

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.

Learn to stand on your own feet.

Stop this leaning business—what do you suppose that your feet are for, anyway?

Aren't you tired of this whining for "sympathy," and this desire to be "babied"? Why don't you stop crawling, and learn how to walk on your own feet? Even the infant learns to walk in time, but some of you seem to like to keep on holding to some one's hand, instead of stepping out on your own account.

Suppose that you do get a few tumbles, what of that? So does the baby, but he keeps at it until he learns to go it alone. You spiritual babies will never amount to anything until you get to going on your own account.

Cultivate a backbone of your own. Learn to work out your own salvation. Throw away those crutches and canes, and step out. The worst habit connected with this dependent state is that of leaning upon some other for support. We must get rid of the necessity of people to think for us; speak for us; act for us. We've got to go it alone, and the sooner we start in the better for us.

Sooner or later the Law will push you off, and make you do things for yourself, and if you won't let go easily you will be thrust off violently, so you might as well get into the habit now and save yourself a lot of unnecessary pain. Did you ever see a mother animal push the young ones away from her, and make them learn to do things for themselves? Well, was that kindness or unkindness—the result of love or selfishness?

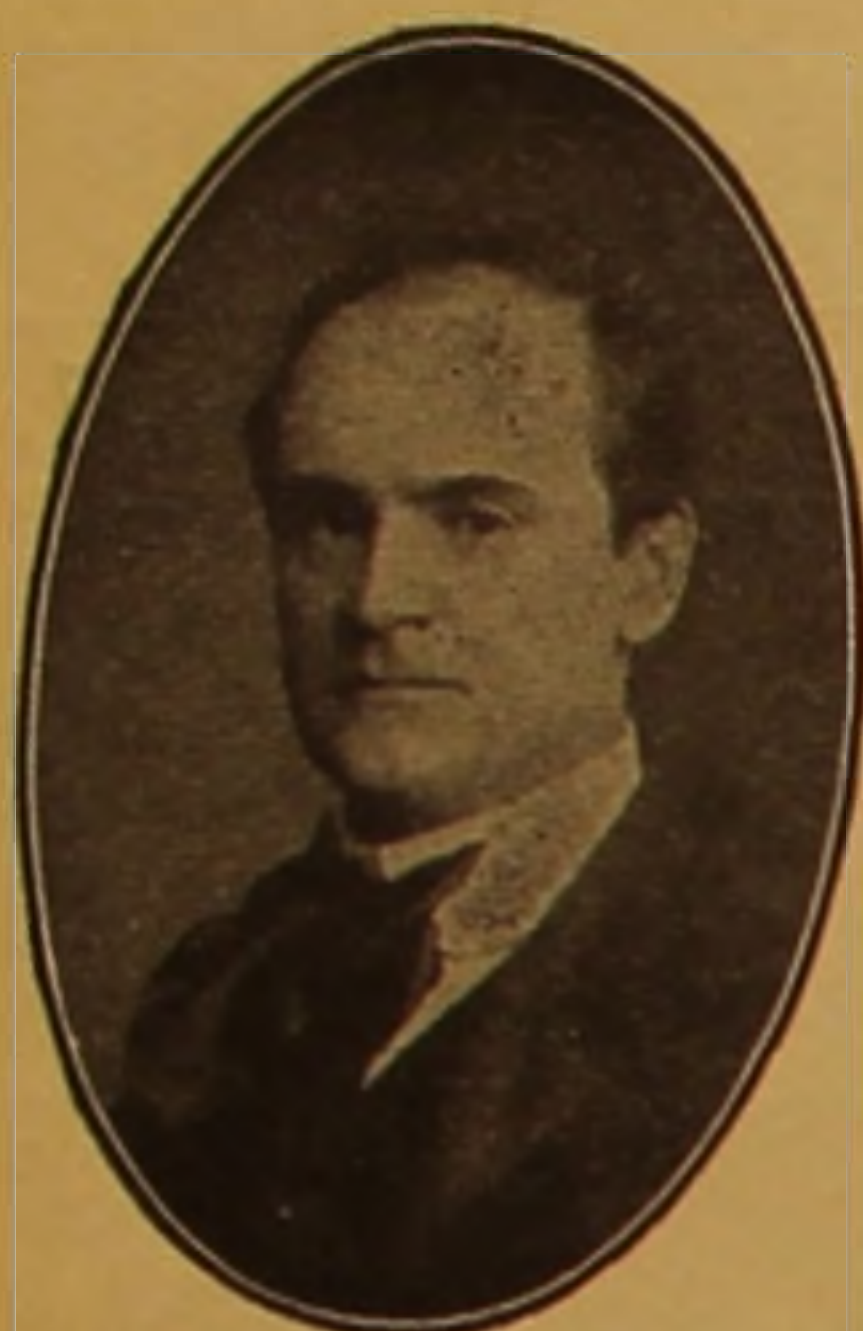
First we find ourselves in a dependent state—then we work up into the independent condition—then we find that, though we are independent, there is a state of interdependence that gives us all the advantages of dependence with the strength of independence. Think over this statement a little, until you see what it means.

Stop that leaning—stand upon your own feet.

What is "The New Thought?"

(Sixth Paper.)

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



The followers of the School of Suggestion, like those of the other schools, are divided among themselves regarding details of theory. While they agree upon the general principles, they differ greatly regarding certain minor points of theory and practice. The general theory underlying the practice of Suggestion may be stated as follows:

(1) That man has two minds (or that the mind functions on two planes). These two minds (or two planes of functioning) are known as the "objective and subjective" minds (following Hudson's terminology); or the "conscious and subconscious;" or "voluntary and involuntary," minds (following the terminology of other writers).

(2) That this subjective (or subconscious, or involuntary) mind has control of the organic functions and regulates the vital action of the body.

(3) That this subjective, or subconscious, mind is open to the suggestions, advice and commands of the objective or conscious mind, and is, accordingly, under the control of the "will" of the individual.

(4) That this advice, command or suggestion of the conscious mind, given to the subconscious mind may be given the general term "Suggestion."

(5) That disease is largely (some hold entirely) caused by the subconscious mind taking the suggestions of others, or the suggestions of the conscious mind of its owner, caused by fear, misinterpreted sensations, environment, etc., etc.

(6) That the prevention of disease is accomplished by keeping the subconscious mind free from these harmful impressions or suggestions, and under the influence of impressions or suggestions of health, strength and energy.

(7) That the cure of disease is accomplished by the giving and taking up of suggestions or impressions of health, strength and energy, the suggestions in the case of a particular disease being that of the desired condition of normal functioning.

(8) Suggestions given by others, or received from outside, are known simply as "Suggestions." Suggestions given to one's self by one's own conscious mind are known as "Auto-suggestions." Some suggestionists believe that suggestions may be sent from one mind

to another, regardless of distance, and such suggestions are known as "Telepathic Suggestions." The majority of the suggestionists in the medical profession ridicule this idea of "telepathic suggestion," and claim that all suggestions are conveyed through one or more of the five senses, and that these so-called "telepathic suggestions" are really auto-suggestions arising in the mind of the patient by reason of the patient's belief that he is being "treated" by the suggestionist at a distance.

(9) The Suggestionists claim that all psychic cures, and the majority of other cures, are caused by Suggestion, although many other names may be given the cures. They claim that the cures of Christian Science, Mental Science, Faith Cure, Religious Cure, Magnetic Healing, as well as the cures of "charms," magnetic belts, etc., are really attributable to suggestion or auto-suggestion, notwithstanding the claims and theories of the persons producing these cures.

You will notice that the Suggestionist's claim that all the psychic cures are attributable to one cause comes very close to my own ideas as hinted at in these articles. The only difference between us is that the Suggestionists call that cause "Suggestion," and think that by classifying and naming it they have explained the whole matter. I classify the cures as having been caused by "Mental Influence," but do not attempt to explain the matter by the name, for I realize that no true explanation can be given until we fully understand just what "Mind" is. Moreover, I believe that the cure comes largely from the mentality of the patient himself, and that the outside cause, whether we call it Suggestion, Faith, Belief, or what not, serves merely to call into operation the healing power within the mind of the patient himself. There is one apparent exception to this rule (that of the transference of so-called "magnetic force") of which I shall speak later.

The Suggestionists have done the world a great service in calling its attention to the fact that the various cures of the different schools may be classified under one head, and really are but different manifestations of the same law. And the word "Suggestion" (if rightly understood) is as good a name for the *modus operandi* of the cure as is any other word. But the average Suggestionist makes himself somewhat ridiculous when he assumes that the word "Suggestion" furnishes a full explanation of the whole matter, and that, therefore, he is in advance of the other schools of psychic healing which practice different forms of healing. He is merely saying, "It is all Suggestion—that's all there is to it—and I am the only real article." The same old story—"I am the only real thing, all others are imitations." Human nature is the same in the case of the Suggestionist as in the case of the "Faith Cure" man or the Christian Scientist.

Some of the Suggestionists content themselves with the general

classification of "conscious and subconscious" mind, as above mentioned, while others take up the more advanced position that each cell has intelligence, and is in fact an "individual;" and that communities of cells are formed, having a controlling mind or "group mind," which groups are in turn subordinate to a higher group mind, and so on, until the whole system is under control of the central mind, and connected by nerve connections whereby the numerous messages are sent to and fro in the republic of the cell-life of the body. This last idea, of course, is not the special property of the Suggestionists, but forms a part of the scientific thought of the day.

The one great difference between the orthodox Suggestionist and the practitioners of the other schools of psychic or mental healing is in the manner of administering the suggestion or mental stimulus. The "outside" healers call into operation the latent mental force in the patient by arousing in his mind certain ideas of strength, health, wholeness, oneness, etc., which ideas take form in action in the shape of currents of vital force to his cells, parts and organs. These ideas replace old ideas of weakness, depression, etc., causing the patient to throw overboard the old ideas which have been causing diseased conditions. These ideas are aroused by the healer making certain statements that the patient is asked to accept, at least partially. These statements may be metaphysical (they usually are) or may be statements of the sovereignty of the mind over the body. Or they may be statements of the power possessed by the healer, or by the cult to which he belongs. At any rate, the impression conveyed and accepted tends to attract the patient's attention, and to cause him to "let go" of the depressing mental states that he has cultivated, which mere "letting go" is often sufficient to start the cure into operation. Besides this, the patient feeling encouraged and hopeful, sends a greater current of vital force to the affected part, and thereby enables the cells to function more normally. These treatments are usually given in the shape of a conversation or lesson, although sometimes the healer places his hands on the affected part, or, in other cases may "go into the silence" instead of talking to the patient. In this last mentioned case (outside of any result that may arise from telepathic suggestion) the patient is impressed by the attitude of the healer, and his expectant attention is aroused, and faith created, the result being that he gives himself a goodly dose of auto-suggestion and is, of course, benefited thereby.

The orthodox Suggestionist, however, disdains to give his patient any talk about metaphysics, or of the "Allness of Mind," or anything of that sort. Often he knows or cares very little about metaphysics, and takes no stock in any "All Is Mind" business. He hasn't investigated these things, and finds that he may get good results without

them. He has his own pet theories, to which he clings as closely as does the metaphysician. His favorite plan is to place the patient in a reclining or easy position, and then to produce a state of passivity or mild hypnosis. This condition once obtained (the objective mind being stilled, at least that being the theory) the Suggestionist proceeds to inject into the patient's mind some good strong suggestions of health, strength, courage and the like, the idea being that the subconscious mind will take up the suggestions and make them a part of itself—in other words, will act upon the suggestion and manifest the thought into action in the shape of normal functioning and consequent health. The orthodox Suggestionist believes that he obtains better results by producing a greater or lesser degree of hypnosis, acting upon the theory that the conscious mind being at rest it will interpose less objection to the insertion of the suggestion into the subconscious. The theory is held, more or less, by the majority of Suggestionists. As a matter of fact, my own experiments have convinced me that this business of hypnosis is not at all necessary, unless, indeed, it increases the confidence and faith of the patient. If the patient will become sufficiently interested in the treatment to give the healer his undivided attention the suggestions will have as equally a potent effect as if the patient were placed in a deep state of hypnosis. Better, in fact, because the patient will coöperate in the suggestion, and will add auto-suggestion to the suggestions of the healer. It must be remembered that the patient wants to get well, and that he does not oppose the suggestion. The only adverse thought to be beaten down or driven out in the majority of cases of healing by suggestion is Fearthought or some adverse suggestion or auto-suggestion that has lodged in the mind of the patient and has caused trouble. I see very little good in hypnosis in suggestive treatment, and there is a certain liability to misuse that renders it inadvisable in the majority of cases. One should build up the conscious mind of the patient, so that it may coöperate in the cure, instead of "putting it asleep" or attempting to replace it with the objective mind of the healer. At least such is my opinion.

Some practitioners of Suggestive Therapeutics follow the very excellent plan of pointing out to the patient wherein he has departed from the normal and natural course of physical living, in the direction of improper habits of eating, drinking, sleeping, exercise, dressing, etc., and after explaining the matter and pointing out the proper plans to pursue—the mode of life followed by the normal healthy man—and gaining the promise of the patient to "turn over a new leaf," the practitioner will give the patient good strong suggestions that he will eat so and so; drink sufficient fluids; breathe properly; masticate his food; take proper exercise, etc., etc., so that the willing

mind of the patient will become impressed with the idea. Such suggestions properly given and constantly repeated will tend to build up new habits of living and will start the patient on the road to health. Disease is the result of wrong-living and wrong-thinking (to a great extent) and if one is started on the road to right-thinking and right-living he cannot very well escape getting well. I know that some New Thought readers who are followers of some of the more "metaphysical" schools of healing will raise their hands in holy horror at my approval of this plan of giving hygienic suggestions, for they give treatments by denying the body, while these suggestions take it fully into consideration. Well, I don't care what these good folks may say—I have a consciousness of a body whether they have or not, and I have found it the best plan to treat the body as if it were a reality, so far as the question of healing is concerned, and so I commend the above plan in any form of treatment, including self-treatment.

Some of these good folks who are spending so much time in making statements of denial of the body will find that the mind will take them in earnest some of these days and will proceed to wipe the body out of existence. I have known of cases of this kind—psychic suicide is a possibility, as many have demonstrated. People with stomach trouble have attempted to treat it by constant assertions and "affirmations" that "I have no such thing as a stomach—the idea of a stomach is an error of mortal mind—there is no reality in stomach," and all that sort of talk. Well, some of them proved their statement, but when the stomach went the rest of the body went also, and the sick man's affirmation that "I am Spirit—I have no body" was manifested fully. Man may be Spirit (and I fully believe that he is) but he is using a body in this phase of existence, and there is no sense in denying the body, unless indeed, one wishes to get rid of it. And while one has a body, he would better learn the laws of its well-being and then live up to these laws, using his mind to keep things going right and fencing off negative impressions and suggestions. The body responds to that part of our mentality that we speak of as "the subconscious mind," and that subconscious mind is very apt to take in earnest what we say to it, and to manifest it in action on the body. So don't say, "I have no stomach," if you have dyspepsia, but, instead, insist that "I have a strong stomach; capable of doing its work well; it is doing its work well; functioning normally, and acting as a good, strong, healthy stomach should." You might help things along by "speaking up" to the stomach itself, and telling it what you expect of it—that is a splendid form of suggestion, having a practical psychological law back of it.

Well, here I am at the end of my space again. Hope you are getting some good out of these articles—I am.

The Motive.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



If some one should ask you what power made and rules the world, you would promptly answer: "Love."

That is said easily, as we often answer with words, mere words. Even though the words may be sincere, they are nothing but words; they lack spirit, life, if they do not come from a life that lives their meaning.

It is so easy to say and, perhaps, to believe, that love is the power underlying each act; that love is the cause of all—and yet we may not bring that realization into everyday experience. What value can there be in philosophy that is folded away in tissue paper and brought out on state occasions? Philosophy that is worth anything is marked "sterling," is for everyday use and will not wear out.

Did you ever stop to think of a great city as a big human being? The down-town district, like a huge brain where the thinking, planning, scheming, is done; the residence part of town, like the heart with its love and pleasure, or its pain. The people circulate back and forth, and one power moves them all.

Many do not realize that the motive power of all their "work" is love—just love. Men and women go into the "brain" of the city day by day, often to a business that is distasteful and irksome and they do not feel that "love" makes them act; they might call it "necessity."

"Why, I don't work because I love it, I work because I am obliged to!"

Yes, but what "obliges" you to work?

"I work to support my family."

You work because you love them, then.

"I work that I may have extra clothes and pleasures."

You work because you love yourself, your pride.

"I work because if I did not, I should starve."

You work, then, because you love living.

Can there be any other motive than love?

The other day I sat twirling a ring around my finger.

"How much love is represented by the making of that ring," spoke my companion; "think how the gold was taken from perhaps some cavern of the earth, by weary toilers; but because of love. Think how the stone was sifted out, in Africa by ignorant natives, who never think that love impels their action; then, somewhere else, the stone is cut and polished; for love. And here, the stone and gold are brought together and again worked over; again it is for love."

I began to think about these different actions and this one motive. We

say, "All is love," yet not always realizing all that may mean—not realizing what it would mean to life if we lived with the knowledge that the motive of each act is "love."

Of course all this love cannot be of the same quality; the savage, toiling with hardly more thought than his four-footed brother, cannot respond to the same impulses that move those of keener, deeper, sensibilities; but the savage works with the best he has. *The best he has*; and who shall say one's best is of greater or less value than another's? Even though the quality is different, undeniably, the judge of the *worth* of that "best" is not you or I.

After all, it is one love working through each center; the one love manifesting in different ways and for different purposes.

It is an uplifting thought: all is love. To keep with us every day the consciousness of that thought, to know that we work, we act, because of *love*, makes the action more of pleasure than of "work."

Just try, in reference to the disagreeable task, to know that even that is done because of love; that back at its source, love is the power which causes the action. And a great peace which is "uplifting" will come as we live this, and live it with the best love we have to draw upon.

"It Is to Laugh!"

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

The rain drops fall.

Ha, ha! isn't it fun!

The day's turned gray.

Oh, well! it's not yet done.

The night comes on,—

But I'll see my star!

The road winds dim where the shadows are,

But I feel no fear,

I draw Joy near.

And I say to her; "It is to laugh, my dear!"

Get Out of My Sunlight!

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

Diogenes has been called a surly old cynic. We all know the story of his eating and sleeping in a tub and of the visit to him of Alexander the Great. "I am Alexander," said the King. Alexander, you see, the monarch, the world conqueror, the invincible! But did Diogenes prostrate himself in humility? Did the honor weigh him down? Not at all. He looked up out of his tub at the king, and—"I am Diogenes!" said he.

I've often wondered if Alexander's pride did not suffer a slight shock about that time. But if so, he recovered his balance. Being a king he no doubt assured himself he could afford to forgive. "Have you no favors to ask of me?" he suggested benignly. "Yes," growled Diogenes; "*get out of my sunlight!*"

Now, I rather admire old Diogenes. "It was his tub, you know. He held the riparian rights to that patch of sunlight. What business had Alexander to come poking around making his doorway dark, just to gratify curiosity or exercise kingly power? And I like the answer: "I am Diogenes!" He'd mastered the only real secret of life—he knew that the "I" was just as worthy of respect and reverence in him as in the most powerful monarch who trod the earth. "I am Alexander?" Well, I am Diogenes." In other words, "We're chips off the same block. Do you call your piece by that name? Well, just as a matter of information, I might mention that I use another."

Now, Johnny Jones and Sister Sue, Diogenes didn't live just to point a moral for you and me, nor is it at all necessary or desirable for us to model our lives after his example; but he does offer two good truths that are worth remembering.

First: That the "I" in you has just as much dignity as the "I" in anybody else, is just as big, just as beautiful, just as worthy of honor and respect. We're all chips off the same block. The only thing of any account that your neighbor has, you have too; and you got it at the same place.

Second: You've a right to your own sunlight. Don't let anything block the door!

But how many of us lack the courage of Diogenes! We sit in our tubs—very small ones, some of them, with limited views,—and along comes Fear, and peers down at us. "I am Fear!" says he. "And down we go prostrate. Fear!—that can cause our feet to stumble on the smoothest path, fill our nights with evil visions, that can aid us to overtake and meet every trouble the world holds. Our doorway is black and all the sun is gone.

There was our chance. "I am Fear?" Well, I am Johnny Jones! Get out of my sunlight!" What's the use of wasting words on the subject? *It's our tub!*

Then Pessimism comes dragging one heavy foot after the other. "I am Pessimism," he mutters, and black indeed is the outlook. Who would guess that over beyond are the Delectable Mountains rich in beauty, in harmony of color, only waiting for our eyes to claim them? It's time to speak up. "So you're Pessimism, are you? Well, I'm Sister Sue! Get out of my sunlight!" The idea of letting an ugly old piece of conceit like that come poking around where we live and blocking up our view. Well, I guess not!

And what if Poverty does come along? He casts really the thinnest shade of all, if you've chosen the right location for your tub. The sunlight is yours! *You* are Johnny Jones. *You* are Sister Sue! What great difference does it make after all whether there are silver hoops to your tub-abode, or just patched up iron ones? There's only one view worth gazing upon after all, and you've got your share. What do you care whether you're looking at it in a print gown or an ermine robe? Man invented those. *But don't let anything block your view!* So, Poverty—Get out of the Sunlight!

But Disease has yet to drop in for a friendly chat. He thrusts his ugly misshapen head over the edge of our tub and makes a foul blot of the landscape. The flowers in reach of our hand a moment ago are still blooming, the air is sweet with their fragrance, but Disease is such an autocrat we dare not take our eyes from him. The blossoms might as well be dead—we see only the hideous blackness above us. "Oh, get out of our Sunlight!"

But he is loath to go: "Can't I do something for you? Wouldn't you like rheumatism in your left leg, or a little attack of indigestion, or a touch of insomnia, or a fine case of nervous prostration? Just look at me long enough and humbly enough and I'll bestow my gifts. I can grant you any or all. **FOR I'M KING!**"

There, Johnny, speak up. "But not over me! **FOR I'M JOHNNY JONES.** This is **MY** tub. Get out of my sunlight!"

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For me, I may have to put up with a stingy little tub part of the time, but I can tell you this, I'm going to knock out a few of the staves so I'll be sure to get plenty of sunlight; and Fear and Disease and Poverty, Unhappiness, Doubt, Disappointment, Failure—the whole lot of them—may come trooping along. But they can't awe me! It's my tub. It's my view. The Delectable Mountains are over there. I see them. The glory and the beauty are mine. I am "I," the great "I"—Get out of my sunlight!

Keep Yourself Free.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There is an inundation of "Occult," "Psychic," "Mental," "Spiritual" and "I Am" literature sweeping over the land.

To read it all and attempt to assimilate all its teachings is to bring on mental indigestion.

One periodical disputes the assertions of another—and the reader is left in a tangle of confused ideas, which trip his reason at every step.

To every student along these lines I would say, keep yourself free and independent from any one of these modern creeds; do not bow down to the "isms" of Christian or Mental Science, or "New Thought," "Psychic Control" or "Magnetism" any more than you would bow down to the canons of the Methodist, Catholic or Presbyterian church.

Read whatever you like, but do not allow any teacher, editor, preacher or disciple of any creed or dogma, ancient or modern, to narrow or bind down your free, God-given individual thought, and consciousness.

Simplify your religion. Make it practical.

Begin as soon as you awaken in the morning to direct your mentality toward trust and cheerfulness.

Open your window and let in the fresh air; no matter if it is cold, stormy, bleak weather, change the current of air in your room.

Then manage to obtain a few moments quite alone, to relax your mind, and *charge your mental and spiritual batteries with divine force.*

Just so sure as you do this each day, just so sure you will grow stronger in body and mind, and happier and more successful.

It makes no difference what you call yourself—Heathen, Hottentot, Jew, Christian or Psychic, if you *let go of your worries and fears*, and lie back on the unseen Forces which made this magnificent universe, and ask for your inherited share of divine wisdom, health, and prosperity, and declare it is yours, because you are God's own creation, *all will be well within you.*

That is all you need to do, save to *live in this thought.*

This sounds simple, but the living in the thought is the difficult part.

I know people who can lecture and write beautifully on these subjects, and who understand the whole theory of the power of the spirit to rule conditions, yet who will haggle with a tradesman or a domestic over a dollar, who fear to aid others in temporary need, lest they shall find themselves "short," and who do not withhold the irritable word, or the unkind criticisms, and who continually forget the rights of others in the small matters which make up daily existence.

It is this continual recollection of the rights of others—animals, inferiors and dependents, since all life came from one source—that becomes difficult, when put into practice; but without this illustration, any religion becomes merely an empty husk.

If you can educate yourself into absolute unselfishness of motive, and live accordingly, you will find all things coming to you which you desire—and it will not in the least matter what "Creed" you belong to or whether you have any belief save that of *Love*, for your Creator and humanity.

I know a sweet, little old lady who has lived a most Christ-like life for many years, always doing the duty which was nearest, always cheerful, loving, trustful. She is now entirely alone in the world, and she says: "I never plan very much, for everything happens just as I would have it, and

for my best pleasure and happiness. It seems to be more and more so—though it was not so of old!”

She does not know it, but it is because she has overcome all selfishness, and has no wish for anything that does not mean universal good, and because she loves and trusts.

Had she known the law, the results would have come to her earlier, as they can come to you if you *overcome self*! That is all that is meant by “Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven.”

It must not influence you nor discourage you, that the people whose rights you consider and to whom you show kindness, are ungrateful.

That has nothing to do with the principle you maintain. If you pay a man a debt you owe, and he wastes or misuses the money, it would not deter you from paying another just debt.

Go on cultivating the very highest virtues in yourself, and never mind how little appreciation your deeds receive from others; you are obeying the wishes of your Creator—and all things shall work together for your good.

The law never fails. This is the matter to busy yourself about, not the “isms” or “ideas” of a lot of teachers or preachers.

“For She Loved Much.”

LOUELLA C. POOLE.

She loved with fullest measure man and beast,
 And every helpless object of her care
 Was thrilled to quickened being by her rare
 Strong tenderness, yea, e'en the very least
 And meanest of God's creatures; and she ceased
 Not while breath lasted, humbly to declare
 Her creed by loving service, not by prayer—
 This one who knew no church, who served no priest.

Love was the *motif* of her heart's life-song—
 A charity as boundless as the sea—
 Wherein lay all her weakness and her strength
 And now she's joined the great majority,
 Who dares not say to this great soul belong
 The palm and crown, and victory at length?

Practical Mental Science.

—+—
BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.
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In a recent conversation, I was telling a woman to pluck up courage and to reach out for a certain good thing for which she had been longing for many years, and which, at last, appeared to be in sight. I told her that it looked as if her desire was about to be gratified at last—that the Law of Attraction was bringing it to her. She lacked faith, and kept on repeating, "Oh! it's too good to be true—it's too good for *me!*" She had not emerged from the worm-of-the-dust stage, and, although she was in sight of the Promised Land she refused to enter it because it "was too *good* for her." I think I succeeded in putting sufficient "ginger" into her to enable her to claim her own, for the last reports indicate that she is taking possession of it.

But that is not what I wished to tell you. I wanted to call your attention to the fact that nothing is too good for you—no matter how great the thing may be—no matter how undeserving you may seem to be. You are entitled to the best there is, for it is your direct inheritance. So don't be afraid to ask—demand—and take. The good things of the world are not the portion of any favored sons. They belong to all, but they come only to those who are wise enough to recognize that the good things are theirs by right, and who are sufficiently courageous to reach out for them.

Many good things are lost for want of the asking. Many splendid things are lost to you because of your feeling that you are unworthy of them. Many great things are lost to you because you lack the confidence and courage to demand and take possession of them.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," says the old adage, and the rule is true in all lines of human effort. If you keep on repeating that you are unworthy of the good thing—that it is too good for you—the Law will be apt to take you at your word and believe what you say. That's a peculiar thing about the Law—it believes what you say—it takes you in earnest. So beware what you say to it, for it will be apt to believe you. Say to it that you are worthy of the best that there is, and that there is nothing that is too good for you, and you will be apt to have the Law take you in earnest, and say, "I guess he is right, I'm going to give him the whole bake-shop if he wants it—he knows his rights, and what's the use of trying to deny it to him." But if you say, "Oh, it's too good for *me!*" the Law will probably say, "Well, I wouldn't wonder but

what that is so. Surely he ought to know, and it isn't for me to contradict him." And so it goes.

Why should anything be too good for you? Did you ever stop to think just what you are? You are a manifestation of the Whole Thing, and have a perfect right to all there is. Or, if you prefer it this way, you are a child of the Infinite, and are heir to it all. You are telling the truth in either statement, or both. At any rate, no matter for what you ask, you are merely demanding your own. And the more in earnest you are about demanding it—the more confident you are of receiving it—the more will you use in reaching out for it—the surer you will be to obtain it.

Strong desire—confident expectation—courage in action—these things bring to you your own. But before you put these forces into effect, you must awaken to a realization that you are merely asking for your own, and not for something to which you have no right or claim. So long as there exists in your mind the last sneaking bit of doubt as to your right to the things you want, you will be setting up a resistance to the operation of the Law. You may demand as vigorously as you please, but you will lack the courage to act, if you have a lingering doubt of your right to the thing you want. If you persist in regarding the desired thing as if it belonged to another, instead of to yourself, you will be placing yourself in the position of the covetous or envious man, or even in the position of a tempted thief. In such a case your mind will revolt at proceeding with the work, for it instinctively will revolt at the idea of taking what is not your own—the mind is honest. But when you realize that the best the Universe holds belongs to you as a Divine Heir, and that there is enough for all, without your robbing anyone else, then the friction is removed, and the barrier broken down, and the Law proceeds to do its work.

I do not believe in this "humble" business—this meek and lowly attitude does not appeal to me—there is no sense in it at all. The idea of making a virtue of such things, when Man is the heir of the Universe, and is entitled to whatever he needs for his growth, happiness and satisfaction! I do not mean that one should assume a blustering and domineering attitude of mind—that is also absurd, for true strength does not exhibit itself in that way. The blusterer is a self-confessed weakling—he blusters to disguise his weakness. The truly strong man is calm, self-contained and carries with him a consciousness of strength which renders unnecessary the bluster and fuss of assumed strength. But get away from this hypnotism of "humility"—this "meek and lowly" attitude of mind. Remember the horrible example of Uriah Heep, and beware of imitating him. Throw back your head, and look the world

square in the face—there's nothing to be afraid of—the world is apt to be as much afraid of you, as you are of it, anyway. Be a man, or woman, and not a crawling thing. And this applies to your mental attitude, as well as to your outward demeanor. Stop this crawling in your mind. See yourself as standing erect and facing life without fear, and you will gradually grow into your ideal.

There is nothing that is too good for you—not a thing. The best there is is not beginning to be good enough for you, for there are still better things ahead of you. The best gift that the world has to offer is a mere bauble compared to the great things in the Cosmos that await your coming of age. So don't be afraid to reach out for these playthings of life—these baubles of this plane of consciousness. Reach out for them—grab a whole fistful—play with them until you are tired; that's what they are made for, anyway. They are made for your express use—not to look at, but to be played with, if you desire. Help yourself—there's a whole shopful of these toys awaiting your desire, demand and taking. Don't be bashful. Don't let me hear any more of this silly talk about things being too good for you. Pshaw! You have been like the Emperor's little son thinking that the tin soldiers and toy drum were far too good for him, and refusing to reach out for them. But you don't find this trouble with children as a rule. They instinctively recognize that nothing is too good for them, and they want all that is in sight to play with. And they seem to feel that the things are theirs by right. And that is the condition of mind that we seekers after the Divine Adventure must cultivate. Unless we become as little children we cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

The things we see around us are the playthings of the Kindergarten of God, playthings which we use in our game-tasks. Help yourself to them—ask for them without bashfulness—demand as many as you can make use of—they are yours. And if you don't see just what you want, ask for it—there's a big reserve stock on the shelves, and in the closets. Play, play, play, to your heart's content. Learn to weave mats—to build houses with the blocks—to stitch outlines on the squares—play the game through, and play it well. And demand all the proper materials for the play—don't be bashful—there's enough to go round.

But—remember this. While all this be true, the best things are still game-things—toys—blocks—mats—cubes—and all the rest. Useful, most useful for the learning of the lessons—pleasant, most pleasant with which to play—and desirable, most desirable, for these purposes. Get all the fun and profit out of the use of things that is possible. Throw yourself heartily into the game, and play it out—it is Good. But, here's the thing to remember—never lose sight of

the fact that these good things are but playthings—part of the game—and you must be perfectly willing to lay them aside, when the time comes to pass into the next class, and not cry and mourn because you must leave your playthings behind you. Do not allow yourself to become unduly attached to these playthings—they are for your use and pleasure, but are not a part of you—not essential to your happiness in the next stage. Despise them not because of their lack of Reality—they are great things relatively, and you may as well have all the fun out of them that you can—don't be a spiritual prig, standing aside and refusing to join in the game. But do not tie yourself to them—they are good to use and play with, but not good enough to use you and to make you a plaything—don't let the toys turn the tables on you.

This is the difference between the Master of Circumstances and the Slave of Circumstances. The Slave thinks that these playthings are real, and that he is not good enough to have them. He gets only a few toys, because he is afraid to ask for more, and he misses most of the fun. And then, considering the toys to be real, and not realizing that there are plenty more where these came from, he attaches himself to the little trinkets that have come his way, and allows himself to be made a slave of them. He is afraid that they may be taken away from him, and he is afraid to toddle across the floor and help himself to the others. The Master knows that all are his for the asking. He demands that which he needs from day to day and does not worry about overloading himself, for he knows that there are "lots more," and that he cannot be cheated out of them. He plays, and plays well, and has a good time in the play—and he learns his Kindergarten lessons in the playing. But he does not become too much attached to his toys. He is willing to fling away the worn-out one, and reach out for a new one. And when he is called into the next room, for promotion, he drops on the floor the worn-out toys of the day, and with glistening eyes and confident attitude of mind, he marches into the next room—into the Great Unknown—with a smile on his face. He is not afraid, for he hears the voice of the Teacher, and knows that she is there waiting for him—in that Great Next Room.

New Thought Which is Old Thought

"He that getteth wisdom, loveth his own soul;
He that keepeth understanding shall find good."
—Proverbs 19:8.

In Harmony With the Law.

(A series of Twelve Articles on the Physical Life.)

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

IV. THE LIVING ROOM.

I've just been taking a lung bath. Want to try one? You don't know how clear and fresh it will make you feel. Possibly you've grown accustomed to using your lungs as a sort of dumping ground, letting the dust and dirt that will sift in daily, gather in small heaps in the dark, dis-used corners of what really ought to be your bright, clean, living-room. Well, get to work, and clean house! The highest guests won't come a-visiting until you get the dust heaps out of the way.

Now, the first thing, order your house-cleaning supplies—a hogshead or so daily of the very best brand of air, a few bars of perseverance, and an extra cake of horse sense. Don't tie your head up in a towel, as so many do at house-cleaning time—USE IT!

In the morning when you get up, jump into the bath tub for your morning bath, leaving every window in your room wide open until you come back (of course you've let plenty of fresh air into the room all night long). When you come out clean and fresh, stand near your window (if it doesn't look unprotected on a boulevard—remember the police regulations!) and with a long, deep inhalation fill the lungs full with the air of the dawn—fresh vital essence that it is, Life itself. Now, without exhaling, rinse yourself out with the air, force it down, down, around, up, back again. Wash yourself thoroughly. Let it gather up all the lurking impurities. Send it into the little back stair-ways and the dark closets where the waste and dirt accumulate. With practice you can do this for quite a prolonged number of seconds—then exhale. Do this three or four times and much that is impure and foul will have been cast forth from you, while there will be a fresh flow of magnetic energy to the blood and nerve centers.

A lung bath is a mighty good beginning for the day, but it's only a "starter." What you need to do is to find out the condition of the walls of that living-room—are they leaning over, falling in, making the space cramped and unhealthy? Well, you'll have to enlarge your quarters, and your first job is to strengthen those walls and make them capable of spreading out and staying where they belong without props. You're only a poor excuse of a carpenter if the walls begin to sink in as soon as you withdraw the props (air). Your chest walls should at all times be expanded and firm. And while you're building, please be generous and make your living-room as big and roomy as possible.

Did you ever stop to think how mysterious is the breath? Did you ever stop to think that IT is Life? Well, think now! *It is the motive power.* You may have plenty of blood in your body, a good strong heart, healthy muscles, calm nerves—how long will they perform their functions if your guest, THE BREATH, slips quietly out for a little stroll? In the case of a half-drowned man what do we strive to do? Put BREATH into him again—and if we succeed—if we can coax *the breath* back into his body, there at once is life. He was to all intents and purposes dead. Now he is alive. Breath—THE AIR—has come back.

Pretty powerful element, isn't it? Well, it seems to me, we'd better take a little trouble to get our share. For myself, I want all the life and vitality I can get. And I'm going to keep looking after my carpenter work. This month I'll tell you how to get the walls ready. Next month I'll say something about *how to fill the room.*

To begin with, cultivate a correct position of the body in standing, walking and sitting. See that the spine is straight, not curved, from head to thigh, the shoulders dropped and the chest elevated. You don't elevate the chest by throwing the shoulders back, as so many think. Drop your shoulders, but throw out the chest. Keep this in mind at all times; and for real serious work that will produce results, practice the following exercises. Don't get indifferent or lazy about them. Remember the story of the centenarian who was asked by a reporter how he managed to attain his great age. "By perseverance," said the old man; "I jest kept on livin'." Keep on livin'! It's the only way to get there.

* * * * * Without bending the elbows, raise the arms sideways to a level with the shoulders; turn the palms front, breathe in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Now, keeping the arms on a level with the shoulders, elbows unbent, describe a horizontal half-circle, palms meeting at arm's length in front of the face. Reverse the palms and reverse the half-circle, beginning an arm's length in front of the face and ending, palms backward, on a level with the shoulders, at the side. Exhale 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Inhale naturally. Now push slowly backward as if against a heavy weight, keeping hands and arms as nearly as possible on a level with shoulders. The body may slightly incline forward from the hips, but the line from the top of head to the base of the spine should remain unaltered. This exercise is calculated to strengthen the muscles of the chest.

For another excellent exercise, assume position as heretofore described. Without bending elbows, raise the arms sideways to a level with the shoulders. Turn palms upward. Now, keeping the waist firm, and the position of the trunk of the body unaltered, bend the arm at the elbow. Keeping the upper arm still on a level with the shoulder, extend the lower arm forward. Now, up again, forward, up, forward. The elbows, while on a level with the shoulders, are back of them, thus giving the chest unusual expansion. This is a most beneficial exercise and should be practiced diligently, as it will result in increased chest expansion.

Affirmations for July

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I.

I minister in silence to those sick at heart,
healing their ills with love.

II.

I speak courage to the faint in spirit.
Fear shall steal away.

III.

Song is in my heart, pouring forth its
notes of joy.

IV.

I possess every power or force in Nature.
Nothing is produced or attained through other means.
What I claim is mine.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor, WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

FRANKLIN L. BERRY

Assistant Editors

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

N. S. I. This good man (of course it's a man) writes me a long letter, asking me whether I do not think that "this advanced thought" is weaning away womankind from their "duties" as the mothers of large families; that is, whether advanced thought people as a rule do not shrink from the rearing of good, old-fashioned families, and whether this thought is not causing women to refuse to be as were their good old grandmothers. He begs me to preach a good, strong sermon on the subject, and point out to women the duty of rearing large broods, and all that sort of thing. Well, let us see. First, I do not think that "advanced thought" people are talking much about this subject—it looks to me that all thinking people were inclining rather to the idea of "better children instead of more children," than to the strenuous talk about "race suicide," that has been indulged in of late. There is nothing in "New Thought" that teaches positively on one side or the other of the subject—I think that is a matter which concerns the race at large, rather than any special part of it. The "New Thought" people with whom I have come in contact seem to be very fond of their babies (just as fond as are the "anti-race suicide" people of the most strenuous type) although, to be frank, I have found many of them to feel like the man who said that he "wouldn't take a million dollars for the children he had, but wouldn't give five cents for another one." But still I cannot see that "New Thought" people are so very different in this respect from the majority of their "Old Thought" neighbors. There seem to be still enough babies to go around, and the quality seems to be improving. I don't see any special use of bringing "New Thought" into the matter—it appears to be able to take care of itself. As for preaching a sermon on the duty and advantage of having large families, I beg to be excused, my good brother. The men-folks have had a lot to say on this subject of late, anyway—why not give the women a chance to pass on the matter? They surely have a right to express an opinion. For instance, there is a poor woman that I can see from the window by which I am writing. She is at the wash-tub. She has, I think, seven children. She works from early morning. At least, she is hard at it when I stir about in the morning, and when I close up the house for the night I often see a light in her window, and the shadows on the blinds indicate that she is still stirring about doing something. Her husband works hard too, but when he is through he is *through*, and has time to sit by the door and smoke his pipe, while the good woman is responding to the calls of "Mother, mother!" or mending, darning, sewing, patching, cooking, and what not. The man is a good man—the woman is a good woman—the children are good children. And the family seems happy—the couple evidently love their little brood as heartily and as strongly as do the parents of a smaller family. They wouldn't "take a million dollars for any of the ones they have." But now, honor bright, friend N. S. I., which one of the two could give the most intelligent sermon on "large families"—that woman, her husband, or myself? I withdraw in favor of the woman, and I imagine that the husband would do likewise, for he seems to be a reasonable man. And so, I will not preach the sermon you ask—let us give the "women-folks" a chance at this subject for a change. By the way, there is a big gray rooster in a backyard near here (I live in the suburbs). He is the biggest fool rooster that I ever have seen—the worst yet. Whenever any of the hens have added a new egg to the nest, and give voice to their pleasant announcement "Cut, cut, cut, cut, see what a fine egg I've got," that fool rooster will begin to put on airs, and will strut about, quite chesty, and with tossing comb and flapping wings will crow vociferously, announcing to the world what a great fellow *he* is, and what a fine nestfull of eggs *he* has. There is too much Ego in the rooster's Cosmos. The "horrible example" of that rooster, has had a quieting effect on me, friend N. S. I., and I suggest that you study his case, while you are considering the subject.

O. S. G. I cannot give you a full answer this month to your question "Please give us a clear definition and explanation of Optimism and Pessimism?" Webster defines them thusly: "*Optimism*; doctrine that everything in nature, being the work

of God, is ordered for the best, or to produce the highest good; disposition to take the most hopeful view." "*Pessimism*; opinion that everything in nature is ordered for the worst, or that the world is wholly evil." The word Optimism is derived from the Latin word, *Optimus*, meaning "best." The word Pessimism is derived from the Latin word, *Pessimus*, meaning "worst." I think that the consideration of the two Latin words will give you a better idea of the meaning of the two English words derived from them. I heard a tale the other day that may help you a bit, in this matter. A colored man, who had been attending a lecture, asked his preacher "Brud-der Smith, what is dis yer optimismus and pessimismus, dat I'se been hearing so much about lately?" "Well," said Brother Smith, holding up a fine, fat doughnut before the eyes of his questioner, "you see dis yer doughnut? Well, den, optimismus is de doughnut—pessimismus is de hole—you sees whichever one you looks at." I do not think I can improve on Brother Smith's explanation.

M. D. C. No, I do not care to furnish you with an "affirmation" for the particular worry that has been bothering you. To tell the truth, I believe that many of the New Thought people have been laying in too heavy a stock of affirmations. They want a cut-and-dried affirmation for this thing, and another for that, and so on, every little difficulty needing its own particular affirmation. I don't believe in all this affirmation business. I realize the benefit of affirmations, or auto-suggestions (for that is what affirmations are, after all) but I see that there is a danger of over-doing the thing. There is a danger of getting so bound up with these cut-and-dried formulæ that we will lose the thought that is behind the affirmation. We must not get to look upon affirmations as a magic something that will drive away ills and troubles. We must not make a fetich of affirmations. Some of us use affirmations as we would a charmed ring; a powwow amulet; and things of that sort. Let me tell you right here, all the affirmations in the world will do no good unless backed up with a good strong positive thought—and if you have that kind of a thought, it will not make much difference to what words you set it—and if you haven't that thought, words will not help you along any. The idea of people having to call on others to "give them an affirmation." As if any live person having feelings couldn't voice his or her own thought in an affirmation from his own brain, without calling on some "teacher" to frame one for him. Don't you see, it isn't the words that count, it's the thought behind the words. Of course, a neat "pat" combination of words may help to focus the thought for you, but, at the last, it's the thought that does the work. Get rid of this habit of demanding and accepting the nicely rounded affirmation handed out by the teachers. Sit down and make up your mind what you want and speak up to yourself, and tell the sub-conscious mind what you want it to do, or call in force the law of attraction the same way. If you have a "gone" feeling in your stomach, it is not necessary for you to refer to your "Affirmation Books," and pick out something like this: "I am Love; I am Peace; I am Harmony; I speak of the Word of Wholeness," etc., etc., etc. Just speak up to that stomach—pat it sharply with your hand and say to the trouble: "Here, get out of that! Scat!" or any old thing that comes into your mind. Remember that it is an intruder, and chase it away just as you would any other intruder. This may not sound so "beautifully spiritual" as some of the nicely polished affirmations to be found in any collection, but it will do the work, and, when you get to understand things better you will realize that it is just as spiritual as the other words. Some people have gotten in the habit of ordering affirmations just as they do patent medicines—same old habit. They take No. 4 for one thing and No. 7 for another—if they can't find No. 7, they take No. 4 and No. 3 together. What nonsense! Make up your own affirmations, and stop this New Thought patent medicine business. If you can experience the thought that lies back of the "I Am" statement of Truth, you will not be at a loss for words. If you get that "I Can and I Will" feeling you can do things even though you be unable to speak a single word. See?

Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread.—Emerson.

For neither didst thou choose thine own time to come into existence; but when the Universe had need of thee.—Epictetus.

The Pilgrims' Path.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

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

Spring is here, Summer is coming—the joy time of the year, when all outdoors is open to us. I hope all of you are going to be able to spend a week or two in some green leafy place, gathering fresh vitality from close contact with nature, and filling your mind with fragrant primitive thoughts to make the rest of the year sweet. Many of us perhaps have responsibilities or duties which seem to bind us to city smoke and brick pavements. There is always a way out. Twenty-five cents, fifty cents, a dollar, will take us Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning to some bit of green earth near at hand. What matter if it be almost within sight of city chimneys? The trees and grass and open air carry their hidden balm, here as well as there in the greater country. Even ten cents will give us a taste of outdoors, for an afternoon in a city park is not to be despised. I have three friends who call themselves "The Ozone Club," and every Saturday afternoon they repair to "our hill" in the park, there to lounge on the grass, read, think, talk, and later in the evening prepare their simple picnic supper. The habit has grown on them to such an extent that now almost any afternoon a telephone message is apt to say, "Come on and let's have supper on our hill tonight." They wouldn't trade their hill for Rockefeller's mansion and it is giving them a real vacation flavor all the summer long.

I could tell you of any number of small bands of congenial spirits who woo nature in such modest ways, absorbing happiness and joy of spirit from her small favors while hoping for the day of greater largess. There is "The Dutch Four," for instance, of whom I am one. I may tell you more about them another day. There is the little band with Elmer Ellsworth Carey, associate editor of *Suggestion*, at its head, who seek the woods or the green open country each Sunday. They let me "tag along" last week, so some day I may tell you more about them. There are many people of whom you have heard in that little band. The most generally admired, however, is Mr. Carey's beautiful brown Irish setter, "Arizona," more generally known as "Toodie," who is a charter member of the outing club and by far its most privileged constituent.

Then there is "The Hill Tribe," a still more primitive organization. But its members are in San Francisco and take their outings on Mount Tamalpais.

Some years ago when a friend and I were meeting fate together in one small back room in the busy city of Chicago, we had what we used to call our "Hull-gull box." I've forgotten now how it got its name, but at any rate into the box we dropped our pennies, an occasional nickel and once in a while a dime or a quarter if fate had been unusually generous in our direction. Then some dreamy, drowsy afternoon, when all outdoors called to us in wooing tones, Edith would look at me and I would look at Edith and we would say simultaneously: "Let's break the Hull-gull box!" And break it we would and flee at once wherever its contents would take us and bring us safely back again. Many happy days we had through our "Hull-gull box." Sometimes we've broken it when only a quarter was disgorged. Then we'd look over a city map and pick out some queer or quiet neighborhood we knew nothing about, and go exploring. Perhaps you don't enjoy poking around in old book shops or edging timidly into a wood carver's workplace. We did! Sometimes when our Hull-gull box failed us for some coveted outing we've even had dealings with the second-hand clothes man. But don't tell!

So don't wait for vacation time to come. Take a vacation weekly, or better, daily. Have a Hull-gull box! It will certainly take you as far as the park; and a few congenial souls can make Parnassus of one small green hill.

* * * *

Speaking of vacations, here is a little letter you will like to read, from one of our members:

"It came to me almost as an inspiration one bright morning a winter ago, that when the relative with whom I was then staying should go away for her usual sum-

mer 'outing,' I would go back to the 'old home,' step into mother's place, and she too might take a much needed rest and vacation. There was still several months to pass before the time of their departure, and whenever a suggestion of my own inability to fill mother's place came to me, it was met with an emphatic 'I Can and I Will' thought, to which all others gave the right of way. And so I had the pleasure of seeing my plan mature. Mother's anticipated vacation of four weeks lengthened to nearly seven. She came back to us, rested, refreshed and ready again to resume her old place at the homestead. Are there not some others in the 'Circle' who can, by treating themselves to good strong doses of 'I Can and I Will' tonic, give those dear deserving mothers a real vacation?"

L. E. M.

* * * *

And by the way, my mail this month is full of letters from people who want to do something for somebody else. Here's an extract from one:

"Can you tell me where I can send boxes of 'New Thought' literature which I have, to some place where it will do the most good?"

B. V. C.

All who can tell our friend where her generous thought will work the most good, write in to me and I will see that she gets the information.

* * * *

Here is another letter which asks the thoughts of the "Circle" to help the writer to help others:

"My Dear Friend of New Thought: It has been my longing desire for several years to help God's suffering poor more than my circumstances would permit. I used to pray for money, but now I pray for healing gift. I am not yet a temple of God—of good—and fear I have not within me enough of divine love. Can you help me through the circle? I wish to depend wholly upon divine love. I do not want anything like mesmerism or hypnotism."

H. J. T.

Give her your thoughts and your love.

* * * *

There are others of our friends who want our help this month. You will remember W. S. A., H. G., H. J. T., E. A. M., L. A. W., Mrs. H. when you say affirmation IV.

And speaking of affirmations, you want to read what Mr. Atkinson has to say in this month's Letter Box. We all need to "read, ponder and inwardly digest." Do you remember what Mr. Berry said in February: "It little avails the mind to say daily: 'Our house is clean, bright, whole!' ('I am Health') if it pauses there. But if it starts to work to sweep out the passages, open up the windows, let in the air, then indeed the Soul shall join in song: 'I am Light, I am Life, I am Love!' And every passer-by shall hearken and understand." You know his motto is "Be first but do always." An affirmation is of no use to us if we do not live its meaning in our life. Mr. Berry and I agree with Mr. Atkinson that your own affirmation will do the work every time. But when all of us want to join together to lend our thoughts to those who have asked of us, it gives to some of us a feeling of closer union to know that here and there, east and west, in small villages and big cities, our friends are "ministering in silence to those sick at heart, healing their ills with love." That is an occasion when a "made to order" affirmation seems to give greater power, because more unity of purpose. So draw from Mr. Berry's affirmations all the power you can bestow on those who need. But don't feel that you are not big enough and wise enough to do your own affirming. Mr. Berry's hair would stand on end in consternation if he thought you accepted his affirmations, meant to act only as a bond between us, as the limit of your own mental assertion.

However, if, like me, you have a sneaking fondness for the beauty of words, perhaps you and I may be forgiven, even if we want to say: "Song is in my heart, pouring forth its notes of joy," rather than our own "I'm all right." H'm! It's not a bit more efficacious, but I'd rather say it! Well, I'll not tell on you if you won't on me. And perhaps Mr. Atkinson will never find out!

* * * *

If I were ever going to be discouraged it would be when I compare the size of my letter pile with the boundaries of this department. Every month I have to answer two-thirds of my letters by thought alone, and when I sit down to write to you I spend always a futile half hour selecting one letter, because I feel its writer deserves an immediate answer, abandoning it as my eye falls on one of mightier need, until between the rival claims, my melting heart is torn to atoms. But I think of you all—you to whom I do not write, as well as you to whom I do. The thoughts which are crowded out of a place in print are finding their way to you through other channels. Aloha! Love to you!

You Can't Breathe

You say, because you have Catarrh. But you don't **need** to have Catarrh! You bathe your body, but you don't keep your mucous membrane clean.

Take a Proper Nasal Bath

Let us show you how to thoroughly rid the nasal passages of that unclean discharge.

Read What Our Customers Say:

"I wish to order a supply of your Nasal Bath for two friends; it has done me so much good. Will you please send supplies at once to the names attached?—F. E. M."

"I would like another order of your Nasal Bath, as I want to keep it on hand. I haven't been in such good condition for years. I shall be very glad to recommend you to all my friends.—A. L."

Our Nasal Bath for one Month, special trial rate, **50 cents.**

If you haven't a glass douche, you'll need one. We'll mail you one with your order for 10 cents; sell for 25 cents.

For a two-cent stamp we'll mail you our practical little pamphlet, "Learn to Breathe."

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* * *

Now about the circulating library! Last month a number of the members wrote in, saying: "We haven't any name to mail our June book to. What shall we do?" But they had! For when the first books were sent out we mailed each a full letter of directions, and a copy of his application blank containing all the library rules, and the letter said: "On the 30th of *each* month mail your book to ———." *Each* month, see? You mail always to the same person, unless there should be some unexpected change in your section, in which case we would advise you. Also some of you have failed to notice the rule which says "enclose postage in letters." When you send us in a change of address we have to write and notify at least one other member of the section, and if you have made any mistake in regard to mailing your book we may have to write two or three people besides mailing out extra books to prevent your section getting into confusion. Please keep these things in mind.

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