how light is thrown on the dark corners? The "Sub-conscious" Mind is seen to be first in the scale of evolution, followed by the "Conscious," and last of all by the great "Super-conscious" or "Spiritual Mind" which the race is now developing, and from which comes all that is highest and greatest. You will see that this occult theory does not call for the discarding of Hudson's work as "old junk," but, on the contrary, it throws light on Hudson's work, and enables his students to grasp the occult teaching at once. No, I do not mean to intimate that Hudson got his idea from the old occult teachings—in fact, I do not believe that he ever heard of them. Mr. Hudson was of a scientific type, and from what I have learned from those who were intimately acquainted with him, he had read little or nothing of the old occult teachings. He arrived at his conclusions by independent reasoning, and his work was original. It will not do for teachers of pet metaphysical theories to attempt to discredit the work of Hudson and other workers in the psychological field. The people are asking for scientific reasoning in place of the foggy metaphysical twaddle that has been ladled out to them as the "real New Thought"—they are asking for something substantial in place of the "sweetened wind" upon which they have been fed. The New Thought teaching of the future must be scientific and rational instead of misty, musty, and vague. New Thought is not a glittering dream based upon wordy nothings—it is a sane, sound philosophy of life, based upon scientific facts that may be proven by anyone if he or she will but take the trouble to investigate and experiment.

In repeating Affirmation III send your thoughts to C. A. Affirmation IV is for each day's silent use. "A. M.," "K." and "A. W." should especially make it theirs.

"You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom; your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw, barn-sweepings, dust and all imaginable rubbish; no matter, you cast it into the kind just Earth; she grows the wheat,—the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds it in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing there; the good Earth is silent about all the rest—has silently turned all the rest to some benefit, too, and makes no complaint about it! So everywhere in Nature! She is true and not a lie; and yet so great, and just, and motherly in her truth. She requires of a thing only that it *be* genuine of heart; she will protect it if so; will not if not so. There is a soul of truth in all the things she ever gave harbor to. Alas, is not this the history of all highest Truth that comes or ever came into the world? The *body* of them is all imperfection, an element of light *in* darkness; to us they have to come embodied in mere Logic, in some merely *scientific* Theorem of the Universe; which *cannot* be complete; which cannot but be found, one day, *incomplete*; erroneous, and so die and disappear. The body of all Truth dies; and yet in all, I say, there is a soul which never dies; which in new and ever-nobler embodiment lives immortal as man himself! It is the way with Nature. The genuine essence of Truth never dies."—*Carlyle*.

Stepping Stones.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

* * * "Please pardon me for troubling you, but I know I can trust you and you can tell me what to do. I involuntarily try not to see, not to observe what is before me, not to feel what I touch, or actually to notice what is going on around me. I deliberately acquired this habit—from superstition at first, and seldom. Realizing how idiotic it was I tried to stop it, but cannot. I can neither concentrate my gaze or my attention on anything, or "sense" anything, as I should, or hardly ever. I seem to fear to, and try not to—*against my will*.

"It is clouding my wits and having a very bad effect on my eyes. An oculist, in examining them, said: "We must make those muscles work." I am extremely nervous and feel that my sanity depends on my cure. Dr. X. offers to cure disease for a small sum. I feared to write him, fearing blackmail by threats of reporting me as insane. Would I be called so? Could I safely write him, or will you recommend a hypnotist I can trust.

"I have been helped much by your writings and will be eternally most grateful if you will kindly advise me." * * *

Your letter emphasizes most clearly the power of habit. By constantly, yet without effort, refusing to use the sense of sight and touch, you in a short time acquired a habit which now has become a power. I print your letter in full because I wish to emphasize not only to you, but to all our readers, how *easy* it is to form habits. It's the simplest thing in the world—just a moment's perseverance now and then to begin with, and it *does itself*!

All the ordinary events of life, our rising, going to bed, eating, sleeping, drinking, functioning of every nature, should be automatic, and might be, would we take the briefest space of time to form a habit. And yet many of us, myself included, waste tons of nervous force daily, directing 365 days in the year, 365 different ways, the ordinary functions of life. Let these duties be performed automatically by *Habit*, and we would have enough Vital Energy left over to write wonderful books, paint beautiful pictures, evolve miraculous inventions or make the world better and brighter through the applied power of our thought. If you ever hear of my writing a book you may be sure I've found the leisure time by turning over some of my duties to *Habit*.

Now as to you, my friend, the answer to your question is just as clear as if it was written in red letters a foot high and hung in plain view. Who taught you the habit you now deplore? Yourself! What powers did you possess then that are not easily in call now? Not any! What supernatural agency did you invoke? None! You used simply the Gift which is common to all. We can create ourselves. Yes, little by little we can build the structure—lofty or low, as we ourselves do will. You've done some poor building; that's all. You didn't realize how useless the completed structure would be built on your lines. But now you see. Well, tear it down and build again! Don't have a moment's doubt as to the result! You don't need a hypnotist, a doctor, a Healer—you don't need anybody or anything but just yourself and what lies therein. You've demonstrated your power beyond a doubt. Direct the same force in the opposite channel and the deed is done.

You've got to acquire a new habit—that of *consciously* observing. You can't do it in a minute, but you can in a succession of minutes spread over days. When you began the practice of which you now wish to rid yourself, you tried to remember *not* to notice. No doubt you failed many times in the early stages of your attempt. You will have a similar experience in your new task, but the end will be the same—complete success in your endeavor. Let me tell you how to begin.

First, to learn to observe. Go to your room, where you are secure from interruption, throw up your window, breathe in the fresh air and take a few minutes' physical exercise. Any kind—I don't care—just enough to freshen yourself up a bit and start the blood circulating. Then take an object, any object, a book for instance, and fix your eyes upon it. Examine it thoroughly, and say over to yourself every idea that comes to you about it. You will have to use simple methods to begin with.

Say "This is a book. Rather a small book. Its color is dark green. The lettering is in gold. The title on the back runs lengthwise. The material seems to be silk. It contains 174 pages. The paper is clear white and heavy. The type is black and there is quite a wide space between the lines." When you've finished enumerating the distinctive characteristics of the book, begin all over again. See if you cannot find some additional points about the book this time. Do this four or five times. If you find your gaze wandering, stop your "catalogue" and simply say, "I am looking at a book. This is a book." Put your fingers on the lettering and say, "This is the gold lettering," etc., etc. After using the book half a dozen times take another object and repeat the process. Then rest your eyes, closing them, but continue to hold the book or other object, and begin to see what you can determine about it by *feeling*. For instance, "The cover feels smooth to my hand, but it is rough near the edge. The last two pages do not open as thoroughly as the others. One of the corners of the book is bent. The paper has ragged edges," etc., etc. Do this six or eight times a day for five or ten minutes at a time. It is not absolutely necessary that you be alone, although it will help you at first. You can practice the same plan with people all about you, and nobody be aware.

Whenever you look at an object try not to take your eyes away until you have examined it so carefully that you could give an accurate description. Go back to it again and again if you are conscious you have only half done the work. Whenever you touch an object follow the same plan, endeavoring to master every attribute of such object which the sense of touch can discover. You will forget to do this; you will find it hard at first; but with your daily practice in your room you will soon note increased ease, and it will become less and less difficult as time goes on.

Insane? Not a bit of it. But don't go to Dr. X or Dr. anybody else. Take your own case in hand. You have already proved that you have *remarkable* control of your will and the *Force* within. The end is sure, absolutely sure. The only matter with you at present is that you've succeeded so thoroughly in what you set out to do, that you've been hobnobbing with Fear. You have neglected to take into consideration the fact that the same Power is yours *still*, and that all any person of your force needs to do is to *decide* what result shall be accomplished. So *make your decision* and get to work; and then write me how goes the battle. I shall not have to wait long for the final note of victory.

* * * * *

K.—You say you lack self-confidence; that in conversation you place your mind on what you are saying and start out swimmingly, but before you finish you become self-conscious and constrained and therefore make a poor impression. You say, "This means so much to me because I know we are valued as we value ourselves."

Now, I think you are looking at the matter through the wrong end of the telescope, if you don't mind my saying so. And the secret of your difficulty lies right there. Your letter in great part is a very sensible one, not at all "conceited" and showing a very amenable disposition, and a most laudable and humble wish to "overcome." BUT, that one little sentence quoted above shows that, however innocently, your mind is fixed on what people are thinking of YOU. Your distress is because when you falter in speech or thought they will undervalue YOU. I don't mean to say that you overvalue yourself, for I don't at all think you do. The spirit of your letter is quite the opposite. But, after all, your chief concern is as to what effect YOU are making, what opinion people are forming of you. Get away from that just as fast as you can. When you are talking try to detach yourself from the subject; regard it as you would a painting or a fine vase. Are you putting it in the best light; are you showing all its good points? If you were letting some friends look at a painting you owned, you wouldn't feel that its being well or poorly done affected your personality. You would be only interested that it should be judged correctly, and that it gave your friends pleasure. Take the same attitude when you talk. Do not think what people will think of *you* who are talking, but whether you are slighting or misrepresenting your subject, whether you are kind or unkind in speech, just or unjust. Birdseye views of "self" are all that it's healthy to take. We need to do that, to get our bearings, see how the land lies and do a little remodeling occasionally. But *constant* thought of self, even though critical and corrective, is a bad thing. Whenever you find yourself thinking of *self*, switch off the current and begin thinking of *somebody else*. Do it continually when in company. Think of the other people in the room, their good qualities, their bright ways, clever tongues, pleasing accomplishments. When you are indulging in "chit-chat" with a friend, think of what *she* is saying, and run over her attractive points in your mind. Your own personality will be growing and flowering in this atmosphere. Just at present, through a very laudable desire to improve yourself, you've grown a little self-centered. Wipe *self* off the slate except for say ten minutes meditation after you have gone to bed at

night. Let that ten minutes sum up the mistakes of today and outline the corrections of tomorrow.

The moment your mind begins seeking its old stamping ground, get it another subject QUICK. It's the same old principle of Habit again. To get rid of one habit, put *another* in its place. It's the only *sure* cure. You're all right! Don't worry!

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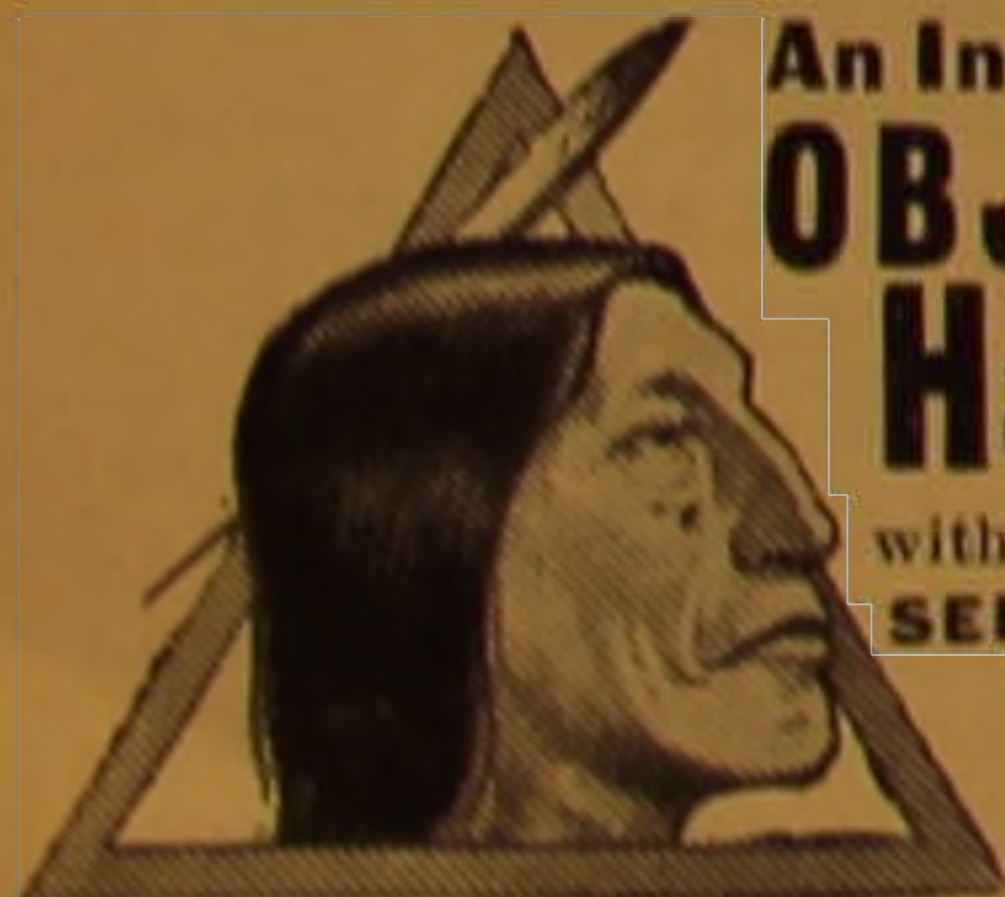
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THE PUBLISHER'S TALK.

Miss Wells is lamenting (almost) because winter is at hand. And her reason is that no more flowers will blow in HER garden. Did you ever hear about her garden? It's a good story, and we're all waiting for the sequel. Almost a block and a half from where Miss Wells' window looks out on the broad, shining macadam stands a large frame and plaster house, surrounded by an immense old-fashioned yard—not the "lawn" that most city houses with a small strip of grass lay claim to, but a real yard. It stands in a large enclosure with another good-sized, comfortable frame house, and an iron fence rears its barrier around. The house has been vacant ever since Miss Wells went to live in the neighborhood—almost two years. It never bears a "For Rent" or "For Sale" sign, but stands back in its shrubbery, silent, serene and indifferent to a house-hunting public. Miss Wells has a new explanation of the circumstance each week. (It needs an explanation, since in the city house owners are eager to placard vacant property with sign on sign until its rental or sale is accomplished.) The last elucidation the office listened to was to the effect that the occupants of the second house are the owners of both; that on the marriage of an only child they built the now empty house as a bridal gift; that a sudden illness resulted in the death of the child (Miss Wells won't state, as yet, whether son or daughter) before the house had ever been occupied; and that it stands vacant, a monument of their grief. Of course the basis for the story lies only in the fertile brain of our assistant editor, but if she advances the theory many more times, it won't be long before she believes it herself. The house, although large and roomy, is not specially attractive, although a little fresh paint would probably add to its beauty; but the garden is a joy forever. Miss Wells insists there is not its counterpart in Chicago, and since it has no visible owner, she styles it with daily increasing assurance, "My Garden." It's a medley of old-fashioned flowers, but so excellently selected that from the first breath of spring until the final grip of frost it is a succession of varying bloom. Each month (Miss Wells says *each week*, and with slight encouragement would, we are sure, add *each day*) has its own peculiar wealth of bloom and fragrance, and just when it seems the list has been run through, out bursts a new glory to lend beauty to the green shade of shrub and tree. There are no set beds—a carpet here of tulips in the spring beneath lilac bushes which later swing their purple fragrance in the air, a wealth of honeysuckle, a mass of spiderwort, a tall array of sentinel hol-

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lyhocks, elder blossoms spreading their white fans in the sun, wild roses, bitter almonds—a beautiful profusion and a changing joy. At first Miss Wells spoke of house and garden as a feature in the landscape, but we noted daily an increasing change in her manner of expression until finally one morning she announced quite calmly that wild roses were blooming in HER garden. Since then the pronoun has become a fixed habit. She speaks of MY house, and MY garden with an intimate delight. At present she has arrived at the point where she has selected the front room in the second story as "HER" room, and we note daily a tendency to parcel out the rest of the house in accordance with her own idea of *where* and *what* the rooms ought to be. A dead tree was cut down this summer and carted away, to Miss Wells' expressed indignation. We forgot to state that the grass is kept in perfect order, and the rolling green surface of the yard with its fringes and splotches of bloom, its tall trees and fragrant bushes, is well weeded, dug and watered. But Miss Wells has never yet detected anybody at work. She has decided, however, that of course the father and mother (Southern, by the way, according to her declaration) arrange for the proper care of the grounds. Don't be at all surprised if some day we announce that The New Thought Publishing Company has removed its office to a big two-story plaster and frame house on the North side of the city, that Miss Wells' editorial office is on the second floor over the front door, and that OUR garden is wafting perfume through every window. For this *may* be the sequel; who knows?

* * *

Good news! The best there is. At last New Thought has been admitted to second-class privileges, and the December issue marks the new departure. This means—well, it means so much that we won't try to do justice to the subject. It cuts down our expenses very considerably, as you all know, a very desirable feature at this time, when we've just slashed off half our income with the reduction in subscription price. And it makes probable an increase in the size of the magazine, the addition of some new contributors and many other good things too numerous to mention. Our subscribers will get the benefit of every dollar saved, and the saving amounts to several thousand dollars a year!

* * *

R. F. Outcalt ("Buster Brown's Papa") visited Chicago recently on a lecture tour, or, more correctly speaking, a story-telling tour, for the hours of his public appearance were filled with an overlapping chain of "good stories." We'd like to quote some

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here, but we don't want to take the edge off the real thing for those who may have a chance to hear Mr. Outcault lecture. An Outcault story ceases to be an Outcault story when anybody else tells it. The children were in spasms of delight, and the grown folks kept well up with the procession. Miss Wells says that in her dreams she can still hear a small girl in red ejaculating in helpless mirth, between the doublings up which followed each story or cartoon, "Oh, Guh-racious! Oh, Guh-racious!" We feel a great temptation to tell you the story of the Jewess who was cured by Christian Science, of the cross-eyed man with St. Vitus' dance who wanted to be an elocutionist, of the "mouse-hound," etc., but we forbear.

* * *

A SMALL SERMON.

You's got to quit yoh foolin' if you wants to git ahead.

You's got to quit regrettin' 'bout de chances dat is fled,

An' hopin' dat de future gwine to be so sweet an' grand

You's sure to grab de prizes without reachin' out yoh hand.

De butterfly is han'some jes' as long as he's alive,

But Homely Mistuh Bee done got de honey in de hive.

De leaves will sure be drappin' an' de wind is boun' to blow.

You wants to quit yoh foolin' or you won't stand any show.

It's mighty sweet to hear de bird a-singin' f'um de tree,

But, son, you isn't any bird an' never gwine to be.

An' when de air is bitin' an' de frost is shinin' white,

You can't git up an' fly to whah de sky is blue an' bright.

It's hahd to keep f'um dancin' when you hears de music play,

But de man dat sticks to walkin' makes de progress on de way.

You may have uncommon smartness; folks may call you brave an' strong,

But you got to quit yoh foolin' if you specks to git along.

—From the Washington Star.

* * *

Have you seen "The Walt Whitman New Thought Calendar?" We have. One hangs by Miss Wells' desk, its dainty coloring and neat "ensemble" forming a pleasant patch on the wall. William Towne has produced a very attractive Christmas gift at a very low price (25 cents) and the sentiments which grace the pages of the Calendar are jewels of philosophy. Any friend might be glad to be remembered in this charming way at Christmas tide,

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