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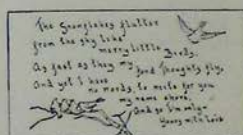
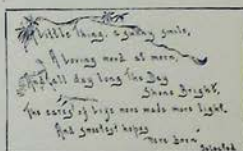
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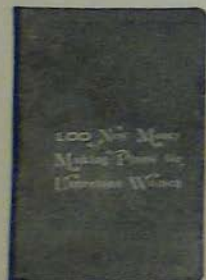
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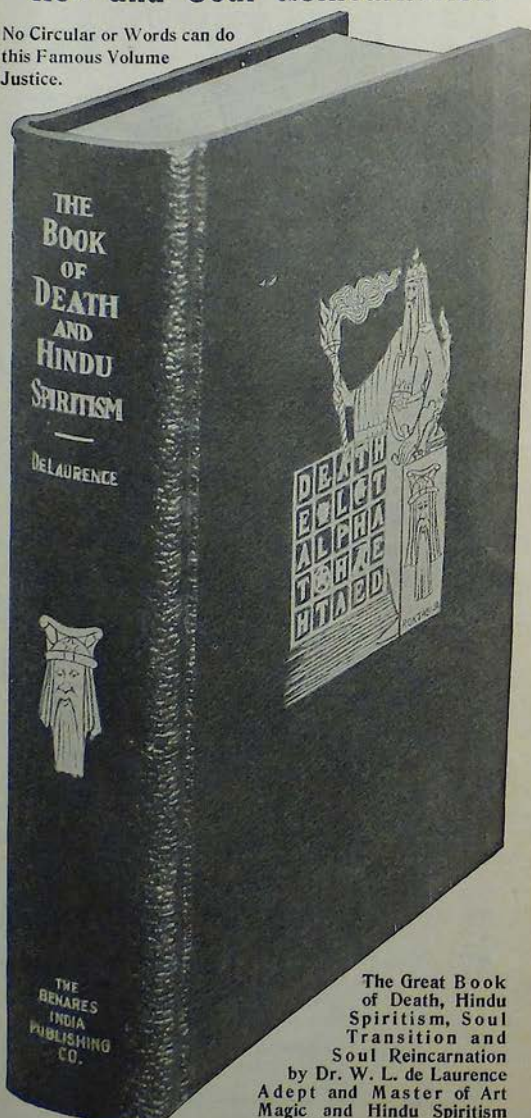
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And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

VOL. XVII.

JANUARY 1, 1908.

No. 1.

What I Wanted to Say

CELIA HORD KENNY.

The primal luminary of God's light to the world begets millions of instances of responsive, imitative, reproductive points of incandescence in the world wide desire for good and belief in Christ.

* * *

The Eucharistic Presence is not nearly the immensity of marvel that its impossibility would be.

* * *

None of us can explain our accidental efficacious value which is revealed to us by ulterior estimate except by referring it to some degree of the exemption that Mary possessed completely.

* * *

Accidents of time, enumeration, dimension, orders of precedence, degrees of difficulty, are all circumstances that begin and end with our finite, terrestrial condition.

* * *

Truth tells itself. Reasons do not tell the truth, though truth often tells the reasons.

* * *

True religion is pure truth. It is some vein of the one truth in all religious professions that makes them live even through the unrevealed dross of other misapprehension.

Buying Misery*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



As the impulse of each century is toward a kinder and less savage humanity, let us hope that in the next hundred years our art will show the refining process of time.

War, murder and bloodshed are still rampant in the world, yet the sentiment of civilization is opposed to them. We are all ashamed of war, where in olden times people gloried in it.

Since we are ashamed of it, why should we perpetuate its horrible scenes on canvas, or buy such pictures to hang upon our walls?

What pleasure is there in gazing on a graphic representation of carnage, of looking at lifelike pictures of agonized men and animals in their death throes? Such work may prove an artist's skill, but it does nothing for the betterment of humanity.

The realistic in literature, in the descriptions of scenes of vice or murder, may serve a useful purpose as the plot proceeds and unfolds the mechanism of cause and effect.

There can be no purpose in a realistic picture of brutality and bloodshed.

What good end is attained by blemishing our fair walls with the picture of a dying deer, seized by a pack of hounds; or two wild beasts, tearing each other to atoms; or a frenzied bull goring a horse, while the bull is pierced by the spear of a human monster; or two men bruising each other in the prize ring; or dying men and horses flung in horrid heaps upon the battlefield?

All these things occur, and it is terrible enough that they do, and that we must read about them and hear the details. But why should we perpetuate them in art for unborn generations to gaze upon?

There ought to be a "horror chamber" where artists and sculptors who love to portray the morbid and brutal features of life could exhibit their work without forcing it upon people who do not want to see it.

There is so much that is sublime, dramatic, tender, beautiful and exalting in the world for painter and sculptor to depict, so much that acts as an inspiration to the beholder, that soothes, rests or stimulates the mind, heart and eye, instead of merely arousing a sensation of fascinated repulsion!

Why do people put pictures of dead birds and fish on their dining room walls? I can imagine nothing more calculated to spoil the appetite and upset the digestion. One likes to forget the market stalls while at dinner.

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In a lady's boudoir, sweet with suggestions of refined femininity, I have seen the picture of a deer at bay which tore the heart of any sympathetic observer. Possibly the lady attached a symbolic meaning to it, and as a successful hunter of hearts she may have often seen her game "at bay."

I have had my call spoiled by an almost life-sized bull fight scene on a drawing room wall, and I have had a bleak winter day suddenly bloom with the glory of a summer afternoon at the shore by a bit of marine view opposite me as I waited the arrival of my hostess.

Why not select things which shall delight and please our own eyes and those of our friends when we are adorning our homes?

The sad and awful side of life will force itself upon us fast enough as we go along, without buying it and putting an expensive frame about it!

Letter To a Clergyman

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

A mutual friend has asked me to write to you regarding the possibilities of regaining health by mental means. He believes that you are disheartened on account of the verdict of the doctors in your case, and that if you could get light on the applicability of spiritual consciousness to conditions like yours, you would recover. He especially mentions the great truth of the immanence of God as the idea that is most likely to help you.

It may seem strange that one should write to a Christian minister on the subject of the divine immanence. But the thought that practical realization of this great truth has direct influence upon the state of health is entirely new to some people, possibly to you. Religious consciousness and the state of bodily health have no necessary connection, yet the relationship may be very direct. When my father, Julius A. Dresser, consulted P. P. Quimby, the mental therapist, in 1860, Quimby told father that his "religion was killing him." The remark seemed a strange one, but implied a deep truth. Coming from a family in which consumption was rampant on both sides of the house, father was at that time falling victim to the deadly tendency himself, and the excited emotionalism with which he promulgated religion in prayer-meeting and elsewhere was playing its part in the downfall. Quimby carried father safely through typhoid-pneumonia and gave him a new lease of life, not merely through mental treatment, that is, by sitting silently beside him; but by means of the understanding on which Mr. Quimby placed great reliance. Father lived thirty-three years after that, years of active service and of constant development. Always frail and more spiritual than physical, life was a constant struggle with him, and he attributed the success of the struggle to the understanding which he acquired from Mr. Quimby.

What is this understanding and how may it be acquired? It is founded on the conviction that every man is directly open to the presence

of God, that the divine presence makes for health and harmony, and that by filling one's consciousness with the thought of God one may change the current of life and regain health. That is to say, the divine presence is very concretely and practically regarded as an ever-ready Wisdom, adequate to meet all occasions, and ready to guide and to sustain. To detach one's attention from external conditions and especially from all painful feelings, and concentrate it upon what one takes to be the divine ideal, to become absorbingly filled with this thought of the ideal, is to experience a change which affects not merely the mental but the bodily life. Through our deeper subconscious activity the changed mental state is translated into a better physical condition, and the natural process of recovery begins. To a religious believer like father, who believed in the absentee God of the Calvinistic faith, this meant a most radical change of attitude, and with it a change in the emotions and their attendant bodily heat. Father totally rejected the "old theology" for the concrete Wisdom which Mr. Quimby's work revealed. He took this God, or Wisdom, as his guide, and in due course began to help himself as Mr. Quimby had helped him, that is, by earnestly yet quietly realizing the divine presence. What he did, others may do, by diligently praying, by seeking the power of the Spirit and believing in its healing presence.

It is a new idea to many people that troubles in the throat and lungs may be intimately connected with the superfluous heat of the system, and through this with the underlying nervous activity; for they are apt to think of such troubles as purely objective in origin. But it stands to reason that if extra heat is generated, for example, through emotional excitement or through sexual passion, it must somehow find an outlet. The outlet may be through that portion of the organism which is weakest, or the superfluous heat may be confined, to be further increased by continued excitement. The resource might seem to be to adopt physical means of ridding the organism of all abnormal heat. But deeper still would be that changed mode of life which calms the emotions and begins to establish poise where disturbance reigned before. Such a change begins with the awakening of more enlightened spiritual consciousness. Experience shows that no thought is so effectual as that of the divine presence, regarded as the real source of our life, whether mental or physical. Mr. Quimby developed this realization into a method which others have adopted, until finally the practice of spiritual healing has become a regular occupation.

Mr. Quimby believed that one should analyze deeply enough to discover the real interior state of affairs, the most fundamental condition of mind and body, then begin by striking at the root of this inmost cause. If, for example, the organism be subject to undue heat and nervous excitement, one must discover the causes of these troublesome states and develop a better state in their place. It did not follow that disease was purely mental, but that to produce a change one should begin with the mind. This may seem absurd at first, but trial can alone prove its truth.

One need not be concerned with the absurd teachings which, under the name of Christian Science and other terms, are nowadays inculcated. The essential is to begin for one's self and persist day by day.

There is great efficacy, for instance, in mere repose. I knew a very nervous young man who was especially eager to make a good appearance on the occasion which meant most for his immediate future, the commencement exercises at the time of his graduation from college. I was present during the delivery of his commencement part, and knowing his nervousness wondered at the composure with which he spoke. Questioning him in regard to the secret of his success, I learned that he had sat still during an entire hour shortly before the exercises were to begin. That is, instead of nervously anticipating the coming event, and becoming "worked up" over it, he had taken the opposite course. There is astonishing efficacy in such stillness, for nature then has a most favorable opportunity to relieve the organism of any impeding states. Add to this stillness—and it must be reposeful stillness—the consciousness of the presence of God, and the meditation becomes doubly efficient. For the mind is then lifted aloft by realization of the noblest interests. I knew a woman, for example, who carried herself through a most trying experience by constantly reiterating to herself, "In Him I live and move and have my being." Many have begun their work as mental healers in as simple a way as this. For such words were not empty for them, but freighted with meaning for the hour of need.

Now, I am sure there is help for you in this direction. I suggest that you turn to the New Testament and read it as if it were a new book entitled, "The Practical Power of the Spirit." Do not be concerned with theological questions, but turn to the works of healing, meditate on them and try to discover the principle by which Jesus wrought his cures. As a follower of the Master begin to apply your Christian consciousness to yourself, and eagerly, confidently, yet quickly, seek the therapeutic power of the Holy Spirit. Fill yourself with this one idea and let it have its perfect work within you. Give your subconscious life opportunity to do its work, and grant your organism liberty to respond without any impatience on your part. You will be further benefited by any reading you may find at hand in line with this letter.

"Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults; we should love our friends in like manner."

"Some minds are like Fourth of July pin-wheels; they run rapidly enough, but go nowhere; their light is sufficiently bright, but it cannot be utilized; their heat serves only to consume themselves."

Possibility

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

*Farewell, Old Year! With gifts I load thee,
Wilt thou not take them ere thou go?
Heavy the weight I lay upon thee,
For these be gifts that bent me low.
This mem'ry sad, that unfulfillment,
The pride which hurt my friend and me,
Failure and pain and empty longing—
I strip my life of all and give to thee.
Farewell, Old Year!*

*Welcome, New Year! With joy I greet thee,
With empty hands for thee to fill.
What wilt thou bring? I know thy answer—
Whatever joy or grace myself shall will!
Surcease of sorrow, boon of sweet forgetting,
My soul's enrichment and my heart's great need,
All that I ask or dream or ere have yearned for,
If I but will, may now be mine indeed.
Welcome, New Year!*

The Purified Body

LEON ELBERT LANDONE.

Miss Wells is a woman who must be obeyed. Two years ago when she first telephoned that she wished to call on me regarding articles for NEW THOUGHT, I instinctively felt I could not give enough time to the articles to do justice to Miss Wells and her readers. But Miss Wells, as usual, won out.

When in Chicago last September, I signified I did not desire to continue writing regarding the body, but that I did wish to write on other subjects.

And now, here is a letter from the editor enclosing the following paragraph from a subscriber and asking me to answer the question with an article. Again Miss Wells wins out!

"I would be pleased to have your opinion, and that of others, concerning the effect of lime in water, for domestic use. Our city uses it in large quantities for softening the water. I have placed an aluminum cup in it and left it ten days, and found on removing it some white substance clinging to it all over the surface, in lumps about as large as peas. Our medical doctors say this water is good and wholesome. I am of the opinion, however, it is the cause of rheumatism and kidney trouble. If

you would assist me with your information in the matter I will be very gratified."

This question of purifying the body by the process of elimination is one much discussed during the last ten years. We have been attempting to discover means of cleaning and purifying the tissue of the body so that the soul force can manifest through the body more freely and fully.

Various conditions hinder a free manifestation of the soul. Fatigue poisons when they *accumulate* in the body prevent the individual's energy from manifesting and hence one becomes exhausted and unable to endure; acid poisons eat up structure and prevent continued enduring activity; *mineral* deposits harden all tissues, from bone structure to brain substances, and consequently prevent forces from moving through the body easily and freely.

Mineral substances are *never* assimilated by the cell structures of the body and made a part of the cells themselves.

Mineral substances, as lime in water, may be taken into the body and into the blood, changing the chemistry of the food in the stomach and intestines and changing the chemistry of the blood, but no single animal cell ever makes these mineral substances into a part of its own structure.

The mineral substances taken into the body may lodge *between* the cells of the liver, *between* the cells of the kidneys, *between* the muscle cells in the large muscles of the back or arms or legs, or *between* the cells of the small muscle fibers of the blood tubes; or the lime may be allowed to remain *between* nerve cells in the brain, *between* cells of the optic nerve, the sciatic nerve, or any one or many of a thousand other portions of the bodily tissue.

These deposits are certainly detrimental. Some one, however, will ask, "Are not certain mineral waters valuable in treating certain diseases?"

Now read carefully. Mineral *deposits* are *not* beneficial and *never* have been beneficial, but *if the individual is suffering from conditions resulting from an impacted or constipated intestine*, then the beneficial effects of laxative mineral waters overbalance for the *time* the detrimental effects of the deposits.

The temporary laxative effect is beneficial, while the more permanent depositing effect is detrimental.

There are others who claim that distilled water free from mineral matter, is dead water and hence unfit for food.

Please remember water is a solvent, not a food in itself. It helps dissolve food, helps digest food, but is not food.

We drink water not as a food but as a solvent; we drink distilled water not to secure the germ that makes undistilled water full of life, but for the purpose of dissolving substances in the body; carrying the beneficial substances about the body and carrying the waste materials out of the body.

This leaves the tissues in better condition to respond to the impulses of the soul, giving it greater and fuller expression; and this to me is the purpose of life.

The best test of the value of distilled water is in the reports of the navy department of the United States government. During the late Spanish-American war, the navy used distilled water, the army did not. No individual of the navy died from the Cuban fevers, although they lived upon the same type of food and dwelt in the same climate as the divisions of the army which fought in Cuba.

More army men died from fever than from Spanish bullets.

The distilled water used in the navy had so changed the bodies of the men that "nature's bon-fires" (fevers) were not necessary to remove the waste which furnished such splendid breeding ground for disease germs.

Remember the Lord loveth a purified temple, clean and holy.

Cleanse with the flood of waters and wait not for the fires of destruction.

The Body Responds To the Spirit

WALTER DeVoe.

We shall gain considerable insight into the law of mediumship by considering further the case of Miss Beauchamp (mentioned in my recent article) which was investigated for a number of years by the eminent psychopathologist Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston. Miss Beauchamp was a neurasthenic. Dr. Prince found the ordinary treatment of no use and so tried hypnotic suggestion. Then it was that the various personalities developed in Miss Beauchamp. Prof. Hyslop says: "The vindictiveness of one toward another forcibly suggests the cases of persons afflicted with devils and evil spirits such as were cast out by Christ as recorded in the New Testament." Miss Beauchamp herself was known as "B. 1." After being hypnotized she went into a somnambulistic state called "B. 2." "B. 3," or "Sally," the third personality, soon developed what Dr. Prince states "may well be considered one of the most remarkable phases ever recorded in a case of multiple personality." His record is as follows:

"Miss Beauchamp was a very serious lady, much addicted to books and study, and distinctly religious. She has a great sense of responsibility in life, and even with her friends is sad and depressed. Is it not therefore a terrible tragedy to think that her alternating personality 'Sally' is frivolous to the last degree, bubbling over with fun and mischief, irreligious and malicious, of indifferent education, and utterly without the French, German, shorthand and other accomplishments of Miss Beauchamp?

"The latter is a neurasthenic, while Sally is boisterously robust. But you must always bear in mind that all three personalities inhabit the one body of Miss Beauchamp. At first, when this lady became tired or upset, she was likely to be instantly transformed into Sally, such transformation lasting from a few minutes to many days. Miss Beauchamp knows no

more of Sally than you do of a stranger living in another state, whereas Sally, even when not in the flesh, is perfectly conscious of Miss Beauchamp's inmost thoughts and acts.

"Sally took an intense dislike to Miss Beauchamp, and used to say to me, vehemently, 'Why, I simply *hate* her, Doctor Prince!'

"Here come the most extraordinary details of this case, namely, the almost fiendish tricks and pranks which 'Sally' played upon Miss Beauchamp, whom I will hereafter refer to for convenience as 'B. 1.' Like most ladies, 'B. 1.' is thrown into terror by snakes and spiders.

"One day Sally, 'entering in' like the evil spirits of the Bible, went out into the country, got together a fearsome collection of snakes and spiders, brought them home, and tied them up in a neat package addressed to Miss Beauchamp. When 'B. 1.' opened the package the creatures ran and crawled out and about and nearly sent her into fits.

"Another joke of Sally's was to take 'B. 1.' out into the country when she was very tired and unfit to walk. That is to say, the body inhabited by Sally for the moment would take a car and go six or seven miles out into the country, where in some remote place Sally would vanish, leaving in her place the original Miss Beauchamp, who would find herself far out in the country with no means of getting home, no money in her pocket, and nothing for it but to walk—poor, enfeebled lady that she was.

"The unfortunate woman would beg rides from passing wagons, and when she got home would be so worn and tired that she would be ill for a week.

"Here is another episode: A great friend of Miss Beauchamp's asked her to knit a baby's blanket. On this she worked for a whole year, and as soon as it was nearly completed her body was suddenly occupied by Sally, who would deliberately unravel the whole patient work. Poor Miss Beauchamp would begin the thing all over again, only to have Sally pull it to pieces once more. On one occasion the unfortunate woman came to herself, and found herself in the middle of the room, enveloped in a perfect network of worsted yarn. It ran around the pictures, the bed, the chairs and herself, and she had to cut it to get out of it.

"What complicated matters was that although Miss Beauchamp knew nothing of Sally, the latter was not only conscious of 'B. 1.'s' thoughts, but was also capable of controlling her thoughts, limbs and tongue. Sally's thoughts are entirely distinct from those of 'B. 1.', with which they are co-existent, but not identical. Sally may have a train of thought at the same time with 'B. 1.', but of an absolutely different nature. Thus Sally could make 'B. 1.' say and do things against her will, and, most distressing of all, she could make this rigidly conscientious New England lady tell the most terrible lies. For example, one day 'B. 1.' was asked who lived in a shabby and disreputable little house at the roadside, and she astounded her questioner by replying, 'Mrs. J. G. ———,' who was an extremely rich woman, very prominent in society.

"'Why, I thought she was immensely wealthy?'

"Oh, yes, but she's lost all her money now."

"Poor Miss Beauchamp was terribly mortified at hearing herself telling these astounding and apparently pointless falsehoods, which she knew her listener also must know were outrageous untruths. The various personalities alternated within Miss Beauchamp in a manner difficult to realize. At each alternation the existing personality was as separate and distinct from the other as two living creatures can possibly be. It is always well to bear this in mind.

"Later on yet another personality developed in Miss Beauchamp, which Doctor Prince classified as 'B. 4.' Sally did *not* know the thoughts of 'B. 4.' but no matter what personality was feeling depressed or self-reproachful, the irrepressible Sally was ever gay and indifferent, full of fun and brightness and health, enjoying above all things Miss Beauchamp's discomfiture, and perhaps planning some amusement utterly distasteful to her."

This case is not so rare as it may be considered by those who do not come in contact with the diseases of humanity. It well illustrates the fact that hypnotism will develop the latent mediumistic ability in a subject and opens the mental door to any wandering spirit that desires to take possession of the personality. The subject becomes negative and unable to guard against obsessing influences, and when once these gain an entrance into the physical consciousness only the most positive resistance will keep them from gaining dominion over the personality. This leads us to see how great an influence the world of spirits (decarnate humanity) has over the mind of mortals. I would rather write along a more optimistic line than this, but these facts must be understood if physicians and mental healers would save mortals from the errors of negative mediumship. How many fine characters have become negative to decarnate influences of the lower order during fits of depression so that they were led to commit suicide! One very noble and refined character whom I knew would be led by an uncontrollable impulse to do deeds that at the moment were most abhorrent to his higher nature. He told me that it was only by the most positive exercise of will that he kept himself at times from committing suicide.

There is a powerful lesson for us in the fact that the weak, neurasthenic body of Miss Beauchamp was at once made vigorous and strong by the healthy, joyous spirit of "Sally." The depressed spirit of Miss Beauchamp could not give strength to the body, but it was transformed by the entrance of a more positive spirit. Here is the secret of healing! Here is the cure for obsession and all malign suggestions! Learn the truth of the inherent power of your own spirit. Practice assiduously to develop your personality in the strength and vigor and joy of living and you will electrify your body with health. What you know your spirit *is* and cultivate your spirit to *feel*, your flesh must express. You are the vigor and power of an eternal soul. Hold to this truth until every weakness is conquered and you will shine as the sun in its strength.

Mine Heritage

IDA W. HAWKINS.

*The past is mine—mine, not to make or mar,
But mine inheritance, for I am heir
Of all the ages. Every battle fought,
Each victory won, and all the wonders wrought
Through power of thought, and cunning of the hand
Are mine to feel, to know and understand.
The key to this vast treasure house lies at my hand;
Bolts will turn back and doors fling wide at my command.
Through me the strength and power of Being thrill,
And force the dragon of a slothful will
To yield obedience, and throw its light
In tomb and dungeon and disperse the night,
And rend the pall that Superstition flings o'er death;
And pierce the Mystery that ushers in the breath.*

*Today is mine—to reap the sowing of the past,
And o'er the fallow land the bounteous harvest cast;
To build more stately mansions, nobly planned;
To climb to farther heights, the stars to scan.
Today is here—a fruitful past at hand,
And forces seen and unseen at command.
My labor bears its messages of joy or pain
That, with a generous increase shall yet return again.*

*Tomorrow lies before; to make, or mar,
But not to change the place or course of star.
To blot the vision from unseeing eyes
Or enter where transcendent glories rise,
Is mine! and naught my birthright can destroy,
If I but make my claim, and powers employ
To guide the force of Being where the Spirit leads,
To light the watchfires by the spark of deeds.
Then will the lights shine forth o'er Wisdom's ways—
We build tomorrow with our yesterdays.*

*This vast inheritance is mine—and yours.
We have the key that opens wide the doors.
The past, the present, and the future yield
The substance, force and promise of the field
To us, in silent places where the Spirit dwells
And to our consciousness its secret tells.
A vast inheritance, a subtle power Divine,
A destiny complete—is thine and mine.*



Take Deep Breaths of the Absolute

BY IDA GATLING PENTECOST.



These are days of noise without, and great need for quiet within. Universality has been creeping a little closer. The severe financial throes in our city have etched on the human consciousness, *not yet love enough!* Fraternity wants to burst forth, and ignorance thrusts it back. Dishonesty and greed have been taking their medicine, and banks have been threatened with epitaphs. The throb of wrongdoing has objectified in black heart lines tinged with revolution. The world, pregnant with divinity, is having a labor pain. Truth wants to be born. . . . Those who understand, look on and smile. "The handwriting is on the wall."

Producers have been poor. Non-producers have been rich. Inch by inch the panorama is being deciphered. Betterment is in evidence, by the way of panic. When it is not allowed to come by calm, it comes by storm. The community locked in selfishness has needed a fright to break the death grip. History is repeating one of its principal pages. Dog dinners and monkey banquets are always followed by crepe on the sleeve of civilization.

One half of the world must learn how the other half lives. When brotherliness is slow in manifesting, compulsory recognition is experienced. Universal good means individual good, and he who works and grabs only for self, *works for a very little thing*. Hearts should realize that the race is one big family. Hang a man, starve a man, and you injure a part of yourself. Oh, world, with only half an eye open, and veins filled with ice water! Wars, panics and famines have been the result of wrong thinking. Suffer, suffer, suffer, oh World, before you will learn! Your petrified conscience will not teach you. Pale, half-starved faces of your brothers and sisters will not teach you. Factories filled with sad-eyed little children workers will not teach you. But—when money takes wings, and the "judgment day" comes—the sifting time, the *reckoning*, then, ah then, a slight light percolates its density.

The "golden rule" has been snowed under for a long time. "Frenzied finance," and "feed my lambs" are different expressions. But the *hidden forces* are at work. External disturbances reveal the fact. Widespread shock, and individual hard knocks are required to bring about improvement. When people have sunk low in materiality it takes the derricks of suffering to lift them out.

Few want Truth until they have chewed the dust and ashes of worldliness, and drank its poison to the last drop. What a term of overcoming is before them! Yet even going through suffering is glorious, if people

will get enlightenment no other way. . . . Why should you suffer, if your loved one is learning? Wrong must right itself. Be patient. Evolverment is slow, but sure.

View the psychical landscape over with poise. Look below the surface, and discern the cause of present troubles. Their cause is in men's minds, not in business conditions. Breathe deep of the Absolute. Let rectification take place first from within.

Love is going to return to the world great dividends. Rest in the quietude of the Supreme Good.

To "The Safe, Sane and Conservative"

ASHLEY MILLER.

There is nothing strange or complex in the principles of the New Thought, the science of thinking. Everyone is familiar with facts which illustrate it, as the following suggestions will prove:

To begin with the most familiar: The human body changes constantly, not only from youth to age but actually from day to day. Scientists tell us that we have new bodies once in every seven years.

What is the real personality, within, which persists through all these changes and carries on the rebuilding process?

What is it that makes your heart beat?

What carries on all the functions of the physical man?

What is it that thinks? A lifeless body does not.

We do not consciously direct the processes of digestion, assimilation, circulation, etc., and yet they are carried on by some evidently intelligent means.

What heals and knits together the torn flesh of a wound?

When the doctor has given all his medicines and gone, what does the real work of restoring health to the organs?

It must be this same force, this unseen entity within. Medicines do not remove disease from a body which the life force has left, therefore they must (consciously or unconsciously to us) produce their results through this unseen force, through the suggestion they convey to this thinking part of you.

Many names have been given this "something within," "The Laws of Nature," "The Subconscious Self," "The Soul," etc. But whatever the name, we know it, as we know electricity, only by its manifestations; of these, Thought is the chief.

Unlike digestion, circulation, etc., our thinking is wholly in our conscious control. It has long been conceded that a man can make or mar his soul or mind by the character of his thoughts. Character and ability are soul qualities and we all admit that it isn't bodily shape but mental shape that makes one man clever, another stupid, one a good business man and another "a failure."

We go farther. All of us concede that a thought can produce some effects in the body. We know that it can cause the glands to secrete and send out tears or make the blood flow to one part of the body as in a blush. But many who are otherwise fairly liberal and intelligent are slow, even in the face of scientific investigation, to concede that, like electricity, Thought is a Force and that a knowledge of its simple laws *puts our bodily and mental conditions wholly in our own power.*

To be really consistent these people should refuse to believe that a force called electricity drives our cars and carries our messages. They have never seen it.

There is abundant proof to any intelligent seeker that trained thought can and does heal and that any mental quality desired, business ability for instance, can be grown. Every great mind that the earth has ever known achieved by this law, though perhaps unconsciously to itself. The student of the science of thinking learns how to put himself in touch with the Infinite and so to draw from the Source of all ideas those he needs.

The infinite source surrounds us, like the air, and its vibrations are visible in us in what we call Life, Attraction and Thought. The last (by what is scientifically known as the Law of Suggestion) is the rudder by which we may direct all these energies.

If there is anything, ANYTHING, that you want in this life you can learn the way to it in this science of thought.

Finally, anyone who is liberal enough to read the data which any public library affords and who will *try and experiment for himself* can prove all these things. Thousands upon thousands of people, just as sensible and as well educated as you or I, have proved them and live them today. They have an advantage over you (the advantage that progress always has over conservatism), for they know how to live, how to keep well and how to win abundance of all things. They don't have "indigestion;" they are not afraid of draughts or colds and they know why. They don't have to trust to luck or fortune. There is no guessing in this sane, scientific life. They know.

"Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day."
—Sir John Lubbock.

"There's nothing comes without calling in this world, and after you've called you generally must go and fetch it yourself."

"It requires many actions to make character, but only one to destroy it."

"Don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long."—Holmes.

The Fundamentals of Success

VIII. EGOTISM AND SELF-RELIANCE

BY HENRY FRANK.

To feel the importance of one's self is the measure of one's possibilities. The tendency of human affairs is to crowd each of us into a little corner. The vastness of the multitude tends to discourage the initiative of the individual. The complexity of the mass disguises the efficacy of the units of which it is composed. Because of the immensity of the population the individual man who constitutes its life and essence is crushed into insignificance.

Everybody in whose soul is planted the seed of ambition runs counter to this fact the moment he enters the arena of endeavor. Not only is he terrorized by competition, for individual must needs contend with individual, but he feels like Richard in the doomed battle of Bosworth Field, when he exclaims,

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain, already, instead of him."

There seems no end of competition, of rivalry, of uncertain victory and recurring defeat. Will the battle never end; will the crown of triumph never be seized? This is the constant cry of half-despair, the groan of the unfed appetite, that ever escapes from the lips of the struggling aspirant. When one permits one's self to contemplate the diminutiveness of one's individuality as compared with the immensity of the mass of humankind it is not amazing that one feels the pall of despair. One must needs ask, "Why should I, so small and frail a thing, hope to compel the ear of the mighty giant to hear my feeble whisperings? What can I do that has not already been done many times and far better than I can ever hope to rival? What a fool am I to think that I, a nobody, should ever expect to amount to anything in this tremendous world! Better forget my ambition and live in obscure peace than strive for conspicuous attainment and die of a broken heart!"

The man who enters the arena without prestige, position, ancestry, fortune or influence, may well hesitate before he makes the plunge. Nevertheless it is well to remember that almost all the great names of history have been made so by individuals who neither had conspicuous ancestors nor left conspicuous descendants.

Great characters are the brilliant solitaires of history. There is but one Alexander, one Demosthenes, one Cicero, one Caesar, one Charlemagne, one Peter the Great, one Gustavus Adolphus, one Schiller, one Goethe, one Cromwell, one Shakespeare, one Napoleon, one Washington, one Alexander Hamilton, one Jefferson, one Lincoln. If they had an



ancestry, we know nothing of them and care less. If they left a posterity the world has been wholly oblivious of the fact for it is convinced that genius never repeats itself.

Yet each of these men must have felt the strain of the initiative. Each must have argued to himself that his ambition was vain and should the opportunity ever arrive when he could reveal himself he would by comparison appear so small that he must needs retire in bashful timidity. But genius is its own unconscious prompter. Socrates could not help himself when he pleaded for mercy to the condemned generals and thus happily but unexpectedly made himself first conspicuous in the nation's legislative halls. Let us study the character of this great man for a moment to realize what we mean by self-reliance as contrasted with egotism. If we knew Socrates personally perhaps we, like many of his contemporaries, would have accused him of egotism and therefore learned to hate him; but that is not the voice of history. Yet, just for a moment, recall what he did. Take the incident we have just referred to.

He was sitting as the *Epistates*, or Speaker, of the Assembly. This was an office of very brief tenure, lasting only one day. Each senator in turn held the office. Yet in that brief moment he laid bare the quality of his remarkable character. The generals who were condemned had left the dead on the battlefield without the rites of burial after meeting with a shameful defeat. The Athenians were furious and in a condition of popular panic. Mob violence was threatened. Yet, because he thought the vote for condemnation of the commanders was illegal and unjust, he refused to put the motion to the Assembly. They threatened to suspend him from office, to arrest him, to expose him to the violence of the mob, yet neither the fear of imprisonment nor of death could force him to do that which he believed to be wrong. Nobody could understand him, yet he must have understood himself.

In that day they thought him obstinate, suffering from "swelled-head" as we would say, offensively egotistic and dangerous. Indeed this popular judgment of him finally prevailed and he paid the penalty of his reputation by drinking the fatal hemlock. But when we look back on his career today we are forced to think that it was not the foolishness of egotism and vain conceit that compelled him to make himself so offensive to his age, but merely the necessity of his genius, the energy of his conscientious convictions.

Yet how often it must have occurred to him as he sat on the street pavement, clothed in rags and poverty, a disgusting physical figure, almost loathsome in its resemblance to the slovenly god *Silenus*, that he could amount to very little in the world, and he might as well give up his silly ambition and stop troubling those who did not care to hear him. But he kept right on, intoxicated with the belief in his own moral supremacy, and at last, even though he must needs die for it, forced a laggard world to confess he was what he believed himself to be.

It is this confidence of genius in itself, no less in the obscure walks of life than in the conspicuous, that tells always in its achievements.

There comes a moment in one's life, betimes, when the burden of one's convictions must be thrown off and the soul assert itself free of the fear of obloquy or ridicule. Such a moment acts as a flashlight which in an instant reveals one's character to one's self, either with disgust of self-disappointment, or joy at the proof of genuineness.

It is the inspiration of such a moment that has brought forth many a mighty man. Recall the case of young Alexander Hamilton. He was born in the West Indies, not a native of the colonies of whose freedom he was to become one of the strongest inspirations. He was only seventeen years old when the opportunity came into his life that was to prove to him whether he had that mad self-reliance of great men which some construe as self-conceit and others as sublime self-consciousness. It was at the crucial moment in American history when the Tories were calling for conservative action and the Radicals for revolt from tyranny. Hamilton had been sauntering down the streets and came upon a mighty meeting where the most conspicuous citizens of New York were discussing the tremendous question with skill and eloquence. He had listened for some time when his blood began to boil. He felt that the key note of the meeting had not yet been struck and, as this was the crucial moment, to let it go by default would be a crime. His heart prompted him to speak. But how could he dare to face that mighty multitude, he a boy of only seventeen, yet in college, not even a citizen of the country for whose honor he felt inspired to lift his youthful voice.

But the hand of Minerva was on his brow and he felt the touch of the goddess. He could not resist. Ere he knew it he was on the platform, facing a sea of cocked hats and scowling countenances. His heart began to fail him; his knees were weakening; he could not find his voice. He was about to flee in disgrace and chagrin, when his pride compelled him to remember his opportunity and at last his wisdom flew forth on wings of eloquence. The multitude stood entranced. The name of Hamilton was on every lip. His fame had been born in a single instant.

Timidity might have whispered to him "You are a fool." Egotism might have prompted him to offensive self-assurance and caused his overweening manner to have defeated the purpose of his speech. But he was true simply to his inward calling and thus prompted by rational self-reliance he was saved from falling between the upper and the nether stone of the ponderous egotist and the ludicrous simpleton.

But such a moment comes in some way to every life. Obedience to its inspiration works wonders no less in the minor walks than in the greater.

"Few and mean as my gifts may be," says Emerson, "I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony."

This is the gospel that should sustain us in every hour of trial and doubt. One can never be true to anything or anybody but himself. Each person is compelled to round out the demands of his own constitution, and to try to do otherwise is to write "suicide" as his epitaph. We have no

right to compare ourselves with others. All we should do is to compare ourselves with ourselves and our ideals.

We may not be able to rise as high as others, but we should at least rise as high as ourselves. In the beginning of life each of us becomes a tentative coward because we are afraid of criticism and comparison. A great woman has recently said that one of the chiefest obstacles which she was forced to overcome when the inspiration came to her to write, as it did to Cadmus, was the demeaning intimation of her friends that she could not compose anything which had not already been said a thousand times and much better than she could say it. Yet she wrote; her genius forced her to; and she will have a place, her own place, in literature.

The trouble with most of us is we are ill contented to be ourselves. We want to be somebody else, because we think that other person is so much greater than ourself. Whoever is ambitious to be somebody else is unworthy to be himself. Bottom was good enough as Bottom, a clownish, simple rustic. But when he wanted to play the part of the elegant gentleman and take Titania to wife she made him wear the ass's head of the egotist.

I know a gifted woman who could make her mark in literature if she tried to, but she refuses to attempt it because she says she would never be contented with an achievement less than that of Shakespeare's.

So it is in the world of invention and science. Many a man hesitates because he loses confidence in his ever achieving anything that has not already been given to the world. If he will but remember, however, that Nature's possibilities are infinite, and that she can express herself only through some member of the human family, it will inspire any who have ideas to give them to the world. What we need more and more to guide us to success is the fearless spirit of initial endeavor, whether the world laugh at us or not.

Diogenes tells us that a very young man once gave his name to enter the list of the athletic sports. They laughed at him because of his youthfulness and refused to let him enter as a boy. Then he defied them and insisted on being listed among the men. In sport they let him enter, and though contesting against the men this mere boy came off victor, to the amazement and chagrin of his too-wise critics.

This boy was no less a man than Pythagoras, the famous Cretonian philosopher, who is ranked among the world's greatest scientists and thinkers, and who was the first of all human beings, so far as known, to declare that this planet was a round globe and not a flat square.

He wasn't afraid of his well trained muscles and he won out against the skilled veterans of the arena. He wasn't afraid of his mental prowess, of a brain that he felt was full of ideas which the world should know, and he is ranged today among the wisest and most erudite.

The simple lesson of all life, then, is to be the best you can, and never mind what the world thinks about you. Command your own self-respect, even if all mankind disrespect you. Do whatever your genius or passing

circumstance compels, unmindful of what the verdict of posterity may be.

One can never tell where his genius may lead him. How many of us in childhood have delighted in the reduction of a mouthful of wheat to a rubbery consistency. We thought it was better gum, and certainly much cheaper, than any we could procure in the public market. But who of us ever dreamed that out of that simple performance some day would be made a substance that would rival Nature's creations?

Well, today comes a man, William Thredfall Carr, who converts the little play of our childhood days into a stupendous commercial achievement. He has found that out of the "chewed wheat" a better quality of rubber can be manufactured than any Nature produces in her most prolific tropical climes. So "cereal rubber" in the next few decades will become one of the world's most profitable investments.

Because one man thought, where the rest of us only played, and then wasn't afraid of the thought that came to him, the age has been enriched beyond the dreams of avarice.

Think of the thousand discouragements he met with after he attempted to put into practical results the dream of the moment that came to him when he was chewing the succulent grain! Think of the satanic cry of fear that must often have assailed his inner ear when his fondest hopes were frustrated and he was forced to try again and again a theory which had so often failed.

But because he was not afraid, because he believed himself born with wits and not with cobwebs in his brain, he realized his ambition and will rank among the world's material benefactors.

A man should learn to cultivate a good opinion of himself. The habit of self-depreciation invites the depreciation of others and is effectually suicidal. Self-apology is false modesty. Where one man is ruined by arrogant egotism, a hundred fail because of diffidence and vain timidity. To cultivate self-respect is to command the respect of others. To honor oneself is to receive the homage of one's neighbors. The highest art is the discernment of one's own capacity where none else can see it. He who learns instinctively to expect admiration becomes its natural recipient.

The slave is justly so, because he has not sufficient self-appreciation to become a freeman. He who enjoys his own work, reckless of the world's approval, has learned the secret of happiness and the key to all success.

(To be continued.)

"The first requisite when you have a good idea is to hold on to it like grim death."—Success.

"It is not the man who saves his best for some good occasion who counts for the most in the world, but the man who is doing his best all the time."—Willard B. Thorp.

Personal Problems

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"What do you think of the enclosed slip? If she longed for love all her life, how, according to your teachings, was it that she could not gain it?"

The "slip" referred to, a newspaper clipping, tells of the suicide of an elderly woman, and after much detail, goes on: "Her friends say she was far from a recluse. She longed for human sympathy and love, but fate had decreed that she should be denied these even from her birth. She was an only child unwelcomed. All of the bitterness of life and none of its sweets was instilled into her mind in her young girlhood. Misfortune upon misfortune heaped themselves upon her, and at the end she came to shun mankind and in her longing for companionship she turned to animals. But fate stepped in again, and by robbing her of her hearing, took even this small happiness away from her."

Always remember that when you put a query to me, you get only *my* opinion in return. I cannot speak for New THOUGHT people as a whole, or as the mouthpiece of a cult or creed, but just as a very human individual, subject to all the ordinary human faults and errors of judgment, and giving you merely what I think—since you ask it. With that understanding, let me say that it is difficult to put one's finger on the flaw in another's life, more especially when we have to find it in another person's *report* of that life, instead of in the life itself. And I've made so many mistakes in my own life, and winced so when somebody's few careless words analyzed them and stuck them up on a pin, that I always shrink from saying of some one's else mistakes, "He need not have failed, *if*—" "It would have been different, *if*—" A failure of any kind is so pathetic—don't you feel it?—hiding Heaven knows what of weary striving, of unexpressed longing, of dogged, dreary, even though mistaken, effort. It's hard judging from the surface show, and our guess may go far, far wrong—just wrong enough to probe the tenderest spot of all, the point at which most real honest effort was exerted.

Yet there is a *reason* for failure of any kind—*always* a reason. Can't you discern it in your own experiences? I've never failed or suffered yet, that I haven't admitted the justice of it. I earned it in each case. So I am not unkind in judgment. I think, when I conceive that others, too, earn their *unfulfillments* or their heartaches. That the man or woman who longs for love can have it, I believe unquestioningly, but only by giving what he wishes to receive and *without thought* of what he is to receive. We can't buy love with desire nor with anything tinged with self, but only by love. Yet we must *expect* love—open our arms to it. If we allow ourselves either to become or remain so self-conscious that our attitude toward every friend is, "What are they thinking of *ME*?" "Did they object to that in *ME*?" Are they ceasing to care for *ME*?" "Oh, they never can like *ME*!"—that is not modesty in us, but the exact reverse. We loom so large in our own vision as to shut out all else. But when we can forget self—love in others the beautiful and noble, and show it forth in eyes and smile and voice, why love answers back so quickly that it is like one speech.

Have you never been loved by woman or man so apprehensively, so miserably, that it was a constant irritation to be worshipped from such an abject plane, until doubt of your affection finally killed it? The law of suggestion never fails, and the man or woman who *expects* no love from anybody, receives no love.

In the instance of which you speak, we can only judge blindly, of course, but might it not be that if in her childhood she felt herself not

wanted, through this a morbid habit of thought was engendered which as she grew older she did not realize the importance of breaking, and that so she went on through life always *expecting* to be counted unwelcome? If she could have forgotten self, might she not have *made* herself welcome? But, there!—who knows where the mistake lay? There was a mistake, though—for sure am I the world held love waiting, for her to claim.

I think life a very fair game of barter and exchange, and that we get just about what we actually give—not *think* of giving, or *long* to give, but *really, truly, unreservedly give*. And I believe in no Fate except that which I guide myself, and I believe in the possibility of fulfillment of *every dream I hold*, if I am willing to consecrate to it my thoughts, my words, my actions—my *self*, without reserve.

Subject: "How to help people who have the blues."

Reason: "I find so many unhappy people suffering from the blues that I would like to give them a dose of 'sunshine' if I knew how."

It depends on the people and the *variety* of blues from which they are suffering. There are blues which are purely physical—I used to have that kind myself, and they're ugly things, I can tell you. Then there are blues which represent mental depression over some real or imaginary trouble. The best way to help people with the blues is to *remove the cause*, but this an outsider is not often able to do. Sane, rational habits of diet, exercise, sleep and fresh air, would banish, I think, 75 per cent. of what we term "blues," because they are merely the expression of a disordered physical entity.

If the blues come from mental worry, the cure is to see the trouble in its proper relation to the rest of life, and to cease to dwell upon it. This must be done by the person himself, but there is a way in which you may aid him. Two objects cannot occupy the same spot at the same time. Two thoughts cannot occupy the mind at the same time, so if you want to rid your friend of depressing thoughts, substitute those of an opposite character. Don't be ostentatious about it—nobody with the blues *wants as a rule to be deprived of them*, and too palpable efforts will be resented—but do your healing by the companionship you yield, the thoughts you think, the interests you suggest and the activities you inaugurate. One can't be both *blue* and *busy*, so if you can make your friend busy—either about pleasure or duty—your battle is won. You know what "A'nt Mirandy" says (again I'll have to ask pardon for quoting):

"Ya-as, I knows ebout 'em, but dey nevah pestahs me.
What I do? Dax what I do!—yes DO! Dey don' agree
Wid no sich stirrin' a round ebout, an' rustlin' in an' hustlin' out
I giv' 'em fer der money.
You git to doin' somethin' quick,
Mah sugah-honey!"

Be always hopeful, cheery, interested, full of fun and active and you will prove yourself a real "dose of sunshine."

"Will you kindly give me your impartial advice on this: When a man's wife is untrue but thinks him in ignorance of it, what is the best course to pursue?"

That would depend entirely on whether and how much he loves her. If he loves her so truly as to suffer rather because she has hurt *herself* than wounded or "betrayed" *him*, then his whole course will be determined solely by what will bring the most good to her. The test of a man's moral stature in such case is whether he can think of the woman not as *something belonging to him*, but as an individual soul for whom he craves a pure and perfect destiny.

Personally I always believe in talking things out. A hurt cherished but never spoken, a suspicion entertained, knowledge suppressed and so engendering further deceit—all seem bitter mistakes to me. "Explain and give opportunity for explanation" is the best motto, I think, and perhaps the man's imaginings are wrong—never accept circumstantial evidence in a matter of this kind. A jealous man or woman can quite unwittingly conceive enormities from the tremor of an eyelash. I would know, absolutely, before I believed.

If the catastrophe is not merely impulse or unstable physical attraction, but is a real transference of his wife's affections resulting in this mistaken expression, then if I were the man I would offer her the opportunity of accepting the other love openly and legally—would offer it not accusingly nor as a punishment, but because I cared for her happiness and purity. And I would let her realize my motive.

If the sad little fall has come because her life is dull, monotonous, lonely, leaving her an easy prey to a craving for pleasure, excitement, variety, attention, then I would stop to consider where the fault lies. Marriage isn't just a business partnership, where the woman cooks and sweeps and the man "tends store." It is supposed to exist because two people have found themselves indispensable to each other in *all* their interests. If his interests have been separate from hers and she has been left without any—as is often the case where a woman does not mingle with the busy current of the world which *makes* interests for us, whether we will or no—why he is as much at fault as she. In this case, perhaps, it would be better to say nothing more than that he feels marriage has not meant what it should mean to both of them, and that he promises her from now on to do more than *support* her—to help to make for them both a mutual life, full of pleasures and interests which both can enjoy—asking her if she will help, telling her she has much to forgive him and if he has anything to forgive her it is forgiven *without being told*. It seems to me on such a basis a new life might be built, far more beautiful than the old. Women want love—need love—and can't take it *just on trust*. There have to be evidences of it. The prosaic jog-trot of a life in which love never seeks expression in speech, nor in the little caresses which are tender and not passionate, but has to be "understood,"—is emotional starvation for them. The Man would better remember that.

Now there's one more thing. If the man's own record during their married life is *not entirely spotless*, then he has no cause to complain. They stand upon the same level, and if the degradation of such level is brought home to him for the first time by his wife's stepping down to it, perhaps if he really cares for her, he will be big enough and manly enough to say, "Let's begin afresh. I've been wrong. You've been wrong. Can't we put it all away—love each other—and do better?"

I hope you notice that in the consideration of your problem, I leave no place for recrimination, for accusation, anger, reproach. It *has* no place, believe me, where love lives, or has *ever* lived.

"I went away from home over a few years ago and got 'homesick,' and returned home as so many others do. Since this, over nine months ago I determined to try it again, which I did, but with the same result.

When I left home I made up my mind to make something better and greater of myself or die in the attempt. I naturally have a tendency to improve myself and make all the advancement possible to make. I am a lover and a reader of books. I have as great and noble desire to shine in the world for goodness and greatness as anyone could have. But I just get so 'homesick' when afar from home that I can hardly control myself. By persevering and keeping away for a time, it finally wears away; still occasionally I get back in the same old fix, in the same old rut, with the same old disease.

I am industrious, a hard worker, love society, delight in seeing some of the world to learn the ways of it. My present health is not good. And I sometimes lose the interest and desire that I should take in work and things. Also lose faith in self and in others at times. Feel dull and stupid occasionally. This is how I feel, and much more so than when at home, or else it is imagination."

"Why are you homesick?" Why, just because you miss the people you love. *That's why!* And probably when you go to a new place it takes time to make friends, and you have some lonely empty evenings in which to remember and look back and want the things and the people that used to be. It's very natural.

I'm sure I've told the story before in NEW THOUGHT about the little girl in my dancing class of whom I was so fond, and how on returning after an illness I found her chary of caresses and wriggling hastily out of my arms at the slightest chance. And here was the answer she gave to my query: "Why?" "*Cause I've got another lady to love now!*" The only cure for homesickness is to get "another lady to love"—that is, other people, other interests, other things. It's no disloyalty to the old friends—you will love them just as much but not so exclusively. There is so much to do, so much to see, so much to learn, so much to enjoy in the world, that we haven't any good reason for giving ourselves time to be homesick after the first few pangs which naturally follow a separation of any kind. I even miss houses and streets and rainy days and muddy roads! But there are always compensations waiting. Take them—and choose *the right kind*. Look on the world as a big wonder-box for your edification, and realize what a very little of it you have explored to date. Each new city is another small corner for you to study and understand and enjoy, and every day is a golden string of hours which may mean new knowledge, new power, new development of body, mind, soul. Oh, you have so much to do, that if you once realize it, you'll have no time to be homesick.

The first thing I recommend in your case is that you join some gymnasium or athletic organization. Probably the Y. M. C. A. has a gymnasium in the town where you are. If so, *join*; go to the swimming classes and take all the other physical training you can. BE WELL! That's your first task. BE BUSY—that's your next. And you won't be the first without the last. And you can't be homesick if you're the other two things. But remember to be *physically active* a fair proportion of the time. If you join a gymnasium or do anything of that kind, you will also find it an avenue to friends; and, remember, one of the main ingredients in my prescription for homesickness is friends and plenty of them—not forgetting the folks at home ever, you understand, only not remembering them in any way except happily. You won't be homesick long!

"The men and women that are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticise."

"Let us believe neither half of the good people tell us of ourselves, nor half the evil they say of others."—J. Pettit.

"To refuse to give way to 'the blues' and to keep cheerful, whatever happens, is a practical way of making others happy."

Hermetic Axioms

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



The visible is the manifestation of the invisible. The form bears proportion to the idea. There is no point in infinity which cannot be the center of a circle having an expanding circumference receding eternally into space. The visible is for us the proportional measure of the invisible. All revelation is by correspondence and analogy. It is the dogma which is reproduced in the symbolism of all religious forms. All forms correspond to ideas, and there is no idea without its proper and individual form. The universe is balanced by two forces which maintain it in equilibrium, those of attraction and repulsion. By this dual force all is created and preserved. It is at once substance and motion. All life is composed of an outbreathing and an inbreathing. The movement which produces the phenomena of death and life is a continual generation. Equilibrium is order, and motion is progress. The science of equilibrium and of motion is the absolute science of nature. By its means man can progress through a continual self-elevation towards a higher and more perfect state of being. Equilibrium must be sought by the combination of opposing forces without their neutralization. We must issue from the realm of passions and impose absolute serenity of mind and heart.

The great magical means of preserving the youth of the body is to prevent the mind from growing old. We should encourage the spontaneous sentiments and thoughts of youth. We should believe in happiness, we should believe in friendship and love. Infancy is the age of faith. The child when in the arms of its mother cannot doubt self-devotion, tenderness, love. Become as children in heart and you will keep young in body. The realities of nature infinitely surpass all the dreams of men both in goodness and beauty. The disillusioned prove, by their disgust, that they have only drank at muddy springs. To enjoy even the sensual pleasures of life, we must possess moral sense. Those who calumniate existence have certainly abused it. Occult science directs man to the purest moral code. To be happy we must be good.

By changing the habits of the mind we assuredly change those of the body. Things which contribute above all to make us old are fear and worry, rancorous and bitter thoughts, unfavorable judgments on others and the fury of wounded pride. A benevolent and mild philosophy would save us from all these evils. If we closed our eyes on the faults of others, taking account of their good qualities only, we should find goodness and kindness everywhere. The most perverse man has his good points, and softens when we know how to take him. Had we nothing in

common with the human vices we would not ever perceive them. Folly is atoned for by suffering and enslavement. The rod is made for beasts. The passions of man impel him to the battle of life; but they would also hurry him to destruction had he not reason and will to overcome and restrain them. Nothing can resist the will of man when he knows what is true and wills what is good. To will evil is to will death. A perverse will is the beginning of suicide. The more numerous the obstacles which are surmounted by the will, the stronger the will becomes. A great misfortune patiently endured is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much, live more truly than those who undergo no trials. Fear is only indolence of will; and for this reason public opinion brands the coward.

A man's ambitions, hopes, loves and beliefs, the doctrines of his inner life and practice are the framework of his mind. A man without any idea or doctrine is a man without a purpose, conduct or design. The man who looks only for the good in others and the happiness which should be theirs, is a joy and perpetual delight to the world. The nearest approach you can make to happiness is to enjoy health, love, wisdom and peace of mind. The poor man sees not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feels not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither does he know the wearisomeness of leisure; yet he repines at his lot. Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for you know not his secret griefs. To be satisfied with little is the greatest wisdom. He who increases his riches increases his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble finds it not. An immoderate desire for riches is a poison lodged in the soul. Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope; neither let prosperity obscure the light of reason and prudence. The greatest victory man can attain is over himself. Establish unto yourself principles of action, and see that your principles are justice, wisdom, truth and love; then be inflexible in the path of them. Be more ready to love than to hate. When you do good, do it because it is good, not because men esteem it. When you avoid evil, ignore it because it is evil, not because men speak against it. Do good for the love of goodness. Be honest for the love of honesty.

Beneath the conflict of humanity are certain influences springing from the mysterious sources, and lending a motive to the superstructure of life, called ethics. These influences are called evidences of the supernatural. From them have been built up all the religions of the world. There are two means by which man can attain certitude, and these are mathematics and common sense. There may be truths which exceed common sense, but there are none which contradict mathematics. Outside mathematics there is no absolute certitude. Pure mathematics are self-existent. They are eternal laws which cannot be infringed by man, and from which escape is impossible. Exalted truths are not suited to base souls; children must have their fables and cowards their intimidation; there must be absurdities for folly, and mysteries for credulity.

Theology is the science of man's folly which would explain the inscrutable mystery of the Divine.

Let the woman beware of seeking to change herself into a man; let the man beware of usurping the empire of woman; both should unite to complete each other. The more woman remains woman, the more she deserves the love of man; the more that man is manlike, the more does he inspire confidence in the woman. Reason is man, faith is woman. Man must leave woman her mysteries; woman must leave man his independence. Never let the father dispute the mother's rights in her maternal domain, nor ever let the mother invade the paternal sovereignty of the man. The more they respect one another, the more closely will they be united. Herein is the solution of the problem.

True penitence does not consist in either regrets or tears. Discovering that we have done wrong, we must go back at once and do right. If we have taken a false road, to what purpose shall we strike our breasts and fall weeping like children? We must return upon the path and run to make up for lost time.

The Man and the Place

KATHERINE QUINN.

Some time ago I was sent to see a man at his place of business. It was a small place, and an uninviting one. It had the appearance of being poorly kept and did not suggest prosperity. The man was busy, and while I sat waiting for him I was deciding against him. I measured him by his place and thought him of no account.

By and by, when his work was finished, he came to talk to me. He had not said ten words before my view had changed. I saw that I was in the presence of A MAN and the place vanished. Before me were energy, determination, business acumen and a god-like power to do and to dare. I forgot his surroundings. He waved them aside with a gesture of his hand. His personality was like a mighty voice issuing its mandate. "Let these things be forgotten," it said. "They are unimportant. It is I that counts." And it was so.

My change of attitude was due to a single fact. In the beginning of my visit I let my idea of the man be subjugated to that of the place. At the end the man, by the force of his own personality had risen above his surroundings, had become the master, instead of the puppet, of circumstances.

All men might be divided into two classes: those who make their places and those who are made by them.

I know another man who has been for some time out of work. He formerly held a good position and lost it through no fault of his own. But he feels his present position to be a disgraceful one; he is ashamed to ask other men for work. In trying to discover what it was that induced

this state of mind I asked him what had been his feeling toward those who applied to him for work when he was in a position of authority. He said that when men asked him for work he usually gave them some money; he looked upon them as common vagrants, tramps. No wonder his self-respect suffered when he was compelled to change places with them. He was not accustomed to looking at the man. He had not evolved to that degree. His mind was still in bondage to the idea that place is everything; consequently he was ill at ease in the presence of men more fortunately situated.

How different from his attitude was that of one of Mary Wollstonecraft's contemporaries. When this high-spirited woman was warned by one of her aristocratic friends that if she consorted with actors and play-folks she would lose caste, she replied: "Madame, if I were to turn charwoman I would still be the most admired person in London."

It was this same confidence which made it possible for Thoreau to sit in his pine cabin and pen the utterances which men in marble palaces have paused to read. It was this same confidence which led Robert Emmet when he was an obscure young man to undertake an embassy to the great Napoleon, then in the height of fame. It was this same confidence which sustained the Apostle Paul when he faced the Roman king and gave vent to his unparalleled apology. It was—he it said with reverence—this same divine daring which urged the youthful Christ to brave the learned doctors in their stronghold in the Jewish temple.

The aim of education is to free man from the tyranny of conditions.

During a commencement exercise at Harvard College one of the professors took his handkerchief from his pocket and spread it over his head to protect him from a draught. As he did so Mr. Lowell, who was on the platform, whispered to his neighbor: "It is for the purpose of making such actions as that possible and natural that colleges exist."

One of the most cultured women I have ever known told me that the richest fruit of her life's experience was the consciousness that if she were compelled to mop floors for a living she could do it with no loss of self-respect. She meant that she had forever escaped from the tyranny of conditions; that she was no longer circumscribed by the limitations of place.

All great men have thus risen superior to their surroundings. And all little men and women still undervalue the man and cling helplessly to the worship of that fetich "place." The shop girl envies the woman of wealth her jewels and furs and imagines if their places were changed they would be equal. Little does she think that a woman can not inquire the price of linen without showing her culture or so much as turn her hand without disclosing her soul.

We are more fanatical in our worship of position than the Indians who throw themselves beneath the wheels of the juggernaut. Our cry is always to *have* something. We do not think that the only essential thing is to *be* something. We forget how the hostlers and inn boys

crowded about the doors to catch the sound of Burns' voice, and how, when Jesus of Nazareth had not a place to lay His head, the people left their homes and followed him about the streets and into the mountain fastnesses.

But Emerson knew. Only let it be known, he said, that you can do what no one else can do so well and the crowds will soon make a path to your door. If that same shop girl who looks out on the world with envious eyes had in her possession a secret which would aid in the world's healing the crowds would soon gather about her counter while the woman in silks and laces went by unnoticed.

One MAN is greater than all the pomp attending all the positions in the world. One SOUL is greater than all the institutions of learning, all the philosophies, all the sciences, all the languages. For all these are valuable only as they contribute to the welfare of the soul. The man is not for the place; the place is for the man.

Do not let your place dominate you. Potentially you are the lord of the earth. Just now Fate may have you in her grip; it may look as if there was no escape. But do not quail. Fling forth your challenge. Say to her that she can not harm you, for you are a MAN, and therefore greater than all her trappings.

And after all Fate is very much like that Roman king, Agrippa, before whom Paul was taken. By earnestness she is easily persuaded. Agrippa would have pardoned Paul, but that he himself had appealed to Caesar. Fate would grant us our desires but that we appeal to the gods of the earth. Fame, money, position, these are the things that we worship, forgetting that our ability to win these is the least of our glorious attributes, forgetting that we are not lay figures to be fitted into a niche, but MEN.

On Resolutions

OLIVE VERNE RICH.

Happy New Year! This is the season of resolutions, but New Thought people are different from other people in some ways, regarding resolutions.

There are two which they carry with them *every day and always*.

One is to do the *best* they can with the light they have *now, today*. If the next day brings *more* light, it is no failure of resolution if they follow a different line of action entirely, for only the man in a rut sees no new path.

The other one is to be optimistic, recognize the unity of life, and so be enabled to extract all the happiness possible from each day's work,—work, not selfish, lazy happiness, if such a thing there be—*active, doing* happiness, not waiting for death to open the door to a glorified inaction which to some people spells *bliss*.

* The main trouble with keeping resolutions is similar to the difficulty many encounter in trying to "enter the silence." They become perfectly negative, having no idea of what they wish to impress upon the sub-conscious, or write no invitation to the higher self to make itself known, so the "still small voice" refuses to speak, although always ready to address the listening ear.

If we start on a journey without deciding where we want to go, we will not be likely to reach a satisfactory destination.

We resolve, and then expect the resolution to take care of itself and us.

Unless we have a clear idea of what the resolution means, taking an account of our "stock in trade" to understand if we have the means wherewith to realize the ideal of the resolve, we would better not resolve.

We must have a true understanding of what we expect to be the results of the carrying to completion of the purpose of the resolution, and must hold the picture before the mind until it is positively impressed upon the sub-conscious and becomes a part of ourselves—or Time, the great destroyer, will soon erase the wavering thought from the tablets of the objective mind, and the good which might have materialized is dissipated for the time being.

Each day those who have *time to think* see greater need for more love, more consideration for others, more smiles, more comforting words, less grumbling, more necessity for putting out of our lives pride and selfishness, to leave free passage for kindness and generosity, and more need of making greater efforts to avoid being drawn into the maelstrom of greed.

A right understanding of the two resolutions noted will help us on these lines and enable us to radiate blessings and joy wherever we may go.

Many of us live in such a hurly-burly that we do not take time to find out whether we "think on these things"—or only *think we think*.

I often long for more peace and quiet, so that I might dress my thoughts in better clothes. Still I know many a writer's best work is done when he writes because he *must*, regardless of what other matters may be pressing, and *that* message surely reaches *some* heart for its comfort or uplifting; so I send you these thoughts with a message of love and good cheer for the initial pages of your new Book.

*The door is closed on past mistakes,
Not backward will we glance.
But forward go with firmer faith
That will each day enhance.*

*We'll look with love on all mankind,
For all to us are kin;
We'll lend a hand to those who need,
And so have peace within.*

"While we are considering where we are to begin it is often too late to act."—Quintillian.

The Current Topics Club.

CONDUCTED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

(Devoted to the discussion of matters of general interest and current importance, the events of the times, new ideas in the industrial or economic world, the lives and successes of prominent people, facts about recent inventions, the researches of science, or the achievements of literature and art. Every reader is privileged to send in a question for answer, or his reply to any of the queries which are printed. The Current Topics Club aims to be a coöperative Bureau of information, and to prove itself of distinct educational value.)

"Dear Miss Wells:

I am a busy woman, a bird of passage, and far from my 'references,' so shall not quote authorities nor pretend to accuracy of detail, but beg to give a few hints upon the query of L. A. S. in October NEW THOUGHT. In one sense it is quite fair to say Christian things can hardly antedate Christ; yet Christ taught a world-old doctrine—avowedly so. He *'came to fulfill the law.'* And Christian discipline has invented nothing in its twenty centuries of dominance—'as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be.' The oldest historic utterance we have of God's pact with the children of earth refers back to earlier commerce and covenant. Among mankind's earliest attempts to reach back to something of his lost estate was his worship of light—'True light of true light'—'Let there be light.' The sun was to man the symbol of that light whose memory haunted his soul. He stood naked before it, stretched out his yearning arms to it, and behind him fell 'the shadow of the cross.' With the great distant disk shining upon him at worship, there ever was behind him 'the shadow of the cross.' This symbolism is in the earliest ages, has grown and varied with the impress of race growth, and now, flashing back the sun, still casts its shadow all over the world. From about the arms and head of the outstretched figure of the devotee, as above, shine the rays, in apparent brighter splendor because of the opaqueness the body offers. Here is the 'star' from the 'shadow of the cross'—though it becomes the 'disk' when the source of the rays is viewed—i. e., the sun. Often the Christian crucifix has a rayed disk at the intersection. From one side it appears a star. The symbolism contains the hope, the yearning for that day when the body will offer no obstacle to the 'light.' Then there will be no 'shadow of the cross,' no lesser light as of a star, but that which seemeth a minor body shall be shown to be the sun. Thus the 'disk,' the 'cross' and the 'star'—often the objects of involved cults from earliest times in many far separated countries,—

form the oldest historic religious symbolism.

As the history of monasticism is followed there is found a constant trend to the solitudes of desert, mountain, cave. The object—close communion with God. To walk and talk with God. These monks were the first scientists, and they reached elemental facts by pure reasoning. Electricity was evidently well known to these monks of solitude ages before Moses borrowed the wisdom of the Egyptians with which to govern the Israelites. In this mechanical age we progress laboriously. Those early souls had the requisite mustard grain of faith in directly seeking to regain their lost dominion over the earth, and who knows what 'light' flashed from heaven or was smitten from the rock at their bidding? The symbolism of light they have left behind suggests things we well may call unnameable.

I have seen a physician so electrify a patient, without appliance of any kind, that the darkened room swizzled and snapped, and blue sparks outlined the patient's body—a simple proof of a vast, dimly apprehended force or truth. 'What it is, whence it comes, its nature, whither it goes,' said the physician, 'I know not. It benefits my patient and myself—it is an output of energy; leaves no waste, requires no repair, and I am willing to say it is simply a mystery to me.' With lives dedicated to God under the wonderful discipline of Asiatic cults, what would those early souls of single purpose be able to discover in this force? The Initiates of Asia have traditions which are never surprised by any Western science, and 'fakir' is the best term we Occidentals can apply to the wonder-workers of that 'cradle of the human race.' Yet we'd shiver with the sacrifice were any one to say that the Savior's first miracle at the marriage feast of Cana was sleight of hand. To one who loves God for the pure love of God, there can be no harm in searching for His Light everywhere. To C. A. S. I would suggest the following headings in any good encyclopedia: 'Monastery,' 'Monk,' 'Monasticism,' 'Zoroasterism,' 'Chaldean Religion,' 'Sunworshippers of

Persia,' 'Sunworship of Ancient Egypt,' 'The God Ra,'—'Cross,' 'Disk,' 'Star,' in any book of symbolism (ask librarian's help in public library),—Traditions of Freemasonry,—Traditions of the Carmelites. In these books C. A. S. will doubtless see other references and come across correlated matters to deepen and widen her interests. Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, will have much to say to her also, in every one finding many outstretching branches of her theme. The Christian is not the only 'chosen of God'—*'other sheep I have, not of this fold.'* The wise men were not of the self-styled 'chosen,' yet they 'saw His star in the East.' Search ever with love of God, for love of God, and God will you find everywhere. S. B."

"Dear Miss Wells:

The 'Bill Barlow' who publishes a magazine called *Sage Brush Philosophy* is M. C. Barlow, of Douglas, Wyoming. Mr. Barlow has a printing plant at Douglas which is quite creditable to the town, which contains about a thousand people. He jointly with his wife, Minnie F. Barlow, publishes a weekly paper called *Bill Barlow's Budget*, which contains a column headed "Sage Brush Philosophy." The material in this column, or rather double column, if my recollection is not at fault, is afterward transferred to a monthly magazine entitled *Sage Brush Philosophy*, to which H. B. refers. This magazine is about the size of *The Philistine*, after which it seems to be patterned in many respects. There are some things in *Sage Brush Philosophy* that are nearly as good as some things in *The Philistine*. But Mr. Barlow makes the mistake that Mr. Hubbard used to make, of permitting coarse and vulgar expressions to creep into his writings, driving away a class of readers who might otherwise be attracted by the truth and quaintness of much of his philosophy. R. C."

Thank you. H. B. will be grateful indeed.

"My dear Miss Wells:

Can any of your readers 'lay hands' on a poem by Sam Walter Foss, entitled, I think, 'The New Catechism'? One line is, 'A father's catechism never fits a father's son.' Another, in reply to 'Where is God?'—'Where'er the cold, dumb sod breaks forth in thoughts of violets—there is God.' It is a very bright New Thought poem, and I am anxious to again read and then preserve it. I dare say some of your bright readers have seen it. And, dear Miss Wells, how very cheery, homey and helpful you are making our magazine—so many sweet surprises each month! Abundant success to you. Mrs. E. M. A."

When I was a very young girl, I wrote and sent away my second story, and it went, as luck would have it, to the paper of which S. W. Foss was the editor. The story came back, but instead of the customary printed note of refusal, there was a gracious personal note from Mr. Foss commending my little tale, unsuited as it was to his paper, and assuring me of its ready acceptance elsewhere. My first editorial note; and such a kindly one! So when I hear the name of S. W. Foss, I always remember how nice he was to eighteen-year-old Louise Radford Wells, and say a warm-hearted "Thank you!" again across space. Yet I don't know his "New Catechism," and must ask some one of our constituents to help us out. Thank you for your pleasant words.

"I ask a question that I once asked a preacher. That is, do the meat-producing animals enjoy enough during their life to remunerate for being slaughtered? The preacher thought it made no difference. Of course, I think it does. I do not eat meat of any kind, or fish, and I often wonder if the animals do not enjoy enough pleasure while they do live to offset the dying. Of course, we could not raise them if we did not use their flesh and skins. J. C."

Why not take the question home? Do we not get enough happiness out of life while we live it to "pay" for having eventually to leave it? It seems so to me. I think the best argument in favor of vegetarianism is, not the fact that animals are killed to provide food for us, but that there may be abuses in the form of killing and in their treatment before killing; and also that "flesh-eating," on unprejudiced analysis, doesn't sound very attractive. This may be called an "esthetic" argument, pure and simple, instead of either humanitarian or scientific, but it would be quite a powerful argument, nevertheless, if our "mental imagery" processes were in good working order.

"Dear Miss Wells:

In the December number of *New Thought* M. E. Y. asked for information concerning a religion called 'Effendi.' I think the name Effendi has reference to a religion called the Bahai movement, which began in the early sixties of the last century among the Mohammedans of Persia. The name of the present leader is Abbas 'Effendi,' who is an exile from his country, and a prisoner of the Turkish government in the little fortress town of Acre or Akka at the foot of Mount Carmel on the coast

of Syria. This new religion is claimed to be the divine instrument for bringing religious unity into the world, and is already represented by six great religious bodies, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus, Jews, Zoroastrians and Christians. Through the persecutions of the Mohammedans over fifty thousand Bahais have been driven forth over the world, and over twenty thousand lives have been martyred in the cause. M. E. Y. can receive more information by writing to the Bahai Publishing Society, Chicago, Ill., P. O. Box 283, or to the Board of Counsel, 707, 708 Carnegie Hall, New York, N. Y., or to the Priory Press, Hamstead, London, 21 Cecil Court, St. Martins Lane. M. D."

Perhaps M. E. Y. did mean the Bahai movement. That hadn't occurred to me. Effendi as used in connection with the Bahai "Master" is, I imagine, merely a title, as I before suggested—and I have never heard the faith called anything but "Bahai." Still I am inclined to believe this must be what M. E. Y. meant by her question, now that you suggest it.

"The Current Topics Club, Dear Friends:

Seeing M. E. Y.'s question in regard to 'Effendi' I should like to be of service if I can. I am interested in this and have looked into the matter a little. It is a religious movement started in Persia about 1844, and today is said to have about seven million followers, many in America. It claims to be the coming universal religion. Some people of note, among them, I understand, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, are in the movement. I have been told that they claim their present leader is the real reincarnation of Jesus. Yet I find no reference to this in their published writings; that is, nothing definite. They call their present Master, Abbas Effendi, and he is the third representative. As I have read the accounts of it, it seems to me just the same as real, ideal New Thought, or Theosophy, or even real Christianity, which today sleeps in the grave dug for it by Dogma and selfish priestcraft, yet from which we hope it may arise in Beauty—triumphant. In the *Theosophical Review* (American edition) for January and February, 1907, are two articles on the Bahai religion. I will be glad to loan them if M. E. Y. wishes. There is also a book from the pen of the leader of the movement. Then there is the book, 'Story of the Bahai Movement,' by Sydney Sprague. I hope I have given M. E. Y. such information as she wished. If

G. A. W. would write to me personally I might be able to help him a little. I have many books on the esoteric interpretations of the Bible—would rather suggest after knowing from what particular path he is approaching in his search for Truth. C."

Instead of G. A. W. writing to you personally, I invite him now to write to all of us, giving us an idea of the lines along which he is studying; then perhaps you will be good enough to make your suggestions for the benefit of the whole *Current Topics Club*. In the meantime, there may be suggestions from other sources, as well, of interest to you as well as to G. A. W. and others. By the way, here is another letter in response to G. A. W.'s question, for which we owe thanks:

* * *

"Louise Radford Wells:

I see in December *NEW THOUGHT* G. A. W. asks for some standard work on the mystic meaning of the Bible. I would like to refer G. A. W. to *Keith on Prophecy*, by the Rev. A. Keith. I would like to hear from G. A. W. after reading this book. To follow the *Prophecy of the Jews* alone is wonderful and convincing. I am glad to know of some one studying along the same lines as myself in our *NEW THOUGHT* family. Z."

* * *

"My Dear Miss Wells:

In reference to J. G. L.'s letter in the December *NEW THOUGHT*, there seems but little to add to your answer. The colony, while co-operative in buying and building, is in no sense communistic. I judge that I must have misled J. G. L. when I referred to the members as the 'Farmers,' but that is just my pet name for them. As far as I know, not one of them is dependent on his acre for a living. ERNEST F. AYRES."

* * *


In August *NEW THOUGHT* "Reader" said: "The cow doesn't eat meat, not perhaps because she does not crave it, but because she was given no back teeth for its mastication." Now comes a letter as follows:

"Dear Miss Wells: I would like to correct some of the statements of 'Reader' in the *Current Topics Club* for August. A cow has back teeth in both upper and lower jaws, and a little thought will show that back teeth are more necessary for chewing hay and grain than for chewing meat. A cow has front teeth in the lower jaw only and therefore cannot bite meat.

FORMER FARMER."

About Letting Go

RESOLVED!

A cartoon illustration of a young girl with a large hat and a dog with a flower lei. The girl is standing on the left, wearing a large, light-colored hat with a dark band and a dark bow. She is wearing a light-colored jacket over a dark shirt and light-colored pants. She is looking towards the right. The dog is sitting on the right, wearing a lei made of many small flowers. It is looking towards the girl. There is a small can on the ground between them. The background is simple, with some lines suggesting a ground surface. There are also some small flying insects or birds in the upper left corner.

THAT RELAXATION IS RENOVATION. MOTHER SAYS THAT MEANS THAT WE HAVE TO "LET GO" OF OURSELVES IN ORDER TO BE MADE NEW; THAT IF WE'RE "WORN OUT" PHYSICALLY, WE MUST LET GO OF TENSE NERVES AND STRAINED MUSCLES, AND THEY'LL REST THEMSELVES WELL; THAT IF OUR PLANS AND PROJECTS GO AWRY, WE MUST "LET GO" OF WORRY AND THEY'LL STRAIGHTEN THEMSELVES OUT; THAT IF OUR OWN SHORTCOMINGS OR FAULTS OR PAST MISDEEDS TROUBLE US, WE MUST LET GO OF THEM EVEN IN THOUGHT, TO BE BORN ANEW. SHE SAYS "THE GOSPEL OF LETTING GO" MEANS LETTING GO OF WORK TO PLAY AWHILE, LETTING GO OF WORRY TO TRUST AWHILE, LETTING GO OF ACES AND PAINS TO REST AWHILE, LETTING GO OF HATE AND BITTERNESS AND ENVY TO LOVE AWHILE

BUSTER BROWN.

R. F. Outcault

Suggestion In Self-Healing

BY HENRY HARRISON BROWN, EDITOR OF NOW.

Suggestion controls the expression of Life in the race. But in the individual there is the Power-of-choice. Thus, while the race as a whole is controlled by Suggestion, the individual through choice decides how Suggestion shall affect him.

This Power-of-choice marks the distinction between brute and Man. The brute yields to Suggestion, thus moving in line of least resistance, while Man, as a race, as a whole, through individual choice in overcoming resistance, has developed latent Man-hood. Weak and undeveloped Man yields as does the brute. But as far as the individual has evolved out of the brute, there is decision, and overcoming of conditions, to which the brute submits.

Through this overcoming there is progress, evolution, civilization and later spiritualization. Consequently Man will ultimately come. He is coming through all present conditions of yielding and of mastering. When Man has really come and found dominion over all, it will be through the understanding and the mastery that comes through knowledge of Suggestion.

Suggestion is that power which the universe external to Man—the Non-Me—has over him by causing sensation, causing him to feel and then to think.

No matter where, or what, an individual is, he is, in feeling (in sensation), one with the race. I am human because I feel. But I am not an individual because I feel. Feeling is racial. I am an individual because I think. Thinking is individual. I am a human being because I feel all the passions and emotions and sensations of a human being. But I am I—I am Henry Harrison—because I think as none other thinks. Suggestion makes me feel; as an individual, as Henry Harrison, I think about my feelings as no one else thinks. And I differ from the stupid savage and the spiritual woman, and the devout saint, only in degree of recognition of common sensations. The same sunshine falls upon the Kaffir Negro as upon me. The same universal vibrations we term light, color, sound, temperature, etc., fall upon him in like degree in which they fall upon me. I recognize them more keenly. The same tone-waves impinge upon me that impinge upon the ear of the most sensitive leader of an orchestra, but I recognize them not. The same vibrations fall upon the eye of the blind and the color-blind as upon me, for they, like me, are immersed in the atmosphere of these vibrations. I sense (recognize)—they do not. So with all sensations. Some recognize where others do not. The individual development lies along the line of greater recognition, in increased power to feel *at will*, where we do not now feel at all; and to ignore that which we now feel is unpleasant. No two individuals feel the same degree under like conditions. Let it be fixed in

mind that—I AM AN INDIVIDUAL BECAUSE I THINK. This fact gives rise to the *one Law of Life—I am that which I think I am!*

From this Law there is no escape. Ill or well; wise or foolish; black or white; sane or insane; good or bad; *I am that which I think I am.* Because I am only that of which I am conscious. And I think consciously, that which I recognize myself to be.

Captious critics, wise in metaphysical theory, will answer, "But I am Mind! I am All! In reality I am God!" True, but what of it? Mind, All, and God, are what I *think* them to be. I am conscious only of so much of me as I can think about. This talk of the Absolute, and the "I" being the Absolute, is of value only as it stimulates me to effort and a larger thinking—helps me to know more of that which I am. But to say "I am Mind! I am Absolute!" and let it rest there, is, in my thinking, worse than to say, "I am nothing!" For the last at least is made Truth by action, and the former is expended in air.

What I am potentially has its basis in my affirmation, while that of which I am consciously has its basis in experience. Let me think myself Infinite and I will be so at best potentially and gradually develop consciousness of my potentialities. I may reason myself into an intellectual belief of infinity, but I cannot think what infinity is. Did I, I would manifest infinity. So when one says, "I am God's child!" and does not live godlike, there is not the thought of God as infinite, but the reasoned, limited, corollary from some premise. This last is the position of theologians. But let me think of myself as God incarnate and I must so live; that is, I will live as I think God in me would live. It is impossible for me to live beyond or other than what I think.

Potentially I am infinite, but what I am consciously makes all the difference between infinity and limitation, between the Absolute and the Individual. I am an individual because I am, in consciousness, limited. God the Absolute has no limit, and consequently cannot know himself. He (It) simply IS.

Potentially I am all the universe is. But I must deal with limitations, that by overcoming them I may know my power as an individual. I, as an Ego, am limitless in possibility. Through feeling and thinking, I am coming into consciousness of these possibilities.

I think of that which I am conscious. All education is but developing my consciousness of that which I am in the sub-conscious. When billions of years have passed I will tell you something of what I am, but then I will tell you that I do not know; that is, I am not conscious of that which I am, but that I am in manifestation that which I think I am. My present business is to unfold the consciousness of the I AM, that I may know every day more of that which I am.

Suggestion being the effect of the external universe upon the individual, it follows that any Suggestion has not the same effect upon any two individuals. There is ever a difference caused by the difference in individuality. To the extent one lacks individual expression, he mani-

feels under Suggestion the race belief; the race thought. But Suggestion one; sensations many.

The power of recognizing sensation differs in individuals. Suggestion is the effect of the external universe upon the individual "I." Suggestion is any thing that causes one to feel, and from that feeling, to think. The power of Suggestion can be determined by supposing a child to be at birth shut away from everything that could cause sensation. Let it live thus for eighty years. It would be a nonentity. We have a wonderful illustration in Helen Keller, purely animal until her one sense was opened to consciousness. She felt and acted without intelligence, without thinking. Now she thinks and is both human and individual. The infinite intelligence she is would have ever remained imprisoned had not some Suggestion caused her to think and thus to express some of that which she is as Mind. Once the means of communication was opened between the subconscious intelligence as the objective life, then ALL wisdom was possible for expression in her.

The Me and the Non-Me must act and react upon each other, that we may know ourself. Suggestion is the part which the Non-Me plays in Life's drama.

Illness begins in feeling, in the recognition of some sensation produced upon the ME by the Non-Me. "I FEEL ILL!" or "I don't feel well!" are the initial expressions of all illness. "I ate too much," "I took a chill," "I overworked," are expressions born of Suggestion—born in the recognition of sensation.

But others eat the same food; others live in same air; others work equally hard; they are well. Why did they not get ill? Often the answer is: "They are not so sensitive!" And this is truth.

They felt, no doubt, similar sensations but did not think of them, and thus did not give them power over them. In the one case, one yields to the Suggestion "I am ill!" and in the other one forgets the unpleasant, and by thus ignoring escapes the ill effect. Not to recognize the Suggestion is to be as if it were not, and thus to escape any ill effect. The external universe is and must be. You cannot escape from it. But you can choose how it shall affect you. Suggestion is in itself neither good nor bad. It is non-ethical. It *is*! We make it what we choose by allowing or refusing it place in our thought. It becomes to us that which we think it to be; that which we decide it to be. Will we use, or will we be used by it? These are questions we must decide for ourself, and we decide from our experience, and receive or reject it. Receive in fear or in faith. In faith it is good to us; in fear it is bad. I AM, AND CONDITIONS ARE WHAT I DECIDE THEM TO BE.

The animal is subject to the external universe. Man, when he comes, makes it subject to him.

As I grow to know my power I overcome all conditions I do not like by using them to my will. Where brute ran from fire in fear, I tame it in faith. Where ignorance feared and propitiated the lightning, I har-

ness it. Where weakness feared the waves, I ride them. All these conditions are the same now as then—human possibilities the same now as then. The change is in me. I think differently from them. I do not accept the Suggestion in fear, as they did. I accept each Suggestion as a challenge and “go in to win.” I always win when I go with this decision.

Thus the Universe—God—is, simply, existence. I use IT as I choose, and by choice make IT good or evil, God or devil. And once I have accepted the Suggestion of evil, evil controls my life.

Pursuing this line of thought it is seen that I am in the Absolute, merely an expression of Existence. I am neither good nor evil; but because I am an individualized expression of the Absolute I have power to call myself and things whatever I choose, and I call them whatever from my feelings I think them to be *to me*. I can decide them for no other. That which makes me *feel* good I call good; that which makes me *feel* bad, I call evil.

But soon I realize that what I call good today I will call evil tomorrow. Beefsteak was good yesterday; today it does not digest and I call it evil. My bad today is my good tomorrow. “The demons of our sires become the gods whom we adore.” As I grow in wisdom I realize that things and conditions are that which I decide them to be, then put out of my life all the so-called evil and I am ever happy, and consequently always in health. By this Law of Choice I control my life. The practical questions are: Can I control sensations? Can I refuse to feel? An illustration shall be my answer. I came to San Francisco from the dry atmosphere of Kansas. The humid air of the city chilled me, and I was constantly in a shiver. I called it a miserable climate. I allowed the Suggestion of the weather to control me unpleasantly. The old residents liked the climate. I knew it was as good for me as for them. I changed the interpretation of the Suggestion of weather and said, “Nature made this air for me, and made me for this air. I love it!” In this thought I sought the seat on street cars facing forward and thus got the full benefit of the air. I soon grew to love the thickest fogs and to enjoy my ride. Can one change his thought and his feelings under conditions? Yes, I can. We are all one. *You* can. It is—WILL YOU? It is as easy to overcome as to yield, and much more satisfactory.

If any condition causes you to feel ill, change your mental attitude toward it and you will enjoy that which before caused you pain.

“But can I so change in regard to persons?” Yes. Every person is to you first a Suggestion. How shall that Suggestion affect you? Habit, custom, prejudice, fear or liking, will decide. But you can rise superior to these and decide that there shall be but *one* class of persons, namely, those you like. The others as soon as you sense anything unpleasant, are ignored. They will be then as if they were not, even though you meet them every hour and treat them courteously. For you will by this decision completely encase yourself in an armor that will not allow them to penetrate to your nerves of sensation. You will not *feel* them. Until

one reaches this attitude toward all whom he meets, and decides when, and how, any person shall affect him, he is slave to his feelings; slave to Suggestion; slave to others. I am not free until I control my sensations.

Here is the Key to health in every expression of life: *I ignore all Suggestions that would create unpleasant feelings.* Decide that no condition, circumstance, or person; no thing and no word, shall make you feel other than as you decide. Then decide that ALL IS GOOD.

Whatever comes, since in itself it has no power either for good or evil, whenever it does wound, does it by the power you delegate to it; that is, you wound yourself. You delegate it power to bless or to harm you. Once realize this, and banish from your life all unpleasant Suggestions, and health is yours. You are health.

Since all illness commences in unpleasant feelings, born in some Suggestion which you interpret unpleasantly, it follows that no matter what your condition, you can be healed by Suggestion. This is done by converting every Suggestion into an Auto-Suggestion of pleasure. Affirmations are Auto-Suggestions and by them you have diseased yourself; by them you can cure yourself.

Only through annihilation can you escape Suggestion. Therefore, learn the Law. Whenever one about you talks of illness, never allow the mental picture of illness place in your mind. See at once a picture of the REAL person as health. Ignore the Suggestion of illness. Hear it not. See it not. Feel it not. Will these away and they obey. I will not to feel anything unpleasant.

These unpleasant *things* in the objective are non-realities to spirit. They are vacuums—absent conditions of that which you choose to have; darkness, the absence of light, and cold the absence of heat. They are negatives and have no power. But by recognition and fear you delegate to them power to harm, for they are to you that which you think them to be, because you must act toward them as you think of them. The real is the opposite of these. The real is Faith, Courage, Health, Life and Joy. By converting every Suggestion into these you fill every vacuum and are Master.

Choose Suggestions of power for your companions. Put them upon the wall of your sleeping room. Paste them in the crown of your hat. Wear them in your glove. Carry them in your handbag. Lay them upon your desk and work table. Keep them before you until it becomes a habit to think in the thought they suggest; till you become them in mentality. Whenever you are tempted to yield to the adverse Suggestion have one of positiveness where the eye will fall upon it. See health, where now you see the opposite. Look through rose-colored glasses, where now you have blue ones, and soon health will reign where pallor now sits.

God is in All. See Him in All. The All will then be pleasant, healthful and happy.

Porches of the Sun

COOKE DON-CARLOS.

'Gainst leaden skies
The roofs and chimneys lean
All black and crowded,
And the sullen rain
Comes sobbing through the wind-swept night
To beat against my pane.
 Life seems to lurk
 Without my door,
 A savage wolf
 To maim and tear,
 That through the morrows I must fight
 To gain my garret's scanty fare.
Yet somehow
Through the murk and rain
My soul lifts up
Her trembling hands
To where in radiant glory clad—remote, afar,
Her twin-self stands.
 And by that reaching
 Seems to learn
 To fight the harder,
 And endure,
 Until the groping hand is clasped
 And in the path she stands secure.
The path that winds
Away from earth
Where sin assoils
And sorrow mars;
To some fair planet, roseate, set
Amid the blazing stars.
 Ah, then with what
 Divine delight
 She knows her
 Upward course begun—
 To her beloved, who radiant walks
 "The glorious porches of the sun."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

FRANKLIN L. BERRY—EDITORS—LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

Between Ourselves

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

Subject: "The Power of Words."

Reason: "I adopted a word equation—'PURPOSE plus POISE equals POWER'—and often repeated it when about to undertake a difficult task; and the results have been so phenomenal that I am anxious to find a better reason than I am able to conceive.

The power of words lies in their attribute of imagery. When you speak words, you involuntarily image in your mind the thing for which they stand. Such an image reacts upon you, through the power we call Suggestion, and becomes self-creative. Perhaps the image is but dimly shadowed forth in your mind—but weakly, then, does it press for reproduction, fading away before embodiment can take place. If, however, the image or conception in your mind is vivid, strong, vigorous, then the reproduction or embodiment of that image in action or attribute, will be equally powerful and decisive.

Your word-equation is a powerful, balanced thought. Its repetition by you before undertaking a task or problem, quiets and strengthens your mental powers, concentrates your energies, giving you through the force of suggestion not only the purpose with which you start, but poise and resultant power. You could scarcely adopt a better affirmation—for that is what it is, and I do not wonder that you have wrought well with such strong aid. Through your word-equation you are coming into a clear knowledge of what *real* purpose is, of what poise is, and how power itself is *created*. You have let yourself behind the scenes and are in the workshop where big deeds are builded.

I have a friend who in the face of the apparently impossible, and at the end of his ingenuity, will still firmly assert to himself—"But it *has* to be—it HAS to be!" And it has to, as a result. The psychology of this is that such assertion fixes his possibly wavering confidence, gives a fresh impetus to his determination and sagacity, and keeps his mind from scattering any part of its force on a consideration of possible defeat and its results.

It would be a wise thing if we would each adopt a word-equation which should supply to us through imagery and the power of suggestion, that element or attribute most essential to our individual attainment. Some of us need determination, concentration—for these your equation could not be bettered. Some of us need sympathy, understanding, love—here a new thought must be given us, one that will create in us at the moment of utterance the emotion we desire to express or experience. Some of us need generosity, unselfishness, openhandedness—we must have imaged through our "word-equation" the consciousness of boundless supply. Some of us need freedom from bodily ills and weaknesses—here our word-equation must be the very suggestion of vital power, inherent strength, inalienable serenity forcing us on to live a life in har-

mony with physical, mental and spiritual laws. You see—do you not?—in each case, that a “word-equation” or affirmation is *only powerful as it incites to action or expression?*

It is a fascinating study—this picking and choosing of words until we have just the combination which can create in us mentally the image of that we wish to do, be, or attain, and through such creation make actual realization possible in our own life and experience.

“Can you give me authentic information, through your columns, on the following:

“Does a sunken (that is, not a full rounded) forehead denote degeneracy?”

“My reasons for being worried over this are: Loss of memory, which has been more apparent to me recently; inability to ‘take in’ the simplest things, and the gradual sinking in of the forehead just above the eyebrows. READER.”

“P. S.—My employer says I am crazy.”

Change your employer—just as quickly as you can! You are accepting his suggestions and they are affecting you injuriously. Your “loss of memory” is no doubt the *result* of worry rather than the *cause* of it. You have begun to wonder and vex yourself about your mental powers, until your mind is so full of apprehension that it hasn’t *room* to remember. That is all the trouble. You don’t forget that your employer said what you quote—do you? No, because that impressed you and you gave it attention. If your memory was inadequate, *why shouldn’t you forget that, as well as anything else?* I wish you would read what I said of memory in the December NEW THOUGHT, for memory is merely close observation. Teach yourself to carefully note objects, events and people which come in your way—and you’ll not forget them.

Now, let me assure you positively that you can not only retain the brain power you now have but add further brain power. You can BUILD brains! You are not limited in the slightest degree, but are injuring yourself only by constant dwelling on this bogie of “degeneracy.” Give your mind *healthy* thought to feed upon. Look to your physical habits—see that they are not responsible in any way for your readiness to yield to this morbid self-inspection. Find physical poise in exercise, invigorating baths, proper food, regular hours, sane, temperate, manly living. Instead of wasting your mental power in thoughts of yourself, train yourself in the art of observing—and watch your memory respond. All it needs is to be offered *something clear and definite* to remember. Habits of physical indulgence frequently weaken the memory through exhausting vital power, but the sure cure in such cases is to break such habits. For you I recommend resting your mind by giving yourself every form of wholesome enjoyment and keeping your “leisure hours” well-filled with play instead of work. In business hours you will find your mind, released from thought of itself, taking firm hold of every duty presented. Never for a moment permit thought of possible mental deficiency to take form—because by so doing you are wasting mental force. Get a “word-equation” which fits your need, and if you feel the old self-distrust begin to raise its head, use your word-equation as a weapon to bar the doors against it.

But *change your employer*, since the force of his suggestion tends to weaken your own assurance, and keeps you in an atmosphere calculated to depress and discourage you. Your brain is capable of every manifestation of power to which you can aspire.



NUGGETS OF NEWS — IN — THE INNER CIRCLE

FOR NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY
— (BETTER SEND FOR A COPY) —

A small magazine at a small price, 10 CENTS PER YEAR, published quarterly, size about $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and from 24 to 32 pages each issue.
THIS ISSUE, 64 PAGES; No Sample Copies Sent.

This issue contains a biographical sketch—or, rather a “personal impression”—of

DR. LEON ELBERT LANDONE

by Louise Radford Wells, with his full-page portrait—the first he has consented to have published.

In addition, this special issue of THE INNER CIRCLE contains FULL PAGE PORTRAITS of Henry Frank, Anna Augusta Gaskell, William Walker Atkinson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and an entirely new one of Uriel Buchanan. Some of the good things in this extra fine number, are:

WHAT I WANTED TO SAY, by Celia Hord Kenny. A thought or two worth “taking home.”

BUILDING BRAINS AND MAKING MEN, by Louise Radford Wells. Being a “personal impression” of Dr. Leon Elbert Landone—a consideration of his work and his personality.

“IS IT TOO LATE?” by Mary Hamlin Ashman. A thought in verse for us who try to “pluck the rose ere it is red.”

“THE MAN WHO WAS OBSTINATE.” by Alice Brown. Being the story of a wise man who worked well and faithfully in his garden of friendships—and what he found in the “pleasant place” to which death called him.

FICTION, NEW AND OLD, FOR PEOPLE BIG AND LITTLE, by Louise Radford Wells. A composite answer to the many hundreds of letters which come asking what book to get for a girl of 13, for a boy of 10, for a young man, for an elderly woman, etc. Five or six pages of chat-chat on books of fiction which have an “old lavender” flavor.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ROSE, by Anna Louise Shafer. A little lesson in verse, teaching us to do our blossoming bounteously.

OUR ELDER BROTHERS. A bit of the serene philosophy of Confucius, 551 to 478 B. C., showing us how old are some “new thoughts.”

BOOK TALK, by Louise Radford Wells. Reviews of some twenty or thirty new books of the season—scientific, “New Thought,” psychic, vegetarian, etc.,

YOGA PHILOSOPHY. An extended advance notice of the series of lessons in Yoga Philosophy by Uriel Buchanan, to be brought out in twelve periodical installments during 1908. Very interesting to all admirers of Mr. Buchanan, or students of the occult.

LIMITING ABUNDANCE, by Frances Larimer Warner. Being some bits from the personal letters of the author, showing how we limit our material supply, and how we may demonstrate opulence and success.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. A department of counsel and information. This month Louise Radford Wells answers a long letter all about the creative force of desire, whether expected things do really happen, the kind of people to whom the good things of earth gravitate; the value of mental attitude in maintaining and creating health, etc.

CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY, by Louise Rice. A talk about how to detect the stingy man through his handwriting—or the “very, very prudent” woman showing, however, that Graphology while sometimes destroying illusions, often opens our eyes to virtues and possibilities we have not dreamed.

CHARACTER READING. A department conducted by Louise Rice, the expert graphologist, wherein subscribers to THE INNER CIRCLE, are given a free reading of their handwriting, at the time ONLY of sending in their subscriptions to the Magazine. Very interesting in its delineation and advice.

This issue also contains a reprint, by request, of the article on Helen Wilmas, which appeared in the August INNER CIRCLE—“FROM POVERTY TO RICHES.”

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OUT OF THE SILENCE—A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

ROSE M. WARD.

About five years ago I was a physical wreck, and about as unhappy a woman as could be found. All my people were taken from me, and I was alone in the world, with a little child to support, and almost too sick to do any work. Through the influence of friends I secured a position in a small town in Western Pennsylvania as telegraph operator; the work was light, and just about enough pay to keep us. The office was situated in a small wooden structure, one story in height, rudely finished, and so old and dilapidated that during storms the place was fairly flooded. It was the intention of the landlord to tear down the building as soon as our lease expired, and for that reason no repairs were to be made. During the first winter there I took a severe cold, had the grippe, and was obliged to remain at home for a week. I had living rooms in an office building, and while my little boy was at school I was alone. At that time, to be sick and alone was a great hardship to me. I craved friends and affection. Just a few months before this sickness, I had bought a copy of a *NEW THOUGHT* magazine, and had sent for several of the books advertised in it. The nature of the advertisements attracted me, claiming health and success could be obtained by any one practicing the teaching presented in these books. Surely no one needed health and success more than I did. So when I was taken sick, I had just begun practicing concentration and affirmations, and while I was alone I tried to keep my mind from dwelling on my misery by reading these works. In one of the books was a sentence that fairly haunted me, and I was trying by concentrating on it to get its meaning. It was "When the mind recognizes its master you will have learnt the secret of life." I was repeating the words and thinking deeply of them, when my eyes fell upon a picture of "Christ before Pilate," which hung on the wall directly opposite my couch. While I gazed at it, the figure of "The Christ" seemed to move and come closer to me, until at last it stood close beside me, and a "Voice" said, "Why are you so miserable?" and I answered, "Because I have no love in my life." Then He said, "What am I, but the spirit of love; open your heart to me and take me in, and you will never again know loneliness or misery."

The figure vanished and the picture was as before, but the memory of that voice is with me still. It was my first experience in the "silence," although at the time I did not know it as such, nor did I connect it in any way with the concentration, or the words I had been uttering. But I know now it was an occult experience, drawn to me by my great need, and through the channels of thought. From that day a great change

came over me: I felt at ease; the disquiet and restlessness that had nearly wrecked my nerves died out; concentration became easy, and I soon began to love the silence, and found it easy to enter it. I continued to follow the directions in my *New Thought* books, and learned by experience that the "voice" within is the only absolutely safe and sure guide. My mind gradually became the tool of the Spirit, and I learnt of spiritual things. I found my "Real Self." I entered the "Hall of Learning," and, through meditation and concentration, was able to read what was there written for me. I had absolutely no knowledge of occultism before this, and yet, through these simple habits of meditation, I was led into a knowledge of the mysteries of nature that I would find it hard to describe. I have heard the vibrations of thought, have heard vibrations of pain and pleasure, and learned to distinguish them. In the work that was given me to do, the future was flashed upon my inner vision, and the ways and means to do the work always came. I, who had come to my Father empty handed like the prodigal, was met when still afar off, cheered by a vision of great beauty and love, and shown all the wonders of my "Father's" house. I lived in the land of enchantment, and its name was "Service." The education I obtained through concentration and meditation, I could not have gotten in the ordinary way in a thousand years. Love was revealed to me as the master force of the world, the creative power, working for those it has created, always uplifting, inspiring—the one force in all creation, although assuming many disguises. I could see how this love-power, struggling through me, first as a mere desire for personal attachments and happiness, reached its highest point when it taught me that to love selfishly was never love's aim, but to love and crave the best development of self, and through that become of use to others, was its mission. Just an added spark of consciousness—that is what they say Cosmic Consciousness is; but what a different thing it makes of life. Fear gone, worry overcome, a faith in the intelligence and love of that Power that brought us into being, willingness to be used by it in whatsoever way He sees fit—that is Life.

The answers that come in response to earnest meditation leave no room for doubt; you simply know, and you know that your knowledge is true.

In the Illumination which followed the coming of Cosmic Consciousness, I saw a happy future. Perhaps some day I will have the pleasure to tell you of its attainment.

One thing I learned, and that I want to give thanks for and tell others—the path to freedom stands open for all as it did for me the day I bought that little *New Thought* magazine and saw therein the words that roused me from my deep sleep—"When the mind recognizes its Master you will have learned the secret of life." Help your mind to fathom this secret, and you, like me, will have traveled the road from poverty to progress.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

I meant to write you a long, chatty talk this month all about New THOUGHT for 1908, the articles we had planned, the departments we had in mind, the authors we had secured, the novel features which would appear from time to time, but I've been as busy as a boy killing snakes, and here it is magazine time and not a paragraph of the "news" ready!

In thinking of what New THOUGHT has been for 1907 and what we mean it to be for 1908, let me tell you a story—do you remember it?—of the negro who on a bet was paid to stay all night in a "haunted house." Along about midnight a very healthy ghost appeared, according to program, whereat the colored gentleman suddenly remembered an engagement down the road and disappeared in haste. After having covered several miles, he sat down by the roadside to recover his breath and mop his heated brow, when there appeared in front of him the ubiquitous ghost.

"Good evening," said the ghost, "that was a very pleasant run we had just now."

The darky paused for a long breath, then—"Y-a-s, s-a-a-h," he gasped, "but it ain't nuffin to de run we'se goin' to hab!"

Readers of NEW THOUGHT who heard all about the early days of The Library Shelf may be interested to know that IT PAID ITS FIRST 10 PER CENT DIVIDEND December 1st—six months from its organization! The stockholders were as pleased and proud as I myself, and glad of their Christmas checks. The Library Shelf has brought out three new books during its short existence: "Self-Healing by Thought Force," "The Mind Building of a Child," and that latest book of all—bound to be a record breaker in popularity, because we are all interested in learning to demonstrate prosperity and success—"Our Invisible Supply: How To Obtain," by Frances Larimer Warner. That's doing pretty well for "an infant industry," isn't it? Especially with the first of Uriel Buchanan's twelve lessons on Yoga Philosophy ready to appear in January! And—who knows?—the 10 per cent of 1907 may grow into 15 per cent in 1908. We wouldn't any of us be surprised.

When I blossomed out as Mother Goose last month, as a holiday joke, I didn't know that I'd get so much fun out of my own absurdities, for I hadn't so much as guessed what my mail would be like for weeks after. If you could have read it with me, you would most certainly have emulated "the lords in waiting" of the nursery jingles, who "laughed ha! ha! and laughed ho! ho!" for it was full of Mother Goose rhymes so much better than my own, that right here I haul down my colors and publicly acknowledge myself beaten at my own game. Would you like to read a few specimens from our "exhibit"? Unfortunately a whole batch of clever ones got filed away in our voluminous subscription files before I had them copied,

and so are lost to print until we come across them again.

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
With her poor little brain in a twist.
New THOUGHT she required
But first she desired
To see your premium list."

"Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of 'tin'—
If I only had it
I'd mail an order in
For FORTY years of NEW THOUGHT,
But as the matter stands
Here is but one dollar
Ready to change hands."

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Pleading with me to renew;
She gives such good measure
That I find a great pleasure
In sending my fifty to you."

"My dear Louise, December's breeze
Whispers in rhyme it is quite time
That I renew and send to you
The fifty cents now due."

"Louise Radford Wells, come blow up your horn!
Renewals are coming as sure as you're born.
The dollar enclosed, although it comes late,
Will do for the years nineteen nine and eight."

"There's an editor named Miss Louise,
Who strives all her readers to please,
Yet some failed to renew,
When subscriptions fell due,
Which sore grieved the good maiden Louise."

One man wrote me saying that he was much interested in my collection of jingles, but wanted to know where was the one about "Mary had a little renewal," so I retorted "Write it yourself!" and he did. Here it is:

"Mary had a little renewal,
She thought it a shame to keep.
So before the wool grew upon it
It was sent to Louise for receipt."

Can YOU write a Mother Goose rhyme or a limerick? We've enjoyed so much the ones we've received that I'm going to give A PRIZE OF FIVE DOLLARS to the one from whom we receive the best verse before January 30; a PRIZE OF ONE DOLLAR each to the five next best, and a prize of a copy of *The Law of The New Thought* to each of the next fifteen. So when you send in your renewal or a new subscription, give us a Mother Goose rhyme or a nonsense verse beside, and perhaps I'll have the pleasure of making out that check for \$5.00 in your name. Will those who have previously sent in Mother Goose verses with their subscriptions, and do not find them printed here, let me know? and either repeat the

verse, or by giving me their names enable me to find them in our files?

I think the MOTHER GOOSE PRIZE CONTEST will be a "lark"—of course, I get the most fun out of it, but I'll try to print all of the prize verses, and perhaps some that aren't prize-winners.

By the way, have you sent in for our *twelve-page illustrated premium list*? We print three pages from it in NEW THOUGHT this month—the others are just as good and better, and I think there are few of you who would not be interested in some of the privileges offered. Better send a stamp and have us mail you a booklet!

MIND AND MATTER.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

A bank is formed to safely invest and re-invest for individuals the moneys they manage to accumulate. Between the periods of investment it provides a secure and safe depository for such funds, free from danger of loss by fire or burglary. It is permitted, as its recompense, the margin of profit between the interest it pays savings depositors and the interest it can secure in a safe investment of their money. *This is its income.* To continually increase the amount of money it can command to loan, it offers to its depositors the convenience of a checking account, for which—and the extensive bookkeeping and clerical work it entails—it receives no payment, except in the exchange charges on out-of-town checks.

Should the depositors who have consented to the loaning out of their money in this way for the interest it brings them, suddenly request its return, no bank in the world could be expected to be in a position to fulfill such demand. Its avowed business is that of loaning money—which earns you interest—how can it both loan, and retain in its vaults?

When a number of depositors play "Injun" and say, "I take it all back," the bank must in return request the immediate repayment of the loans it has made. The big or small concerns who are thus unexpectedly called upon to forego the privilege they have been paying for, must take out of their working capital the necessary repayment, and their business operations being to this degree hampered, they "let out" a few of their workmen to bring expenses to a proportionate basis. The workmen therefore cease to buy, and—

Do you see how it works?

And all the time there's just as much MONEY as there ever was—but a lot more Fear thought!

If people would only understand that the bank that "suspends payment" because of a "run," only does what you and I would have to do if we should get up some morning to find on our front doorstep the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker who had requested our orders on a monthly settlement basis, but who now wished to be paid in currency *before nine o'clock!* Wouldn't we have to "suspend payment" until we could get down to our base of supplies—the bank? I guess!

Did you notice in the late scare, caused by a clique of Wall street speculators, how quickly some of the banks that were hit by an unexpected run, resumed business? They didn't fail—they only had to have time to catch their breath!

A "suspended" bank is not a "failed" bank. There are very few failures in the history of banking, as you would be surprised to find could you go carefully over the records of the Comptroller of Currency for year after year. It can safely be said that only dishonest or irregular methods can cause a bank to "fail"—and of no other business can this be said—and banks are so surrounded and safeguarded by both inspection and regulation that there is NO other business in the United States where there is so little possibility of dishonesty passing undetected.

Good times and "hard times" rest in YOUR hands, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Depositor. "Stringency in currency" is nothing but short-sighted YOU keeping yours at home. Keep your money at work for you, through some good safe bank or in other ways. Spend for what you want, and your neighbor will be able to spend for what he wants—and you can spend again, as a result. Don't "pinch your dollars," as Helen Wilman used to say, *unless you want to be caught in the pinch yourself!*

Did you ever stop to think, that if all the people of the United States were New Thought people, we wouldn't have bank scares, or bank failures, or "stringency of currency"? That sounds a good deal like "Cock-a-doodle-do!" doesn't it? But it's true, because these conditions have no real, no material basis. Confidence is the real medium of exchange upon which the world's business is transacted, and that business never suffers until confidence is withdrawn. So "it's all in your mind," you see, in the last analysis, and as New Thought minds can't find room for Fear—thought—which is lack of confidence—the way to make the world's finances stable is to make all the people New Thought philosophers! Now, what do you think of that for an argument?

Joking aside, a money scare is only a mental panic. Think again!

"Some men think that they are doing a great deal toward remedying this world's wrongs by reciting them."

"A good woman is a wondrous creature, clearing to the right and good in all change; lovely in her youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart."—Alfred Tennyson.

"Alms given in secret; that is the charity which brings a blessing. What sweet enjoyment to be able to shed a little happiness around us! What an easy, an agreeable task is that of trying to render others happy!"

Respectable, refined, single lady—33—desires position as nurse, companion or housekeeper—any state. Trustworthy, experienced. References. Address Miss B, 366-A Wells street, Chicago, Ill.

Ways to Earn Money.

A PAGE FOR EACH OF US BY ALL OF US.

Again the homesteading question takes up the foreground in our "Ways to Earn Money" department. But while such a lively interest is being shown on all sides I am glad to have the varying experiences of readers to present, to help us form a just conception of the advantages, drawbacks, possibilities of homesteading. Here follows a glimpse, offered us by a subscriber, of

THE SHADY SIDE OF HOMESTEADING.

"New Thought Readers:

Having been several times informed by reliable parties that "speculators" "grab" all the best of the homestead lands as soon as they are opened, I pass this item along to New Thought for the benefit of those interested. Complaints have been sent to government headquarters to this effect, and something, but I do not know just what or how much, has been done by some of the people in office to have the matter taken up and considered, with the object of making some arrangement to secure the government land for the people for whom it is reserved. When you come to look up these lands you will discover that they are either unhealthful, arid, or too far from civilization and railroads. Most of us must be within reasonable distance from postoffice, railroad and stores to say the least, and most of us will desire a little more than this. You will be told that these lands are the belongings of government lands, but that for a certain sum per acre good land in a desirable location can be had. You will immediately see that it is better for you to pay for good land if that is possible.

I have had my own personal experience and this is the result of it. I looked up lands in California, Alabama and Florida. Am told that the conditions are the same in every state. If you take a fancy to a spot in some wilderness for its beauty and solitude, and are so situated that you can live there purely for the enjoyment of it, you can find many places, but for family life and farming that is not easy.

A relative of mine bought a large number of acres of land, upon representation, in Florida. The agent claimed that it was very high and fertile land, very accessible, and that everything could be grown there that was at home in the south. A friend of the relative was down there on business and undertook to look up this land. It was an island and a swamp.

A little company of men and women, men and their wives, took up some beautiful government land in Florida. Life was hard and they thought to go south and raise oranges and get rich. The land was material, arid, and miles from any village. The climate was, on account of the barrenness (nothing but sand), unbearable, the water deadly, and swarms of pests abounded as well as some undesirable wild animals and poisonous snakes. These men and women struggled bravely; it was not easy to return, and some of them had not the means to return; they must at least make enough there to pay their fares back north. Most

of the children died and many of the adults. It was but a mournful little group that lived to return; all of their hard savings, all or nearly all of their family, and their own health, they left in the Florida government lands.

A man who had a little money and wished to retire from the busy world and enjoy Nature and harmony and silence, with just a few kindred spirits to keep him in touch with the world and cooperate with him in the ideal life, looked over much territory in various states. Some conditions suited him in one place and some in others; he could not find all the desirable conditions in any one place. The nearest he came to it was a certain new settlement about thirty miles from a certain city of California. He had all but invested there—this was not government land—when through the disinterested kindness of a friend he was led to change his mind. He learned that these Edenic prospects described, and almost make us grow wings, so eager are we to get to them, exist only where there is constant irrigation. The uncultivated country is a desert; nothing but sand; not even a spear of grass anywhere except where water is poured over it all the time. The rich man's estate is a veritable Eden so far as vegetation goes, but the poor man cannot have so much as a spear of grass about his house, nothing but hot, dry sand from June until—I forget whether it is until October or November, and not a sprinkle of rain all that time. The place was several miles from any kind of a store or postoffice or railroad. Everything was very high-priced, especially fruit. The uninitiated imagine that fruit abounds everywhere and is almost given away. You can buy better and cheaper north than south or west.

Then the place was nothing but a stumpy tract from which nearly every tree had been removed. The beautiful scenery described in the prospectus was away off, miles from the settlement. And then there were fleas. He had searched all over California to discover a place where fleas were not, and this was the nearest approach to it; there were "only a few." Only a few because there were only a few people; they increased as the people increased. Even an Eden, accompanied by a purgatory of fleas, was not to his mind.

In winter it rains about two-thirds of the time; and is very chilly and raw. They will tell you that people can live in tents there the year round, the climate is so delightful. They can live, they will not freeze, but they will be dreadfully uncomfortable. And then you frizzle during the first part of the day and shiver during the last half and all night. Some say they like this, and some don't. It's very dangerous; and that is why there is so much pneumonia there.

Travelers do not like to own to being sold, and it is not often that they will mention the outs or their disappointments; you have to question them very particularly to get at the shady side. It is beautifully green east, from April until November, but west, or I should say California

and some other states, it is green only a short time in the spring; then everything shrivels up. So I could go on and on; I have met many people who have come from south and west; some like it and some do not, but all agree that California is a delightful place for those who wish to meet and associate with progressive people. And groups of them are undertaking to colonize, but they can't do it on government lands—they are so far off and so poor. And there must be money enough to supply irrigation, and that means a good deal of money.

But there are companies who buy up large tracts of land which they claim are fertile, and they sell at reasonable rates, and promise to build streets, stores, etc., and employ settlers in their work of building up the place. How they keep their promises I cannot say, but if they do it would be the best place for the poor man, whether married or single. There certainly are hardships and hardships on government lands, and no one would undertake it if they knew exactly what it meant. There are hardships enough on good land within reach of supplies; all anyone would care for.

If it is a possible thing go first and see the land you meditate buying, and go quietly and see what people are doing and talk with them, not one or two, but a number, and you will get an idea of the real condition of things. If you are living in the city you can get into the country without going west or south; and the money that it would cost you to travel would give you a start. If you are in the country and getting a living, think twice before you leap—yes, think a hundred times—ninety-nine times out of a hundred you are better off where you are. It is not so much easier cultivating south and west as you imagine, or as land-sellers would have you believe. Breaking up and selling out is ruinous. Breaking up and shipping goods is ruinous. Work half as hard at home as you would if you went 'pioneering,' and you will be better off where you are.

If you are all alone, and have nobody depending upon you and no one to leave heart-broken, if you are burning for adventure and rough life and experiments, go ahead. But don't take a family. The women and the children suffer most. There is one advantage in climate in going a ways south—milder winters; but for one advantage there are a dozen disadvantages. Ninety-nine out of a hundred who leave their home for a fancied Eden would like to leave the Eden for their home after they get there. A poor farm out west or down south requires the same expenditure and the same labor to make it fertile as a poor farm east. Roses grow to mammoth size west, but they require as much cultivating, if not more, than roses east. Land is as high according to location; everything is as high as east—board, rent, lumber, clothing, supplies.

I could tell you things about young men who went west and south to make their fortunes, to get great wages at their trades, etc., but that is not 'homesteading.' Think a hundred times before you 'pull up stakes' and depart from your home place.

M. G. S.

Only one of the instances you quote refers to Government land—the other experiences are of

those who bought land of land speculators. Any man who buys land on representation and without seeing it richly deserves to be taught a lesson of business sense and acumen. This criticism also applies to any group of people who select for homesteading a tract such as the Florida land you describe. Such a selection is evidence of the unfitness of the people for agricultural life and shows as well lack of common sense. The character of the land could easily have been discovered before the move was made. One can't get along without using one's intelligence in homesteading, as in everything else.

We all understand that Government land open to homesteading is remote from transportation—else it would all be taken long ago. It does not necessarily follow that it is poor land, however. Many of our richest farms were once 'homestead land.' Among the lands open to homesteaders are, of course, arid, rocky, unproductive tracts, but there is also good grazing, agricultural or timber land which does not require irrigation. Such land is in most cases fifteen or twenty-five miles from a railroad, but this the homesteader must expect. When he gets land for nothing he must be willing to undergo some hardships, inconveniences and privations at the purchase price. Homesteading is primarily for people who cannot buy land, but who yet want a farm and home of their own. Such people are usually willing to rough it. I have a cousin whom I have not seen for years, but I learn she has taken up a claim in Oklahoma—herself and husband. They now have their farm, have built a little crossroads store, which meets the wants of other homesteaders—their neighbors—and are doing well; yet it is only a few years since they made their venture.

Homesteading is not for the people who are looking for a comfortable home with conveniences, social and material. It is the chance of the man who has but few if any of these conveniences as it is, and who is looking for an opportunity of building up by hard and persistent effort the home which he cannot earn in any other way.

Think twice—yes, and even the ninety-nine times! Investigate always. But if you have grit, strength, persistence, and realize what you are going into—go into it to win!

And, dropping homesteading and turning to the question of buying land which M. G. S. takes up so fully, pay heed to her admonitions. Never buy land until you know what you are buying. See it always—investigate by yourself and thoroughly. And certainly, in buying land, I should want transportation at hand, and other conveniences—otherwise I might as well, and better, homestead and get my land for nothing.

SHE DID IT.

"Miss Wells:

There was a funny paragraph going the rounds of the press last summer, in which one Irishman explained the homestead law to another something as follows: 'It's where the United States bets you 160 acres of land against \$16 that you can't live on the land five years without starving to death.' It is a broad interpretation of the

law, but there is a good deal of truth in it. If one has a little capital, a great deal of courage and the ability to adapt oneself to circumstances, there is a chance to make a home out of raw land. But lands open for entry are always in a sparsely settled country where there are no comforts, but big hopes.

In the arid states there are two methods by which one may acquire land—under the homestead law, and the desert act. The later method is a little more expensive, or at least the expense must be met in a specified time, but in many ways it is the most feasible for a woman or a man that is not a practical rancher.

I have proven by experience that it is absolutely impossible to make a living for one first few years solely from the claim itself. Even though one were able to do all the work necessary, there is still wire and posts to be bought for fencing, lumber for buildings, implements, horses, feed and provisions for at least the first year, seed and incidentals that cost but are never counted in. *But with all these conditions to face, I managed to hold my claim, so I know it can be done.*

I was a trained nurse and had arrived at the state of dilapidation they all reach sooner or later, and realized some other work than that of my chosen profession must be mine for the future. I had never lived in the country, but thought I had money enough to start me nicely, but when I found the price of labor and supplies I realized I had only enough for a very meager beginning.

Like W. J. McV., I left my ranch winters and worked for money enough to go on with the development. Even after six months' rest, the first winter proved that nursing was positively a thing of the past; and the following winter I worked in a newspaper office and the next summer commuted. I spent all together the most of four years on my claim. I learned to do many things I enjoyed and many things that I did not enjoy, but I was never discouraged over the outcome. And my faith was justified, for I gained a home and regained my health. But unless one has plenty of capital, one must be able to do more than one thing, and have the courage to tackle any problem that comes up. If one has lived in the east or in a city so long that he is only a cog in a wheel, he had better remain where he is until he wears out, for he will be utterly useless in a new country. But if he has courage and determination, he is sure to succeed. But then if he has courage and determination he is sure to succeed *anywhere!*

B."

Your experience, so entertainingly told, gives us a "true to nature" picture of what the homesteader should expect. It is neither too dark nor too bright a picture, but since it shows that a woman—none too strong at that—can and did homestead a claim successfully, it should encourage others who are thinking of making the venture.

OZARK LANDS.

"Miss Wells:

Will J. E. B. kindly answer a few questions regarding the Ozark country, through the columns of NEW THOUGHT:

Where can one obtain a full description of the vacant government lands in that section?

Also the desirability of such lands, the industries or occupations?

Is there anyone on the ground who would give out information?

I have the government reports and the official manual of the state of Missouri, but what I want to know is not printed in either. I would like to correspond with some one who can give me facts from close observation.

J. J. O."

You say you have the government reports—have you their booklet on homesteading and their list of government lands? These you can secure by writing the Land Department at Washington, D. C., and in them you are given, in connection with each piece of government land, the location of the government land office for the district. By writing to the land office in the neighborhood you may most incline to, you can secure a township map, all information in regard to the lands, etc. I should think this would be the safest course to pursue. In the meantime, I shall be glad to print any information which is furnished us about the government lands in the Ozark country. Of course I cannot print the addresses of real estate dealers or any information of that kind, but I have already given the location in previous issues of NEW THOUGHT of two land offices in Missouri to which inquirers may write for information as to government land.

TEXAS LANDS.

"Dear Friends:

I send you a clipping from the *Farm-Poultry* which might interest some one of your numerous friends who would be satisfied to live in that part of the world. I wish you could give us some information in regard to prices of land in southwestern Texas, in the neighborhood of Brownsville—also if it is a good poultry country, and what are the prices.

S. M. S."

I shall be glad to print any information in regard to prices of Texas lands, but of course no addresses of dealers or "commercial" information. No doubt what S. M. S. would like would be the personal experiences of readers who haven't any land to sell, but who can tell us what their experience has been in poultry or other farming in Texas, and the prices prevailing for good land. I append hereto a clipping sent in by S. M. S. which contains a suggestion which may be worth investigating:

"Editor *Farm-Poultry*:—If Mrs. D. P., whose letter is in August 15th issue of *Farm-Poultry*, would apply to the match company of Portland (I think it is the Diamond Match Co.), or to some of the large lumber companies that do business up and down our Maine rivers, she might find

a farm at a better bargain than she could in most any other way.

These concerns are constantly buying farms to obtain the timber on them, and after cutting the timber they have no further use for the farms, and sell them, usually very cheap. They have sold several in this vicinity cheap. The last one sold was to a Boston school teacher. The price asked was, I think, \$1,000. She may have got it for for lumber the buildings could be put up for less. I don't believe that at the present price \$5,000. It is a splendid farm, cutting considerable hay, and producing a good many apples; plenty of fire wood, etc. If Mr. and Mrs. D. P. could buy such a farm, and I know of no reason why other equally good bargains cannot be found, if they did not know a thing about farming they could hardly fail to get a living, and get it easily. Then they could learn the poultry business at their leisure on their own farm. That is just what I did when I left the city ten years ago. I am doing well in my poultry business, and I never served any time under anyone, neither would I had I to do it over again. B. P."

QUESTIONS.

"Dear Miss Wells:

The last NEW THOUGHT's talk on homesteading has interested me greatly. I am nearly of age, and I would like to know where there is some good land that would sell high if I should want to sell it. I think I can get better land than Woodward county land. I am afraid it would be too rough for farming. I would like to hear from W. J. McV. as to whereabouts the land in Woodward could be found, and tell me exactly to every little detail, how he got his farm. I will be very thankful to him or others who can give me any information in any other way, as I am a beginner. Will "L. M. C." please tell me more of California? Does she think a young woman could get as good a claim as she did, and in what part of California could it be found? C. L. C."

Dear me! Most of us would like to know where to get cheap good land that would sell high when we wanted to sell it! That, however, is what nobody can tell us—if they could, such land would already be selling high—probably too much so for us to buy. You can ascertain just exactly what to do to homestead land by writing to the Land

Department at Washington and asking them to send you their booklet on homesteading. The exact procedure is set out therein, and they will also furnish you with a list of all vacant government lands in the United States. Read what M. G. S. has to say about "the shady side of homesteading," and what "B." says as to her experience. These two letters will give you some idea of the problems you will have to meet, and the government booklets will tell you where land can be obtained. Better get somebody, however, who does know something more than a little about land to help you in selecting a piece of land to "homestead," if you should decide to make the experiment.

CELERY.

"My Dear Miss Wells:

I was interested in the letter of E. A. H., in December NEW THOUGHT, on raising celery. Will some reader of NEW THOUGHT who is successful in keeping celery for family use during the winter kindly tell me his method? I am troubled with mine rotting. I pack it in boxes with the roots in damp earth. The cellar in which it is stored keeps apples perfectly. What variety does he regard as most satisfactory? M. S."

I hope you will be given the advice you ask—and as we have never yet asked a question without some clever individual popping cheerfully up to answer it, I imagine your difficulties are as good as settled now.

RAISING SWEET POTATOES.

"Dear Miss Wells:

People who have a small patch of ground can make money raising sweet potatoes. We raised eighty or ninety bushels this year on about a quarter of an acre, and sold them for \$1.00 per bushel.

Early in the spring we have a large hot-bed made, and as soon as it gets warm fill with sweet potatoes. We begin to set out the plants when they are a few inches high, and keep setting them until the first of July. The last plants make nice seed potatoes, for they are not so large. A. U."

I am not agricultural by experience, but it

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seems to me that such returns from a quarter of an acre were excellent indeed, and that others might follow your example very advantageously. A quarter of an acre isn't such a great deal to take care of.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

I am delighted with Mr. Atkinson's book. Lent it to a friend who had been in bed four weeks with rheumatism, and in a week he was out and left for his home in Tennessee.

W. B."

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By HENRY VAN DYKE.

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of woods and comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass;
And after showers the smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,
And, best of all, along the way, friendship and
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Body Building

(This department is to offer suggestions on food values, properly balanced diet, the simplest foods of the most nourishment. All are privileged to submit questions or suggestions.)

Subject: "Simple Clothing."

Reason: "I would like to have some suggestions on plain, comfortable, sanitary clothing for women, something that will not make them appear masculine or ridiculous, but will enable them to be healthier and hence happier, yet possessing taste and refinement."

The answer to this problem is, wear as few clothes, and clothes as light in weight as is compatible with proper warmth. Most dress reformers cut out corsets first of all—so *used I to do!* But, dear me! the skirt bands I used to wear must have been a heap more injurious than the corsets. I wear a corset now which has elastic lengthwise strips. My first idea before seeing it was that it could never be shapely—but it retains its form, while yielding to every movement of the body. It expands with one's breathing, with any exertion as of lifting, bending, etc., but is as trim and symmetrical as any other corset.

Of course dresses made in one piece, so that no weight hangs from the hips, have much in their favor. That is one charm of the Princess gown, but it takes a good figure to make the wearing of a Princess gown feasible.

If one wears as underwear (in cold weather) a close-fitting union suit or in summer a little gauze shirt; a "Leona" or combination undergarment—corset-cover, drawers and short skirt in one piece with no fullness at hips or waist; wears *my kind* of a corset with a set of garters attached to the front and one to the sides thereof; and *one* petticoat, light weight but warm, and made with a fitted yoke so that the hips won't be bungled with fullness nor obliged to carry this extra weight, they will be pretty sensibly clad clear through to the outer garments.

I think shirt waists and skirts are sensible garments for shopping, traveling, etc. The shirt waist is loose, comfortable and *pretty*. The dress skirt should not be heavy in weight but warm, and if it is pinned through to the corset securely, it *can't* drag on the hips. For house or street wear, little shirt waist or "guimpe" suits made in one piece are sensible, healthful and pretty. They may be of cotton, linen, soft wool or silk. If you abjure *heavy* clothes so that your hips do not have to bear a dragging weight—*light* clothes, so that your lungs have plenty of room to perform their functions, and your other organs are not interfered with in any way—and *trailing* clothes, so that you won't run the risk of being a street sweeper when you forget to hold up your skirt—I think you will have solved the problem of sanitary clothing and may be just as *pretty* as you like with impunity. There isn't the slightest need of being either "masculine" or "ridiculous" or anything but attractive, to be healthy as well.

"My Dear Miss Wells:

Through the columns of our NEW THOUGHT will you kindly answer a question which has been puzzling me much? When one is a vegetarian, how do they do when they go visiting friends who are not? Must they go without? For most people's meals consist of meat chiefly. At hotels it is the same, and in my own family. If I should turn vegetarian what substitutes should I use for meat? Could you kindly give me full particulars of how to become a vegetarian, and greatly oblige,
E. D. D. B."

When a vegetarian visits friends, he eats whatever of the food set before him is in accord with his principles. He needn't—indeed, *shouldn't*—parade his views. If meat is served to him without his asking, he can let it rest untouched, without calling attention to it. If he is consulted before being served, he should ask for what is provided other than meat.

At hotels, if meals are served *a la carte*, it rests with him to order a vegetarian dinner. If *table d'hôte*, let him eat the other articles of foods and let the meat alone.

Eggs are a substitute for meat, so are baked beans, so are broiled mushrooms, so is macaroni with cheese sauce. A nut salad takes the place of meat. If you are going to adopt a vegetarian regimen in your home, it would be wise to get a vegetarian cookbook showing savory dishes which may be substituted for meat. You won't have any difficulty in adjusting yourself, and will find yourself quite as well nourished as before. I should also get the free booklet on food values from the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C. This will tell you something about the comparative importance of the different vegetables in furnishing the elements of nutrition. Perhaps some of our vegetarian friends will write in, giving us some of their actual menus (not *recipes*) and showing how they arrange substitutes for meat.

* * *

Subject: "The Use of Tobacco."

Reason: "Those whom I love best are users of this vile weed and I want to persuade them to give it up. Nagging does no good, besides I want them to give it up because of their own convictions."

Tobacco is certainly not healthful, but *neither is mince pie!* Tobacco chewing is disgusting, and so is the *chewing of gum!* We should be careful, however, to recognize that the use of tobacco is merely a habit of appetite as are other indulgences. Excess in the indulgence of any appetite is disastrous in its effect on health, and excess in the use of tobacco is no exception to the rule. Many people, however, to whom tobacco is personally unpleasant, make the mistake of regarding its use as almost a crime. No doubt

they feel as I do when I see somebody chewing gum like mad. I lose all sense of proportion and am so filled with disgust that I find it difficult to remember that it is my personal taste which is offended and not any canon of morality. Chewing gum continually is almost as injurious as the use of tobacco—it forces certain of the secretory organs to overwork, resulting in incomplete digestion and other ills.

We who object to others using tobacco may have little habits of our own equally as distasteful to them, or equally as injurious to our health. A coffee toper is in as much need of reformation as a smoker of cigars or pipe. If my husband smoked, I am inclined to believe I would let him decide this question of indulgence for himself, just as I would expect the liberty of consulting my own taste in my personal habits. If he smoked to excess, I think I would tease him good humoredly to slow up a little—first one cigar less a day, then two cigars less, etc. I would never succeed, however, as you so wisely say, if I began by denouncing either him or tobacco. If the smell of a cigar or pipe was personally obnoxious to me, I would try to give him one room in the house where he could smoke without interfering with me, and I would coax him to be careful to "air" himself and brush his teeth and mouth before coming into my society. If he chewed tobacco—well, I admit that would be a cross I wouldn't like to bear. I'd try to be good-natured about it, but I would be quite within my rights in abjuring any embraces and caresses. I would help him by cheerful encouragement to break this habit, if he was willing to try.

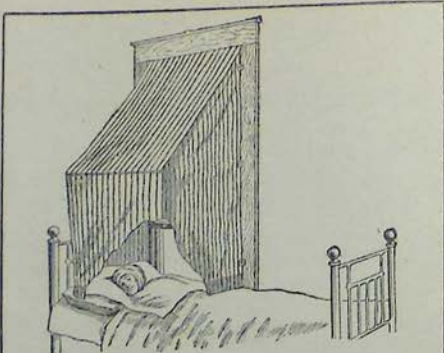
Of course in all this I am speaking of grown people. In bringing up boys, I would naturally take good care that they did not form this habit, which at its best is but a physical indulgence. I would teach them the *physiology* of the thing, wouldn't denounce or criticize users of tobacco, but would show some good reasons why I preferred my boys not to acquire the habit. And at the same time I would lay just as great stress on the avoidance of overeating, of improper eating, and of other self-indulgences. They belong in the same category—none of them is *wrong* or "vile," but merely injudicious.

Personally, I shouldn't worry a bit about the grown men of my family smoking—and I should try to get out of the attitude of feeling responsible for them or in duty bound to reform them. We all have little habits of deed or speech, which are offensive at times to others, so I should exercise as large a charity as possible toward what seemed to me the shortcomings of others—and should confine myself to exerting influence in the line I wanted, by tolerance, understanding and good-natured diplomacy.

Any good physiology will provide you with arguments against the excessive use of tobacco, so it might be a good idea to post up, always remembering afterward, not to use your weapons belligerently or in denunciation.

"Dear Miss Wells: * * *

In reading NEW THOUGHT for December I was much interested in the article on body building, and being able to answer your question about cottonseed oil, I concluded to be heard from. My husband and I have eaten no meat for nearly



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Write for FREE booklet on fresh air treatment of weak lungs, etc. Fresh air at night is vitally necessary in repairing the waste tissues, caused by the day's work. The Allen Health Tent allows the window to be opened at both top and bottom, and shuts off the indoor air. This gives ventilation equal to out of doors and permits the sleeper to enjoy the comforts of a warm room. The tent may be neatly folded when not in use against the upper part of the window entirely out of the way.

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Dept. A.

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DR. S. M. LANGWORTHY, President

one year, and we feel splendid. We eat all kinds of vegetables and nuts and buy eggs by the case. And about cottonseed oil, the kind we use is a Kansas product and as much ahead of lard as one can imagine. There is no lard in my house, and my husband says that things are better than those 'mother used to make' from lard. Cottonseed oil is cheaper, for it requires less. Pie crust is fine and crisp. If fish or onions are fried in it and there is any left in the frying pan, it can be poured back in the can with the rest and used afterward for making cake, as it retains no taste or odor. In baking beans I use it instead of meat, and one would have to eat them to know the fine flavor.

I use this for *everything* where formerly I used lard and butter, and we like it much better. No lard or meat can find room in our house ever again. Mrs. M. C."

This is certainly commendatory testimony. Has anybody else anything to say?

THE PILLS.

LESLIE DAVIS.

Hear the jingle of the pills,
Countless pills!
Their prevalence discloses what a world of mortal
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Headache, toothache, grip, bronchitis,
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And the pills would indicate
They can heal you while you wait.
Never mind the draught you sat in, never heed
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As they come prepared to battle
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They are marching in a quickstep,
Claim to cure from brow to instep,
And we clutch at convalescence through the pills,
Blessed pills!

Haste the passing of the pills,
Poor old pills!
Though they do their best to rid us of our colds
and cramps and chills;
But how good to end the struggling
In these days of mental juggling,
And to simply teach and train
One's poor, plastic, patient brain,
Till it tells a different story, till it sings another
strain!
Hail the days of mental healing,
When our frames have no ill feeling,
But with harmony and health each member thrills!
When the merest mental dufer
Does not, really cannot, suffer,
And we all learn to eliminate the pills,
Idle pills!

BANALADE The Fruit Cheese

25c. pkg. post-paid. BANANA FIGS, rich, luscious, fragrant with tropical sunshine. 25c. pkg. postpaid. BANANA COFFEE, an invigorator and appetizer; nutritious as milk. 30c. pkg. postpaid. Banana Flour, 25 per cent richer than wheat Flour. 25c. pkg. postpaid.

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SPECIALIST in blood and skin diseases, at the request of many patients, has decided to treat a few cases by mail. New Method which clears the face of all humor, makes the skin soft as velvet, produces pure blood, invigorates the liver and cures constipation.

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is the most beneficial treatment known to science for the curing of disease without medicine, and restoring human tissues to their intended state of perfection. The

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is the most compact, powerful and practical Home Vibrator made. We send it to you without a cent in advance so you can

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HT when writing to Advertisers.

In Kettledom

CONDUCTED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

(The purpose of this department is to make our New Thought housewives familiar with the latest labor-saving devices and the short cuts of modern housekeeping. There's less fun in washing kettles than in "looking at the stars"—and a New Thought woman ought to learn how to do the former so she will have time for the latter or what it symbolizes. That's practical New Thought—doing away with the undesirable "excesses" and claiming the beauties of life. All are invited to ask and answer questions.)

"My Dear Miss Wells:

My problem is lack of executive ability. How to attain it is just what I want to know—can you solve this problem? I am not very strong, yet not sickly, and am alone on the farm with three children, a little girl a year and a half old and two boys, one six and one eight years. Of course I do not do the farming, but gardening in season, and all barn and outdoor work I have to do besides all the other, and most of it does not get done. It is too much for my strength and capabilities. Yet most of the women I know would do all I have to do, then have spare time left. In fact, some ask me what I do to pass the time! I cannot remember the time since the first year of my married life when I could not find plenty to do. Of course I was not always crowded with work as at present, but here it is Christmas, almost no housecleaning, no sewing done. I have not a minute to myself, only as I steal it day or evening, weekday or Sunday. I get so discouraged I sometimes—wickedly, no doubt—wonder why I am alive, for I see not one bright spot in life, then I get hold of NEW THOUGHT when it comes and it cheers me up a little for a time. Now I know you condemn all such attitudes as these, but I just feel like talking things out to you as to a dear sister, for I have none—then I am going to try, and I know you will help me, to see things in their true attitude.

Now, how can I best get a start at catching up and keeping up with my work? I have so often this summer asked myself the question: Is it right? Was it so intended, to so have our time filled that we have no time to enjoy nature or reading or any good thing? I have to, so for me it must be right. Yet I cannot believe it was so intended. I read mostly when holding baby, and right here give me your advice. I like good solid thoughtful reading when I stick to it, and know it does me most good; on the other hand, I like stories, novels, and if I get at one it seems impossible to quit it. Of course there is good in most of them, but as a rule when I get through I feel like kicking myself for wasting the time to read it. Also in most of the papers there are short stories. What is your advice? Would you give up all such reading under the circumstances? At times there comes a fit of longing to read such things that is almost irresistible.

To help you further understand my case, will say I am slow by nature (which seems to make it hopeless), and particular—like to have everything neat and nice. Yet from necessity am willing to save myself and time in every possible way, so have no ironclad rules and do not believe I am in a rut. If so, am unconscious of the fact. Now my reason for wanting to get out of bondage to some extent is that I realize I cannot be

at my best with my children or otherwise when every nerve is stretched to the uttermost, then, too, I know Nature will demand pay for all overwork of the body. L. A. M."

I don't see how you *could* have spare time, with all your responsibilities. If you had just the house and children to care for, you would be more than busy enough, but with gardening, barn work and outdoor "chores," it strikes me you would be a marvel indeed if you could keep caught up. I frankly admit that I haven't the slightest idea I could do your work half as ably as you have been doing it. Do you suppose that you could get some boy in the neighborhood to come for an hour a day to help with the outdoor work? Is there any way you could pay him? If it were in a town, someone might be secured in exchange for his meals, but I judge you live out in the country, and this would probably be impossible. Do you raise more vegetables than you need, so that you could make payment in that way? These are only suggestions "in the dark," but may start some idea of your own that will be worth while. I should try most mightily to work out a plan by which I had the help of a boy or man for the outdoor work.

Now, if I were in your case and thought myself lacking in executive ability (probably you're not, after all!), I should, as a sort of training, plan out a schedule for my day and stick as closely to it as possible. It would be hard at first, but eventually you would establish a certain routine in doing your work which would make it easier because you would not have to stop so many times to think "Now, what next?" or "There, I forgot to—," etc.

Beginning with breakfast, I would make it extremely simple. If I could buy a fireless cooker, I would. If I thought I couldn't, I'd make one. And at night I would boil some rolled oats five or ten minutes on the stove, clap it in the fireless cooker, and in the morning have only bowls of oatmeal (but plenty) with milk or cream, and either toast or bread and butter. With this sort of a breakfast, you could jump out of bed, dress, start a fire, if you had that to do, dress and wash the children, and sit down to your simple but wholesome breakfast. (The table being laid the night before, so that all you would have to do would be to take the oats out of the cooker and cut the bread—or make toast, if your fire was ready). I don't know when or how animals are fed, but if you have cows or horses, it might be they should be fed just after starting the fire and before washing and dressing the children. If they could wait till after breakfast, well and good, but in such case, I would clear off the breakfast dishes, put scraps in the garbage pail, put the

WHAT WE DO FOR WOMEN



PROVIDE A CLEAR, BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION:

The use of our Diet rids the blood of its impurities, takes away the cause of pimples, roughnesses and other imperfections; whitens the skin, brings color to the cheeks and furnishes the glow of health.

DEVELOP THE BUST:

Under the Diet the bust develops perfectly and rapidly. Patients have added five inches to the bust measure in a phenomenally short time.

MAKE THE ARMS AND SHOULDERS PLUMP AND WELL-FORMED:

The Diet builds up every portion of the body, and the arms and shoulders share conspicuously in the general and remarkable improvement.

BRING THE BODY TO ITS NORMAL WEIGHT:

Patients gain from one to nine pounds per week, the average being about three pounds. Corpulent patients lose their superfluous and abnormal flesh under the same process, but more slowly than a gain is effected.

WHAT WE DO FOR MEN

ADD WEIGHT:

Building a perfect man, symmetrically developed.

ADD NERVOUS STRENGTH:

Relaxing and resting overtaxed nerves and organs, while supplying force and energy.

ADD VITAL POWER:

Magnetism and the elements of vital power go with a perfectly normal body, and as our building process is carried on, the increased power is strikingly manifest.

DESTROY THE POSSIBILITY OF FATIGUE AND EXHAUSTION:

Under the Diet great strength and endurance is generated, and after a short period patients find themselves able to do the hardest work without resulting exhaustion. The best part of all this is, that it is accomplished solely by

BUILDING HEALTH

and that in the process you lose old chronic diseases, stomach troubles, anemia, mal-assimilation, constipation, "nerves", brain-fag, insomnia, etc., etc.

Of the Milk Diet ELLA WHEELER WILCOX says: "An organic heart trouble is, to my belief, the only disease a persistent milk diet will not cure, consumption and incipient cancer not excepted."

Send for our new ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, which is in itself a Handbook on Sound Rational Living, tells what we can do, how we do it (with letters from dozens of patients), and will start every reader thinking. It is illustrated with examples of perfect types of beauty and physical development, to some of which all of us may attain.

THE MILK AND MARFA HOME TREATMENT

Lock Box 99

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

dishes in a neat little stack on the sink, and leave the breakfast table with its "day cover" on, before I went out to the barn. It won't take you five minutes to do this clearing up, and, though the dishes be still unwashed, there will yet be a sort of order about the room. I should then get through with my barn work, etc., and on returning, would make the beds (which have been well aired by this time) and "pick up" the sleeping rooms and the living room. Here I would get Master Eight-year-old to help, and I would save a bright penny or two to be given as prizes once in two weeks to the children who hadn't left their things scattered about, but had put them away—or I would promise a particular pudding or cake or pie as an incentive. Master Eight-year-old can wipe the dishes for you. Have a tray to set them on (use a bread board or a box cover if you haven't a tray), so that when washed and dried you can carry them in one trip to put away. Be sure you have plenty of hot water for your dish washing, etc. You can get your big kettle on before breakfast (I'm assuming you have a coal stove). The hotter the water and the cleaner you scrape your plates before beginning on your dishwashing, the less work dishwashing is, and a good "soaking" and a clean hot towel make the drying a simple matter.

Do you have your dinner in the middle of the day? I expect you do. While the men-folks are away and you have everything to do, have the simplest kind of a meal. Baked potatoes and scrambled eggs are wholesome and nourishing and little trouble. If you can add to this, apple-sauce and bread and butter, that's a good meal. When you make anything like apple-sauce, make more than enough for one meal, so you will have some on hand, but don't serve it two or three days running—let a couple of days go by before a second appearance on the table.

Put some navy beans to soak at night and cook them the next morning. These are good hot for your dinner (taking the place of meat) heated up on a later day, or even cold when you are very busy. Baked beans, some boiled rice (served hot, as a vegetable, with butter), some stewed prunes (soak these, too, over night, before cooking), and bread and butter, make another nice meal, and none of the articles are much trouble to prepare.

For tea give the children bread and milk—great generous bowls—and eat the same yourself—only plenty of it.

Drink eight or ten glasses of water during the day and keep water where the children can get it for themselves, so that they will be sure to drink all they need.

Monday is probably washday. Put your clothes to soak Sunday night in lukewarm water, with a tablespoonful of ammonia to a big tub of water. This makes easier washing the next day. When you boil your clothes, put a tablespoonful of ammonia to a boiler full of water, and add three-quarters of a cake of soap cut up. Our own maid tells me this is a good way, and she also volunteers the information that a handful of table salt added to made starch (about a gallon) keeps it from freezing in the clothes in cold weather.

Washday, as I always say, is a problem I have never tackled, so I'm afraid I'm not much good

here, but let me say, keep the boys dressed in good strong overall suits or jumpers, and save shirtwaists and other easily soiled things for Sundays.

To minimize your housekeeping you will have to make and observe the rule of everything being put back in its place. In this way, there will be a minimum amount of "picking up." Friday I'd try to sweep—perhaps you will need to divide it between two days, part Thursday and part Friday—ordinary days if I had a carpet sweeper I'd use that, and not do any hard sweeping. Saturday I'd do whatever baking I wanted for the week ahead—bread, some cookies, some cake for Sunday or company, etc. When you are going to have company, let your meat be a roast of either beef, veal or pork—not chops or anything of that kind. The roasts or "boiled pieces" are more economical because they can be warmed over in appetizing ways. Some cold meat left over can be run through a meat chopper, some bread crumbs or cold rice added, plenty of salt and pepper, and shaped into little flat cakes and browned for the midday meal. They don't take but a minute or two to make. Cold meat put through the meat chopper, thoroughly seasoned and put in layers in a baking dish, with layers of bread or cracker crumbs between and on top, sprinkled with little dabs of butter and browned over in the oven, is very good. Or meat cut up in small pieces, with gravy, an onion, a carrot and a potato chopped, then some cold mashed potato well seasoned, softened with a little milk and beaten up, spread thickly on top of the meat, brushed with a beaten egg and browned in the oven, makes another nice dish, and very little trouble.

Baked potatoes are the most healthful of all ways of preparing potatoes—boiled potatoes the next—with or without their skins.

I should put the children to bed very early—let them have their tea at half past five and go to bed by seven o'clock, or earlier. Teach Master Eight-year-old to turn down the beds, etc., and he and the next brother to put their clothes neatly on their own chairs.

I would follow about the above plan as to meals, until just before Husband is expected home. (You say he is at present away.) Then it will be time enough to consider afresh.

Do I think you ought to give up novels or short stories? No, ma'am! They are good for you. You ought to be amused, entertained, rested, in the few moments' spare time you can get, and you may choose with a clear conscience whatever gives you most pleasure. We weren't put here to be drudges or burden bearers, or to feel guilty when we do something just for the pure joy of it. Have as many pleasures as you can. I would try to set aside one certain hour as my own. If you stick to a bread and milk supper, couldn't you take your hour after the children have been put to bed—doing it every night? I'd stick a few cheerful, helpful, optimistic thoughts and mottoes on the walls of every room, and even the barn, and occasionally through the day take "fresh hold" by saying over to myself the little thought on which my eye falls.

I should do all I could to make myself well and strong, and my children well—and to make

I Know All About Hair

Probably by this time most of you have read my little booklet on "The Care of the Hair: For Men and Women." If so, you know how simple are the rules which will both produce and retain healthy, beautiful, luxuriant hair. But when the scalp has become dry and unhealthy, the hair faded or broken, falling out or changing color, or leaving bald spots on the scalp, you need not only to adopt the scientific natural methods of restoring normal conditions, about which I tell you in my booklet, but should supplement this with the aid of additional nourishment for the hair roots, stimulation for the little oil glands, and should cleanse and revivify the scalp, freeing it from dandruff and making it active.

I recommend to you this month two preparations which I consider the best for the purposes in view.



As a Hair Food I Recommend

ELSPETH VAUGHAN'S RUSSIAN HAIR GROWER

This is an excellent hair food, so fine in my estimation that I have purchased all right to it from Elspeth Vaughan and succeeded her in its ownership. This food will give strength to the hair, produce a fresh growth, stimulate the necessary secretions and bring back life and vigor to the hair.

Price, per Jar, \$1.00

To Remove Dandruff, Cleanse and Stimulate the Scalp, I Recommend

MY EGG AND GLYCERINE SHAMPOO

This preparation I consider the most excellent aid obtainable in the proper care of the scalp. It leaves the hair soft and shining, the scalp fresh and healthy, freeing it from dandruff, and is so delightful to use that one may sit in front of one's dressing table and shampoo the heaviest head of hair before one's mirror without the necessity of water or any "moss" until the time for spraying and rinsing.

Price, per Bottle, \$1.00

Sample Size, 50 Cents

No more copies of my little booklet will be given away except to my personal customers. If ordering any of my recommended preparations, ask for the booklet and I will be glad to enclose it without charge. And, at any time, I am glad to tell you what I think of your personal difficulties with your hair, if you will write me for my advice.

ADDRESS

KATHERINE BOOTHROYD PALMER

3411 SHERIDAN DRIVE, CHICAGO

myself look as pleasant and pretty as possible. When I got up in the morning, I would take five minutes extra, if necessary, to fix my hair so neatly it would be apt to stay, and to have a fresh collar on. You ought to have some big sleeved aprons which would go over your entire dress, so that you could make yourself neat and trim beneath, and when your work is done could cast aside the apron and look pretty nearly as well as when you started on your round of duties.

All this is theory, you know. I haven't three children and a house to take care of—let alone a barn—and I can only sit still and "guess" at what I would do in your position. Just keep in mind, however, that you're as smart as anybody else, and as a sort of guide make out each night a little list of the things you want to do next day, in the order you plan to do them, pin it on the kitchen wall and try to follow it. I think this will help you, in time, to plan better and economize steps and strength. I shall be glad to hear from you again, but in the meantime hold fast to the thought that we were put here to be happy, healthy, and with space to enjoy life. Don't do things just because your neighbors do, or because you have always seen them done, but save yourself in every reasonable way. If it is almost as cheap to buy little ready-made things for your children as to make them, *buy* them. Don't cook more than is essential to provide good nourishing meals. Try to fit your work to *what you want to do*, instead of trying to fit what you want to do, to your work.

* * *

Subject? "A simple system for conducting the home in a family of six, the four children from two months to nine years old."

Reason: "Because I am continually behind with my work, especially mending and sewing, and I want to drive my work instead of its driving me, so that I may feel that I can spare the time for reading, writing and—*living*."

I don't know whether what I have said to L. A. M. will help you. The main points which it seems to me are essential in planning to lessen one's work are: first, simplicity of foods; next, simplicity of clothes for the children. The little girls can wear jumper suits, as the most fashionable of youngsters now do when in the country, and do without little white skirts and things for the playdays. Have all the labor-saving aids you can—a fireless cooker, a carpet sweeper, a washer, a meat grinder—and try to have the children help you in certain specified ways. There's a dear little story book, "*The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys*," which shows how the widow taught her boys to help her. To be sure, I think they were just a little bit better than *ordinary* boys, but perhaps you would enjoy it. I did.

A "MERE MAN" HAS A WORD TO SAY.

"Dear Miss Wells:

A good old friend of mine sent me up the NEW THOUGHT for August, and I see an account of a steam cooker there which seems a good idea. I want my wife to know something about this, and would like if you could send me, or rather put me in touch with a good make.

You may wonder why a mere man is interested in this. Well, I will just give you an idea. I'm camped a good few miles from here and we have to toss up all our own grub, and so forth. No women folks around at all—only the Kaffir boys to do what we tell them in the way of cooking, and I find, when we have to look to things, that it's a bit of a waste of time and fuel to cook a half-dozen dishes in separate pans, when one Cooker could do the job. This week my wife has been ill, and I have had to come up on the hills, and find housekeeping a blessed nuisance. Green Kaffirs and all sorts of worries. However, I can give you a recipe which will just about beat anything I know of for making white bread.

Boil one handful of hops in six pints of water, strain and bottle off, cool. Take one bottle (pint beer bottle), add to it two tablespoons of flour, one dessertspoon sugar. Let stand until ripe—say, if warm weather, two days.

Now take six pints flour and two pints of liquid, including the yeast already made; or, to be more clear, add to the yeast lukewarm water until two pints by measure is made up. Pour the liquid into pail, add salt, then add the six pints flour; make into stiff dough. Let rise all night in warm place. In the morning mould off into pans, let rise and bake. No more flour need be added in morning if the right consistency is got at the night before.

Now, into your yeast bottle pour another bottle of hop water, add flour and sugar, and next night the yeast is ready. Never wash out the yeast bottle. The old remains always set the new going.

Our camp is famed for its bread, and this is how it is made. Try it. The yeast is always fresh and the bread sweet.

I got the recipe from an old digger. He got it from a London baker in the gold fields twenty years ago.

A MERE MAN."

Mercy me! You must be awfully nice to have around! Imagine a "mere man" knowing so much! Tell us more whenever you have time.

A RECIPE FOR CRACKS.

"My Dear Miss Wells:

In answer to the inquiry of I. C. L., in November NEW THOUGHT, about a remedy for the cracks in the floor, when we do not want carpets, I have found ordinary table oilcloth (I select the best quality I find; however), stitched together on the sewing machine and tacked down at edges, wears well and long, where shoes with tacks in heels do not walk much on it.

When worn out I paint it with ordinary paint; give it two good coats of the paint. Of course I must do without the room for some days while the paint dries; and then, lest the table legs stick, I put a circular bit of waxed paper, such as the grocer puts over the butter in the tray, under each table leg. It does not work well to roll furniture with casters over it.

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T. G. P."

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But he couldn't spoil de custom
Dat's established in de land.

"Wish you happy New Year,"
In spite er ice an' snow;
In spite o' disappointments
An' o' every kind of woe,
De sun it cum a-smilin',
Till it put de frost to shame;
If it kin foghet its troubles,
Reckon I kin do de same.

—Selected.

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He's just as good and pleasant as ever he can be. The very first night he asked mother with a smile

If the children ever marched to bed in good old soldier style.

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Since then, all day we kind of look ahead For night to come, when we like soldiers can

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I USE ^{instead,} ^{what I call} **BEAUTY BAGS.** I don't sell these; haven't time to bother. But you can make them for your own use, just as I do for mine. They're the simplest things imaginable, take 2 seconds to make and **cost just about half of nothing!** A London firm got the directions from me, and went into the *business* of making Beauty Bags—*what do you think of that?* You can do the same, for all I care; or tell all your friends how. I'm not selfish, and the more people who benefit by my complexion secret, the better I'm pleased, for it will be a better-looking world!

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