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December 1909

10 Cents

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### Free Publications!

Fill in the coupon to the left and we will send you such literature as best suits your needs. We publish a 500 page mammoth catalog fully illustrated, giving our business history and showing all the vast lines of merchandise that we have for sale. We buy our goods at Sheriffs', Receivers' and Manufacturers' Sales. Ask for Catalog No 870. Our Book on Plumbing and Heating Apparatus contains 150 pages of useful information. Our free "Book of Plans" is described elsewhere in this advertisement.

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We are gathering an immense collection of clever, witty stories, jokes, and anecdotes, old and new, for publication in book form, under a title to be hereafter selected. We are paying \$50 to \$100 EACH for the BEST jokes sent in to us, and will continue to do this as long as the stories received keep up to the standard desired for our proposed book—or until we have paid out \$10,000.

### PERMANENT RULES OF THE CONTEST READ CAREFULLY

The stories, as received, will be numbered in the order of their receipt, and to facilitate the work of handling, will be examined in sections of 500. When the first 500 stories have been read, the best story of that 500 will be selected and the first payment of \$100 will be promptly awarded and made. The second 500 stories will then be examined, the best joke selected, the second payment of \$50 awarded and made. Then the third 500 letters, and so on. *After the second prize, succeeding prizes will be \$50 each.*

The stories or jokes are not expected to be original, but *are* expected to be funny. They must not be over 200 words in length—50 to 100 words is a good length.

Write your story with pen and ink *on one side of the paper only*, and on top of the sheet place coupon printed in this department, or a similar form. You can send as many stories as you like—at one time or at different times—but each story must be written on a separate sheet of paper (as it has to be considered separately), and must bear your name and address in full at the top of the sheet. Only *one* story from each sender, however, will be considered in the *same* section. *Stories not mailed in accordance with above conditions will not be considered.* We have been obliged to throw out a great many stories submitted to date, for violation of rules—two or more stories on one sheet; no address given; over 200 words, etc., etc. Watch out!


Where the same story is submitted by several different people in the same section, the *best-told version will be selected* and the others thrown out; if the duplicate stories are told in identically the same language, *the first in date of receipt will be considered* and the others discarded. Remember, a story which has not won in one section, because some one other was considered best, *may* win, if submitted in the very next section, because it may be the *best* in that. *Only stories which have received prizes in this contest, are debarred from re-entry.*

If you want an acknowledgment of the receipt of story submitted by you, enclose with your story a plain addressed U. S. postal card (do not send addressed envelope or pictorial postcard), and acknowledgment will be made thereon. We cannot enter into correspondence with those who wish to submit stories. All conditions are clearly stated above. Stories accepted will be paid for, other stories destroyed.

#### NO MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE RETURNED.

Payment for stories will be made through the UNION BANK OF CHICAGO, which has consented to act as disburser of THE STORY FUND, the prizes being paid in by us to the Bank in advance of each section, for custody and disbursement at regular intervals. The bank has agreed to act as disburser of The Story Funds on the explicit condition that it should not be obliged to receive or answer any correspondence in relation thereto—Please note!

If a postal card for acknowledgment is enclosed with story as suggested above, the contestant will be advised thereon of the number and section of his story in the contest; and also advised as to what section is being considered for award, at the time of receipt of his story. Thus, if he is No. 350, Section 3, and Section 2 is being considered at the time he enters the Contest, he will know that his is the next section upon which award is to be made. Further, each issue of NEW THOUGHT will contain full particulars of the Contest to date, examples of some of the "best stories," lists of prize winners from time to time, information as to what section is under consideration, and in fact all the gossip, news, important announcements, etc., in reference to the contest.

 In other words, we will devote our \$10,000 Prize Contest Department to keeping contestants thoroughly informed as to all the features of the Contest, just how the awards are coming on, why this or that story has ranked "best" (a guide to those who want to enter in succeeding sections), etc., etc., etc.

Those who enter the Prize Contest, please be careful to read the Contest Department thoroughly every month. There may be some announcement in it meant for JUST YOU.

## The New Thought Publishing Co.

215 Wabash Ave., Desk 201,

Chicago, U. S. A.



# \$10,000 PRIZE CONTEST

## PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT TO DATE WHO WINS? DO YOU WANT \$100?

**W**ELL, we've made our first lap in the **\$10,000 PRIZE CONTEST. SECTION NO. 1 IS CLOSED**

(as we write this, several weeks before the magazine can reach you), and Section 2 is well on its way to completion. It is most interesting work going over the stories received—and most difficult, as well, for it is hard to decide between the different brands of humor. **TRY IT YOURSELF, AND SEE!**

After carefully going over the 500 stories again and again, that we might be sure to make no mistake in the very best story of the whole section, we decided it was too big a task for one or two minds to wrestle with unaided—**AND**

**WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE IT TO YOU!** Not entirely, to be sure, because we haven't room in **NEW THOUGHT** to submit the whole 500 stories to you. But we've sifted and sorted and threshed and winnowed till we've picked out the best 100 stories in the section, representing 100 different contestants, and we're printing them in this issue of the magazine for **YOUR** decision as to which is best. There's \$100 at the bank, waiting for your vote as to where it shall go! **ONE** of these 100 contestants will get it—**WHICH SHALL IT BE?** To use a little of the current vernacular, which, if not elegant, is extremely expressive—**IT'S UP TO YOU!** The story that gets the largest number of votes, **WINS!**

## WHO SHALL HAVE THIS FIRST \$100? WHO? WHO? WHO?

Annie Allee.....	No. 64	J. P. Fruit.....	No. 421	Mrs. O. T. Mason.....	No. 93
Anna L. Andrews.....	329	M. E. French.....	394	Lucy Morton.....	128
Mrs. D. E. Arnold.....	43	Miss S. P. Gentry.....	330	O. O. Millen.....	424
A. R. Brown.....	68	Florence Grizzell.....	390	Wm. B. Ness.....	350
May Belle Brooks.....	476	Mayetta Gordon.....	264	Arthur Naslund.....	483
G. L. Barnes.....	492	G. W. Goodwin.....	89	Alfred J. Parker.....	4
E. M. Barber.....	30	Mabel Hall.....	227	Miss Elfrieda I. Swetnam.....	252
Alonzo N. Babcock.....	28	Mrs. M. E. Hibbard.....	356	Mrs. J. Peter.....	415
E. T. Bennett.....	481	Mrs. Charles Halliday.....	203	Renee E. Phillips.....	245
John Bennetts.....	454	Vivian F. Hunter.....	6	Warren A. Peterman.....	217
Walter H. Bray.....	449	Lucile Hammersmith.....	72	Mrs. Annie Rodd.....	171
Mrs. Mary Brice.....	111	R. T. House.....	410	Mrs. Gertrude Richards.....	62
Robert L. Becker.....	97	E. E. Hinson.....	220	Vivian L. Raynor.....	371
Flora Burson.....	107	John A. Harris.....	156	Frank A. Raymond.....	5
Mildred Butts.....	155	Harry Hoffman.....	448	Harris Seofield.....	11
Mrs. G. de Borges.....	209	Joseph Haky, Jr.....	412	Mrs. T. Shoudy.....	192
Jessie L. Bronson.....	228	J. Nash Ives.....	125	Mrs. C. E. Shuler.....	2
Mrs. N. Cleveland.....	467	Mrs. M. C. Jordan.....	183	Miss Jane G. Steele.....	420
Nellie C. Chase.....	18	Peter Johnson.....	188	Mrs. F. K. Sutton.....	360
W. H. Charlesworth.....	335	Frank Kershner.....	173	Hugo Stockton.....	212
A. L. Colclough.....	189	W. B. Kerr.....	137	Mrs. Phoebe Taylor.....	130
Francis J. Cushing.....	49	Bartram S. Kent.....	471	C. H. Truesdail.....	33
B. L. Crippen.....	194	Miss Lorraine Lee.....	488	Florence Van Denbergh.....	56
Isabel J. Cooper.....	495	Electra R. La Zelle.....	395	Mrs. C. C. Vaughn.....	244
J. T. Crawford.....	148	Thomas Levish.....	478	Theodore von Hemert.....	154
Margaret Durell.....	275	Mrs. McLellan.....	53	C. H. Whaples.....	279
A. J. Denner.....	263	Mrs. Helen McAlpin.....	73	Mrs. A. N. Winans.....	61
J. H. Durkee.....	44	Miss Fern Muriman.....	80	F. M. Wheelock.....	388
S. M. Denny.....	115	W. D. McCurdy.....	222	Charles V. Wheeler.....	484
Mrs. Frank Deline.....	11	Frederick Mason.....	458	Grace F. Wagner.....	71
Miss Clara E. Espey.....	182	Miss Myrtle Minkle.....	486	C. L. Wiltse.....	257
Estelle Fuller.....	282	Miss Elizabeth Matlock.....	34	Olive A. Welch.....	337
		M. E. Moss.....	94	Ernest D. Wells.....	489
		Miss L. C. McCarty.....	166	Bennett Vairfassan.....	77

In printing this 100 selected stories from Section 1, we have appended to each, the name of the contestant sending it in, and his or her number in the contest, so you may know for whom you are voting. Look over the list carefully—perhaps you'll find a neighbor, a friend, a relative, a sweetheart—or **YOURSELF!**

**REMEMBER,** every vote sent in helps someone nearer to the lucky \$100 goal, so do your part and say which of the 100 is **YOUR** choice for a "best story."



# A HUNDRED DOLLARS WILL DO A GOOD DEAL RIGHT AT CHRISTMAS TIME!

—or at any other time, for that matter—so say your say and help somebody to have it quick. We'll give everybody plenty of time to be heard from, that every contestant may have an equal show—but don't take too long, **for somebody wants that \$100 and wants it quick!** And it might just as well be in use right now as lying idle in the Bank.

## WHAT'S YOUR VOTE? WHICH OF THE 100 SHOULD GET THE PRIZE?

**WE'RE** sending them off a letter today, telling them of their lucky chance—and as this is one case where it is perfectly legitimate to vote for yourself, I'm certain sure we can count on **100 votes by next mail**—but they won't help the result much, for they'll be for 100 different persons! However, I have a pretty clear idea that each of the 100 will round up all his or her friends who are readers of NEW THOUGHT, and do some vigorous lobbying on his own behalf.

The prize goes to the story getting the **most votes**. If your story is on the list, **get after the votes of your friends quick! You want that \$100!**

I wish each of them could get it—but then, those who don't win this time can enter in another section immediately and have another chance—then still another—and another. The fact that a story has been printed in NEW THOUGHT, as one of a "best 100" does not prevent it from being entered in **another** section and, perhaps, being the \$100 best of **that 500**. **Only the stories which have actually won the \$100 or \$50 will be**

**barred from re-entry. But don't forget that somebody is to get that \$100—**and get it quick! Is it **YOU**? Is it your friend? Well, **WHO** is it?

**A** voting coupon is printed at the foot of this page. **Fill it out with your vote and send in.** No votes will be counted unless written on this coupon and containing the name and full address of voter. You do not have to be a subscriber to NEW THOUGHT to be entitled to vote. **Anybody can vote**, but for our convenience in handling and counting ballots we require all votes to be sent in on the coupon we print below for this purpose. **Please Note!**

The 100 stories selected from Section 1 as the best of the 500 submitted therein, appear in the "Quips and Jests Department" and scattered through the advertising pages of NEW THOUGHT, this issue. **Don't miss one!**

Have **YOU** entered in the contest yet? Remember that in every 500 stories sent in, one lucky person gets from \$50 to \$100 **real money**, for a little joke or funny story only 50 to 100 words long—thats about \$1.00 a word!

## CAN YOU USE \$100?

—ENTRY COUPON—For Your Convenience—

The New Thought Pub. Co., Prize Desk 201,  
215 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

I submit story in the "\$10,000 Award" for "the funniest joke you ever heard." Kindly acknowledge receipt on enclosed addressed post card, and tell me my "number" in the competition.

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
TOWN.....  
STATE.....  
SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.....  
(Look at your wrapper)

**Well, then! Read the rules and come on in!**

—VOTING BLANK—

The New Thought Pub. Co., Prize Desk 201,  
215 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

I vote for.....  
..... No..... Section.....  
as the one entitled to the prize for that section.  
**COUNT MY VOTE.**

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
TOWN..... STATE.....  
SUBSCRIBER? (YES) (NO)



# SOME OF THE 100 STORIES

Sunday School Superintendent: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

No reply.

Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Little Boy (badly frightened): "It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizzoury."

HARRIS SCOFIELD, No. 11, Section 1.

While the D. & H. Railroad Company was making some repairs in the yard in Scranton, Pa., the men were employed on land up the line. Pat Flynn and Mike Farley lived up at Peckville, and the superintendent gave out the orders to pass no men. "Make them pay their fare," said he. Pat and Mike were at work on Monday morning, and Pat saw the superintendent coming, but paid no attention to him. Pat says, "Say, Mike, you ought to see how I beat the conductor Saturday night." "And you beat the conductor?" "Shure an' I did," said Pat. The superintendent came up quickly and said: "How did you beat the conductor?" Pat looked up in mild surprise. "Did you beat the conductor?" "Shure, that is all right," said Pat. "If you don't tell me how you beat the conductor, I will discharge you." "You have a right to, I suppose." "Now, see here, Pat, if you will tell me how you beat the conductor, I will give you five dollars." "All right, sor," said Pat. The superintendent gave Pat the five dollars, and said, "Now, tell me how you beat the conductor." "Shure, I walked," said Pat.

H. C. TRUESDALE, No. 33, Section 1.

The beaming black face of Aunt Mandy appeared at the kitchen door as she exclaimed:

"I've come for de wash, and I've some mighty good news for ye! I've mighty joyous, I is."

"What has happened, Aunt Mandy?" said I.

"It's dis way," said she, "I've going to marry Brother Johnson!"

"Well, now, Aunt Mandy, I don't see anything so good in that. Why, you will have him and his eight children to do for."

"But," exclaimed she, "he has promised to get back the six big washes fur me dat his fust wife had. I calls it mighty good luck, I does!"

ANNIE ALLEE, No. 64, Section 1.

Two friends were standing at the State Fair gates. They were watching the crowds enter through the new cash turnstiles, and after a thoughtful silence, one exclaimed:

"John!"

"Well, Bill?"

"See that?"

"Sure I do. What of it?"

"Well, I was just thinking. I have seen the cream and milk separators, but I'll be switched if that ain't the first cash separator that I ever seed." MAY BELLE BROOKS, No. 476, Section 1

An American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a Western hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose without saying a word. He was more surprised, and less pleased, to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theater in which he was playing—"as a memento of the occasion." "My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I should be very glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down, and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs."

MRS. D. E. ARNOLD, No. 43, Section 1.

Why is President Taft like Gen. Hood before the battle of Atlanta?

Because he will be held in check by Sherman with Cannon.

W. R. BROWN, No. 68, Section 1.

A circus had come to town and a number of the boys were sitting around the store on boxes and barrels, when one of them said: "I can't see how that fellow makes such a high dive without getting hurt."

"Why, that's nothing," said another; "I had a cousin that was the best diver in the world."

"How so?" said the rest.

"Well," says he, "my cousin once bet a man \$500 he could dive from Liverpool to New York."

"Did he do it?"—all in unison.

"Well; not that time. You see he kind of miscalculated and came up at Denver, Colorado."

G. L. BARNES, No. 492, Section 1.

A woman took her little boy into a store to get him a new pair of pants. "Now, son," said she, "you go right over there to the counter and select the pair which you like best." The little boy went and looked them over carefully, and at last with a happy smile he took one pair over to his mother and said: "I think these will do, mother. See, here it says, 'They can't be beaten.'"

ROBERT L. BECKER, No. 97, Section 1.

Professor Northrup, of the State University of Minnesota, while visiting the Eastern States, was one evening introduced to his audience by Chauncey Depew. At the close of the introduction, Depew said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Professor Northrup, the Western Cyclone."

Professor Northrup, bowing in acknowledgment of the introduction, said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to be introduced to you tonight by Chauncey Depew. Out West we consider him the best authority on wind."

ANNA L. ANDREWS, No. 329, Section 1.

One night in the summer of 1863, a man with a rather large "brick in his hat" boarded the westward bound owl car on Randolph street, Chicago. He insisted on standing on the rear platform and leaning against the car. He swayed to and fro perilously with the swaying car, as the horses trotted briskly barnward. When the car struck the curve at Southwestern plank road, he rolled off the car and nearly across the street. The car stopped and, after being lifted to his feet, the dust brushed from his clothes, he insisted on resuming his former position on the platform. Soon the following colloquy between him and the conductor occurred:

"C'lishin?" "No." "Huh!" (Half minute pause.)

"Sploshin?" "No." "Huh!" (Another pause.)

"Car-run-off-track?" "No." "Huh! 'F I'd 'a know'd that, I wouldn't got off!"

ALONZO N. BABCOCK, No. 28, Section 1.

"Nature," explained the philosopher, "always tries to make compensation. For instance, if one eye is lost the sight of the other becomes stronger, and if a person grows deaf in one ear the hearing of the other ear becomes more acute."

"Faith," said Pat, "and I believe you're right, for I've noticed that when a man has one leg shorter the other is always longer."

E. T. BENNETT, No. 481, Section 1.

A dumpy little woman, holding by the hand two dumpy little boys, came to the box office of a theater. Handing in a quarter, she asked for the best seat she could get for that money.

"Those boys must have tickets if you take them in," said the clerk.

"Oh, no, mister," said she. "I never pay for them. We don't cheat you any, for as soon as they get into a seat they go sound asleep and don't see a bit of the show."

The argument convinced the clerk and the children went in. Toward the end of the second act an usher stepped up to the box office and handed the clerk a quarter.

"What's this?" asked the latter.

"I don't know," said the usher. "A woman beckoned me clear across the theater and said one of her kids had waked up and was looking at the show and I was to give you that quarter." JOHN BENNETTO, No. 454, Section 1.





# NEW THOUGHT

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# SOME OF THE 100 STORIES

Elder S. was fond of pepper sauce and he liked it hot. So he always went provided with a bottle of that relish, of singular potency.

While sitting at a hotel table with a chance acquaintance, having occasion to use his pepper sauce, he passed it to his companion and urged him to try it. The man did so, and then asked the elder if he preached the old-time doctrine.

"Yes," replied the elder, "I do."

"You sometimes preach about hell fire?" was the next query.

"Why, certainly, I often preach about hell fire."

"Well," said the sufferer, "I have often heard preachers preach about hell fire, but you are the first one I ever saw who carried a sample with him."

W. H. CHARLESWORTH,  
No. 335, Section 1.

Dramatis personæ: "My aunt, 82 years old; my brother, who is totally deaf; an old hen and brood of chickens (property of my brother), which insisted on scratching in my well kept lawn and flower garden, though I frequently asked my brother to shut them up.

The entire family, save my aunt and brother, were going for a day's outing. I was the last to enter the carriage, which was waiting at the side door. Just before stepping in, I motioned my brother, with a wave of my hand, towards auntie, who stood on the opposite side, towards the lawn—that he must take good care of her while we were away. His guilty conscience interpreted my sweeping arm to refer to the lawn and his mauling brood. He immediately replied, "Yes! that old hen—I am going to kill her."

A. L. COLCLEUGH, No. 189, Section 1.

A wealthy New Yorker who was about to be married placed a \$100 bill in the vest pocket of his dress suit as a fee for the minister. After the ceremony he took out what he supposed to be the intended fee and handed it to the parson. Immediately after the wedding festivities he went to Europe on a wedding tour, but left his dress suit at home. On the return a reception was held, at which he wore the suit in which he was married. Happening to put his hand in his vest pocket, he found something which on examination proved to be the \$100 he supposed he had given the minister as the wedding fee. In consternation he sought the minister and inquired what it was he had given him for marrying him. The minister replied: "You gave me a small chew of tobacco done up in tissue paper."

FRANCIS J. CUSHING, No. 49, Section 1.

Mose's employer gave him a dollar with which to purchase a chicken. It was the biggest piece of silver Mose had ever handled, and before parting with it he took it to show to his mammy, who, on learning what he was told to do with it, said: "Here, you Mose, you done gib dat dollar to yo' mammy. The idea of you payin' a dollah fo' a chicken! Who eve' heerd tell of such a thing! You jes hike off an' git dat chicken in de natcheral way."

ISABEL J. COOPER, No. 495, Section 1.

Last spring I met an old Darkey that I had not seen for several years. I said to him, "Hello, Uncle Rastus, is it possible that you are still living?"

He said: "Yes, sah. Oh, yes, I'se still libin', an' I'se gwine to live on anudder yeah."

I said: "How do you know that you are going to live another year? You know you are getting old."

He said: "I knows it for shoah, 'case I'se got a pow'ful good sign I goes by."

I said: "What is that sign, Uncle Rastus?"

He said: "'Case I has bin noticing fah de lass three or four yeahs, dat when I libes through de month of March I libes on anudder yeah!"

J. T. CRAWFORD, No. 148, Section 1.

The young daughter of a prominent Western man, while on her first trip East, attended a reception at which she was presented to the President.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Roosevelt," she gurgled. "I have often heard papa speak of you."

MARGARET DURELL, No. 275, Section 1.

It happened in the sunny South at a prayer meeting. The congregation of colored people had listened with patience to the average three hours' sermon. The average number were snoring or peacefully sleeping, when the colored parson, getting tired of it himself, and hungering for that lil' possum dinner at home, determined to wind up and at the same time let the whole of his flock realize that he was on the job. In a voice roaring like thunder, that brought all the sleepers to their senses, he shouted: "Bredren and Sistahs!!! You pooh sinnahs, do youse know how hot hell am? Well, I'll tell youse! You take all de wood in de woild and put it on wun pile! Take all de coal in de woild an' put it on top of dat wood pile! Take all de oil in de woild and pour it all ober dat coal and wood pile! And set it on fire! Den, you take a man out ob hell and put him in dat fire—he'll freeze to death! Amen. Let us pray." A. J. DENNER, No. 263, Section 1.

In a rural district in Pennsylvania an old-time evangelist, who practiced the use of the "mourners' bench," was urging non-professors to come forward to be prayed for. After repeated exhortations had been given, a tall, sallow youth was seen slowly walking toward the front of the church. The preacher, thinking him to be a "seeker," walked down the aisle, and extending his hand, asked: "My friend, are you looking for salvation?" "Naw," said the youth, "I'm looking for Sal Jones; I want to take her home."

J. H. DURKEE, No. 44, Section 1.

Isaac was calling on his friend, who had a young son. To keep the boy amused while he talked to the father, Isaac gave him a five dollar goldpiece to play with.

The boy immediately put the money in his mouth and swallowed it. Isaac became very much excited and said he must have his money back. The father said, "Now, Isaac, you go home, and you come here tomorrow and I gife you your money."

This somewhat pacified Isaac and he left, but the next morning, bright and early, he was at his friend's for his money.

The father met him at the door with a long face and sad voice and said:

"Isaac, I have gife him salts, I haf gife him castor oil, I haf done every ting in my power, and I can't get but three dollars sixty-five cent out of that boy."

S. M. DENNY, No. 115, Section 1.

A good minister, after coming from minister's meeting one night, found his wife had retired. Feeling hungry, he looked around the pantry for something to eat. He found a box of sardines, but could not find the can opener. So he tried to open it with the screw-driver, but that would not work, and the good man began to swear. His wife, hearing him, called: "John, what are you doing?" "Opening a box of sardines," replied the minister. "What are you opening it with?" inquired the wife. "The screw-driver," replied the minister. "O," said the good wife, "I thought you were opening it with prayer!"

MRS. FRANK DELINE, No. 111, Section 1.

A small boy was much afraid of the dark, and always tried to coax some member of the family to remain with him until he fell asleep. His mother stayed by him some time one night after she had tucked him up, and when at last she felt obliged to go, she said: "Now, you mustn't be afraid, dear, for the angels are all about you."

"Will they be here when you're gone, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed; all around you."

"Well," said the boy, with a despairing sigh, "it does beat the deuce how afraid I am of angels."

MRS. J. PETER, No. 415, Section 1.

The learned man sat gazing on a frog which had served for a successful experiment before the class during the preceding hour. A sandwich from his luncheon lay untasted on the desk, very near the object of his interest. At the door of the room the assistant paused before leaving. Dare he risk the well-known consequences of interrupting the professor during such a time of contemplation?

Summoning his courage, he remarked suggestively: "I shall return about one o'clock, after you



# SOME OF THE 100 STORIES

have had your luncheon." The professor did not move.

On his return the young man found the scientist still absorbed in meditation. The sandwich still lay untouched. But the frog had disappeared!

MISS CLARA E. ESPEY, No. 182, Section 1.

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday school teacher:

"And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas this year?"

"I dunno," said Harry. "I gave him the measles last year."

NELLIE C. CHASE, No. 18, Section 1.

Our little Alfred has a great aversion to work. Admonished to pull some rather large weeds in the back yard, after a faint-hearted lift on one of them, he shouted:

"Mamma, how do you think I'm going to pull these weeds, when the whole world is hitched onto them?"

ESTELLE FULLER, No. 282, Section 1.

Mr. Johnson explained how he was rather peremptorily dismissed by his lady love, in this way:

"Yer see, when I got back fum my Fourt' o' July vacation, I went straight as my foot could carry me to see Miss Malindy. I ax her how she wuz, and she ax me de same, then I up and say 'How is yo' ma standin' de heat?' That's whar I drop my molasses jug. I didn't know her ma was dead."

J. P. FRUIT, No. 421, Section 1.

The family was large, consisting of seven boys, the youngest four years old. The father discovered one of the boys had committed a misdeed for which he was going to punish him. He was unable, however, to discover the culprit.

"I shall have to whip all of you boys so as to be sure and get the right one," said the father.

The youngest, with evident signs of tears on the surface, blubbered out: "Pa is like King Herod, who was going to k-kill all of the l-little boys so as to be s-sure and g-get Jesus."

M. E. FRENCH, No. 394, Section 1.

On a bright Sunday afternoon, as I stood on a street corner awaiting the car, my attention was called to a negro cabin across the street, in a front window of which leaned a huge old negress, (Sally Robinson by name,) eagerly retailing gossip to her neighbor Bill, who lazily lolled against the adjoining fence. Presently there passed a tall, lank negro woman, black as the ace of spades, decked out in a rustling white dress. Eyeing this party contemptuously until she had passed out of hearing, old Sally from the window said: "I say, Bill, duz yu no what it puts me in mine ob to see er black nigger in er white cote?"

"No," said Bill, "I dun no."

"Well—it all'rs mines me ob er fly in er glass ob sweet milk."

(Miss) S. P. GENTRY, No. 330, Section 1.

Two Irishmen employed on a man o' war, finding things a bit slow one morning, decided to liven things up a little. So Dennis, instructed by Mike, placed himself astride one of the big guns and held a deck-pail over the muzzle. "Now," said Dennis, "let 'er go!" Whereupon Mike touched her off and she went, sure enough, likewise Dennis and the pail. When the officer in charge came running up to find out the cause of the explosion, he said: "Michael, what has become of your friend?"

"Oh," said Mike, "he just wint afther a pail of water."

"I see, but when is he coming back?"

"Well," answered Mike, "I'm sure I can't tell exactly, but if he comes back as quick as he wint, he'll be back yisterday."

G. W. GOODWIN, No. 89, Section 1.

Bobby was very much interested in the green chameleon that his sister had showed him on the leaves of a wisteria vine. The next day, seeing the chameleon a brilliant red, the little fellow came bursting into his sister's room, exclaiming: "Oh, Sis! Come and look at him now—he's ripe!"

MABEL HALL, No. 227, Section 1.

A countryman visited a menagerie and saw a hippopotamus for the first time. He looked at the strange beast in mute astonishment; then after a

moment he turned away with an expression of disgusted incredulity, and remarked: "Oh, hell! There ain't no such animal!"

R. T. HOUSE, No. 410, Section 1.

I do not think this story has ever been in print, and as Mr. A——, who told the story so well, has journeyed to the great Beyond, I will give it as straight as I can.

He said he could never think of a talk he once gave, without an irresistible shake of laughter.

Now, Mr. A—— was an enthusiastic Sunday school worker, also incidentally he professed a great interest in skunks—claiming that they were very worth while animals, and scarcely accorded their due of appreciation.

One day while driving along a country road, on his way to deliver an address, he spied one of the much maligned skunk family scurrying across the roadway, and it suggested an admirable subject to "get on a level with the children's minds, appeal to their interest, and so pave the way to more serious thoughts."

With a great air of mystery he began. "Children," he said, "as I was driving along this morning, I saw just ahead of me something that ran across the road and through a hole in the fence. It was about so long—looked something like a cat, but it was not a cat; had four legs and a large, bushy tail. Now, who can tell me what it was that I saw?"

A pause, during which his young listeners sat wide eyed and silent. "Looked something like a cat," he continued, "had a large, bushy tail, and ran through a hole in the fence."

Another pause, and a breathless silence. "Why, come," he encouraged, "you know what it was; had a large, bushy tail—"

Then a little boy leaned far forward, and in a tense, awe-struck whisper, asked: "Wus it God?"

E. E. HINSON, No. 220, Section 1.

Parson: "I declare, brother Deacon, this is a good chicken. Where did you get it?"

Deacon: "Brer Pastor, I don't think dat's a fair question. When I hear you preach er special surmon, do I ax you whar you got it?"

JOHN A. HARRIS, No. 156, Section 1.

A New York man who frequently visits a friend in Philadelphia once found him in his laboratory, studying a dark brown substance spread out on a sheet of paper.

"I say, Jones," said the scientific person when greetings had been duly exchanged, "would you mind letting me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become sadly impaired by trying all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the accommodating friend; and he promptly opened his mouth.

The professor took some of the substance under analysis and put it on his friend's tongue, whereupon the Philadelphia man worked it around in his mouth for a minute, tasting it as he might have sampled a choice confection.

"Note any effect?" asked the professor.

"Nothing special."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can notice."

"I didn't think it would. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Very bitter."

"Very bitter, eh?" Then, after a pause, "All right, that will do."

By this time the caller's curiosity was aroused. "What is it, anyhow?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know. That's what I am trying to find out. Somebody around here has been poisoning horses with it."

HARRY HOFFMAN, No. 448, Section 1.

Two Irishmen were digging a sewer. One of them was a big, strong man about six feet four inches in height, and the other one was a little, puny man about four feet six inches. The foreman came along to see how the work was progressing, and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other. "Look here," he cried, "how is it that little Dennis Dugan, who is only half your size, is doing nearly twice as much work as you, Patrick?" Glancing down to his partner, Pat replied: "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he nearer to it?"

JOSEPH HAKY, JR., No. 412, Section 1.



signs of difficulty in the establishment, but with increasing confidence as the work progressed, and when the first enterprise was successfully established the observers began to say to themselves, "If these men can succeed, what is to prevent us from accomplishing something in a similar direction?" And thus the impulse communicated itself to others. Example awakened in them a desire for the enhancement of their own conditions. That desire prompted them to investigate their own capabilities, and investigation, with its attendant effort, proved their ability, and became the immediate parent of self-reliance. Through one mind after another this process ran until it culminated in a city, noisy with the whirr of wheels and the rattle of hammers, and wealthy from the products of both individual and corporate industrial activity.

No farmer ever succeeded in producing a crop larger than the average yield per acre in his neighborhood, without becoming a public benefactor. Every success impels some other man to try to reach the same results, and every determined trial strengthens the man who makes the effort, bringing into manifestation more and more of the power of the inner man. Every field of labor, whether of muscle or of mind, has felt the impetus of this force.

Any example which will prompt you to search for your own peculiar powers and inspire you to utilize them will, if persistently pursued, elevate your estimate of yourself and strengthen your belief in your fellowmen. The consideration of that persistent pursuit brings us to a discussion of the necessity of the determination to accomplish some particular purpose in life.

The beneficent results of a determined will are apparent from earliest infancy to old age. All along the pathway of life it makes friends, success and sunshine for him who is working honestly and persistently for the attainment of some fixed purpose.

Contrast two infants who are learning

to walk: one is persistent in seeking that perfect command of the muscles of its body which will enable it to succeed; it strives assiduously, with a determination which cannot be mistaken; it falls, but rises and makes another effort in the same direction, possibly in another way, but never for one moment losing sight of the purpose in view. Effort succeeds effort, until success is attained. The other child is deficient in determination; it falls and cries over the injury received, and helplessly awaits assistance.

There is a vast difference in the effects these two children have upon those who observe their actions. The one with self-confidence is applauded, while the other without it is scolded. Follow them further into life: they enter school, and both teacher and pupil admire the one who studies with a definite purpose in view, while the other is censured or ignored. The one who strives diligently to excel, stands at the head of his class, while the other remains at the foot. One develops a character of mentality which renders it practically incapable of failure; the other passively permits himself to lapse into a state where he becomes incapable of ambition in any direction.

A few years later you will find the boy with a purpose in classes with pupils much older than himself; he will have advanced beyond his age; but, on the other hand, you will discover the one without a determined purpose associated with children younger than himself and still dragging along, the victim of his own unbelief and indifference. One youth is sought by parents as a companion for their boys, the other is shunned because of his indolence and lack of determination.

As these boys reach maturity the habits of thought become more manifest. The one with a purpose in life becomes more successful as time goes on, and strives ever to reach the goal of his ambitions. He becomes a leader among men and wins the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.



The idle one becomes discouraged because he cannot accomplish great things without expending his energies, lives a useless life, has few friends and most discouraging prospects. He has gravitated to the bottom of the scale where others of like ideas have gathered, living in an apathetic way, pressed by poverty, only engaging in work when necessity compels.

And so it is through all of life. The individual who, by his energetic character, wins for himself a place of honor and trust, is ever an incentive to the one who believes in his own innate power to reach the highest plane of accomplishment possible to attain.

Bear in mind that a definite purpose, to be fruitful of the most desired results, *must be associated with good judgment*. Prudence must be exercised in all undertakings. Multitudes of failures have resulted from a reckless confidence in supposed ability. The great heights of attainment have ever been reached by constant, painstaking effort, and it is the man who has been "faithful over a few things" who is fitted for the great undertakings of life.

The man who undertakes to acquire an education must realize that it can only be obtained by years of patient industry, and he who would make a financial success in the ordinary lines of business must bear in mind that as a rule those who become wealthy start from a small foundation and gradually build for

years, until they accumulate the great stores which are so often the envy of their fellowmen.

All great things in their incipency had small beginnings, and power is evolved measure by measure. *Whatever one man has done, you can learn to do* if you only know how to begin. If you do not know how to begin the work you desire to accomplish, go to some one who has succeeded in that line. Ask him, and you will find that every man whose example is worthy of emulation is always willing to lend the assistance of advice to anyone who is willing to exercise his own effort to the fullest capacity.

With a high purpose in life, a disposition to work, a belief in one's own ability, and a willingness *to learn to do by doing*, no one need have any doubt of success, because he holds the key to success in his hand.

The world to-day is filled with marvelous examples of what it is possible to accomplish when one is willing to count only the victories won, to see only the virtues of humanity, and to choose for himself the pathway that leads to the mountain top of achievement.

Choose for yourself this day the "perfect copy," step by step ascend the ladder of life, whose every rung is a successful experience; and soon your powers of attainment will evolve and become manifest in the greatest accomplishment.





# Work Cures An Ingrowing Disposition

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



Did you ever suffer from an ingrowing nail?

This malady sometimes attacks the extremities of the body and causes severe pain and disfigurement.

Taken in its incipency, it can be avoided, and the hands and feet saved from blemishes.

But tenfold more dreadful in its disastrous results is *an ingrowing disposition*.

Just as the nails on the hands and feet are intended to grow outward and to form decorations for the extremities, so the human character is meant to reach out and upward in its tendencies.

The moment our thoughts begin to turn constantly in upon our own anxieties, troubles, cares and disappointments, the moment we find ourselves dwelling persistently upon our own needs, losses, deprivations and injuries from the hands of friend, foe, or fate, that moment we are beginning to suffer from *an ingrowing disposition*.

Unless we act promptly, and with decision, and prevent further trouble by correcting the abnormal tendency at the very start of the malady, inconceivable misery awaits us.

The ingrowing nail cuts into the flesh and produces inflammation and congestion.

The ingrowing disposition cuts into the heart and soul and produces mental disease.

The ingrowing nail has made amputation of a limb necessary; it has produced blood poisoning and death.

The ingrowing disposition has caused the amputation of the real divine character; it has resulted in the death of the *real self*.

It has driven away friends and caused love to die, and brought loneliness and sorrow to replace companionship and joy.

If you have any symptom of this malady, begin today to apply the knife of *will power* and the salve of common sense. Bring out the mental qualities which have turned in, and turn their growth up and out where they belong.

Do not permit yourself to brood over your real or fancied troubles.

As soon as your mind begins to dwell upon such topics, occupy it with some study or duty. Go and visit a friend who needs cheering; entertain a child or an old person; begin a new language or the study of music or art.

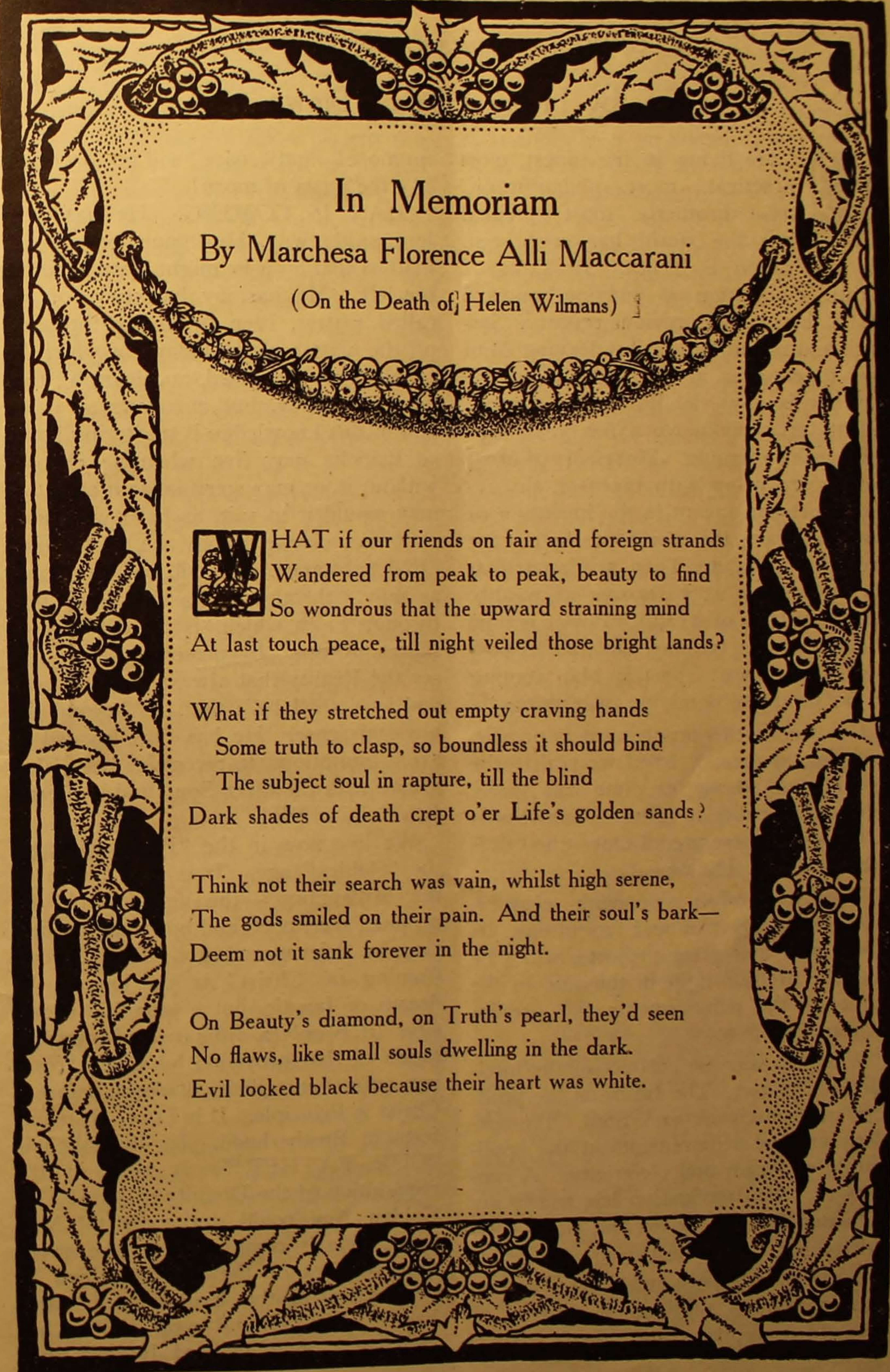
Work in the open air, dig in the garden, play golf or tennis. Find something to do that will take your thoughts from your petty self, and turn your disposition out to helpfulness and wholesome growth and away from morbid introspection.

No physical malady can threaten you with such misery as the ingrowing disposition.

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## In Memoriam

By Marchesa Florence Alli Maccarani

(On the Death of Helen Wilmans)

HAT if our friends on fair and foreign strands  
Wandered from peak to peak, beauty to find  
So wondrous that the upward straining mind  
At last touch peace, till night veiled those bright lands?

What if they stretched out empty craving hands  
Some truth to clasp, so boundless it should bind  
The subject soul in rapture, till the blind  
Dark shades of death crept o'er Life's golden sands?

Think not their search was vain, whilst high serene,  
The gods smiled on their pain. And their soul's bark—  
Deem not it sank forever in the night.

On Beauty's diamond, on Truth's pearl, they'd seen  
No flaws, like small souls dwelling in the dark.  
Evil looked black because their heart was white.



# Practical Lessons in Telepathy

## VII. CONSCIOUS COMMUNICATION BY THOUGHT

By Henry Harrison Brown



WE are living in the sanest, most practical, most philanthropic, most brotherly, most spiritual age the world has ever seen. Its inspiration is Truth. In Love of Truth civilization is moving onward faster than in any previous century. Science and invention are fast leaving Man less to conquer in the material world. The air is now yielding to his control. Silent forces unknown a few years ago are now his servants. Possessors of great wealth are vying with inventor, discoverer, poet and savant in the invention of ways to leave the world the better for their living in it. They are regarding themselves not as *possessors* of wealth, but as *trustees* of wealth. Power is now sought, not for tyranny, but that its possessor may bless. Fast is Man coming to his promised dominion over things.

Great as is this progress, it is puerile, trifling and useless, when we realize the nothingness of matter, time and space. The only Reality is Mind—Soul—Spirit—God—for these are all One—the ONE who is "ALL IN ALL."

The wonderful nineteenth century, with its discoveries and inventions, its great men and great projects, will pale like the fireflies' light in the sun, in the light of the achievements the present century has in store.

The past was the product of the intellect and matter. The future is the product of Conscience and Soul. Tremendous are the achievements in the application of steam and electricity. A century of steam navigation has nearly annihilated distance by sea and land. Electricity has utterly destroyed all our old conceptions of space and time. The new development is destined to destroy all the old conceptions, and "time" shall be

no more! And "space" will be forgotten, like the mists of morn!

MAN IS COMING. He has been long on the way. He stopped to toy with matter, that by it he might learn to know himself. He has, by his study of so-called matter, been gradually throwing off the matrix of the animal in which he found himself encased, and learning that he is not body, but *manifests* as body, and in this knowledge is mastering body, so that he may live when he chooses without it, or may spiritualize it at will—may mould it to suit, as he now moulds clay. For clay and body are of the same ONE substance. He will not long look, as now, "through a glass darkly," but, through Faith which "is the evidence of things unseen," by present visions, will see the Reality that always "was, is now and ever shall be"; that lies beyond the physical sense. He has thus learned to avoid limitations, to recognize his SELF as one with the Over-Soul, and to affirm, I AM DIVINE!

We live now in the "Promised" age, the "Golden" age. It is the "Dawn of the Millennium"—the age foretold by prophet, seer, poet, and now made necessary by Science and Art. The "Second Coming of Christ" is no longer the dream of fanatic, but a scientific necessity. It is only a difference of interpretation of that provision by which "coming events cast their shadows before!" Christ is Principle. It is Love. It manifests in Brotherhood. Its shibboleth is "OUR FATHER!" It rises in the recognition of the Divinity of Man! This Golden Age could not come till Man came. He is coming out of the swaddling clothes of the animal, which he necessarily, in the Evolution of Mind, had to take on and wear till he had completely individualized himself as a



Thinker. Only as he could abort the animal conditions, could he bring all that is not himself under his control. Not till he learned his Unity with the One, could he be Self Controlled. The key to this Age is Self Control. He commenced to study and improve upon his environment. Last he commenced upon himself; and, learning himself, he learns that he is that in expression which he thinks he is, and being in reality Divinity, he is learning to think harmoniously, and thus by thought is bringing in that Golden age—the age of Conscious Thinking, self-controlled thinking. "Ideas rule the world," and he is learning to *select* the ideas which shall rule.

This knowledge is here—crude, it is true, in many ways, but it is *here*—in the many metaphysical, psychical, occult, cryptic, Oriental, healing and spiritual schools, orders, systems, cults and institutions. Through these he is fast gaining, not only control of Self, but of those forces that are Not self. The Great Discovery that opens to him this goal of spiritual mastery, as the discovery of fire opened the mastery of matter, is the discovery, through Telepathy, that **THOUGHT IS POWER**. In these lessons of mine, and those of Ernest Weltmer, you, as students, are learning, with Franklin and his kite, with Watt and his teapot lid, with Edison and his chemicals in the baggage car, how to use **POWER**. Theirs was steam and electricity—yours is Thought. Where will your efforts end? Ask the Wright brothers where their discovery of a method of making air serve their vessel, will end. Go back one hundred years, and ask Fulton. New York, while I write this, is celebrating the progress of one hundred years. Where will steam be in one hundred years to come? Probably superseded by some form of force not yet discovered.

Yes. This is my purpose: to teach the power of Thought, so that we may by it outgrow the need of using these crude modes of motion, and by Thought do all that is required to be done. Quixotic? Yes, I admit it is now, but not so much so as steam navigation was one

hundred and fifty years ago, or electric locomotion fifty years ago. But never forget—**THOUGHT IS POWER!** And all that is done is done by Power! What shall limit Thought? Electricity, says Edison, is limited only by our ignorance. A friend who is an inventor, says to me: "Pay me for doing it, and I will invent an electric machine to do whatever you wish. It is as ductile in my hands as clay in the hands of potter! All I need is the money to furnish material, and pay for my time!" Is thought any less ductile, because more subtle?

All that Mind can ever do, is now. "When ye pray," said Jesus, "pray believing ye *have* these things!" If any desired thing or condition does not exist now in the Divine Reality, waiting, as rose in bud, to manifest, then it never will manifest, for it is not. But the finite expression of Infinity cannot think of that which is not already in Infinity. Therefore, the very fact that I can think of Thought doing all that every other form of Motion does, is evidence that it will do it when there are brains that **BELIEVE** and **LET** it do.

If you have practiced faithfully you, through experience, *do* believe and are ready for the coming of Manhood in you, when you shall no longer be confined to pen and paper, to telegraph and telephone; and will have faith to look forward to the time when the race will see without eyes, hear without ears, converse without language, and travel without material conveyance. But that I believe this, I would not teach another hour. Through the phenomena such as you are developing I find the sure promise of the redemption of the Race from ignorance, sorrow, pain, poverty, disease and death. For this reason you are to reverently practice and become, each of you, a benefactor to hasten the day which has been foretold as the "Day of the Lord." But remember, Man is the Lord from heaven!

To verify somewhat more my prophecies, follow the practice advised and add this:

Select some person with whom you

*I am very anxious to find a good friend who will be willing to share*



have sympathy. Sit down and concentrate upon him or her. After a few moments, write a letter to him. Wait in concentration a few minutes, then, in attitude of listening, write what comes telepathically; or let your hand write automatically. Keep this answer. Send your original letter to him and await his reply. William T. Stead has been very successful in this. When the answer comes, compare it with the telepathic one, and do not jump to the conclusion, if you find it does not agree, that you have made a mistake. If you kept your own personal opinions and desires in abeyance, it is *true*, no matter what the letter written by hand of friend may say. You have been simply an amanuensis, and are not responsible. Wait awhile. The conduct of the friend will tell if he wrote Truth. We often disguise our real feelings and do not tell, act or write the real feelings. But when Soul writes, it is Truth. If you really received the Soul message—and a little practice will enable you to distinguish between Soul and your own imagination—you will find you wrote Truth. Learn to trust Spirit. Learn to wait. Truth IS. Error is not. We cannot FEEL that which is not. Therefore falsehood has no vibrations. By noticing this fact, you will soon learn to distinguish between truth and error in persons, words and conduct. This takes you into the field of Reality, and hereafter you will never be deceived.

Whenever you attempt this form of communication, you must believe in the Power, in the possibility of the communication, and above all, must believe in your own integrity. If you are Falsehood, if you are thus a cipher, you can no more receive or send a message than a dead battery can send a telegram. Much of the failure in this study comes from this want of sincerity, this want of consecration to Truth. Too many enter this field of investigation with pre-conceived opinions, with prejudice and with unbelief. They get no results. They are nothing, and can neither send nor receive anything. They are like the old woman

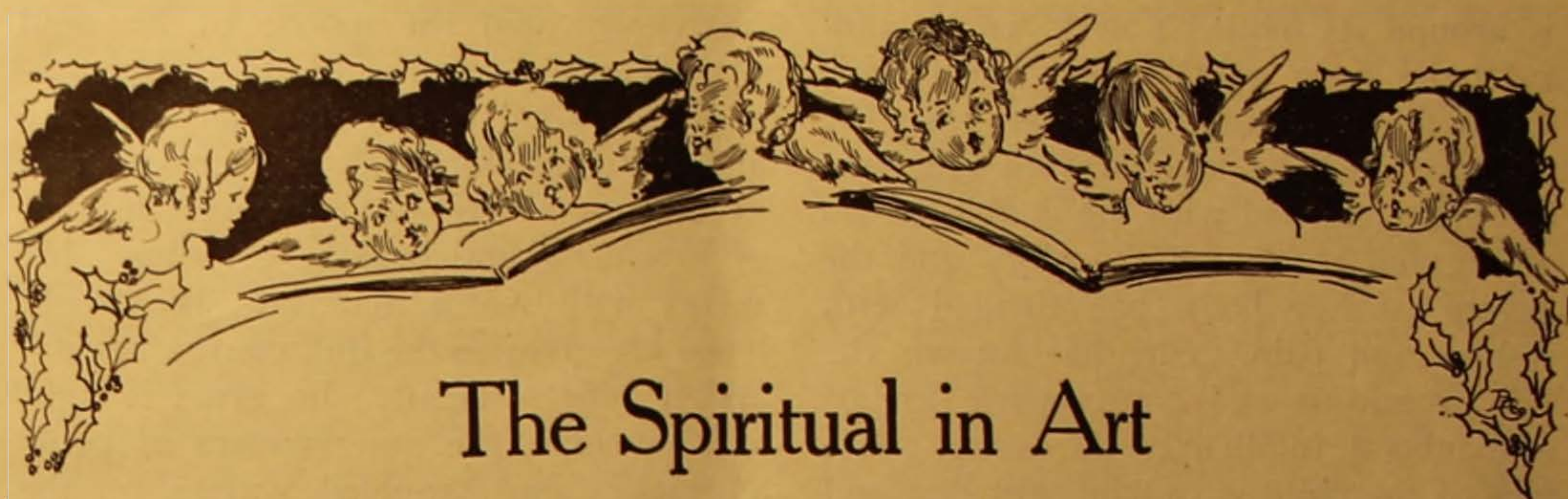
I heard of. She wished a tree in her front yard removed to her back yard. She looked up the text of Scripture and prayed. In the morning she saw the tree in the place it was the night before, and exclaimed: "Just as I expected." So is it with many. When no message is received, they exclaim: "Just as I expected." Would you develop in your line, avoid all such till you have become so positive that you don't sense their mistrust and doubt.

A gentleman once came into our office and wished to be convinced of the genuineness of telepathy. Mr. Foulds consented to let him test him. He was told to hide a pin. He did so. When Mr. Foulds was called to find it, he went to a corner of the carpet and fumbled, but did not find it. "But I can only feel to hunt here," he said. Soon he jumped up and ran to a window sill and picked up the pin. "I am satisfied," said the gentleman. "I held my mind on that corner of the carpet. But when I changed to the window sill, you ran at once to it."

In this case it worked well. But too often parties will never concentrate upon the place, either through smartness (?) or inability or pure meanness. Honesty on part of transmitter is as necessary as on the part of receiver. Many fail in all psychical investigation because they do not have the right frame of mind. Be positive that you are right, and fear not. "You have made a mistake!" said a lady to me one evening when I was giving some experiments. "Madam," said I, "I cannot make a mistake. I sense your vibrations and they can no more deceive me than vibrations from that light. Soul never speaks falsely!" A lady at close of meeting came to me and said: "I have lived neighbor to that woman for twenty years, and I know you are right!"

You are working in the Spiritual realm, where thought is individualized Power. Once you enter consciously there, there is nothing but Truth. Emerson says: "We know Truth when we see it, as we know light!" I am instructing you how thus to FEEL, to SEE TRUTH.





## The Spiritual in Art

By Uriel Buchanan



The beauty of the sun and moon, the sublimity of night, the music of day-break, the rosy flood of morning, the tender light of the skies, and all things which have the power of communicating joy, exist for each separate man and convey different impressions to each according to his temperament, sympathy and receptiveness. Behind all beauty there is some spirit hidden, of which the various forms are but modes of manifestation, and it is with this spirit that the true artist desires to become attuned. There is not a delicate perfume or a single tint of color concealed in the petals of a rose, to which, by some subtle sympathy with the soul of things, his nature does not respond. The artist is a supreme individualist. He knows what joy is; he knows what sorrow is. Joy and sorrow are modes through which he realizes his conception of the beautiful. Sorrow is the most sensitive of all emotions. It vibrates in terrible and exquisite pulsation and touches chords in the human heart that nothing else can reach. It unseals all the wells of pity and brings the imprisoned soul out of its lonely and selfish exile into harmony with the great yearning heart of the world. Just as the body converts food of all kinds into vitality and strength,

into beautiful muscles and fair flesh, into the curves and colors of the hair, the lips, the eye; so the soul can transform experiences of sorrow into noble moods of thought, and build ideals out of its yearnings, so those who have seen nothing of life's mysteries will see them clearly, and others who have been dumb under oppression will find that their anguish is taken away.

Only the great artist endowed with sympathy and kindness, one for whom beauty and sorrow have the same message, can project his visions on canvas, and by the magic of creative imagery depict what his soul has seen and experienced.

Here is the picture of an old man who dreams of the vanished years while holding in his hands a worn and faded letter written by a beloved comrade who has passed into silence and rest. His calm features and the attitude of his body indicate resignation to the inevitable; but there is a look in his eyes that reveals the intensity of his soul, in its solitude and loneliness, searching the unknown through a mist of tears for some consoling response to his yearnings.

Only one who has had this sense of loneliness, or has read the tragic story of the passion of some man for some woman, can feel the spirit of this love and realize through its voiceless pain his conception of the beautiful.

Here is a picture of mother and child. Its head touches hers; cheek caresses cheek. Golden curls hang loose about



its rounded shoulders. One little arm is around its mother's neck, one beautiful hand rests gently upon her bosom. Upon the brow of the woman rests the perfume and the loveliness of one who has been crowned with the double crown of lily and rose. All the glory and the beauty of her body has thrilled with ecstasy and pain. She has known the full, wondrous and consummate joy of womanhood fulfilled to all desire. The face of the child is radiant with joy and the blushes of health. Its full, rounded cheeks hold back laughter. In this white flame and the red of mortal life, it is to be a child of gladness and beauty. When people look into its eyes they must see a dancing sparkle there. It may be that they feel, too, something of its great happiness. The picture has that deep spiritual power which makes music of the painter's work. It bears us into spacious places where are long, straight vistas into the beauty and grandeur of life.

There is another picture of this child in the woods and grassy places by the sea, where light and heat and sweet smells and gentle noises hurry to and fro with the playful wind. The sun sends down a kind heat and quivers merrily through the damp sweetness of the trees. The child is dancing in the white sand in harmony with the soft sound of the sea and the whispering trees. It is exultant in the keen joy of bounding, glowing youth. It trembles with the fierce energy that thrills through all its veins. Its whole being is strung tight with quivering life and wonderful joy. It seems to say: "I am so glad to live. O, world, sing and play and shout and laugh with me!" Thus come and pass the golden days in the child's beautiful land. This picture is an impression—fleeting, fluid, unfinished—but no painter of the fleeting glory of life could do much better than that; it comes to us, as by chance, like a wave of the sea out of its deeps.

The artist has not only portrayed the serenity of motherhood and the lovely

merriment of children, but has endowed his visions and the moods of his soul with beautiful forms and colors that impress the mind with a spiritual influence and uplifting emotion. His dreams and visions and desires have become children of loveliness and breaths of song. He works with world materials, the world hues. He gives to the dull canvas beauty, and it reflects beauty; he gives it light and sunshine, the quiet waters of pools and lakes and troubled waters of the seas; he paints the flowers of meadow and woodland and the shadowy hill. The picture gives answer to the artist's passionate delight in the world's beauty. He creates a body from his visions and gives a pulse to its heart; it springs into life under his touch, and reflects all that he knows or dreams of beauty, all that he believes of goodness and truth.

There is an eternal mystery of beauty that moves in the shadow of life, which comes to us on secret wings, with the sound and breath of forgotten things. It whispers of infinite love and sympathy. The artist who can catch and construe into words, or music, or pictures, the magical beauty, the dreams and visions and intimations of that supersensuous world, must have the attentive spirit and the brooding mind. The man who devotes his talent to the diffusion of the beautiful should invoke our deepest and most passionate enthusiasm. He withdraws the veil from our eyes so that the spirit of beauty enters the heart and adorns the soul. Art is a spiritual culture whose highest conceptions are never brought down to the physical plane. Loveliness is not confined to the statue and the picture; it must become life. The picture must break into voice, and the statue must take unto itself feet. The study of art throws light upon the mystery of life and develops a broader conception of truth, beauty and freedom in man.

Art in its purest sense is the spiritual flower of the mind and soul. It demands the highest and best in human life. It is a white flame that feeds upon and is



nourished by deep emotions and dream ideals, and infinite yearnings. Art cannot be forced. Power of expression comes to birth in its own time and fills and expands and overwhelms the soul. We always see something more beautiful than we can describe, in the far distance, leading us ever on into the infinite. Glimpses of greater things are revealed to us, making what we have done seem small. But there is great joy in the effort to reach out and possess this vision. Though we may seize only fragments and express imperfectly what has been felt and lived so intensely, others will be inspired to take up the brush or pen and find their own methods to express their thoughts and give reality to dreams of beauty. Where the mind falters and can do nothing, there the soul feels most powerfully. Visions of truth and beauty dazzle us with their white radiance, and we feel them with utter absorption. Each moment of such rapture is worth years of prosaic life. We feel ourselves akin to all things impalpable; alive to that spirit which thrills us with pulsations of peace and power. "Oh, Infinite Spirit, let me dream into Thee!" is ever the yearning of those who seek the true and beautiful.

It is the artist and the dreamer who sees for us the things that are nearer the eternal reality; the things that endure; the ideals that bring the radiant truth into our lives. Genius feels all the things out of sight; it knows the mysteries wherewith life is filled. It absorbs from everything its soul and makes it part of its own. It absorbs the soul of a man or the soul of a woman as one would absorb the fragrance of a rose. It absorbs the soul of a sunset or the soul of the surging sea. It bathes its soul in their elements of power and beauty

with a freedom as wide and deep as their own. The great artist, who lives most and feels most, must have a body and mind sensitively attuned to the elements of nature. He must be outwardly passive, silent, receptive for long periods of time, while inwardly absorbed in an intensity of thought, emotion, delight, pain and exquisite realizations. Few can understand this silence and inertia of genius. But upon such alone does the spirit of life play its divine harmonies and reveal the tender mysteries of its beauty.

True art shows strength in repose; but with unmeasured capacity for action. It shows dignity and purity and simplicity; it shows perfect balance and exquisite beauty and poise. It is the avenue for the expression of that part of man's nature which takes hold upon and demands as its right the things that are unseen and eternal.

Truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself, the outward expressing the inward. Art is a symbol, and man is a symbol. The artistic life is self-development. Perfection is reached in art by studying truth of proportion, and the material perfection suggests a corresponding spiritual perfection.

The poet must sing, the sculptor must give expression to his thoughts in marble and bronze, and the painter make the world a mirror for his moods, as surely as roses must bud and blossom in spring, and the bracken burn to amber and flame-lit bronze in the autumn. In words or in colors, in music or in marble, the artist's message must be revealed.

As every perfect work of art is the fulfillment of a prophecy, so every man should be the realization of a worthy ideal that will subserve the highest needs of his nature.





## My Recollections of Helen Wilmans

By William Walker Atkinson

**I** CANNOT remember just when I first became acquainted with Helen Wilmans, through her writings. It was, however, some time in the summer of 1900, at a time when I was struggling hard to regain my health and energy, which had been swept away, a short time before, together with my little accumulation of money, leaving me stranded financially, mentally, and physically. I had begun the work of rebuilding myself by the power I found latent within myself, and which had been aroused into activity through the inspiration of Mental Science. I was getting along fairly well, but it was hard work, and I had found very little help from outside—I was digging away at my own mentality for help. Then I happened to stumble across something which Helen had dashed off for her magazine, "*Freedom*."

I do not remember just what was the name of the article in question, nor do I remember just what it was about. But I *do* remember that, whatever it was, it started into activity something within myself, just as I imagine the first warm rain of spring starts into activity a "something" within the germ of the seed buried in the ground. I distinctly remember that from that moment the "I" within me began to assert its presence and power. Not the intellect, nor the feelings, nor even the will, as these terms are generally used. I became conscious that the real "I" within me was

a something of which these mental faculties were but phases of manifestation or instruments of expression. It was akin to being "born again"—that is the best way in which I can express the change. And yet I am sure that it was not the mere words or sentiments expressed in the article from her pen—for had it been these, I would have remembered them forever. I did not even clip the article, but laid aside the journal carelessly, and never saw it again—I would not recognize the article if I saw it today. To tell the truth, I believe that I *caught the spirit* of Helen Wilmans, rather than her ideas. I understand these things a little better now.

Shortly after this, I came across her "*Conquest of Poverty*," and felt a decided inspiration from its pages. It was not the mere idea of her success in accumulating money that impressed me, but the evidences of her *living spirit* that flashed out between the lines. My torch of Life had been lighted from that of this woman whom I never had met. It is hard to describe this, but others who have experienced a similar manifestation will understand me, I am sure. I did not become a "follower" or worshipper of Helen Wilmans—her personality meant little to me—but I knew that she had passed something on to me which was now *mine*. These things happen in life very often. Just as a spark flashes out from an electrified object to another object, so does one mind or spirit flash



its spark to another which is ready to receive its power. I did not write this woman, telling her how much good she had done me, and how much I was indebted to her for it—I simply accepted as my own that which had come to me. Ungrateful, possibly, but it seemed natural to me at the time—and now.

Some time after this I wrote an article for an obscure publication, under a pseudonym and without pay, in which I "properly roasted" what I considered an unwarranted interference with personal liberty on the part of the medical authorities of a certain city—in the persecution of a man who was practicing mental healing. The article was somewhat caustic and severe, and attracted some attention at the time, being copied into other publications. In a few weeks the publication received a letter addressed to the writer of that article—myself, under a "fancy name." I was surprised at the sight of it, and still more surprised when upon opening it I read these words (as nearly as I can recollect them): "*Go for 'em! Hit 'em again! They need it! It will do 'em good! Helen Wilmans.*" And folded in the letter was a banknote, with these words pinned on it: "Just a little lubricating oil for the writer—guess he can use it in his business." He *could*, and *did*.

In the several years which followed, I had some correspondence with Helen regarding Mental Science work, for I was fairly embarked in New Thought writing by that time. She was always ready with a cheering word, and an encouraging slap on the shoulder—and equally ready with plain, blunt criticism when she thought that I was "losing my grip," or was wandering away from the main road of Mental Science in pursuit of transcendental will-o'-the-wisps. Helen was no "jollier"—she was a good friend, and never hesitated to speak her mind plainly to those in whom she took an interest. We exchanged books and magazines, but she did this with scores of others. People who have thought

that Helen was self-centered and selfish have no knowledge of the little things that she did for others who were working along the same lines, and whom she might have regarded as competitors. There was nothing small about this woman—she was "big" and broad and generous. There was something characteristically masculine in her style, when she was thoroughly in earnest. Somehow, I never thought of her as a woman, when reading her letters. And yet, those who knew her best, personally, testify to her possession of distinctively womanly qualities and actions. Like the majority of great people, Helen had many sides to her character. Only from the testimony of many people can such a composite character be reconstructed in history.

The first time I met Helen personally was in Los Angeles, in the summer of 1905. I was living in California at that time, and Helen had come there for rest in the midst of her troubles arising from the legal proceedings of the Postoffice Department, directed against her absent healing practice. I visited her at her house, after having previously met her at a dinner given in her honor. I was very much struck with her atmosphere of personal power and strength of will. Instead of finding her crushed and careworn from the reverses which had come upon her, and which had swept away the greater part of her fortune, I saw a brave woman manifesting every evidence of an indomitable spirit and iron will. At that time she was well into her seventies, but looked and acted as if she was at least twenty years younger. She looked forward toward living for many years more, but qualified this by adding: "that is, *if I want to—if I want to.*"

"Do you know," she added, "I find it somewhat difficult to maintain my former keen *desire* to live on in the body. I fight against this backsliding, but somehow at times I find my *desire* slipping away from me, and I know that if that once weakens, my will is gone, and that will be the end of me." She said that



formerly she hated the very thought of old age and death, and this brought on the keen desire to live on, which she had manifested. "But," she added, "now it is merely a hatred of old age and decay alone; the idea of death, sleep, or extinction—whatever it may be—does not repel me as once it did. Do you know, Mr. Atkinson," she added, somewhat confusedly, "sometimes I think that if it were not for Charlie, I doubt whether I would care for continued life? Of course this is all nonsense, but it seems real to me at times."

But she displayed no weakness whatsoever regarding the fundamental tenets of her Mental Science faith—she held firmly to her belief in the "I" and the "Law of Attraction." She attributed much of her trouble to having become "side-tracked" by outside matters in Seabreeze, and to having her attention diverted away from her main work. I remember her daughter Ada questioning her mother's judgment regarding the contemplated purchase of something costing more money than might be advisable in view of their reduced means. Helen raised her head and announced that she did not intend admitting any lack of money in that fashion—if the thing were needed, by all means purchase it—the money would come in response to the need. There was no weakening of faith or spirit evident in Helen, even under the apparently unfavorable circumstances.

I left California for Chicago shortly after, and Helen went back to Florida. I never saw her again. We exchanged some few letters, and she always managed to keep up her former tone of courage and superiority to Fate. In one of her letters she said that she had often been criticised for her great love of money. She wrote that this might have been just criticism, in a sense, "but," she added, "you must remember that in my early life I was poor—*deadly poor*—and in working out of that condition I raised a very whirlwind of Desire which, while bringing me material wealth, may have

also brought the evils of money in its train. Be this as it may," she said, "I am now beginning to see other and better things than money, even though I now have much less money than for many years. I seem to be starting on the road to a *new* Conquest—of what I know not, but I know I shall *win out*, whatever it is."

In the early part of 1907 I wrote a book which I dedicated to her, as follows:

To My Friend  
HELEN WILMANS,

whose writings gave me inspiration, courage, determination, and will, when I sorely needed them, this little volume is respectfully inscribed.

"... but, one day, the sturdy lion, the monarch of the wilds, was grievously wounded by the arrows of the hunters, and crept away to seek rest and shelter. But, alas! in its hour of need, it attracted to itself the kicks from the hoofs of the wild-asses of the desert, and the malicious snaps of the jackals which formerly partook of the scraps of the feast of the monarch. Such is life, my son;—when the mighty are fallen low, then cometh the day of the lesser ones."—*Ancient Persian Fable*.

Upon receiving a copy of this book she wrote me a long letter, in which she stated that her faith was as strong as ever, and her spirit as firm as in her palmiest days, but that "somehow, I feel myself losing my *desire* to live. I know that I can revive my desire by the application of my will—but, do you know, *I don't want to*, enough to stir myself. I feel, somehow, as if my work was done. But, nevertheless, I feel that I have much other work to do, somewhere, somehow, sometime—can you throw any light on this feeling? I cannot live without work—and my work here is finished, apparently. Is this new feeling the call to work somewhere else—if so, *where?*" She went on to say that the idea of a Heaven of idleness, halo-wearing and hymn-singing was repugnant to her, but that "if there is a Heaven of active work, I want to get there, for here on earth they won't let me work any more. Without work, I am stagnating—I *must go wherever there is work for me*." This from a woman



approaching eighty years of age, mind you!

A few months later her husband, "Charlie," passed away, and a little later Helen followed him. I do not know where she is now, nor what she is doing, but away down deep in my heart I feel that she has again found her work, somehow, somewhere. For, at the last, this was her one desire, and her will always followed close upon the heels of her desires—her thought manifested in action

very speedily. And, if there be work to be done on other planes of life, I am sure that Helen Wilmans has again found her work, and is doing it well. For *there*—wherever it is—as *here*, I feel that Helen Wilmans is "making good" her favorite maxim:

*"He who dares assert the 'I'*

*May calmly wait*

*While hurrying fate*

*Meets his demand with sure supply."*



## Studies In Reincarnation

### VI. HEREDITY

By Lilian M. Hughes

**D**URING the latter half of the last century, when science was making rapid strides in response to the impetus given it by such men as Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Huxley, it was for a time an almost undisputed proposition that the mental and moral qualities of children were inherited from their parents, and that through the process of natural selection, the race was slowly but surely improving, both mentally and morally.

Now, however, this view of heredity is being widely controverted and more or less abandoned, owing to the exhaustive researches of Professor Weismann and his school of followers, who have gone far to prove, by experiments among the lower animals, that *acquired characters or qualities are not transmissible*.

To quote his own words: "It has never been proved that acquired characters are transmitted, and it has never been demonstrated that, without the aid of such transmission, the evolution of the organic world becomes unintelligible."

By heredity we mean—to speak very simply—the passing on of the established peculiarities of an organism to its descendants, by the natural process of reproduction. In obedience to the known laws which govern this heredity, we are justified in expecting that a sparrow's egg shall produce a sparrow, that a white man's children shall be white, and a black man's black. But when we go further, and expect that the son of a great orator shall inherit the power of fluent speech, or that the son of a brilliant mathematician shall be able to tell



us, with his first lisping utterances, that he has ten toes—before anyone has taught him to count—we lay ourselves open to disappointment. When we assume that a man of noble character, a benefactor of his race, a pillar of righteousness, shall produce sons more noble, if possible, than himself, we discover only too often that his offspring are little better than moral pigmies. If Lamarck's theory of the transmission of acquired characters were correct, the man who has trained himself to self-control, who has cultivated his mind, who has overcome indolence, gluttony, sensuality, and so on, ought to have children inheriting these virtues. But do we not oftener observe the exact opposite to be the case?

Lamarck, the great evolutionist and naturalist, tutor to the son of Buffon, whose work paved the way for Darwin's discoveries (although his conclusions did not satisfy the English scientist), taught that the *changes* produced in an individual by its response to environment, are always transmitted to the offspring. He would say that the penguin, for instance, which was originally a bird, lost its wings because it inhabited ice-bound regions where the power to fly was not necessary to its continued existence, and that the flappers, hanging down at its sides, making it the comical looking creature with which we are all familiar from seeing it in pictures, will eventually turn into a fish's fin. He would say that the first penguin that left off using its wings, passed on that peculiarity to his children, and they to theirs, in an ever-increasing degree. Weismann, on the other hand, would say that the wings degenerated because they were no longer necessary to the continued existence of the bird, and that the change was due to the law of natural selection. There is no *proof* that the character was *inherited*. If this is so among the lower animals, science is being more and more forced to the conclusion that heredity "plays an ever-decreasing part in the evolution of the higher creatures; that mental and moral

qualities are not transmitted from parents to offspring; and that the higher the qualities the more potent is this fact."

The whole subject is one of absorbing interest, and since it is impossible, and would be out of place, in these short studies, to do more than touch upon it, I would refer any of my readers who wish to go into it more fully, to Weismann's own essays "On Heredity," which can be procured from any good library.

If acquired characters *can* be transmitted, why is it that no child can talk, or read, or write without being taught, although its ancestors have all, in turn, for thousands of generations, acquired these accomplishments? It follows that when the fact of a child's resemblance to its parents in character, is held out as an argument *for* heredity *against* reincarnation, it really is no argument at all. Anyone who has studied the subject, knows that the cases in which children do not resemble their parents, either physically or mentally, are far more numerous than those in which they do. When we exclaim that "dear little Polly is the image of her mother," or that overbearing Oliver is "a second edition of his father," is it not just because such a resemblance is uncommon? Were it not so, we should consider the fact so obvious as to deserve no comment. Do we not all know some brilliant man or woman whose parents are eminently commonplace and uninteresting, and whose ancestry was quite undistinguished? Or some wild, dissipated youth descended from generations of Puritanical, straight-laced ministers of religion? Or an intellectual student whose forbears were stolid sons of the soil?

Again, how can we explain, except by reincarnation, the sudden appearances of a genius in a family whose annals have been absolutely insignificant, and no member of which has ever been known to history? Take the case of such a genius as Shakespear, whose antecedents were so obscure that we cannot even say for certain whether his name was Shake-



spear or Bacon. But we do know that he did not pass on his genius to any descendants,—or we should have heard of them. It is very rare—so far as I have been able to discover—to find a musical genius who inherited his talent from a musical forefather. In some instances he may have been born in a musical family, “because that form of genius needs, for its manifestation, a nervous organization of a peculiar kind, and nervous organization falls under the law of heredity.” But, more often, the family was so *unmusical*, that it objected to the child’s genius and placed obstacles in the way of its development, deeming it waste of time. Such has been even more markedly the fate of poetical genius. Scarcely any of the greatest poets met with sympathy in their own homes, except—perhaps—after they had surmounted enormous obstacles, and carved their names indelibly on the rock of Fame.

Then we have the infant prodigy. How can heredity account for him? Sometimes born of illiterate peasants, sometimes of hard-headed, matter-of-fact tradespeople, the bright light within pierces its way through the thick darkness of the mental atmosphere surrounding him, and shines forth like some brilliant star, arousing the wonder and admiration of the world. Where did he get his genius? Certainly not by inheritance.

Such anomalies can only be intelligently explained by the theory of reincarnation. Believing in it, all our difficulties vanish, all the “kinks” are straightened out, and each chapter in the story of man’s mental and spiritual evolution falls into its place.

No observant mother who has studied the characters of her children will disagree with my statement that the differences in their degree of development is noticeable from their earliest years. One member of her family will, from the cradle, show a tenderness, a sense of obedience, an amount of tact that another does not acquire for many years,

if at all. With one she can speak out all that is in her heart, certain of sympathy, love and understanding; while in the company of another she closes up like a sealed book, or a sensitive plant roughly handled. And yet both are flesh of her flesh. Why is this? Again we fall back on reincarnation. The one child-body is inhabited by an Ego immensely more advanced than the other. The one may have been her intimate friend or lover in a bygone life, while the other was but a stranger. One son will take to his lessons like a duck to water, almost teaching himself to read and figure, while another hides under the bed when school-time comes round, and throws his spelling book out of the window. Why? Because the studious boy loved learning, in lives before this one, and is *remembering* what he knew, although unconsciously, so that it all comes easily to him, while the other is meeting with a form of education comparatively new to him, and therefore difficult.

Although I have said that mental and moral characters are not usually inherited, they sometimes are to a limited extent. For our bodies are composed of etheric atoms as well as physical, and the child inheriting these, especially from the mother, may reproduce some of the vital and passional qualities of its parent, owing to the fact that the molecules of astral matter built into its body, have acquired the habit of vibrating in response to similar stimuli, and of associating themselves in similar combinations. To sum up in the words of one far more competent to speak on the subject than myself: “Reincarnation explains the likenesses” (in a family) “by the fact that a soul in taking birth is directed to a family which provides by its physical heredity a body suitable to express his characteristics; and it explains the unlikenesses by attaching the mental and moral character to the individual himself, while showing that ties set up in the past have led him to take birth in connection with some other individual of that family.”

(To be Continued)



# The Science and Art of Salesmanship

## III. PRELIMINARY DISCIPLINE FOR SALESMEN

By Henry Frank



All trades and professions require some preliminary preparation before one launches on the sea of endeavor. But to most people the idea of preparatory discipline before engaging in the art of soliciting is rather ridiculous. To solicit, all one needs, in the view of most people, is "grit, gall and go!" I am not disinclined to admit that, void of this trinity of qualities, there can be but little success to one who attempts the solicitor's art. Yet merely with this trinity, it is quite questionable whether one would meet with desired success.

Again it must be admitted that there can be but little theoretical preparation for the art; inasmuch as one learns more from experience than by precept. As one learns how to swim, not from the professor's instructions or even by his example, but only when personally making the experiment; so, it is granted, one comes to a knowledge and understanding of the art of salesmanship finally, only by personal endeavor and consequent experience.

Nevertheless, there are certain preliminary steps that one must pursue to reach the best success. I will classify these into three departments. They are mental, moral and physical.

First, I will treat of the physical. One can do but little with a poor body and ill health in any occupation. But perhaps there are few vocations in which such exhaustive demands are made on one's physical resources as that of the salesman's. Most of all he requires nerve force.

Nerve force exhibits itself in energy, and the degree of energy spent in endeavor marks among salesmen, as a rule, the measure of their success.

The nerves must be strong, staid and enduring. Nothing more surely destroys or at least neutralizes the chances of success than the irritability consequent on weak nerves. In no business does poise count for more than in that of salesmanship. Often success depends on the endurance of will power; one will determine to wear out the other. One or the other is sure to give way; and if the salesman's nerves weaken or release their tension, it will not be long before the scale will turn against him.

A salesman must be most considerate of his health, his normal strength and his nervous energy. These he must conserve above all else. If his duties are such as to confine him to his office, he should take proper exercise before entering on the day's undertakings. If he is forced to travel from store to store, or office to office, the time and space between should be utilized for deep breathings, stretchings of the frame and general exhilaration of the body.

One must be careful, also, of the taint of magnetisms. It is not commonly known that a certain influence emanates from every human body, in its nature physical, howbeit wholly invisible. Some believe it to be an invisible fluid, others merely an energy or invisible current of force. As, however, different chemical atoms unite or mutually repel each other, according to their affinities, so human bodies detract from or add to one another's vitality.

A slight observation will reveal the fact to any one that there are certain persons whose effect on one's body is



gross and enervating, while there are others whose presence is invigorating and cheering. In the arduous labor of soliciting, one's own nerve force is so rapidly depleted, or at least consumed, that one is apt to expose one's self to magnetisms whose influence would not only be depressing, but overpowering. Every solicitor, perhaps, has observed that two immediate successes seldom occur. If one has labored much with a subject and conquered his will, one is very apt to pay for the success by an immediate failure. The reason is that one is exhausted by the first success and has but little force with which to engage in the next encounter.

Therefore, it is always well, if the work of the salesman is physically exhausting, to suffer a sufficiently long interval between the attacks, to allow a return of one's normal force and a rehabilitation of nervous energy. I was once told of an experience that fully illustrates my point.

A young man undertook the work of selling goods. It was his first effort and much depended on his success. He carried large responsibilities, and to fail meant not only his own suffering, but that of others. He was as a consequence very much agitated as to the result of his efforts. He met with little or no success. Each day marked a failure. The manager concluded to go the rounds with him and find, if he could, the cause of his unhappy fate. It required but a brief observation for him to discover the cause of the man's overthrow. The salesman had been so eager to win, that, worrying before he entered an office, his force was already much depleted before the attack, and after he had wasted his force on one subject, he allowed himself no interval for rest or poise, but hastened to hurl himself at the next and the next and the next, who found it easy to parry with and overcome him. The manager suggested that he change his method: that first he cease his worry as to success, which is the sure forerunner of failure; and, second, that he never at-

tack the next subject without first freeing himself from the magnetism of the last, and allowing himself a sufficient interval for breathing, walking and mental exhilaration. The prescription worked like a charm. The young man obeyed the instruction and soon rose to high rank among the most efficient solicitors.

A salesman depends upon his moods, perhaps, more than any other workman, save in the field of art or literature. He must feel all right in every part of his being, to meet with his largest success. There are days when it is not wise to work at all; for any attempt on such days is fated almost to meet with absolute failure. However much it may seem like defrauding one's employer to desist from effort on such days, in point of fact the actual fraud would occur in the resolution to fly in the face of fate. Such off days, or hours, are sometimes required, as the seed requires the silence and rest of the soil before it leaps new-born into the air. One returns from such vegetation calmed, reinforced with life and re-kindled with enthusiasm. The seeming loss of a single day brings the fruit of increased success on the following days.

But the mental influences are the most subtle. That there must be special mental adaptation to salesmanship, there can be no doubt. One is almost inclined to think that salesmen, like poets, are born and not made. Yet this is, of course, an exaggeration. Often what seems to be mental mal-adaptation, is but the want of sufficient experience.

It is well to remove at once from the thought of the reader the notion that there is anything mysterious about success or failure in salesmanship. There are some who insist that certain mortals can never succeed at this art, though the most favorable opportunities prevailed; that they are simply not made that way and no effort will avail. But this is palpably untrue. When analyzed to the last degree it will doubtless be found that there is merely an absence of proper mental discipline.

Mind in the exercise of thought is the



most powerful force in Nature. And the trend or current of that force will depend wholly on the mental attitude. Probably in no other occupation of life does thought or mental attitude more certainly color and determine the issues of one's actions. The salesman whose mind is devoid of the attitude of resolution is the sure victim of failure.

Resolution and Faith; these be thy gods, O Salesman!

Without these the demon of failure is thy sure consort; despair thy certain Nemesis.

One must cultivate the *habit* of mind, not merely the incidental notion that success will surely follow an endeavor. A mental attitude must be *practiced*, precisely as one would practice for efficiency on a musical instrument. One might as well imagine one could become a good player on the flute, piano or violin, by careless, desultory and indifferent attention, as to assume that one could acquire a desirable state of mind without regular and methodical exercise.

To think failure persistently, is to conjure it. The thought-failure creates the fact-failure.

Fear is the antipode of Faith. Without faith, nothing avails. With fear, everything fails. First, then, the mind must be cultivated to void itself of fear of every shade, and to clothe itself with the garment of enduring faith. Self-confidence, the womb of faith, is the mother of success.

The mental attitude of confidence may become a fixed habit, so that its possessor works unconscious of its presence, which thus guides him to graceful and easy success.

But self-confidence must be carefully distinguished from egotism. Nothing repels more certainly than the too certain and overweening attitude.

The conflict of wills is the most important mental state to consider. The approach of a salesman or solicitor is the occasion for the instinctive uprising of the will against him. Even though one desires an article, he is often dissuaded from procuring it by the very fact that he is solicited to do so. The action of the will is very much like that of a coiled wire. It can be unwound; but, let it go, it will snap back with increased vigor.

Most people believe that Will can be best conquered by positive opposition. It is the common belief that will has to be beaten, as one beats a piece of iron to soften and thin it. But this is a gross psychological error. Will when in opposition, is positive. If it be approached by another positive will, its conquest is most questionable. The passive will becomes positive to a positive will, especially if the latter proudly disport itself. There must be no apparent opposition on the part of the salesman to the will opposed to his. To make it apparent to the subject that the purpose of the solicitor is to overcome his will and compel him to act as the solicitor wishes, is certain defeat to his ambition.

(To be Continued)





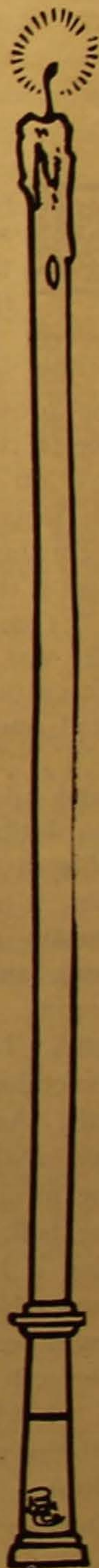
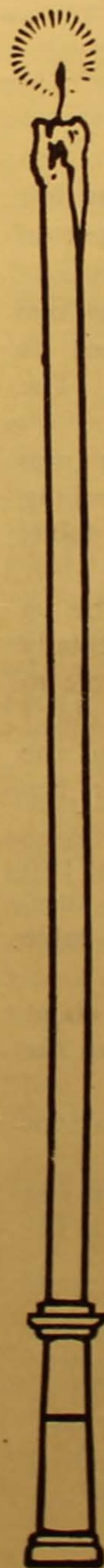


For Unto Us  
By Florens Folsom

**I**N poverty, in humbleness  
That some might think forlorn,  
Among slow, simple beasts, we guess  
The little Christ was born:  
A Child, he came, 'mid human hearts  
To make too brief a stay—  
But in each heart, nowise apart,  
He here may dwell alway.

All children may His childhood be,  
To us who, smiling, look,—  
Remembering glad days, care-free,  
Ere Golgotha, Gethsemane,  
When tenderly, He took  
Clay from beside the brook,  
And tiny, spreadwinged birds made He,  
Which, when He bade them, fluttered free:  
This Christ each darling child may be  
To us who, smiling, see.

But He who woke the dead; the ill  
Who healed; who blessed and taught,  
Waits but our will to entering fill  
His birth-place in our thought:  
Full-grown, adept, His Noel's kept  
By whom His Truth have sought;  
Who simple are, who humble are,  
Who follow to the East His Star,—  
In these His Birth is wrought.  
No crucifixion need there be,  
No bitter, sad Gethsemane;  
He aye may dwell in you, in me,  
If with His Grace we're fraught.








# Eusapia Palladino

## V. MY PERSONAL EXPERIMENTS

By Hereward Carrington

N MY previous paper, I gave some quotations from our detailed reports, showing thereby the precautions taken by us to prevent fraud, and the general nature of the manifestations themselves. In the present paper, I propose to give one or two further quotations, and then pass on to a more general résumé of the facts.

During our seventh séance, the following incident occurred:\*

"11:20 p. m. C: A bell from the cabinet was lifted from the table, through the curtains and put upon the medium's head and remained there.

"F: The left hand was visibly in my hand all the time on the table, and I heard the bell, which had been on the table in the cabinet, begin to ring, and then it suddenly appeared outside the curtain and came out over medium's head, and it hung there and went on ringing. She told me it was tied to her head. I felt with my fingers and felt something like muslin tying it to her hair. As I was looking at it I suddenly saw a white thing which I thought was the medium's right hand come to untie the bell, because it was uncomfortable, ring it hard, and throw it onto the séance table. This was within one foot of my nose. I could see the medium's face perfectly.

"B: I saw the bell come out and lie on the medium's head, and also saw it thrown from her head onto the table. During the whole of this phenomenon

her right hand was resting on my left hand on the table and her right foot on my left foot."

I quote one more extract from our records, of rather particular value. It is taken from the second séance. The account reads as follows:

"C: The small table moves away from her in the cabinet, whilst I am looking at it. I can clearly see the whole table, which moves about a foot.

"[The table was lying on its side on the floor, the curtain being accidentally drawn to one side sufficiently for me to see in the cabinet. M. notices this also.]

"F: I can see between her and the place where the table was, over her knee.

"F: I was looking between the two curtains into the cabinet over her knee. She pinched my hand and the table wriggled about in the cabinet.

"C: I can see the table moving about in the cabinet. *A note is struck on the string of the guitar.*

"C: The table moves forward a foot while we are looking at it.

"C: Both her hands are clearly visible, the light good, the feet held as before.

"[Eusapia had tapped three times on the palm of my hand with her right hand; the first two taps were followed by raps in the cabinet, and the third by the plucking of the guitar string. Thereupon the medium laughed diabolically.]

"[C: At this point the medium discovers that the cabinet curtain is acci-



dentally drawn to one side, allowing me to see into the cabinet, she thereupon reached up and replaced the curtain in its proper position.]

"[The guitar was a metre behind the medium and the small table was between the medium and the guitar—the guitar standing upside down in the corner, on the floor.]"

These extracts will at all events serve to give the reader a clear idea of the phenomena, and the amount and character of the control existing at the time. It is clear that *some* entity is producing these manifestations; and one with a certain amount of intelligence and individual character. What this entity can be I have discussed before.

It is a strange fact that Eusapia has the power, on occasion, of communicating this power to other persons by merely touching them. Thus, on one occasion, Eusapia touched me on my shoulder, and asked me to wave my hand over a small stool



The Levitation of a Stool: Medium visible, with hands held.

that had moved out from the cabinet—of its own accord—and was prancing about the room. I did so, and, lo and behold! the stool followed every movement of my hand, as it had previously followed the medium's. On another occasion, she touched me, and, on reaching up my hand toward the cabinet curtains, they blew out and brushed against me. I felt no "thrill," no queer sensation at the time—though I felt rather depleted and "done up" after the séance was over.

Other investigators have obtained far

more convincing phenomena than did we; and I think it probable that Anglo-Saxons will never obtain as good results as Latin races with this medium. The language, habits and manners of the Anglo-Saxons are different; in their presence she feels strange, unfamiliar, uncertain, and will hardly trust herself to pass into the deeper trance—in which all the more important phenomena occur. This is natural, but unfortunate. It is to be hoped that the séances now being held in America will be more successful than any so far held with English-speaking peoples.

The effects of a good séance upon Eusapia are very distressing. She appears drawn and haggard; deep lines

mark her face, which is yellowish in color; almost complete loss of memory is present, and in many ways the results are quite distressing. Formerly, we are told, this was not the case. A séance then used to relieve her, but now the case is very different. I do not think that

anyone seeing the effects of a séance upon Eusapia could doubt its genuine character. Before the séance, she is affable, pleasant, and converses freely with her sitters; after it, she hardly recognizes them. She seems to be in a semi-dream condition; ill, nauseated, and amnesic. It is a pitiable condition.

Are we justified, then, in inducing such states—merely for the pleasure of studying them; for the cause of science? Is this not some form of vivisection,—

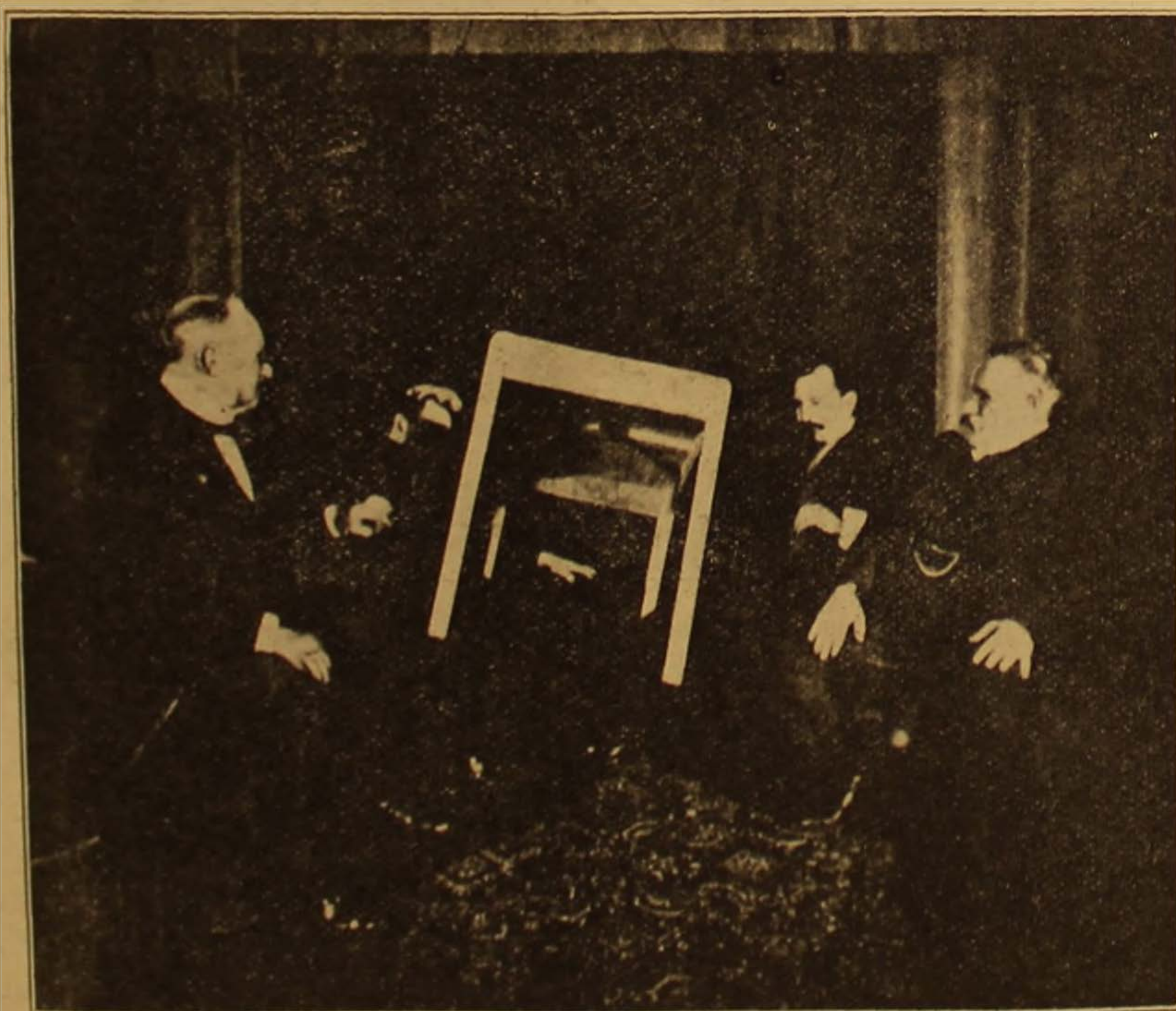


more subtle and brutal than any other? Is it *right* to induce such conditions? It is a question well put, and not easily answered. In one sense, we are not entitled to do so, doubtless; in another, we are. We induce, temporarily, misery and suffering in one individual, but many thousands benefit from the knowledge gained through her séances. A night's sleep usually recuperates and invigorates her for the next day, and she is little the worse for her experience of the previous night.

And science? It has reaped the knowledge that there are forces and powers in nature as yet unknown to physical science. These very séances show us that here is a whole new world to study—a world of physical, and mental, and, possibly, spiritual phenomena, of which we are otherwise ignorant. We have, in them, a stronger

argument against materialism than any other set of facts affords; a stronger proof of the soul's powers, and of immortality, than any church has yet vouchsafed to us. Our whole outlook upon nature must change—according to the viewpoint one assumes; whether we regard materialism or some form of spiritualism as true. It means the spiritual illumination of the race.

If these facts can do that; if they can convince the materialist that his philosophy is awry, and that "spirit" does exist and exert a powerful influence in the world—then they will have amply served their purpose. They are justified; they are vastly important, and their study is accordingly warranted—even at the expense of one or two individuals who sacrifice something of their lives for the benefit of humanity. After all, what death could be more noble?



Levitation of Table: Medium not visible in photograph because of table; hands held.



# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

SIDNEY A. WELTMER

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

ERNEST WELTMER

## Christmas

Sidney A. Weltmer

**W**HEN we meet each other on Christmas morning with the usual salutation, "Merry Christmas," we seldom pause to consider just what it means. There has always grown out of every anniversary that has been observed, far more than those who established such institutions ever dreamed.

Christmas is a holiday. To the civilization of today, Christmas is the anniversary of the Author of Christianity. As a little boy I was taught that Christmas was the anniversary of the birth of Christ, and it was painful to me to have that date disturbed by the students of history who determined that the 25th of December was not the date of His birth at all. But this does not take out of the day any of its pleasant memories, since it is the day chosen to celebrate His birth. The date of commemoration was really taken from Greek mythology, but is not so important as the *idea* connected with Christmas.

It is the one day whose events, especially in the hearts of childhood, signify the idea of receiving gifts sent by good Saint Nicholas. Christmas is enjoyed by the world at large without thought that it is a Christian holiday, and the spirit that pervades this season of the year is the same in all hearts. It is the day that awakens in every one of us the happy remembrances of childhood days. It is the one chorus that will harmonize with the song of the angels who announced the birth of Jesus.

The very expression of "Merry Christmas" reflects the "Song of Gladness," sung by the angels, and when uttered on Christmas morning has in it the anticipation of something that will make the heart glad.

Every grown person retains a memory of the time when he eagerly sought his stocking on Christmas morning, with pleasurable anticipation of the gifts which he believed had been placed there by Santa Claus. I can well remember the happy expectancy with which I prepared my stocking to be filled with that which I really believed Santa Claus would place within it.

The moralist may say that it is wrong to deceive the child and make him believe in a

Santa Claus who has no real existence, but you never lead a child astray when you awaken in his heart a note of gladness and good will that will respond until in the great body of children it will break into one harmonious idea of "Merry Christmas Morning."

It is not what we get on Christmas in the way of gifts that makes the Christmas memory pleasant. *It is the gift that Christmas day has given to the world* which makes the mature heart glad. The gifts are simply one of the ways of expressing our joys, which grow out of our attitude of gladness and the wish to make others happy.

When my parents were unable to spend as much as twenty-five cents for a gift for their children, I can remember that my heart overflowed with joy when I drew from my stocking the first gift I ever remember receiving from Santa Claus—a little comforter my mother had knitted. I was just as thankful then and appreciated that little gift as much as I since have a gold-headed cane with my name inscribed upon it, or the many other costly presents which I have since received.

There was no thought of being able to give a gift in return for that which I had received. It resembled the gift that Jesus gave to the world, in that there was no way to compensate the giver.

It was not intended that that which constitutes the gift to the human family should be returned to the One who gave it. That gift was eternal life, freedom from cares, distresses and trouble. The recognition of having received the consciousness of this gift was to carry this knowledge to the world at large, to tell it to someone else, which is the impulse of every human soul.

Whenever an individual has made himself conscious of his higher being, conscious of his kinship to the Father and to humanity, he joins in with the song of the angels that is awakened by the Christmas memory of "Peace on earth, good will to men," and wishes to extend this thought to the world at large. It is the gift the world receives—the feeling that is awakened by the simplest gift we bestow upon our children, even though they believe that gift is brought by a mysterious person—Santa Claus.

This one thought connected with Christmas has had more to do with the cementing and



holding together of Christian civilization than any other of the days that are celebrated. We could not think of Christmas as other than the celebration of the birth of Jesus, any more than we could think of Easter Sunday as other than the day set apart in remembrance of the resurrection of Jesus.

Each one celebrates his day in accordance with what it means to him. The Christmas spirit is one that finds expression in the lives even of those who make no profession of Christianity, though nothing of a religious nature may intrude itself into their day of enjoyment.

But Christmas is the day of all days in which men lay aside their roles and forget themselves for at least twenty-four hours. It is a day of rejoicing and of unselfish enjoyment in the lives of those who give of themselves in love to their fellow men—a day of freedom from care in a year that is otherwise filled with the worries and responsibilities of the world of work.

In my work, dealing almost entirely with people who have physical or mental ailments, I find that invalids, for about ten days prior to and for some length of time after a holiday of this kind, suffer less than at any other time. This is because the mind is lifted above the physical into an atmosphere where it is attuned to naught but the divine harmonies of the spirit of peace and love; it forgets the evils and discords that have before held its attention, and looks for the virtue in every one and in every place.

So when we say "Merry Christmas" to each other, we are carrying forth one of the most beautiful and sublime influences that the Christian world has experienced. This is not so much from the fact that it commemorates the *birth* of Jesus Christ, but because of the purpose of that *life*,—to shed light into the world at large, to lead man into a higher comprehension of himself, of his Source of being, and of his ability to master himself and to conquer all the difficulties which he meets in the way.

Christmas brings a message of peace and good will, and fills every heart with a glow of love. It was established for the purpose of commemorating the time of a great gift to the world, and it is a most fortunate thing that Christmas brings with it the thought of gifts, for it awakens expectation in many hearts that may have before been depressed and discouraged, and sheds a love-light into lives otherwise drear and barren.

It is the remembrance that satisfies and pleases, not the value of the gift. It is the value of the bit of the real self of the giver. There is no true gift where there is the thought of return connected with it, nor is any gift appreciated if given with an intimation of expectation of return.

The celebration of the Christmas anniver-

sary has in it that one tone that awakens thoughts of joy and harmony, and whether we look upon it as the birthday of the Messiah or as simply the season of the year when we put aside all thoughts of discord and in-harmony and give for the simple pleasure of bestowing a part of ourselves in love, matters not.

The Master gave Himself in love for the world, and his greatest gift was in bringing into human consciousness a recognition of relationship to the Source of all life and light.

The two great thoughts of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, of eternal life as one great family, were given to the world by the Author of Christianity, whose birth was heralded by the songs of the angels, which have been repeated in harmonious sounds of music, but more often in some mind in response to some little gift placed in the hands by a loved one. The receiving of a gift that is prompted by love awakens a chord in the mind, the vibration of which can never be lost, carrying with it all the beauty and practical application of Christianity.

In the application of the Message which Jesus brought to the world, man finds his own individuality, and then he learns that the grandest, best gift that any one man can give is Truth. He who tells the Christ-message of peace and good will, increases that gift and sends it on with the added impulse of his own thought, an impulse that can never be overcome, but each recurring Christmas morning will find a corresponding tone in each beating heart, that will add moments of happiness to human lives.

## More About the Convention

Louise Radford Wells

**T**UESDAY morning! A beautiful day, sun shining, soft breeze blowing, windows open, doors flung wide, and everybody up bright and early to miss none of the possibilities of the day.

Just as you come in the wide doors of the Institute, and to the right, is an immense reception room—or rather, two big rooms with a connecting arch. Off in one corner is a generous bay, all set round with windows, cosy with ferns and hanging plants, and railed off into a separate existence, with a swinging gate to act as door. Here there was always someone in charge to answer questions, and here we came to get our mail. In the real country, you know,—the kind I used to live in—"going for the mail" is a social event which serves to keep one in touch with the neighbors, and affords one an opportunity to shake hands all round and hear the news. Our cosy corner filled all the offices of a country postoffice, and "mailtime" at the Institute



(which meant any time before, between and after the Chautauqua sessions) was the occasion for a great gathering of the clans. Over our letters we met this or that new arrival, chatted with the earlier acquaintances of the week, circulated about from group to group—and at all hours of the day the two big reception rooms were filled with eddying masses of people, while the babel of laughter, light and earnest conversation, which rose from that corner of the great big building couldn't have been matched by anything but a presidential convention!

Tuesday morning we visited so long, both over our more or less hypothetical mission of "getting our mail," and over our breakfast in the cheery Inn, that the morning session was a little late in beginning. The mornings were planned to be devoted to the meetings of the National Association of Suggestive Therapeutics, which had delegates in attendance from every state in the Union; and interesting the meetings proved, devoted as they were to stories of the spread of drugless healing, and victories in the courts, of mental healers who had been prosecuted under the medical laws. The Association has done an immense amount of good in that it stands behind every healer who is a member of its body, comes to his aid when prosecuted, engaging the best legal talent to defend him, and in every way not only protecting him in the practice he has built up, but showing him how to branch out and make himself useful to more people who need what he has to give.

Although the Tuesday morning session was late in starting, it managed to close its regular program a little short of the hour for luncheon, and here was our opportunity to get something *extra*! A discussion on bringing up children was inaugurated, and proved intensely interesting. Elizabeth Towne was one of the people called to the platform to tell "just how *she* did it," and she added a big slice of wisdom to what we had already acquired. We came out of the convention hall in a glow of interest and enthusiasm, and almost grudging the time for luncheon, which must precede the afternoon session of the Chautauqua.

I'm not going to try to tell you in detail all the happenings of the week—it would take a dozen numbers of the magazine just to *start* the story! But I do want to give you the *spirit* of the gathering. Can you see the picture of us, swarming in and out of the house, up and down the stairs, overflowing the big assembly hall, which seats over five hundred people, gazing up at the palm-banked platform, with all our eyes on whoever was the speaker of the hour, and all our ears drinking in inspiration, and courage, and wisdom, and understanding? Can you see us at dinner, under the hospitable roof-tree of the Inn—and can you *hear* us? (For I assure you everybody

talked at once, and eating was a sort of side issue.) Can you see us meeting in the halls, on the stairs, in the big reception rooms, getting to know each other better every day, and *growing* with every twenty-four hours that passed over our heads?

If your vision can compass all these things and then remember *who* were our speakers of the week and *what* was being given to us daily from the platform of the Chautauqua hall, you'll have a very faint idea of what a New Thought convention at Nevada, Missouri, meant in 1909. But it will only give you a *very* faint conception of what a New Thought convention is *going* to mean in Nevada in 1910!

Right now I want you to make a resolution so strong, so invincible, that nothing may shake or obstruct it. I want you to say, "I AM GOING TO THE CONVENTION AT NEVADA IN 1910," and to *mean* it. We all know that desire and will, acting together, *can* hew a path to the good we set out for, so I want you to *desire* to go, desire it fully, unreservedly, *actively*; then I want you to put your *will* to work, and if you don't quite see the way clear, *make* a way to come. We'll help you with *our* thought. We'll believe you are all coming. Every month when we send out the magazine, we'll send out with it, invisibly, on every page and even rolled up in the wrapper, the thought that you will be with us at our next gathering. *Come!*

One of the delightful speeches of the convention was Otterbein O. Smith's talk on "Child Psychology," given Wednesday night. It was full of humor, clever stories, mirth-provoking illustrations, so that the big lecture hall resounded with applause and laughter from the beginning of the speech till its close. But how much it taught us! I wish I could give it you entire, instead of having to uproot just a single thought here and there to act as seed for our own thoughts. Here is one: "What children need is room and direction, not repression. \* \* The way to cure the wiggles is to *just let them wiggle*. This restlessness is but pent-up energy which the child cannot yet use because of the undeveloped state of its mind, and so we—the adult world—should *guide* only, and let them move; and, by wise means, *keep them moving in the right direction*."

Here's another thought: "Study each child, for the next great step in education is *the discovery of the individual*." That's the real secret of successful child-training—the quiet oversight, the unobtrusive "looking-on" which shall give to us the key to his special tendencies, his intuitive interests and inclinations, and so make him useful to the world by turning his power into the channels which to him seem not work but pleasure, and which so insure his fullest self-expression.

It won't be amiss, either, for us to absorb another of Dr. Smith's epigrams, and take it home with us: "*It is awfully hard to raise a*



*bright boy in a dull community.*" We have something to do with the character of that community—have at least our *own* part in it; and it is our roots which hold him to unfavorable soil. Perhaps transplanting might not be a bad thing in some cases—and grafting new interests onto the community, another way to lessen the handicap our boy bears *because he has to live where we do!*

Then comes the question of child-correction, and Dr. Smith has a big lesson for us here. What do you suppose he holds to be the best method of correcting children's faults, misdeeds, naughtinesses? Not severity, punishment, displeasure! No! He says: "*Diversion is the great law of correction.*" *Diversion!*—getting the children interested in other things—taking away one picture and putting another in its place. You ought to hear his story of the traveling man who couldn't keep his children off the street nights, and worried over them all the week while he was away from home. Finally he tried Dr. Smith's law of diversion—he bought a turning lathe and fixed up a little workshop in the barn—and lo! the problem was solved! He had given them a *right* interest to take the place of the wrong interest.

Well, I mustn't go on any longer about "*Child Psychology*," or I won't have any time to mention the other fine speeches of the week. Judge Akers' speech of welcome on Monday night kept us all radiating good nature and fun, and strengthening our own sense of independence, individual responsibility, right to think for ourselves; for Judge Akers showed us that, while we should be "*open to the truth, ready to accept the truth when we know what truth is*," we should not be willing to accept the statements of every person about everything, especially if it is contrary to what we have heretofore believed." In other words, that we should *make our own beliefs*, and not take them ready made.

Clifford Greve, an authority on the drama, a writer of some note, and a celebrity in many other ways, delivered a magnificent speech on Thursday afternoon on "*The Use of Suggestion in the Drama.*" He discussed the many new plays which are bringing in a New Thought element—"The Witching Hour," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," etc., etc.—and showed how not only in these but in every play, success or failure depends upon the proper use of suggestion; that the lighting of the stage, the placing of the furniture, the location of a window, of a chair, the particular spot upon which a moonbeam shall fall, irresistibly creates a conception of the scene in the observer's mind, establishes a ground-work, *wrong or right*, for what is to follow; and that the success of the play depends upon whether the suggestion thus subtly given is unerring in its aim.

Benjamin Fay Mills gave a magnificent address on Friday night, on, "*What the World*

*Never Knew Till Now.*" Many of you have no doubt heard Mr. Mills, who is known from one end of the continent to the other for the utterances of his tongue and pen. He is a very genial man—not tall, but *big*—that is, his face is so strong, so full of character and expression, that one unconsciously thinks of him as a big, big man, when linear measure wouldn't bear out the conception.

The title of his speech gives you a very good idea of his subject—the new knowledge which is coming to the world, and working out in all phases of life; the new way of looking at things; the new thought. A large part of the lecture was devoted to a consideration of economic betterment; to the establishment of a NEW CIVILIZATION which, through insuring to each man freedom to earn a living, without excessive toil or hardship, shall open the way to greater achievements in the World of Mind.

Mr. Mills is so dignified, though genial, on the platform, that I expect many people would have been surprised could they have seen a chattering party of a dozen, with Mr. Mills in their midst, tramping along about twelve, midnight, bound for the alluring place where one gets "*Emporias.*" Of course you don't know what an "*Emporia*" is—because I didn't before I went to the convention—but it is a most delightful dish composed of ice cream and marshmallows and cherries and nuts! We strung a lot of small round tables along together to form one big table, and there we sat and ate Emporias, until someone feelingly remarked that a sandwich would taste mighty fine, whereupon Tracy and Mrs. Si disappeared, to return with a mammoth pile of sandwiches, made of rye bread, hot wienerwursts and sliced raw onions. *Did you ever?* I never did—at least not until then—but it's astonishing what one will do between twelve and one o'clock at night! I ate my sandwich with gusto—in fact, I'm not sure I didn't eat two. After this unique repast we escorted Mr. Mills to his hotel and said farewell to him in the hotel lobby. We left him standing up very straight and dignified, holding an American beauty with a stem almost as long as any of us (one of the flowers from the speaker's table, forced into his hands by admiring friends), and smiling an appreciative goodbye. May he be at the next convention for all of us to meet!

And, oh, dear! that reminds me that I'm forgetting two of the pleasantest features of the week. One of these was the informal reception held Tuesday night. We all put on our best clothes in honor of the occasion—and very fine we looked, to be sure; the reception rooms were cleared of superfluous furniture, the mantels banked with ferns and flowers, one corner of the room made into a background of massive spreading palms for the receiving line—



and there we were! The receiving line contained all the speakers of the week; and a long line we made. The guests filed in at one big archway, and shook hands and chatted all down the line, to be seized upon at the end and introduced to everybody else in sight. Frappe was served in the hall—till it ran out—and it proved a most festive and joyous occasion. We headed the line with Professor Weltmer and Mrs. Weltmer, then I came, delightfully supplemented by Elizabeth Towne; while all the way down the line there was a very galaxy of stars. Wish you could have been there, to shake hands, too!

On Thursday we got up early to find a line of special trolley cars waiting for us, and we went gaily forth on a specially conducted "Seeing Nevada" trip. Tracy made himself a megaphone out of a newspaper, and speechified on every available occasion. We visited the park, and hung over the pretty bridge, sat down to rest in the pavilion, took into our system many draughts of variously flavored (and scented) mineral waters from the famous sulphur springs to be found there, walked around on the pretty pathways under the trees, and then clambered into our clanging vehicles again, to be carried out to the Insane Asylum. Not because we *needed* to go there—oh, no!—but because most of us were interested to see how the state handles the thirteen hundred or more patients incarcerated there. It was a pitiful sight, so I'll not dwell on that; but it was at least pleasant to know that the brightest of sunlight streams into all the broad, cheerful halls and abutting rooms; that the ceilings are high and the whole place airy and full of all the cheer that healthful surroundings can give; and that everything was spotlessly clean. It is good to remember at least *this* to be thankful for.

Did you know there is an insane asylum in Illinois—at Bartonville—where the method of suggestion is constantly practiced, and where, I am told, no restraining influence whatever is exercised on the patient—no straight-jackets, no handcuffs, no bars, no locked doors? I am informed that to Bartonville are sent what are considered the *incurably* insane from the other state asylums, and that yet it turns out more *cured* patients yearly than any of the other institutions. I mean to make a trip to Bartonville before long, to see just what good is accomplished by treating insane people like sane people, giving them responsibilities, interests, trusting them; and instead of fighting the insane delusions or arguing about them, substituting new ideas and occupations to take their place. And when I do go, I'll tell you all about it in NEW THOUGHT.

But I've got clear away from the convention, and it's time to go back.

Elizabeth Towne was another of the week's

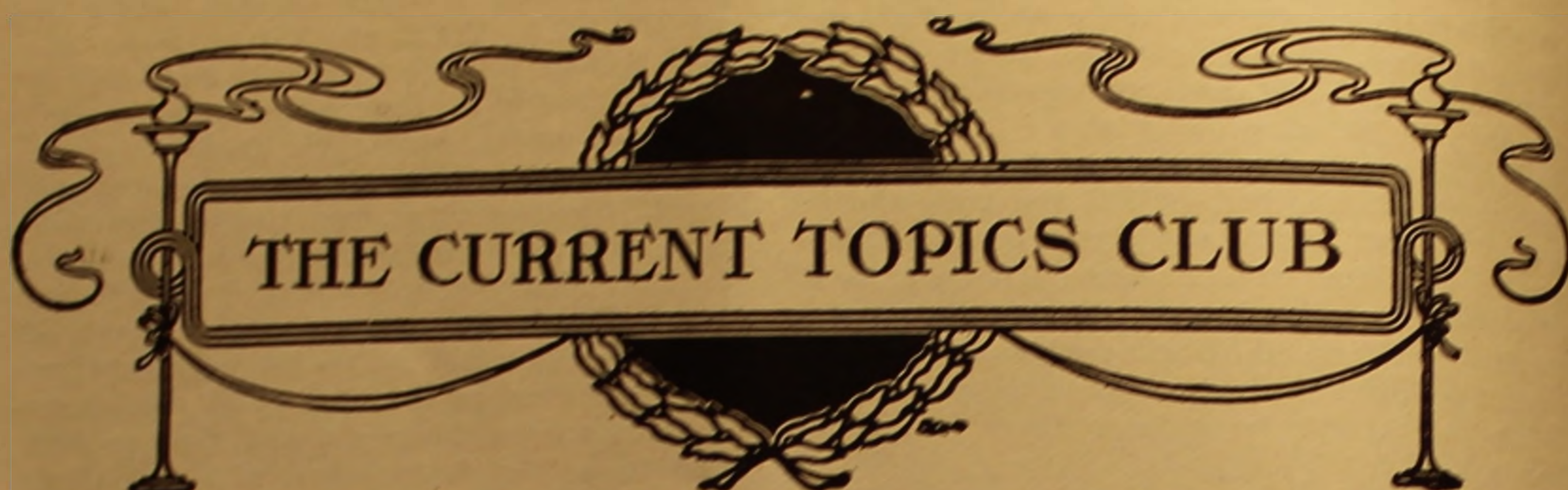
speakers (I wish I might mention them all). And Dr. E. A. Pratt, of Chicago, spoke impressively on Thursday night. Mrs. Towne told us "How to Be Happy Ever After"—and surely she ought to know. We liked the speech, and told her so by much and reiterated applause. She showed us the value of *expectant* desire: not the desire which just wants things, you know, *but the desire that expects to get them!* That's the kind of desire to have, of course, if you *mean* to live happy ever after. And she showed us that the things which come about us are the things we *need*, that we draw them to us for that reason, and that if we want to get rid of any of them we must learn to do them so well that we don't *need* them any more; that until we do this, they'll stay with us. So there's a thought for us to master and put in action.

Of course, Professor Weltmer spoke to us. He had to act as sandwich between the good things all the way through the week, as he was chairman of the meetings, but we didn't get a real speech from him until Saturday night, when he spoke on "The Kingdom Within" us, which is mighty enough to take care of our body and make it whole; about the perfect working forces within the human being, which we must learn to understand; about how health, success, happiness, or anything through which we partake of life enjoyment, must come from harmony with the rule of this kingdom; about the five working forces of the subjective mind and how to use them. His lecture, the last we heard of the week, was a lesson to carry home with us, to help us through our problems, our difficulties, our struggles with physical limitations or mental distress. It was a good ending of a good week.

How hard it was to say goodbye! Some stayed on over Sunday, and Sunday services were held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, with Dr. Paul Castle in charge. But a number, of course, had to get away Saturday night; and up till midnight, and after, the big halls were full of groups of people saying the last word of friendship and appreciation, the last wishes for a speedy meeting again and a continuation of the friendships the week had formed.

It was well worth while—*more* than worth while! It meant much to all who were present, and it will mean much, I believe, to all who were *not* present. For such a gathering cannot have an existence except as an indication of a wide interest and a wider need. And such a gathering cannot disband and go forth to its homes without carrying with it currents of good, of contagious hope and cheer, faith, courage, belief—currents which shall set silently out to the big sea of unhappiness, disease, despair, indifference, selfishness and poverty, and stir its depths with healthy movement.





(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 sciences, 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 cooperative Bureau of Information and to prove itself of distinct educational value. Please note that we cannot forward letters addressed to contributors, or furnish addresses, on account of extra work involved.)

## Conducted by Louise Radford Wells



ISS WELLS:

I think it was about three years ago in one of the first New Thought magazines I ever saw, there was at the beginning of an article what was called, I think, the New Thought prayer. I liked it very much and committed it to memory, afterwards giving the book away, and now I can recall only parts of it.

The first line was, 'I am one with the infinite spirit of love,' etc.

I should be very glad if it might be given again. I have found it helpful, in repeating it at times when I wished to change my current of thought; also when, on retiring, my mind got to wandering on subjects not conducive to sleep, I found this prayer held the attention and interest of the mind just sufficiently to say it right; was peaceful in effect and indefinite in a way; and often found myself ready for sleep before finishing it. Mrs. A. C. E."

I think what you refer to must be one of the affirmations by Franklin L. Berry, of which we used to publish a page monthly. At least, there is one as follows:

"I am one with the Infinite Good.  
I breathe in Infinite compassion and peace.  
I surround myself with Infinite joy.  
I guard my tongue that it wounds not.  
It speaks tenderness, understanding and love."

These affirmations are shortly to be brought out in book form, as there seems to exist just the need for them that your letter expresses.

"Dear Miss Wells:

Could some of the readers of New THOUGHT through the Current Topics Club inform me

where I could get the old song, 'After the Ball,' words and music; and an instructor in oil painting, in magazine form? Clede."

The music you can secure through any music house, I have no doubt. If your local dealer hasn't it, ask him to order it for you. I am not quite sure that I understand your latter question. Do you wish a *magazine* which will contain instructions on oil painting? If so, I am informed that *The International Studio* (American office, New York City), 50 cents per copy, published monthly, would fill your need.

The large correspondence schools of the country include among their curricula courses in oil, water color, pen and ink, etc., etc. Better get in communication with them. There are also many books on the subject. If you wrote to the Librarian of the Chicago Public Library, asking for the names of books on the subject, I am quite sure they would be furnished you.

\* \* \*

"Louise Radford Wells:

I have read in NEW THOUGHT your kind answers to those who ask advice and information about various matters, so I too come to you. Will you please ask, through your magazine, your numerous family of subscribers where I can get the old song, 'You Ask Me to Forget the Past'? I can remember only two lines of the song:

'You ask me to forget the past,  
And take you to my heart again.'

I have been a subscriber to NEW THOUGHT for six years—and I find it so good—inspiring!

M. N. C."



Yes, indeed, I'll ask—and somebody will be sure to answer. I've heard the old song myself, but don't remember its name. If anybody knows of some collection in which it is published, I hope they will please give us the information.

\* \* \*

“Dear Miss Wells:

In a recent number of the *Current Topics Club* I see Mrs. W. R. B. is asking for a poem, ‘The Changed Cross,’ which I believe she will find was published some years ago in New York—1865. I cannot tell her who published that edition, but it was subsequently brought out by an English firm in a book of poems. The one she mentions gives the name to the book, viz., ‘The Changed Cross,’ and the authorship is given as the Hon. Mrs. Charles Hobart (*nee* L. P. W.). M. L. S.”

M. L. S. gives us the name of the English publisher, and we shall keep it on file for future reference and to give to any who may desire.

\* \* \*

“My Dear Miss Wells:

In the October issue of *NEW THOUGHT* I find valuable information by L. H. R. about the *Ulster County Gazette*. I have a copy of same, bought by my son from an old soldier in 1881.

I looked at the paper very carefully, but even with a magnifying glass I find no small print to show that it is a counterfeit. Can anybody tell me where I may sell it to the best advantage? I have waited long for a chance. Thank you, L. H. R., for the information.

F. M. H.”

I am sorry I have no definite information to give you. Dealers in “curiosities” in any of the large cities would be likely purchasers, if you can ascertain the names of any. You might also write to the Field Museum, Chicago; to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City; or to any other museum of which you may know. Probably the best way to dispose of it, would be to advertise it for sale. You might try a very cheap classified ad in the Los Angeles or San Francisco Sunday papers, since you are a Californian.

\* \* \*

One of our friends who kindly sends in the little “Speak a shade more kindly” verse—already received, however, from other sources—adds the following:

“I send also another verse which I think is good.

*Hark to the Gospel of labor,  
Ring it, ye bells of the Kirk;  
The Lord of Love came down from above  
To live with the people who work.*

*This is the rose he planted,  
Here in our blessed soil—  
Heaven is blessed with perfect rest,  
But the blessing of earth is toil.’*

I do not know what paper the above verse came from. J. P. O.”

That’s a mighty good thought to carry about with one, and deserves to be hung up on our walls as a bit of the *real* gospel.

\* \* \*

“Dear Sirs:

This remarkable prophecy, known as ‘Mother Shipton’s,’ was first published in 1488. All the events predicted in it, save the last, have come to pass, and I think it worth republishing:

*‘Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe.  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.  
Water shall yet more wonders do,  
Now strange, yet shall be true.  
The world upside down shall be,  
And gold be found at root of tree.  
Through hills men shall ride,  
And no horse or ass shall be at his side.  
Under the water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white, in black, in green.  
Iron in the water shall float,  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that’s not now known.  
Fire and water shall wonders do,  
England at last shall admit a Jew.  
The world to an end shall come,  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.’*

Dr. G. S. B.”

Very quaint, and certainly remarkably well borne out by succeeding events.

\* \* \*

“Dear Miss Wells:

I would be thankful if the poem that closes with the following lines could be secured through the columns of *NEW THOUGHT*:

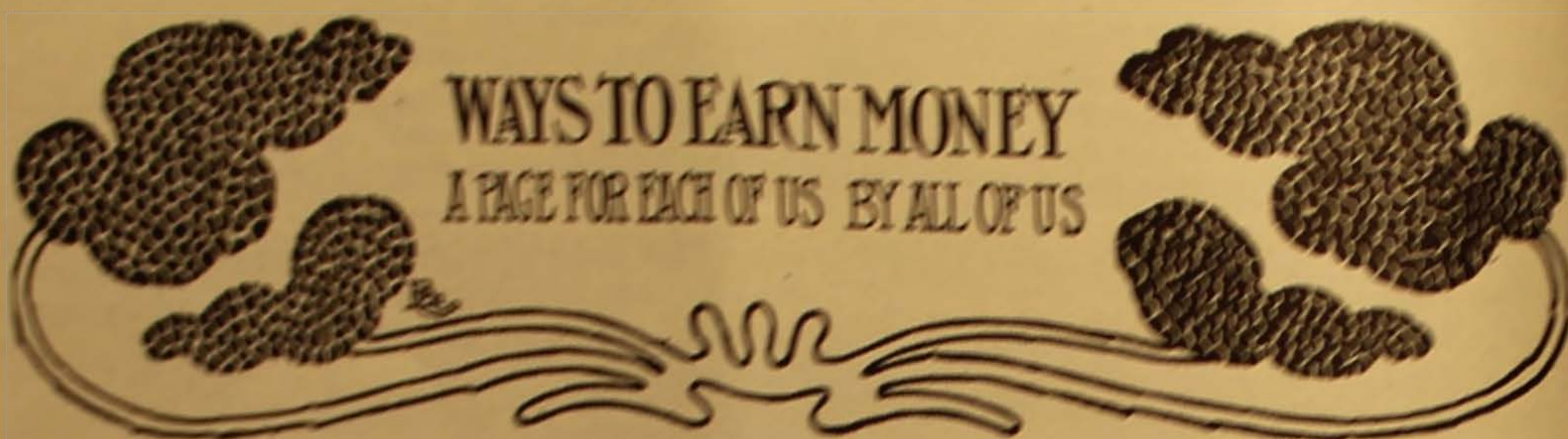
‘So let me live in my house by the side of the road,

And help the men who pass by.  
Some are high, some are low, some are rich,  
some are poor,  
Some are good, some are bad,  
So am I.’

I should like to get the poem if possible. Ida.”

It is by either Kizer or Foss—I can’t remember which, now, but think it is the latter. Will somebody give more accurate information, stating, as well, the title of the volume in which it is published, that our inquirer may be able to secure the poem?





Conducted by Louise Radford Wells

To encourage the readers of *New Thought* to give to each other the benefit of their experiences in turning the hard-earned dollar into their waiting pockets, we will hereafter offer three prizes each month for the best contributions received for this department, detailing the actual experience of its writer in earning money, or solving some problem of purse or pocket:

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$3.00
SECOND PRIZE.....	1.00
THIRD PRIZE.....	1.00

All are invited to comment upon the letters printed, offering additional suggestions; or asking questions for further information. We reserve the right to print any contribution received. No manuscript will be returned. Names of prize winners will appear in conjunction with their printed contributions. Please note that we cannot forward letters addressed to contributors, or furnish addresses, on account of extra work involved.)

**T**HIS month I have two or three letters before me which indicate either such an ardent desire or real need for suggestions as to money making methods for untrained men and women, that the prize announcement at the top of the department is the outcome. I want very much to hear from people who have tried out money-making plans—on a big or little scale—and who can thus offer a word of advice to those who are looking for a way. Here is one letter I have received:

"My Dear Miss Wells:

In your page of *Ways to Earn Money*, I wonder if somebody couldn't suggest a way for a person to make money at home in spare hours? There are many people who have five and six hours a day free, and need money—just ordinary people who can't do anything particularly well. Thank you beforehand.

DOROTHY."

That's just what we want—ideas and suggestions for "just ordinary people who can't do anything particularly well." There is so much help we can give to each other, if we only stop to think. For instance, in a letter recently received, occurred the following paragraph: "I am living in the country all alone, trying to make my living raising chickens and selling eggs, which is a pretty hard thing to do in this state. Have gotten only from 1 to 6 eggs a day since April, and have 100 chickens to feed! You can guess the rest."

Now somebody knows how to get more than "1 to 6 eggs a day"! For instance, another letter on a wholly different subject and from

another section of the country, says: "About pin money: I raise chickens—that is the best money making investment. They overpay their keep. I made this year about \$20. I have five hens setting and a 178-egg incubator."

I'm not a chicken raiser, so cannot offer practical advice, although I have been told that chickens should have running water always at hand, should always have "green things" (alfalfa being chopped in their food in winter), and always meat. They forage for worms in summer themselves, and a successful chicken raiser once told me that he chopped the marrow from soup bones into their food in winter. However, I hope we shall hear from some of our readers who can give present successful experience to back up their suggestions.

There is scarcely a day that I do not get some request for ideas of a money-making kind. Haven't you made a few dollars—or many dollars—in some way, the details of which you are willing to pass on to the many who need just that help?

#### RAISING SWEET PEAS.

"Dear Miss Wells:

This year I spent several months in a Western city where each week I had the most beautiful sweet peas brought to me (on my standing order) by a woman who made a specialty of raising them. Twice a week she came in from the suburbs, and all her flowers were gone on regular orders and 'transients' almost before she could turn around. I was interested, of course, because they were the most beautiful sweet peas I had ever seen, but it



never occurred to me to ask "how and why." She made a good little side-income in this way—and now I want to try it myself. How shall I go about it? I know little or nothing about flowers, and less about methods of disposing of them. Will some of the readers who have had actual experience, write in and give us points? I do want to make a success, and would be very grateful for any advice you can print in my behalf.

H. M. B."

Your appeal goes immediately into print, you see, and I rest serene, knowing we shall learn all about sweet peas before the month is over. I hope we shall not only hear from those who have been unusually successful in raising sweet peas, but from some who have had experience in selling flowers. More than H. M. B. will profit by the answer, and this little question dropped into a corner of our department may, in its answer, really reach out and fill at least the corners of some eagerly waiting purses. Any mode of earning money—if only a little—which can be put in operation at home, is a blessing to some one, be sure of that. I know just how anxiously empty, home purses sometimes get, and I know also, I am glad to say, how resourceful and plucky women are and how every little idea which is susceptible of being pressed into home-money-making service, is gratefully seized upon and utilized. So what you know, tell us, whether about sweet peas or what not.

Also remember that women aren't the only ones who are glad to learn of "home industries." In one of the letters submitted in our "If I Were Editor Contest," occurs the following paragraph: "Give us some suggestions for a man unable to be actively about, on way to earn a small amount even, to help out the household expenses. Can sit and write, and use hands and arms some, but go on crutches on account of rheumatism." There are other men, and many women, so circumstanced that the ordinary activities of life seem not to be open to them. Yet they "want to help out in the household expenses." If you know of a way, tell them, through us. In the meantime we shall hold the belief and send out the thought of their restoration to health and energy.

## WALNUT GROVES.

"Dear Miss Wells:

My sister has been spending some time in the West and while there heard many apparently authentic tales of the very satisfactory incomes to be made from the raising of walnuts. She investigated some of the irrigated land propositions, and did not find herself very enthusiastic over taking up irrigated land, after careful in-

vestigation; but the walnut orchard reports seemed to be borne out by good authority. The prices quoted as obtained from a small orchard, were most encouraging. She is extra-cautious, however, and would like to hear what experience the other subscribers of NEW THOUGHT have had, if any. She is just as anxious to hear the unsuccessful experiences, as the successful, of course, because what she wants is facts.

D. W."

## WRITING FOR PAY.

"My Dear Miss Wells:

Is it the name of a writer, or the merit of her work that sells it? Can you not tell me how I may work my way into the magazines that pay? Why is not the "Encircling Good" for me as well as for those who have been longer in the literary field, and with whom, I have been told, my work compares very favorably? It is indeed a problem which it has been hard for me to solve. But I am keeping my eye fixed steadily upon the goal, and with faith and determination. Shall I succeed?

B. A."

Merit, not name, is what counts in literary work as in any other. "Name" is, of course, an added asset, but just keep in mind that it had to be earned just as you must earn yours, and you will be perfectly willing to concede it some pulling force. Between two submitted articles of equal merit and an equality of interest, the preference would be naturally given to the "name," since to the buyer of the magazine its familiarity is a guarantee of what he is to receive. But a really original article or story, of distinct merit or value, will be accepted for publication whether its author be John Jones or William Dean Howells.

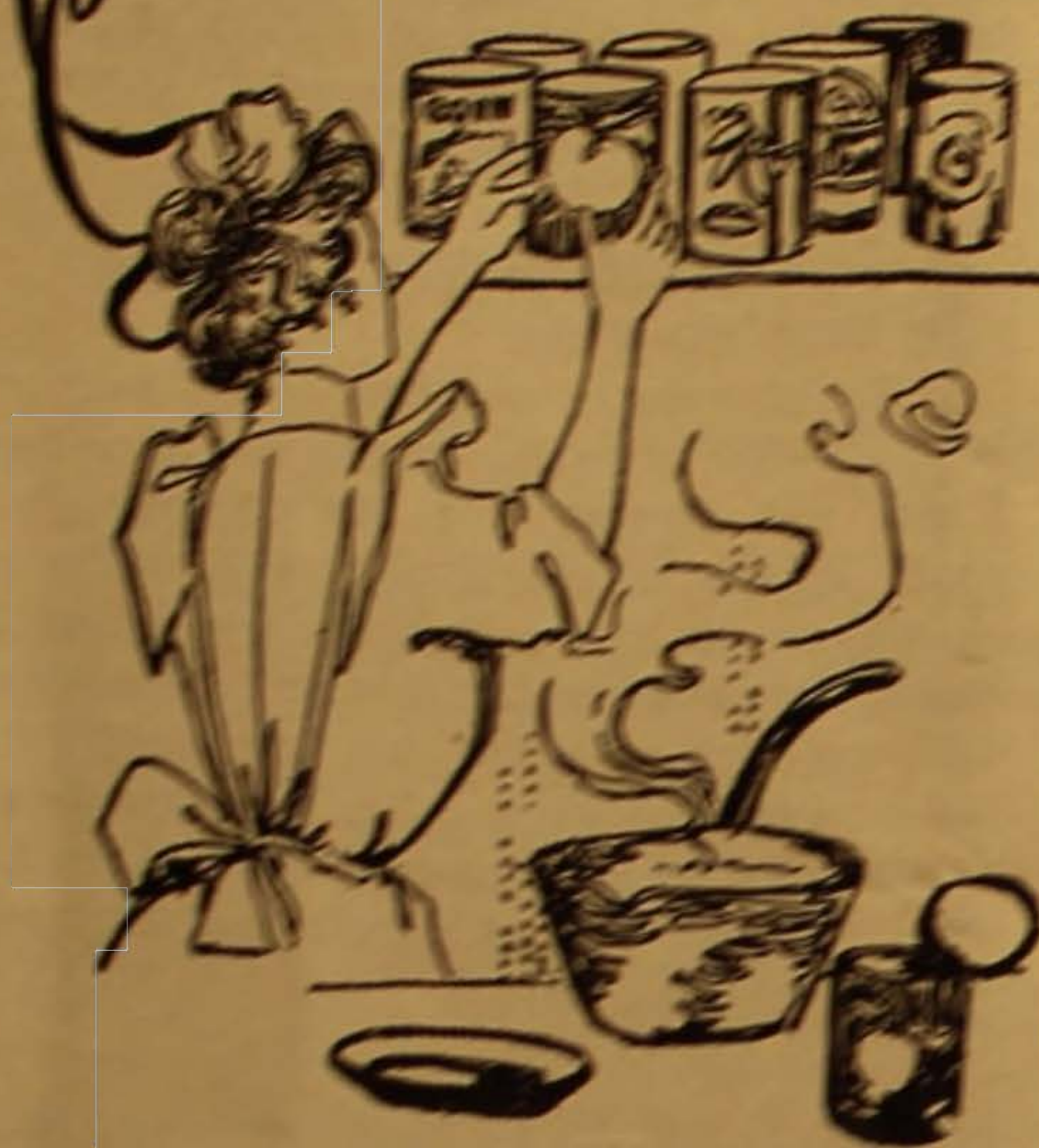
"How may you work into the magazines that pay?" By studying them, to learn what class of material is suited to their needs; by writing your best; by constantly fitting yourself to write better; and then by submitting your stuff, without discouragement, no matter how many times you are refused. Writing is like anything else—it requires training. Genius may endow one with ideas or originality of thought, but training alone makes satisfactory expression. It is just as much work to learn to write as to learn to lay bricks, or to cook, or to make dresses, or install machinery. And to succeed in this line, one must not grudge the necessary work, the preparation, the constant "learning to do by doing."

The "Encircling Good" is for all of us, and it devolves upon us to get our share. If you want your share to come to you in this particular form, go after it. Be willing to give to the realization of your aims the application, study, practice and effort which entitle you to the recognition which you claim—and you'll get it!



# 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 "excrescences" and claiming the beauties of life. All are invited to ask and answer questions. To help attract to us the best and most helpful ideas in "simplified housekeeping", we will hereafter offer three prizes each month for the most helpful letter or contribution received by us—short or long—for this department:

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$3.00
SECOND PRIZE.....	1.00
THIRD PRIZE.....	1.00

The originality or helpfulness of the suggestions offered will determine the winner of prize—literary style not considered. Prizes will be paid as the winning contributions are published—from three weeks to three months from receipt—and names of prize winners will accompany their printed contributions. Watch these columns. We reserve the right to print any contributions received. No manuscript will be returned. What is your special "household secret" or "short cut"? Mark your letter "For In Kettledom". Please note that we cannot forward letters addressed to contributors, or furnish addresses, on account of extra work involved.)

"My Dear Miss Wells:

Will some of the NEW THOUGHT readers, through the *In Kettledom* department, suggest some hearty substitute to serve as the substantial dish at dinner in place of meat, the high price of which renders its daily use prohibitive in families of limited means? I should judge that the dealers in meat, by sustaining the ever-ascending scale of prices, are doing more to minimize its use, than all the vegetarian preachments, etc.

M. A. S."

There is a book called "Meat Substitutes," by Isabel Goodhue, which would help you out of your difficulty. Its price is only \$1.00, and I will be glad to order it for you if you want it. In the meantime, a few dishes which, in their food elements, take the place of meat, are: baked beans, nut loaf, nut croquettes, macaroni and cheese, broiled or creamed mushrooms, baked rice *au gratin*; baked tomatoes stuffed with nuts and celery, escalloped tomatoes with broken nut meats sprinkled on each of the alternating layers of bread crumbs.

This is the recipe for baked rice:

Three cups boiled rice.

Three cups sweet milk.

One-quarter pound of grated cheese.

Three well-beaten eggs.

One dessert spoon of butter.

Little over teaspoonful of salt.

Melt the butter and stir lightly into the rice, cheese and milk; add the eggs, beat in lightly, and bake in oven for about one-half hour. Be careful not to let it burn.

For one not used to preparing vegetarian substitutes for meat, the wisest way out of the problem is to provide one's self with a vegetarian cook book. You will be surprised to find how many appetizing combinations have been worked out. Of course eggs are an ideal substitute for meat, whether creamed, baked, poached, boiled or in omelet form with appetizing fillings.

\* \* \*

"Dear Miss Wells:

Please answer through your columns, does it hurt in taking the milk diet to put bread in? I can eat bread and milk, but when I just take milk I am not satisfied. Mrs. G. T. G."

The "milk diet" is milk without any admixture. It is almost entirely digested in the mouth, and when you add other substances they require different digestion. When you take the "milk diet," stick to that and forsake the flesh-pots of Egypt. If you are "not satisfied" on milk alone, it is a very good indication that you are not taking enough of it, or are not taking it properly. The University of Min-



nesota made a test at one time with five students, putting them on milk, crackers and butter, and in four days they lost in weight from a quarter of a pound to six and one-half pounds each. Yet people constantly gain on an all-milk diet from one to seven or nine pounds per week! It is just in the way it is taken or administered. The proportions given for the Minnesota test were 100 grams of crackers, 780 grams of milk and 13.5 grams of butter, three times a day.

There are all kinds of diets these days, and the food-faddist has certainly numerous methods to choose from. It is said that Senator La Follette, who was a victim of stomach trouble and ran down in weight to 120 pounds, now lives almost exclusively on English walnuts and milk, and weighs 160 pounds! For breakfast he takes two whole wheat biscuits and milk; for luncheon, more milk, zwieback or outside pieces of bread, a few English walnuts; for dinner a dozen or two English walnuts, more milk and one or two vegetables—such as asparagus and spinach.

This, of course, is not a "milk diet," but is a combination of foods which he thinks is proving beneficial to him. My advice to anyone who expects to get the best good from milk is to take milk and nothing else.

\* \* \*

"My Dear Miss Wells:

In June I see where an Arctic subscriber wished to know how to remove ink from linen. This is myself, I think. You know the old saying, 'Necessity is the mother of invention'! Well, after writing you for a hint, I felt so disgusted with my carelessness in getting the ink on a new white apron, that I began to experiment, trying first lemon juice and salt, then I put the apron in cold water on the stove in a granite vessel, rubbed soap well into the stain, then coal oil; let it come to a boil, then rubbed it well, and the ink was gone!

M. A. P."

Perseverance wins! Perhaps you got a telepathic message?

Thank you for the sweet peas. It is quite wonderful to think that seventy miles beyond the Arctic circle sweet peas are growing seven feet high! The Arctic Circle always used to seem the beginning of bleak cold and snow, but how Man has extended his geography and shaped his environments!

\* \* \*

"Dear Friend:

What should one do to get rid of constipation from which he is troubled while living on milk diet? I have read an article in another magazine about the 'New method of removing dirt.' There the writer states that by a mechanism known as the 'Vacuum Cleaner,' every particle of dust is sucked by this con-

trivance. Will you please inform, through your valuable magazine, where one should inquire for this mechanism? Chloelatal J."

If you are troubled with constipation, drink hot water on rising in the morning, and before going to bed, and eat at night some fresh figs or soaked prunes. Then, exercise—night and morning. You can do this in your own room, taking all kinds of leg or waist exercises—which of course help to induce peristaltic action. Another thing, "chew" your milk before swallowing, and you will have less trouble.

As to the vacuum cleaners, they are common in America—perhaps haven't reached to your native country—India—as yet. I will ask some company which deals in them to communicate with you, sending circulars, etc.

\* \* \*

"Editor NEW THOUGHT:

I see in your last issue that some reader of NEW THOUGHT would like a recipe for good bread. I thought perhaps mine could be of some service to them and others.

First, I take my bread raiser and sift one quart of flour into it. Then make a hole in the middle, put in one tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar, two tablespoonfuls lard, and break in small pieces two cakes compressed yeast. Next I take one cup lukewarm water and stir it right in the middle until the yeast is all dissolved, after which I add one quart lukewarm water and stir it all together. (The more you stir, the finer the grain of the bread.) I cover it up closely and let rise for two hours. Then knead in flour enough to form a stiff dough—just a little flour at a time, so as not to get it too hard. I let it stand again until it has raised nice and fluffy, when I make into loaves. This makes three nice loaves. I let rise in pans until pan is full—not so as to let it run over, because then it will be too light—then prick every loaf with a fork and bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. I always set my bread at 7 o'clock a. m.

I know I always have fine bread, because I have been told so—not my own say-so, but others'. Try this and let me know through our NEW THOUGHT how it comes out.

Mrs. N. P. S."

Much obliged for your contribution to our bread symposium. Wish I had a slice of the completed product right now!

\* \* \*

"My Dear Miss Wells:

If Mrs. C. H. McC. will follow the directions suggested by yourself for washing white silk, and lastly rinse the garments in gasoline, she will find that it will retain its original whiteness. This applies likewise to linen pieces, embroidered in white silk. Mrs. J. M. P."

Thank you!



# BOOKS WORTH WHILE



## HOLIDAY FICTION.

GOOD ANY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"Bella Donna," by Robert Hichens, has the same desert flavor which we associate with some of the author's earlier books. Mr. Hichens is a writer of exceptional power—and leisure of pen. He is one of the few writers we can boast who do not give us a sense of condensed action, compressed description,—from whom, in fact, we do not get the intangible impression of a story fitted into a specific number of pages. This atmosphere of leisure, of time to look the landscape over, of pause and pleasure has a special charm for me. I like everything Mr. Hichens writes. This, his latest book, does not appeal to me quite as deeply as "A Spirit in Prison," but is a close study of character and holds the interest vividly while the thread of the unusual plot is slowly and skillfully unwound. It is the story of "a perfect lady with a past," of her marriage to a man with less past than common and every enthusiastic dream of a future—and of what that future comes to be. (\$1.50, postage 14 cents. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"The Lilac Girl," by Ralph Henry Barbour, is a book especially prepared for holiday gift time. Mr. Barbour is known for his once-a-year contributions to holiday fiction, always most sumptuously garbed. "The Lilac Girl" is a sweet little love-story which begins with the heroine leaning over a Pullman car rail, and a strange hero kissing her hand. It ends—but there, find out for yourself. I may say that it ends in a sweet-smelling orchard at night, in a most satisfactory manner. The book is done in lilac silk cloth with an "illustrated" cover in colors; there are marginal decorations to every page; and the whole makes a most dainty gift. (J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00, postage 12 cents. Daintily boxed.)

"Susanna and Sue," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a sweet little Shaker tale. Not a child's story, it is of a child, as most of Mrs. Wiggin's delightful books are. It is a story of a disillusioned wife who with her little girl comes for shelter to the peaceful Shaker community she had visited once as a young girl, of how she was taken in, what her life came to be there among the mild-voiced Sisters and the simple-minded Elders, how little Sue dally bubbles over the prim little Shaker mould seeking to enfold her, and of what is the fruit of this patient seedtime. Not quite as spontaneous and captivating as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," but a bright little book, for all that. (Houghton Mifflin & Co., \$1.50, postage 16 cents.)

"The Oath of Allegiance," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is a book of short stories which takes its name from one. The stories are all of a high standard, full of human interest, clever character delineations, and, at times, a faint touch of the mystic. "The Oath of Allegiance" is the tale of a telephone operator who stays at her post, warning those in peril, while the raging flood comes down. Yes, comes down, and covers her over, leaving her tangled in the floating wreckage while the last flicker of her life goes out—to be found and wept over and worshiped when the smiling sun comes up once more. "His Soul to Keep" is a sweet mystical tale where the ardent message of one mind to another at a distance saves a soul. There are eleven fine stories in the volume. (Houghton Mifflin & Co., \$1.25 net, postage 12 cents.)

"Miss Selina Sue and the Soap Box Babies," by Maria Thompson Davies, falls just short of charm. Perhaps I may have been in a hypercritical state of mind when the book fell into my hands, but certainly it impressed me as a weak imitation of

"Mrs. Wiggs" or "Susan Clegg"—two totally dissimilar characters, of course, but having the like charm of epigrammatic originality. Miss Selina Sue just fails of being either epigrammatic or original. She is a spinster, whose author evidently designed her as both lovable and eccentric, and who has, among other idiosyncrasies, the very laudable one of taking the neighboring babies, neglected and otherwise, into her heart and home—or rather, store. Here soap-boxes do duty as cradles, hence the sub-title of the book. There is a little love-story running through the book, which of course ends happily. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, \$1.00, postage 8 cents.)

"Martin Eden," by Jack London, is a strong book—a masterly and masterful book—real, human, full of the throes of life. It is the tale of an uncouth illiterate sailor youth, with a wild, rough life behind him, who through the vision of a pure woman begins to model himself into a form which shall suit her world. Laboring for education, his study of books sets the creative fires burning within, and soon, while love is one end, *expression* becomes another. The tale of his struggle to earn his living by his pen is a tale of unrelenting effort, determination, dogged endurance. I commend it as a study in methods of marketing literary wares, to the amateur who is just beginning his novitiate. He wins success in the end—unbounded, overwhelming success—but how it tastes to his hungry lips the last chapter of the book must tell you. "Martin Eden" is a real book. (The Macmillan Co., \$1.50, postage 12 cents.)

"Beatrice the Sixteenth," by Irene Clyde, is of English publication. It is a quite unusual story, beginning with the kick of a camel which precipitates the heroine from one plane of existence to another. That other proves to lie in a strange but attractive country; and into the life of this new world, the object of our interest is speedily adjusted. At first one is somewhat confused as to the sex of the various characters, until it finally dawns upon us that every heroine is *also* a hero! There are palace intrigues which menace the throne, but these are happily overthrown, and in the last chapter, where we had confidently expected a dagger thrust or other fatal wound to precipitate our heroine back into the life from which the camel's kick had dispatched her, she surprises us by happily settling down to a continued existence in this strange land, with a delightfully shy and adoring—wife or husband, we don't know which—a "conjux" as the book\* denominates her (or him). The book is very well written and proves entertaining. (The Macmillan Co., \$1.50, postage 12 cents.)

There are some charming children's books this season—as is always the case when Yule-tide draws near. "The Little Lame Prince," by Miss Mulock, is well-known as an ideal child's story, and Rand, McNally & Co. have gotten up a most fascinating edition thereof to go into many Christmas stockings—no, not into the stockings, because the book is too big and beautiful to get into such limited quarters. The story is a delightful one, and the book is beautifully illustrated in many colors. A gift to make any child jump with joy, for everybody loves the little Prince, and the Magpie, and the Fairy Godmother; and the tale of how he came into his kingdom at last, is charmingly told. (The Rand-McNally Co., \$1.25, postage 10 cents.)

Another equally delightful child's book is "Old Fashioned Fairy Tales," by Marion Foster Washburn. Mrs. Washburn, who is a fascinating story writer, was one of the "bigger girls" when I was just coming out of kindergarten, and I've swung in her backyard, and sat in hushed silence on the "front steps" many a time in the midst of a little bevy of girls, and heard her tell about Cinderella, and Jack and the Beanstalk, and all the wonder-



ful people of Fairyland, and *she* in turn has listened with all her ears while my own young mother acted as story-teller-in-chief and kept us all breathless. This Christmas book of long-ago fairy tales is a real delight. Here we have Little Red Riding Hood, Puss in Boots, The Sleeping Beauty and Hop o' My Thumb—the *real* fairy stories that will last when all our modern innovations are forgotten. The book is most cleverly illustrated in colors, and I hope *your* child will get one for Christmas. (Rand-McNally Co., \$1.25, postage 10 cents.)

When I was a little girl beginning to be big, I remember reading a story by George MacDonald, something about a "wise woman" and a little girl who was shut up in a house where she had to see herself in a glass all the time and note all her ugly temper changing her pretty face. It sounds like a "preachy" story—but it wasn't; it was so fascinating you could hardly get your breath, for there was a mysterious little door that led out onto the hillside, and the wise woman was always coming on the scene or going off it, singing her weird old songs under her breath. And it was the first *New Thought* story I ever read! Yes, really *New Thought*—though nobody ever guessed its label. So when I had a chance to open the covers of a 1909 Christmas edition of George MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind," I opened them *quickly*. And it's *New Thought*, just as I knew it would be, and just as its writer never thought of calling it. What a charming story it is, with its tale of the little boy who makes the acquaintance of the North Wind which slips through the knot-hole in the barn loft where he has his tiny bed; and who goes voyaging off with her on strange journeys and through myriad exciting adventures, on each of which he learns something wonderful and sweet and true. He is afraid, and he learns courage, but first of all finds that "to *try* to be brave is to *be* brave," and he is so astonished that this can be so. And he walks all along the ledges of the cathedral windows—and isn't scared at all! And after a time the North Wind only comes to him once in a while, but he has learned so many things of her that he never is afraid at all when trouble comes, but just goes along simply and happily—and lo, there isn't any trouble at all! And at the end, the very last page of all, he gets clear, *clear* to "the back of the North Wind" and our story is ended. A fine book for children, big and little. (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$1.50, postage 17 cents.)

"The Doors of Life, or Little Studies in Self-Healing," by Walter DeVoe, is a book of self-help and self-inspiration, for constant daily use. "Change the quality of your spirit by the renewal of your mind and the tone of life must reorganize the cells and bones and tissues to represent the new positiveness of character," is one of the keys whose use Mr. DeVoe strives to render simple to every outstretched hand. He teaches that "There is no limit to the healing power souls may exercise," and each chapter of the book is a lesson in the use of this power. It is not a book to read and put by, but to use constantly. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., \$1.00 net, postage 8 cents.)

"Nerves and Common Sense," by Annie Payson Call, is for the help of those suffering from nervous strain. It is *New Thought* and common sense combined—or, rather, *New Thought* which is common sense. It is a book for the ordinary woman whose nerves are jangled, whose duties overpress her, and who is constantly under a strain. It shows her how to "*come out from under*." I recommend it *highly*. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.25 net, postage 8 cents.)

"The New Philosophy of Life Series," by J. Herman Randal, is a series of seven delightful little volumes. Actually, if there wasn't a word in them worth reading, you would like to own them *just to look at*, for they are gotten up in most artistic style—cartridge brown covers with white vellum backs, titles in gold with illuminated initial in deep red; an inner title page in the palest lavender and "faded" green. The most *charming* books for gifts, and only 60 cents each. The titles of the six books are: The Real God, The Subconscious Mind, The Power of Suggestion, Mind and Body, Man's Undeveloped Powers, The Supreme Victory and The Rebirth of Religion; and they deal with the use of the mental forces in controlling bodily conditions; with the use of our subconscious faculties; with the God within us; with the psychology of prayer; with the conquest of fear; with physical wholeness. The books are extremely helpful little volumes. (H. M. Caldwell

Co., Boston, Mass. 60 cents each in cartridge brown boards, vellum back; \$1.25 in limp leather, boxed. Postage 5 cents each. See our advertising pages.)

"Our Invisible Supply: How to Obtain. Part II," by Frances Larimer Warner, is a supplement to or rather an *extension* of the subject matter of Mrs. Warner's first book, "Our Invisible Supply," one of the publications of The Library Shelf. As that book dealt with methods of bringing desire into realization, so does this; being a preparation in book form of actual letters to students. The book is attractively gotten up and will be enjoyed by all who were admirers of Mrs. Warner's first book under the same title. (Roger Bros., New York city, \$1.00 net, postage 9 cents. See our advertising pages.)

"Memory," by Henry Dickson, is a charming little book which has come to my desk, being a reprint of a lecture delivered at Los Angeles, California, by the writer. One of the novel ideas contained in the book is that of training the memory to recall scenes of the past, first one year back, then two years back, then three years back, etc. The use of memory as a means of stimulating the *inspirational* faculties of the brain is another most interesting topic treated in the book. Mr. Dickson is, of course, an authority on memory-culture. (Henry Dickson, Auditorium Building, Chicago. See our advertising pages. No price given.)

"Unfired Food," by George J. Drews, is in reality *two* books in one. The first book is a thorough "nature-cure food book," with complete directions for preparing 360 dishes from uncooked food, carefully designed to provide the nutritive element the body needs. There are comprehensive tables showing food values, and a mass of miscellaneous information. The second book, or portion of the book, is devoted to "Tropho-Therapy"—(the science of administering natural food as a cure for disease). The causes of numerous diseases are considered and analyzed, and the proper cure, *through food alone*, outlined for each. (The author, Box 35 Marion Court, Chicago, \$2.00, postpaid.)

A pretty holiday calendar has been prepared by William E. Towne—as is his yearly custom—this time an "Emerson Calendar of Inspiration" with inspiring quotations on each page. Very dainty and attractive. (William E. Towne, 25 cents, postpaid. See our advertising pages.)

"Religion and Miracle," by Dr. George A. Gordon, is a finely written book, whose object is not the destruction of belief in miracle, but emphasis of the truth that where miracle has ceased to be regarded as fact, "Christianity remains in its essence entire." In certain portions, however, the book is marked by a misunderstanding of mental healing movements, and therefore the author's deductions from his own premises on this point are naturally incorrect, but as this touches only a small portion of the book it need not detract from its interest or value. It helps to make human the "miracles" of Scripture, and leaves one the essentials of faith without the barnacles of superstition. (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$1.30 net, postage 11 cents.)

"Mind and Work," by Luther H. Gulick, is dedicated to "Those who would compel rather than be compelled, by circumstance; who would draw, rather than be drawn, by their feelings; who would be masters of themselves, and so of fate." It is a book of actual practical worth, by the director of physical training in the New York City Schools, and shows us how to *take care* of "the real thing inside," that from the inner success may come the external. I smiled long—and *loud*—over "Mental Effect of a Flat Top Desk," for the book gives just *my reason* for having one. The chapters on "Management of the Feelings," on "Will-Fatigue," on "Thinking that Arrives," on "Put It on Paper," are well worth a dollar apiece! (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.20 net, postage 9 cents.)

"The Home of the Soul," by Rev. Charles Wagner, the famous author of "The Simple Life," is a gathering together of the messages he has been delivering in France, in the "Home of the Soul" established by him there. What is here said is addressed to "that divine forgotten something called the soul, the profound spirit of the frail thread of our existence by which alone we are great." To awaken that spirit which "transforms and enriches everything" is the purpose of this book—to help create in each of us "a rejuvenated world." (Funk & Wagnalls Co., \$1.20 net, postage 10 cents.)





(This department, which has no more serious purpose than to make the corners of your mouth turn up, will be devoted during the time of our \$10,000 Prize Contest—see Adv. pages 3, 4 and 5—to a publication of the “best stories” received therein. Hereafter the names

of the persons sending in these published contributions will be printed below the respective stories. *Glad to print a story from you!* We pay \$50 to \$100 each for the BEST stories, under the conditions outlined on Adv. pages 3, 4 and 5.)



A prosperous farmer who kept thoroughbred stock was on a visit at his brother's, who was a wealthy Boston merchant, when his aristocratic sister-in-law concluded to return with him for a brief stay, and thus she informed her daughter of her intention:

“I’m going home with your Uncle James, Adeline, and stay a whole week.”

“Why, mother! I shouldn’t think you’d want to go.”

“Why not?”

“There’s no society there.”

“Oh, yes, there is. There are the Holsteins and the Guernseys. I heard your uncle speak of them often.” E. M. BARBER, No. 30, Section 1.

An Irish patriotic society was passing along Broadway, and Pat, with all the enthusiasm of his Irish soul, was shouting, “Hoorah for Ireland!”

An Englishman, wearing a silk hat, shouted back from the sidewalk: “Hurrah for *Hell!*” “I’ve won for his own country,” retorted Pat, and marched along, shouting louder than ever, “Hoorah for Ireland!”

MRS. M. E. HIBBARD, No. 356, Section 1.

Aunt Tilly’s son had been in the West some time, and she awaited a letter from him with much impatience. As time went on she grew very anxious, an anxiety which her friends appreciated and shared. One day the postman was seen to stop at her home, and Aunt Mahaly, who lived next door, went over that evening to hear the news.

“I tuck notice dat de postman stops at yo’ house dis mawnin’, Sis Tilly, an’ I confess dat yo’ got dat lettah from Rastus dat yous been lookin’ fur,” she said. “Yes, hit wuz frum Rastus,” returned Aunt Tilly. “What did he hab ter specify erbout de West?” inquired Aunt Mahaly, with interest.

“Doan know,” replied Aunt Tilly, sadly. “Hit said on de kiver ob de onvelope ter return in five days, an’ hit had been fo’ days er comin’, den ez hit didn’t hab but one day ter git back in, I knowed I hab ter hurry an’ mail hit, an’ I neber had time ter read hit.”

MRS. CHARLES HALLIDAY, No. 203, Section 1.

The boarders were alarmed one night by a noise that sounded as if a man was running in one of the upper rooms. However, as it came from the second floor front room of the new boarder, nothing was said. The next night the same running noises were heard. Still it was thought best to say nothing. But the third night the noise differed. The boarders huddled together in the parlor as the chandeliers shook as the man above apparently came down at intervals with a thump, thump, that fairly shook the house.

Two men were delegated to see what was the matter.

“What in the world is the matter up here?” asked one of the men, as the door was opened by the new boarder, apparently breathless.

“Why,” came the answer between gasps of breath, “I’m taking my medicine.”

“Medicine?” echoed the men.

“Yes,” said the man, as he dropped into a

chair from sheer exhaustion. “It’s tougher on me than on you. But the doctor said I should take it two nights running, and then skip the third night.” MILDRED BUTTS, No. 155, Section 1.

There was once a young Californian who often visited a leading hotel in Santa Barbara because they have such excellent honey there—a honey that the bees make from a certain flower.

The young man got married in due course of time, and the wedding trip must include Santa Barbara, so the bride might taste of this superb honey.

But the first morning at the hotel there was no honey on the breakfast table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old, familiar waiter over to him.

“Where’s my honey?” he demanded.

The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man’s ear, and in a stage whisper stammered:

“Er—er—Mamie don’t work here no more, sir.”

VIVIAN F. HUNTER, No. 6, Section 1.

A Newark woman, who lives in an apartment house, changed her ice-man not long ago, and the next day the youth who drove the new man’s team put the ice on the dumb-waiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away.

“Heavens!” she exclaimed. “That new ice-man certainly gives good weight!”

After much effort she got the dumb-waiter up to the kitchen level. To her amazement there was a small boy sitting upon the ice. With what little breath she had left, she demanded:

“What in the world did you make me pull you up here for?”

“Why,” replied the youngster, “I thought maybe the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I come up to help you off with it.”

LUCILE HAMMERSMITH, No. 72, Section 1.

“Why were you absent from school yesterday, Johnnie?” asked the teacher.

“Father was sick and I had to stay home,” replied Johnnie.

“You mean that your father *thought* he was sick,” replied the teacher, who was a Christian Scientist.

Johnnie accepted the thought, but was absent from school again. On his return to school his teacher again inquired the cause of his absence, whereupon Johnnie replied: “Oh, father *thought* he died, and we buried him yesterday.”

FLORA BURSON, No. 107, Section 1.

Gen. Putnam once got into a dispute with an Englishman who finally challenged him to fight a duel. Gen. Putnam was seriously opposed to duels, but found himself obliged to accept or be branded as a coward. He had the choice of weapons, so stipulated that they meet, with their seconds, at a certain spot, and sit on a keg of powder; that a lighted fuse be inserted in each keg, and that the one who sat the longest would be victor. The Englishman was horrified, but



Putnam was obdurate, so the kegs were provided, the principals with their seconds met, the fuses were inserted and lighted. Putnam calmly sat down on his keg. The Englishman was already pale, but in desperation clinched his teeth and sat down. Meantime Gen. Putnam quietly took out his pipe, filled it and began complacently smoking. The Englishman fidgeted, changed color, and after a few minutes could stand the strain no longer, and fled. The dazed and horrified seconds gasped in amazement at Gen. Putnam, who still sat and smoked until he had finished his pipe, for he knew that the kegs were filled, not with powder, but with dried onions!

MRS. G. DE BORGES, No. 209, Section 1.

A pretty young school teacher had been teaching her pupils all day concerning the various functions of the different organs of the body. Along about closing time one of the trustees visited the school and, of course, wanted to see how the children were getting along. Everything went along swimmingly until "What are the functions of the stomach?" was asked.

Nobody could answer, and after a period of very deep thought, the smallest girl in the room exclaimed, "Teacher, I know!"

"Now, Dorothy, tell all these great big boys and girls what you know. They should be ashamed to let a little girl get ahead of them."

"Please, ma'am, the stomach is to hang your petticoats on."

CHARLES V. WHEELER, No. 484, Section 1.

A Cleveland minister, frequently called out of the city, always arranged for someone to stay with his wife and little girl during his absence. Recently, however, he was called away so suddenly that he had no time to provide a guardian. The wife was very brave during the early evening, but after dark her courage began to fail. She stayed up with her little girl till there was no excuse for staying longer, and then took her up stairs to bed.

"Now, go to sleep, dearie," she said. "Don't be afraid—God will protect you."

"Yes, mother," answered the little girl, "that'll be all right tonight, but next time let's make better arrangements."

W. D. McCURDY, No. 222, Section 1.

Dr. A. used to keep behind his office door a skeleton, which he had so put together with wires that he could at pleasure, by pulling a string attached to it, make the skull bow and stretch out an arm. One day he had a call from a raw countryman and the doctor, being a humorous man, made the skeleton politely bow and extend a hand just as the countryman entered the room. The scared fellow bolted out, sprang into the wagon, and whipped out of town like wild, nor ventured back again for weeks. When he did come again, he met upon the street the very thinnest person Lexington had ever known, Mr. S. The countryman eyed him fearfully, then fairly ran across the street, from which place of vantage he shook his fist and said: "Don't you come nigh me! I know yer, ef yer is got on yer clothes!"

MRS. MARY BRICE, No. 111, Section 1.

A minister who had a somewhat parsimonious congregation once induced the Rev. Sam Jones, lecturer and evangelist, to come and preach for him.

Just before the sermon was to begin, the usual collection was taken up, and found to consist mostly of nickels and pennies, together with a liberal supply of buttons.

The Rev. Sam glanced contemptuously at the baskets as they were placed on the edge of the platform near his chair, and then, turning to the minister in charge, he asked:

"Is that a fair sample of the collection you get in this church?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I should say that is about the average. My people are not very liberal givers."

"I see they're not," remarked Sam, drily. "But

do you know what I'd do if I were pastor over a congregation of this kind? Why, I'd hunt up the meanest, leanest, ugliest, loudest barking yellow dog I could find, and set him on them."

The minister put his open hand up beside his mouth, leaned towards his brother clergyman, and responded in a stage whisper:

"That is just what I had thought of doing. Sic 'em, Sam."

MRS. N. CLEVELAND, No. 467, Section 1.

## DURING SLEEP

### Nature Repairs the Human Engine.

The activities of the day cause more or less waste of tissues in the human engine, which is repaired at night during sleep.

The man or woman who can sleep well at night, is sure of the necessary repairs, other things being right, to make each day a time of usefulness and living a real joy.

But let insomnia get hold of you, and the struggle begins, of trying to work with a machine out of repair. A Nebr. woman's experience with coffee as a producer of insomnia is interesting. She says:

"I used to be a coffee drinker and was so nervous I could not sleep at night before about 12 o'clock, unless I would take some medicine. I was under the doctor's care for about 5 years and my weight got down to 82 lbs.

"The doctor said I would have to quit drinking coffee. Then my father got me to try Postum which he said had done wonders for him. I am past 43 and before I quit drinking coffee, my heart would jump and flutter at times, miss a beat, then beat so fast I could hardly breathe in enough air and I would get smothered.

"My tongue would get so stiff I could not talk and I could not hold a glass to drink from. Since I have been drinking Postum, in place of coffee, I can sleep sound any time I lie down, and I feel I owe everything to Postum.

I now weigh 120 lbs. and am well."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



# The Telepathy Department

Ernest Weltmer, *Director*

(Telepathy means "the transmission of thought direct from one mind to another." Is it unreasonable to think that the Mind of Man which has evolved and by the use of great blunt fingers builded the delicate Wireless Telegraph Machine which transmits thoughts through space, is able to transmit thought directly without the use of a machine of any kind? The editors have been interested in Telepathy for many years, and this department is devoted to the conduct of a gigantic Telepathy Experiment. The original purpose of the Experiment was to gather data proving that one man could reach and influence large numbers of people at one time; to develop a great many sensitive Telepathy receivers; to discover as many as possible of the laws of Telepathy; and to bring into the lives of the receivers a force for good health, success and happiness in the study and thought of these things and in the weekly periods of communion with the sender and each other. The Experiment has over four thousand enrolled members in every part of the civilized world, who make an effort to receive simultaneously a message sent from Nevada, Missouri, at nine P. M. each Thursday night. The first message was sent September 12, 1907. Since then not a Thursday night has come and gone unobserved by the sender, Sidney A. Weltmer, and the thousands of receivers enrolled. Much has already been achieved, but much more is yet to be learned. Many have been healed, many turned upon the road to success and happiness, and many have developed a high degree of psychic power. Membership is free to all interested students of these subjects—there being no strings attached to this free privilege. Anyone making application will be enrolled, given a number, and sent free our complete course of lessons in Telepathy and Success—our "Telepathy Calendar." The messages and results are reported each month in these pages.)

**T**HE six weeks whose reports are herein given are very encouraging in many ways, especially with respect to the results of the study and application of the Success Lessons in the Calendar and the health benefits received from the observance of the weekly relaxation periods.

I am highly elated over the results reported from the Success Lessons. I believed in them when I gave them forth. I felt certain that they would work if properly applied, and I have never lost my faith in them at any time; but I had come to feel that perhaps it was expecting too much to ask people to take cold, written lessons, practical and matter-of-fact and as every day as an old shoe, and (without the influence of a strong personality to inspire them to study and try to apply them) incorporate them into their daily life in a manner that would make them of practical benefit. I had about decided that I should have put in some mysticism and superstition and have couched the simple truths—and old many-times-told truths—which I believed in, in a jargon that no one could understand, least of all myself—in other words, that I should have made a stronger appeal to the imagination of the student.

And I was growing discouraged; the color of my sky had become decidedly dark blue and was getting bluer all the time, for I could not bring myself to adopt methods that seemed so uselessly absurd, and yet I felt that I owed the receivers this inspiration because of having

promised it to them. It did not matter that I had done my best, that I had given them the best that I had. All that mattered was that it seemed that they had not received the message that I had given them.

And now I find that many of them have been and are actually making application of these lessons to their daily life, and that they are reaping the benefits that I promised them. Many speak of health and success benefits, and all in all there is a new quality, a more hopeful tone in the reports than is usually the case.

I am sure that this is only the beginning, the sowing of the seed; that the time is coming when more of the members will take up these lessons and, regarding them seriously, as they were written, apply them to their needs, and, reaping the benefits of such an action, add their force to the whole, making the tide of success a stronger and stronger force for those who wish to place themselves in its current.

I fear that there may be still some who prefer to read into my words and the rules I have given, hidden mysterious meanings, and who look for their success to come to them by strange and even supernatural processes. To these I have only to say that I mean all and only what I say by the words I penned when writing those lessons, and I think you will gain the most benefit from them by understanding and applying them in this manner. However, if the mysterious and the vague and the indefinite (or, if you prefer, the infinite) appeal to you more than the just-as-little-understood but more



familiar, so-called practical and every-day, then use them in that sense. Any application of them, no matter how misguided, is better than utter neglect.

Yes, I am elated over our success in that line. So highly elated that I am almost able to overlook the fact that as a telepathy experiment we have no appreciable success to show for the six weeks' work. Just a few show some degree of sensitiveness, but none reported the message correctly or was even markedly close to it. I do not attempt to account for this, but we are making some radical changes in the manner of conducting the experiment (of which you are all being advised by circular letter) to last up to and including the test of January 6th, with the purpose of finding out, if possible, what will improve results. I am sure that the new experiments will greatly increase the interest of the receivers, and I look to have some interesting results to report.

We have made definite plans covering the period only up to January 6th, but I have other experiments planned to follow these if the results warrant further change, which will carry us through the larger part of next year. I would be glad to receive suggestions for the experiment from receivers. Most of the new changes that I am now instituting were suggested by receivers in different parts of the world.

Those making such suggestions will confer upon me a favor, which will be greatly appreciated, if they will write the same upon a separate sheet of paper marked "Suggestions for the Telepathy Experiment," sign their name, and give their reasons for thinking the method they recommend worthy of attention.

I think it is quite possible that if members of the Experiment could know within a couple of days of the message being sent, *just what that message was*, without waiting until it appeared in the magazine, this might give added interest to their work and so increase the probability of good results. Under the old method of handling the Experiment, post cards were sent out the morning following the message, reporting it to all members. When the membership increased so tremendously, the expense of this feature was too great to be longer continued. But I want to say here that if in sending in your report weekly, you wish to enclose therein a self-addressed U. S. postal card, entirely blank on the reverse side (don't use a pictorial post card), we will send you thereon the *next message*, the morning after it has been telepathically given forth. You will thus get the message as quickly after its telepathic dispatch as the mail can carry, and while your own experience is fresh in your mind you will have means of comparison at hand. This is not at all essential to good results on your part, but is my answer to requests for this "special service." If any of you care for it, in addi-

tion to the reports published in the magazine, enclose a post card each week and it will be used for you. Understand, your post card will not be used to send you *the message upon which you are reporting*, but will be kept till the following Friday morning and carry to you the message sent that week, so that you will get it immediately after mailing the report of your own success in receiving that message. *Nothing will be sent on the post card, of course, but the message*; all directions, instructions and general reports will be printed in the magazine, or contained in the calendar.

## CAREFUL DOCTOR

### Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



## The Telepathy Department

## MESSAGES AND REPORTS.

September 23.

The message: "I FOLLOW THE LIGHT."

Reported results: None was correct, but a few showed sensitiveness. For instance: 5325, Ohio, reported "*Light*," and 5110 B, Mass., reported "*Light, sunshine; all was brightness and joy around me.*" L. L., N. Y., seemed to show some sensitiveness to the idea in the following report: "*Look forward, not backward.*"

September 30.

The message: "WE ARE STUDENTS."

Reported results: None correct. 4332 B, N. Y., showed some degree of sensitiveness, it seems to me, by the following report: "*The proper study of mankind is man. Study yourself.*" This quotation and his own addition might easily be the result of a vague idea of study, as suggested by "students," coupled with the idea of man and yourself, as suggested by "we." 443 B, Mass.; 4344 B, Mich.; M. T. McN., Tex., and 4000 B, Me., also show lesser sensitiveness.

October 7.

The message: "WE ARE SEEKING MORE LIGHT."

Reported results: None correct. 2364 B, Md., shows a doubtful sensitiveness in the following report: "*Searching for truth.*" 2653 B, Mich., saw a triangle of light, and 4047 B, La., reported, "*We are progressing*," which might be taken as conveying some sense of the message, although it might easily do for any of a number of others.

October 14.

The message: "ONWARD AND UPWARD."

Reported results: None correct. 3051 B, Me.; 877 B, Ga.; 4319 B, N. J.; V. J. H., Calif.; 4311, Okla., show faint sensitiveness.

October 21.

The message: "MIND IS UNIVERSAL."

Reported results: None correct. 7081, Mass.; 2380 B, Me.; 3347, Kas.; H. K. E., Ore., showed fair sensitiveness.

I will say for the benefit of those who think that the Experiment does not generally reap more successes, because so few people are attuned to the mind of the sender on account of his living on a different plane from the majority of the receivers, that on this night over four hundred people—those in attendance at that session of the Chautauqua—sent the message with Prof. Weltmer, the regular sender. But the results were no better than usual—not so good, in fact, as they have been in times past with only one sender active.

October 28.

The message: "WHAT YOU THINK, CONTROLS YOU."

Reported results: None correct and none sensitive.

I am sure that the reader will agree with me, after perusing the above results, that it is time to make a change in the method of carrying on the experiment. I shall not attempt to account for this falling off of results, although I have my idea as to its cause, but I will call attention to the fact that these failures prove one thing, at least, and as I have had occasion to observe on other similar occasions, are for that matter as valuable for what they teach us as an equal number of successes would have been. Whatever the cause of our lack of success in these instances, that we did fail, then, when all the observable factors were as usual—that is, "suggestion," "guessing," "coincidence," "anxiety on my part to present a good report," "luck," etc., etc.; when we failed with all of these in good running order, it at least indicates that the cause of the failure is more obscure than the presence or the lack of these factors, and I am inclined to say that it was due to lack of telepathic communication.

We must not let our failures at any time disconcert or dismay us. We should not be discouraged by such an occurrence, but we should accept it as a part of the day's work and endeavor to gain what we can from the lesson it has to teach us. In this case I think that it teaches us that we are not sending and receiving the messages, and to account for this lack we should be able to discover what is wrong. The message is not being sent strongly enough, or else the receivers are not making themselves able to receive it when it comes to them. *And we know how to remedy these faults.*

We do not find it necessary to prove telepathy. We are not trying to do that, although that was a part of our original intention, and such a result would now be welcomed by all of us, in spite of the fact that it is already sufficiently proven as an occasional fact. We are trying to discover how to make it of practical benefit to us, and, in the meantime, we are also trying to get well and make our lives successful expressions of the ideals we hold for ourselves. We can succeed in the last two motives if we never gain anything in the first, and I am certain (the time I give to it and the money we spend in support of the Experiment is sufficient proof of our belief in its outcome) that we shall also succeed in our first endeavor, if we but persevere. And you'll all find that the part of "we" that runs this end of the line is pretty good at persevering.

November 4.

The message: "BE CHEERFUL."

November 11.

The message: "POWER IS WITHIN."

November 18.

The message: "TRUTH IS OMNIPOTENT."

November 25.

The message: "DIVINE LAW CURES."



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"Ah reckon it am."

"Could you love me?"

"Ah reckon Ah could?"

"Do yo' love me?"

"Ah reckon Ah does."

"Will yo' marry me?"

"Ah reckon Ah will. But, say! What nigger am dis here talkin', anyhow?"

MISS MYRTLE MINKLE, No. 486, Section 1.

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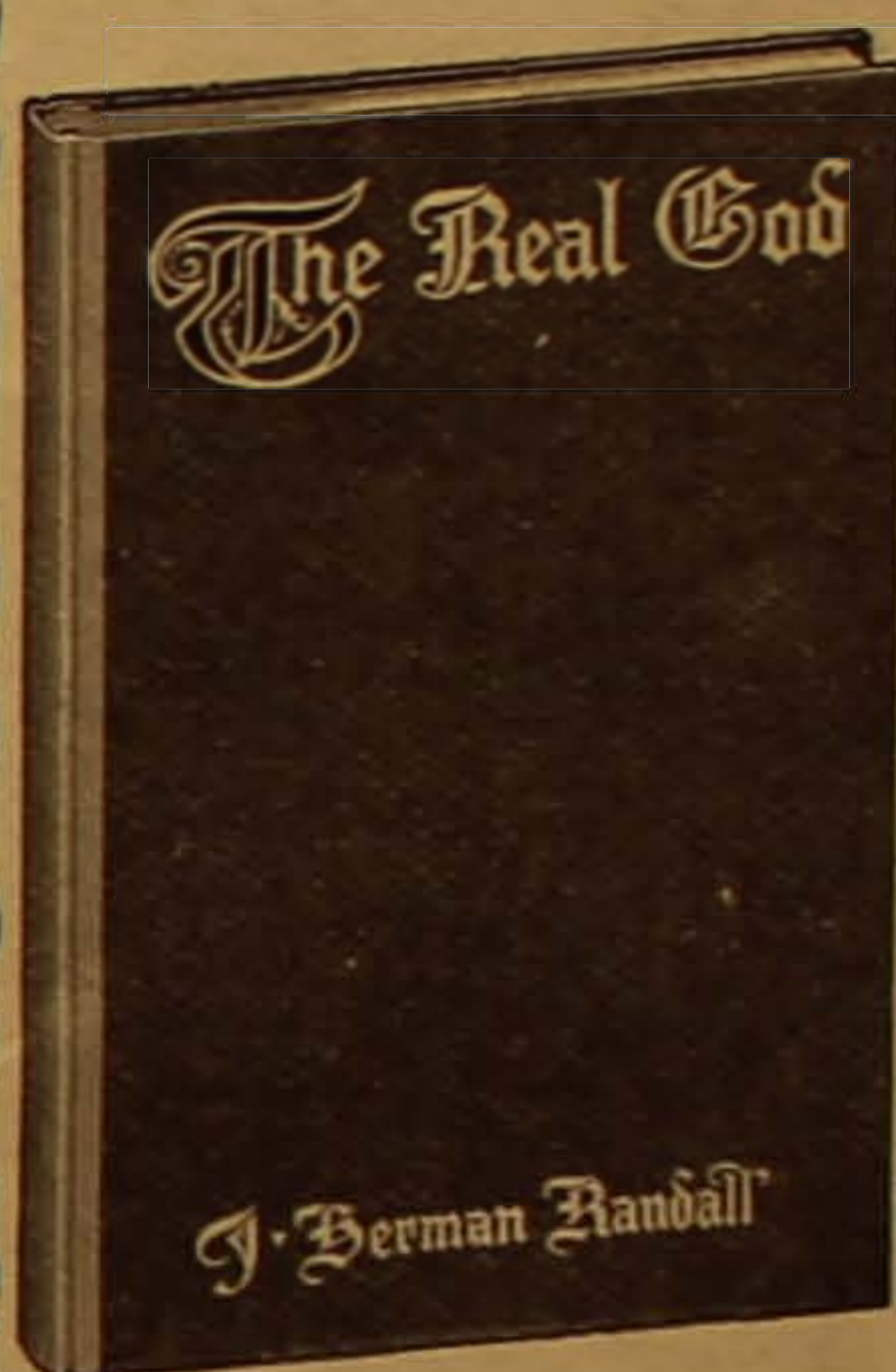
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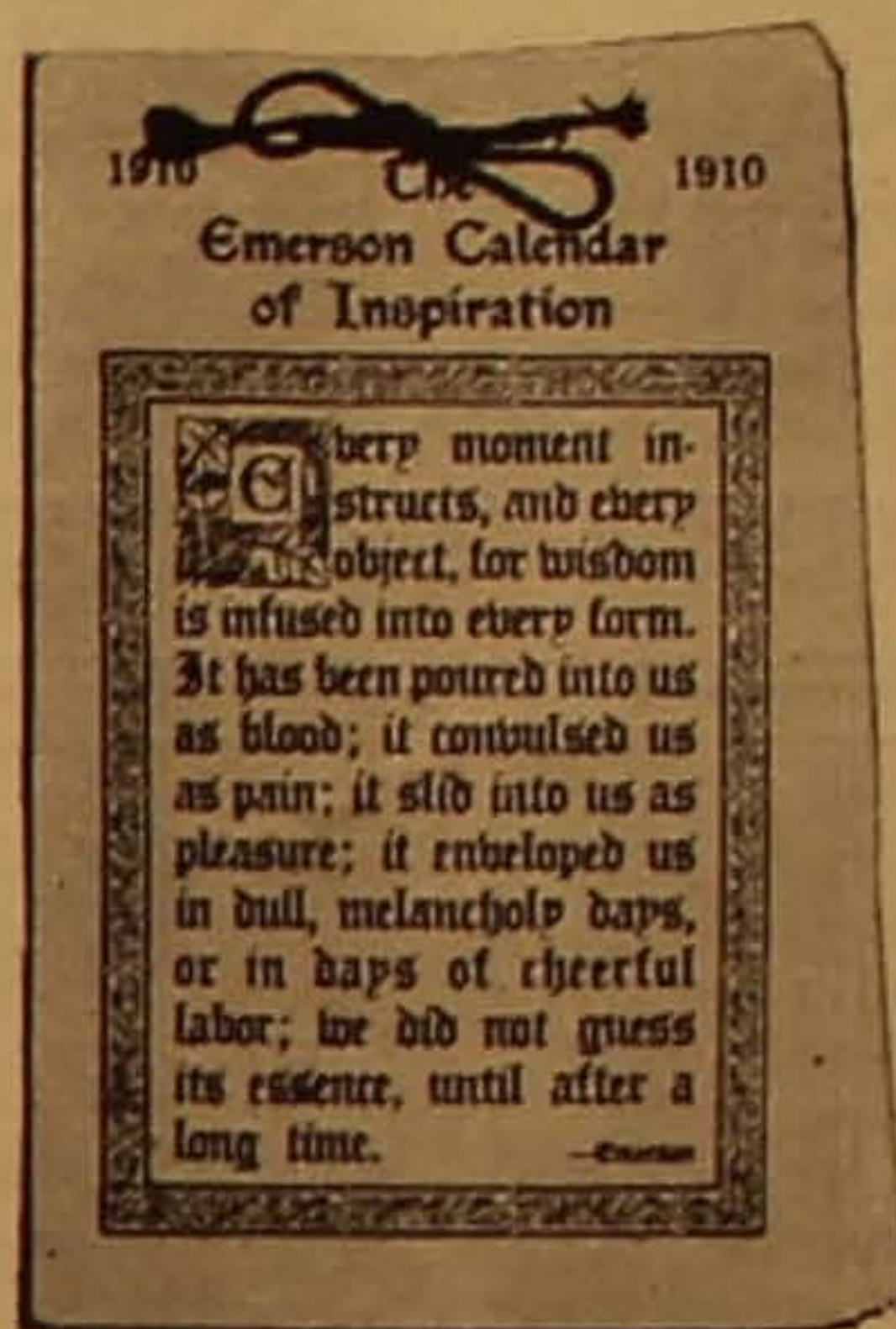
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The power of Emerson as a writer is shown by the fact that his Essays are in far greater demand today than the writings of any other man in his class. This year I have personally spent considerable time in making the selections used in the Calendar, and I think they



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The leaves are tied with brown silk cord. When the month is ended you simply turn the leaf over the back of the calendar—you never destroy it. Each quotation is set in fancy type, with a handsome initial letter. Size of Calendar 5x7½—just a neat, handy size.

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THE WELTMER INSTITUTE OF SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS, OF NEVADA, MISSOURI, on January 3rd starts the Third Year of its regular Four-year Course, in which practicing physicians, trained nurses, etc., are the only people who will be admitted, except those students who can qualify by taking the entrance examinations or presenting a certificate of promotion from the Second Year of the Four-year Course. However, twenty-seven people have expressed a desire to attend the Weltmer Institute of Suggestive Therapeutics and take up **FIRST-YEAR WORK** during the winter, so we wish to announce that if we receive enrollments of fifty students or more, saying that they will come before January 1st, **WE WILL, ON JANUARY 20th, ENROLL A SPECIAL CLASS** which will take the **FIRST** year of a new Four-year Course, entirely separate from the advanced classes in attendance.

**THE FIRST YEAR'S WORK IS COMPLETE WITHIN ITSELF, AND EQUIPS GRADUATES TO PRACTICE WITHOUT FURTHER STUDY.** Send immediately for full particulars, for in order to make this special class possible, we must have the assurance of fifty students before the first of January, as it will necessitate the re-arrangement in advance of our schedule of classes, lectures, etc., to include this new work.

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All the electric energy that flings  
Divine creations forth; whose tireless wings,  
Sweeping from star to star, can thee sustain  
On mighty pinions cradled so, to gain  
The Eternal strength and joy that Godhead brings.  
Let every moment of this fleeting day  
Find thee, if weak in body, strong in thought.  
Think like a God with power; and all thy clay,  
Like river-banks by the swift water wrought,  
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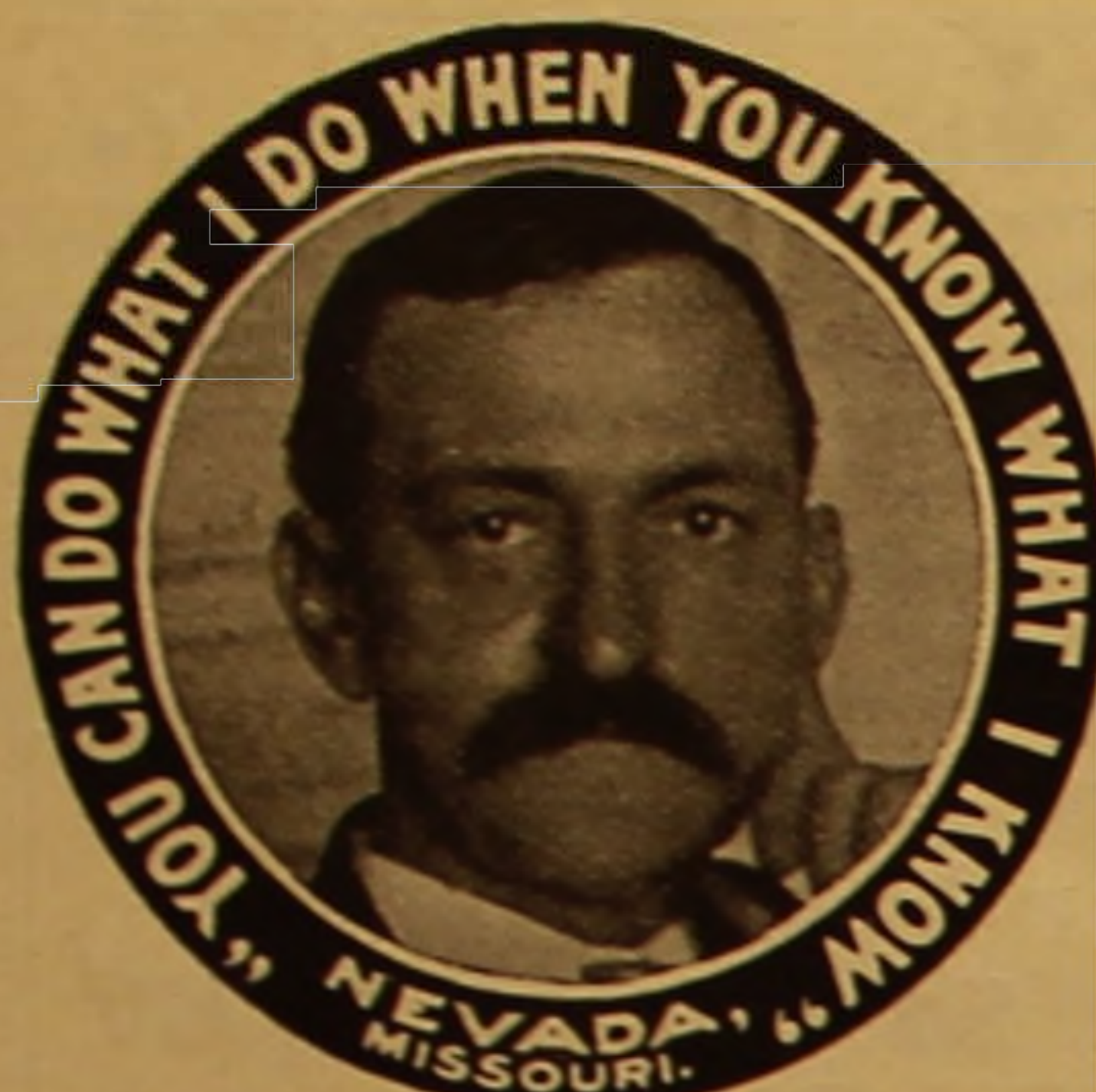
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Again he exclaimed in a little louder tone, "And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove." Still no dove. Fearing Pat had gone to sleep, he cried in a loud voice: "And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove!" Driven to desperation, Pat stuck his red, excited face through the hole and the congregation heard in an Irish whisper: "Yer honor, th' cat's et up the Howly Goust! Shall I slind down the cat?"

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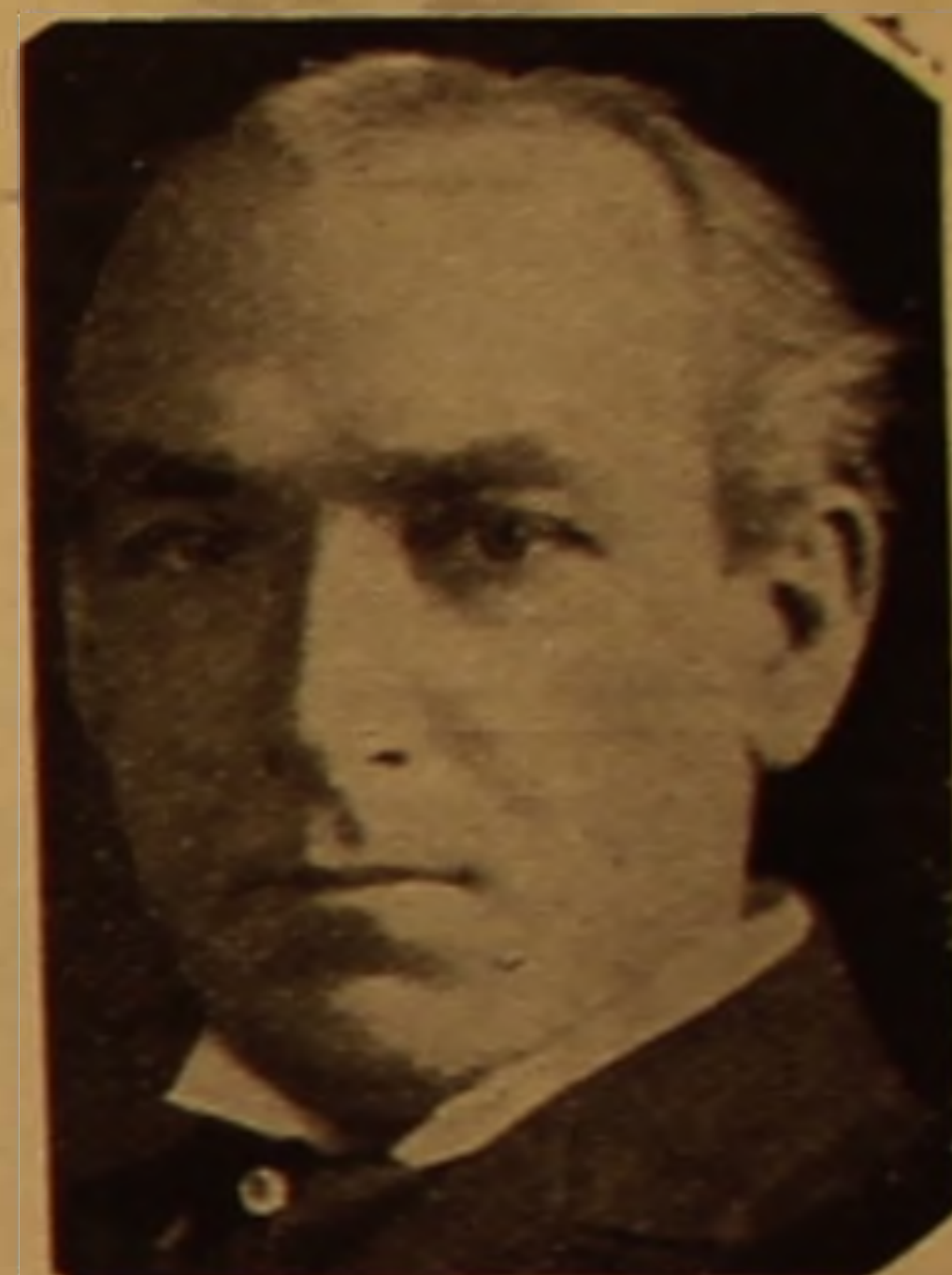
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A drunken man, whose only visible means of support was a lamp post, lurched weakly over against a policeman.

"See here," said the policeman, sternly, "why don't you go home where you ought to be?"

"Well, y' see, I'm goin', but I can't seem t' fin' th' house. Shay, Mr. Polishm'n, you help me (hic) fin' my housh, will yer? It fitsh zis key. Zat's a goo' feller!"

VIVIAN L. RAYNOR, No. 371, Section 1.

Three men sat over the ashes of a fire in the gray light of a winter's dawn. On the table behind them were many empty bottles and a couple of packs of cards. As they sat in silence a rat scurried across the hearth into the darkness beyond. The three men shifted their feet and looked at each other uneasily. After a long pause, the man in the middle spoke: "I know what you fellers are thinkin'," he said. "You think I thought I saw a rat. I didn't."

FRANK A. RAYMOND, No. 5, Section 1.

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During the past ten or twelve months some very convincing tests have been made with a new treatment. It seems to contain what might be called the active principle of assimilation. Its record as a fat and tissue builder has been so remarkable that arrangements are now being made with leading papers whereby all readers can have an opportunity to test this new discovery free of charge.

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Little Lucy came home from school, sobbing piteously. It was some time before mother could discover the cause of her tears, but finally her sobbing grew less, and she wailed out: "Teacher says if I don't get my spelling better, she's going to make an example of me—and she puts examples on the blackboard,—and if she puts me there, I'm afraid the scholars will rub me out."

MRS. F. K. SUTTON, No. 360, Section 1.

Pat was very sick, and thinking he was about to die, sent for the priest. The priest came, and after talking with poor Pat for a time finally said: "If you can tell me one good deed that you have done in this life, you shall be saved."

"Well," answered Pat, "I converted a Jew."

"How? How?" exclaimed the priest, in surprise.

"Well, I takes him out in the middle of the lake in a little boat and then I says, 'Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?' and he says, 'No,' and I takes him and souses him under an' he comes up all spluttering and spattering and I asks him again and he says 'No.' And I ducks him under again, and dis time I says, 'Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?' and he was nearly drowned and he says 'Yiss,'—and I ducked him under, and he died in the faith."

ELFRIEDA SWETNAM, No. 252, Section 1.

Mrs. Richards had not lived on the coast long enough to know just what fish were in season, so one morning in October the Chinaman who supplied fish stood before her all meek and sorrowful. She did not want the salmon he had.

"Have you no other fish?" she asked.

"No," he said; "halibut no good, him flozen. You know flozen?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, him all flozen. Him get soft. Him no good."

"Any smelt?" she asked.

He was all animation at once. He threw his arms about and said loudly: "Smelt him—no good. Him velly heap stinky."

MRS. GERTRUDE RICHARDS, No. 62, Section 1.

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Editor of

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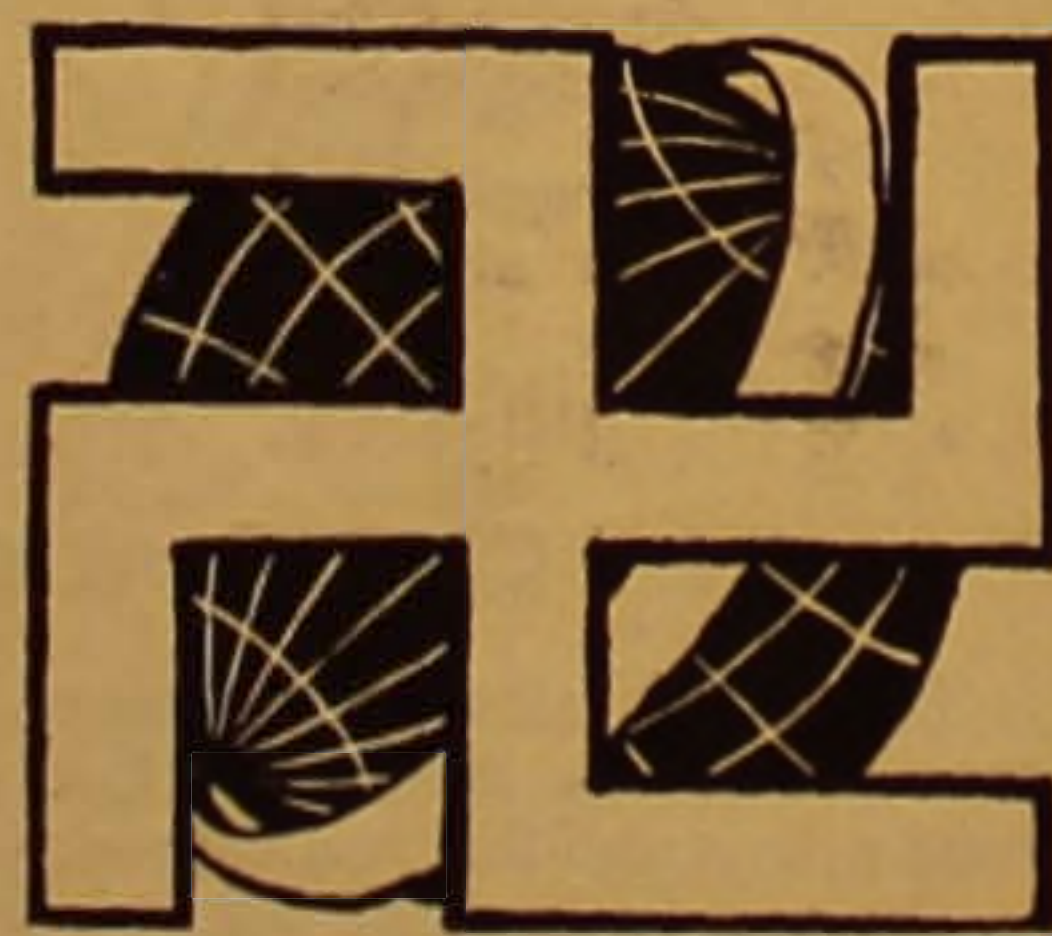
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RENEE E. PHILLIPS, No. 245, Section 1.

Two old cronies returning home after having imbibed too freely, one remarked to the other:

"My friend, let me walk ahead, and you tell me if I walk straight. My wife may make it unpleasant for us."

"Yes, you walk s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t all right, but who is the man with you?"

B. L. CRIPPEN, No. 194, Section 1.

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John awoke in the night with the toothache, and, arising, used some medicine from a bottle on the shelf. In the morning his face was very much swollen. His wife looked at him anxiously and wanted to know which bottle he had used medicine from, and upon being shown, she cried: "Good heavens, John, that's my bust developer!"

MRS. A. N. WINANS, No. 61, Section 1.

A prominent Englishman was entertaining several Americans. On one of their drives they came to a cross-road signpost that read "Five Miles to Plymouth, and 15 Miles to Exeter," and under these directions another signboard that read: "If you can't read, ask the blacksmith across the road."

The Americans laughed at the absurdity of the signs. The Englishman looked for the cause of merriment, and was referred to the wording on the signs. He read them thoughtfully and then joined in the laughter. "You see the point?" said one of the Americans. "Oh, yes," replied their host; "that is a very clever joke—the blacksmith might not be at home, you know."

F. M. WHELOCK, No. 388, Section 1.

One afternoon, during a lull in the bathing demands of a certain trans-Atlantic liner, George, the youth who had charge of the bathrooms used by the saloon passengers, decided to take a bath, so he locked himself in one of the rooms used by the men. Suddenly he was disturbed by a rap at the door, and heard a woman's voice: "Honey! Honey! Are you there?" No reply coming from the room, the lady spoke again: "Honey, are you there?" As an explanation was needed, George spoke: "Beg your pardon, lady, but this ain't no beehive; this is a bathroom."

C. H. WHAPLES, No. 279, Section 1.

A landlord and tenant met. The landlord said: "You owe me two years' rent!" Tenant: "I cannot pay you at present." Landlord: "If you answer me four questions I will forgive you the debt. Here are the questions: 1, What does God love? 2, What does the devil love? 3, What does the world love? 4, And what do I love?"

The tenant answered: "God loves the man who resists all sin."

"The devil loves the man who persists therein."

"The world loves the man upon whom riches flow."

"And you would love me if I paid you what I owe." MRS. C. C. VAUGHN, No. 244, Section 1.

A man fell ill in a cafe from eating pig's feet. He asked the waiter to get him something for it from the drug store. The waiter brought him a powder, which he hurriedly swallowed. Feeling better, he asked the waiter what he had taken. "Allan's Foot Ease," was the reply.

C. L. WILTSE, No. 257, Section 1.

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While Mr. and Mrs. B. were traveling in England, Mr. B. stopped off the train at a small station to buy a cigar, and the train pulled out without him, much to his distress, but the station agent told him an express train would be along in a few minutes, and by taking it he would reach London before his wife. This proved true, and when her train rolled into the depot he stood on the platform waiting and, stepping close, he bent down to kiss her, but she shook her finger at him and said: "No you don't. I have heard of wicked London. You look a little like my husband, but I left him at Chester."

Mrs. O. T. MASON, No. 93, Section 1.

It was the first vaudeville performance the old colored lady had ever seen, and she was particularly excited over the marvelous feats of the magician. But when he covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read the print through it, she grew a little nervous. He doubled the cloth and again read the letters accurately. This was more than she could stand and, rising in her seat, she said: "I'm goin' home. This ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress."

LUCY MORTON, No. 128, Section 1.

Mr. Brown, looking for his wife, asked the cook: "Bridget, can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"

Bridget, evidently embarrassed, hesitated before replying: "I think they are in the wash, sor."

O. O. MILLEN, No. 424, Section 1.

A quaint letter received by a stove firm:

"Dear Sirs:—I received de stove which I by from you alrite. But for why you don't send me no feet? Wot is de use of de stove when he don't have no feet? I am loose to me my customers sure ting by not having de feet and dat's not very pleasure to me. Is not my trades money as good like anoder man's? You loose me my trade, and I am verree angre for dat. And now I tell you dat you are blem fool. I send you back at once your stove tomorre for sure, because you are such blem foolish peoples. Yours respectfulee,

"JEAN LA FLEUR.

"P. S.—Since I rite dis letter I find de feet in de oven. Excuse to me."

WILLIAM B. NESS, No. 350, Section 1.

The health officer appeared to vaccinate an old colored woman. She said she had no time to stop and be sick with vaccination and, besides, could not spare one of her arms; that the chil-

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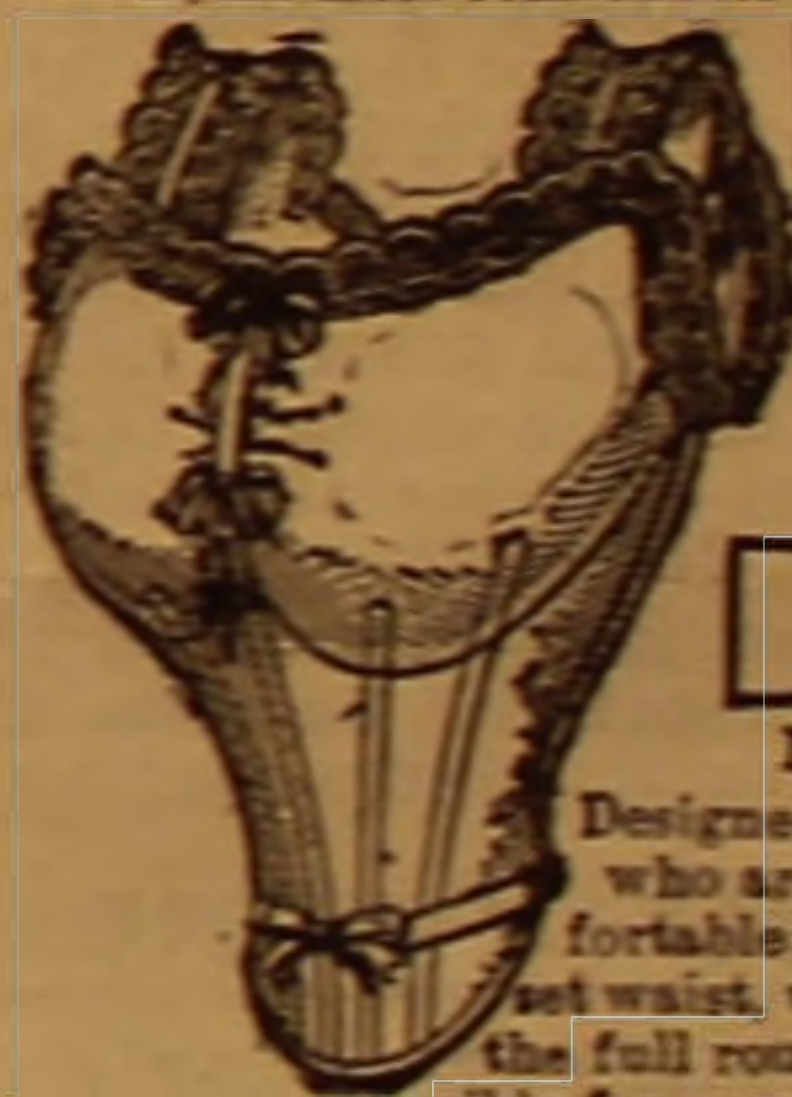
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dren would starve and freeze if she could not do her laundry work. Then the doctor said: "Well, Auntie, I will vaccinate you on one of your lower limbs."

"No, siree," said the auntie; "I can't spare one of my legs, either."

Then the doctor kindly said: "Well, what spot could you spare, because you must be vaccinated."

The old colored woman thought and thought and finally said, slowly: "Well, Lord knows I don't never get no chance to set down."

ARTHUR NASLUND, No. 483, Section 1.

Smith and Jones were neighbors, each owning a greyhound of different sex. Little Jim Packer, also of the neighborhood, was arguing with his little sister Lucy as to which dog was the best of the two, and after considerable fighting over the matter, little Jim said: "I tell you Smith's dog is the best, because theirs is a hound and Jones's is a horehound."

ALFRED J. PARKER, No. 4, Section 1.



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In want of \$10 last summer, I wrote to my uncle the following:

"Dear Uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame as I write this, you would pity me. Why? Because I have to ask you for a few dollars, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew. W. H. B."

My uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

"My Dear Walter: Console yourself and blush no more. Providence has heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter."

"Your affectionate Uncle."

WALTER H. BRAY, No. 449, Section 1.

I read this story, years ago, taken from a Scotch paper. To make its meaning clear, it must be told that the Scotch have a funny way of using the pronoun "he" or "she" before a noun—thus, "the devil 'he' went," instead of "the devil went," etc. This story was as follows: A Scotch minister once preached from the Bible text, "The devil

goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." He rendered it thus, "Firstly, my brethren, we must ask, who the devil he was; secondly, where the devil he was going; and thirdly, who the devil he was going to devour."

MRS. M. C. JORDAN, No. 183, Section 1.

It was a minister's small son whose habit was to ask God to bless each member of the family after his prayer. Having been put to bed one night in a hurry, he forgot one of them. Kneeling again with his hands clasped and eyes closed, he addressed the Lord thus: "Oh, God, wouldn't that kill you? I forgot grandma! God bless grandma. Amen." PETER JOHNSON, No. 188, Section 1.

In the window of a little book store in Eighth avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles marked very low. Never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain, and above them in big letters was the inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees  
Bibles sold as low as these."

MRS. ANNIE RODD, No. 171, Section 1.



This epitaph was found on an old tombstone:

"Youthful reader, passing by,  
As you are now so once was I.  
As I am now, so soon you'll be,  
Therefore, prepare to follow me."

Written underneath was this:

"To follow you I am not content,  
Until I know which way you went."

MRS. MCLELLAN, No. 53, Section 1.

A young lady at a dinner party had been trying unsuccessfully to engage in conversation with the elderly gentleman at her right, who was quite deaf. "Do you like bananas?" she asked as the fruit-dish was being passed. "No," said the gentleman, with a look of good-natured surprise—adding by way of explanation, in a confidential tone that everyone heard: "The fact is, I find the old-fashioned night shirt good enough for me."

MRS. HELEN MCALPINE, No. 73, Section 1.

"I understand," said a young woman to another, "that at your church you are having such small congregations. Is that so?"

"Yes," answered the other girl, "so small that every time our rector says 'Dearly beloved,' you feel as if you had received a proposal."

MISS FERN MURIMAN, No. 80, Section 1.

While Mary was in school the other day she happened to be chewing some gum, and she had her feet extended out in the aisle.

The teacher saw Mary chewing the gum, which she never allowed during school session, and said, "Mary!"

Mary answered, "Mam?"

The teacher said, "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

FREDERICK MASON, No. 458, Section 1.

During the session of a temperance meeting in a neighboring town one of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling:

"Thank heaven for that!"

One gentleman was called upon, who said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place—"

"Thank heaven for that!" yelled the deacon.

"But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening—"

"Thank heaven for that!" shouted the deacon. And then the chairman took him outdoors and had two men sit on him.

MISS ELIZABETH MATLOCK, No. 34, Section 1.

After coming home from Sunday school Johnny's father asked: "Well, my son, what part of the sermon did you like the best?"

Johnny stood thinking a moment and then said: "Well, Pa, I liked the part where they passed around the hat. I got a quarter; how much did you get?"

M. E. MOSS, No. 94, Section 1.

It was his first morning in London "apartments." His landlady came up with the breakfast, and as he began the meal, she opened a slight conversation.

"It looks like rain," she said.

"It does," replied the American; "but it smells rather like coffee."

W. B. KERR, No. 137, Section 1.

"Did you mail my letter, Mary?" asked her mistress; "it was an important one, you know."

"Yes, mum, indeed I did."

"But why have you brought back the two cents I gave you for the stamp?"

"Sure, I didn't have to use it, mum," replied Mary. "I slipped the letter into the box when nobody was lukin."

MISS L. C. MCCARTY, No. 166, Section 1.

Pat had just arrived from the "Old Country" and was standing on the pier, watching the sights. A diver, who had been making some repairs about the pier, just then came up out of the water. While he was removing his cumbersome suit Pat watched him very intently and seemed to be thinking deeply.

Finally some one asked Pat what he thought of such a suit. He replied: "Shure, and if I had known as much before I came over as I do now, I could have walked over, too."

J. NASH IVES, No. 125, Section 1.

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"Read it off to me," he commands.

"Lobster a la Newburg," reads the waiter.

"Und was noch mehr?" inquires officer, ogling ladies.

"Qualls on toast—"

"Und was noch mehr?"

Walter reaches end of menu; arrogant officer orders: "Bring me a cheese sandwich."

"Kellner," hails Billy, affecting same emphasis as officer.

Walter hands Billy menu; Billy waves his hand.



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"Lobster a la—"

"Und was noch mehr?" sings Billy.

"Qualls on toast—"

"Und was noch mehr?"

Lieutenant sits up and takes notice; neighbors smile.

"Bring me a cheese sandwich," orders Billy.

"What do you mean, sir?" bursts out Lieutenant.

"Do you know who I am?"

Billy shakes his head.

"Donnerwetter!" shouts Lieutenant. "You cannot trifle with me. I am der Herr Baron von Pumpernickel, Lieutenant in His Imperial Majesty the Emperor's Imperial Guards at Potsdam—"

"Und was noch mehr?" taunts Billy, while patrons burst out laughing.

Lieutenant's discomfiture; orchestra plays "Star Spangled Banner."

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Every question answered "No reason!" Still the impetus to do the thing is lacking—you fear yourself; you think "Some day." Here is the IMPETUS. A beautiful book by Wallace D. Wattles, "**Making the Man Who Can.**" And nothing apter has been named in many a day. Contemplate! "Who can," it says. This means you *can* if you know how. "Making the Man" is the rest. Hence this book tells how YOU, WHO CAN, CAN be made, if you will apply his simple, sensible, far-seeing thoughts. This book is a really new view of yourself and your world, with easy lessons in Making Yourself the Man Who Can. Mr. Wattles is the original Man Who Can Think and Do. Catch his vibrations! We know the worth of this book and we know it is right in line with the things for which THE NAUTILUS stands. So we want you to have both. The two together—"Two heads are wiser than one." Used together they will make you the man who does what he DESIRES.

### MAKING THE MAN WHO CAN

BY WALLACE D. WATTLES

A book that will make you understand why the man at the next machine was made foreman last week; why the house across the street is "free and clear;" why your method is "charge it" and never "I'll take the change;" a book that is not an opinion of what should be, but a man's KNOWLEDGE of things as they are and the effect and use of these things on *you*.

The language is so simple that a Century Dictionary need not be carried about with it. You can tuck it in your pocket and read a paragraph at noon. It's the kind of a book that makes troubles mile posts on the way to happiness.

Here are some of the things this new book contains:

#### CONTENTS

The Business Attitude. What You Desire. Becoming What You Want To Be. Promoting Yourself. The Advancing Thought. The Law of Opulence. To Transmute Competition. Man and Money. Talk That Builds.

### NAUTILUS

THE MAGAZINE OF SELF-HELP

Is the leading magazine of the new thought and mental healing movement. Helpful articles each month on health, success and personal development. Regular contributors, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Florence Morse Kingsley, Edwin Markham, Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, W. R. C. Latson, M. D., and many others. Elizabeth Towne's editorials are a part of the magazine monthly and are said to have the largest number of readers of any woman's writings in America.

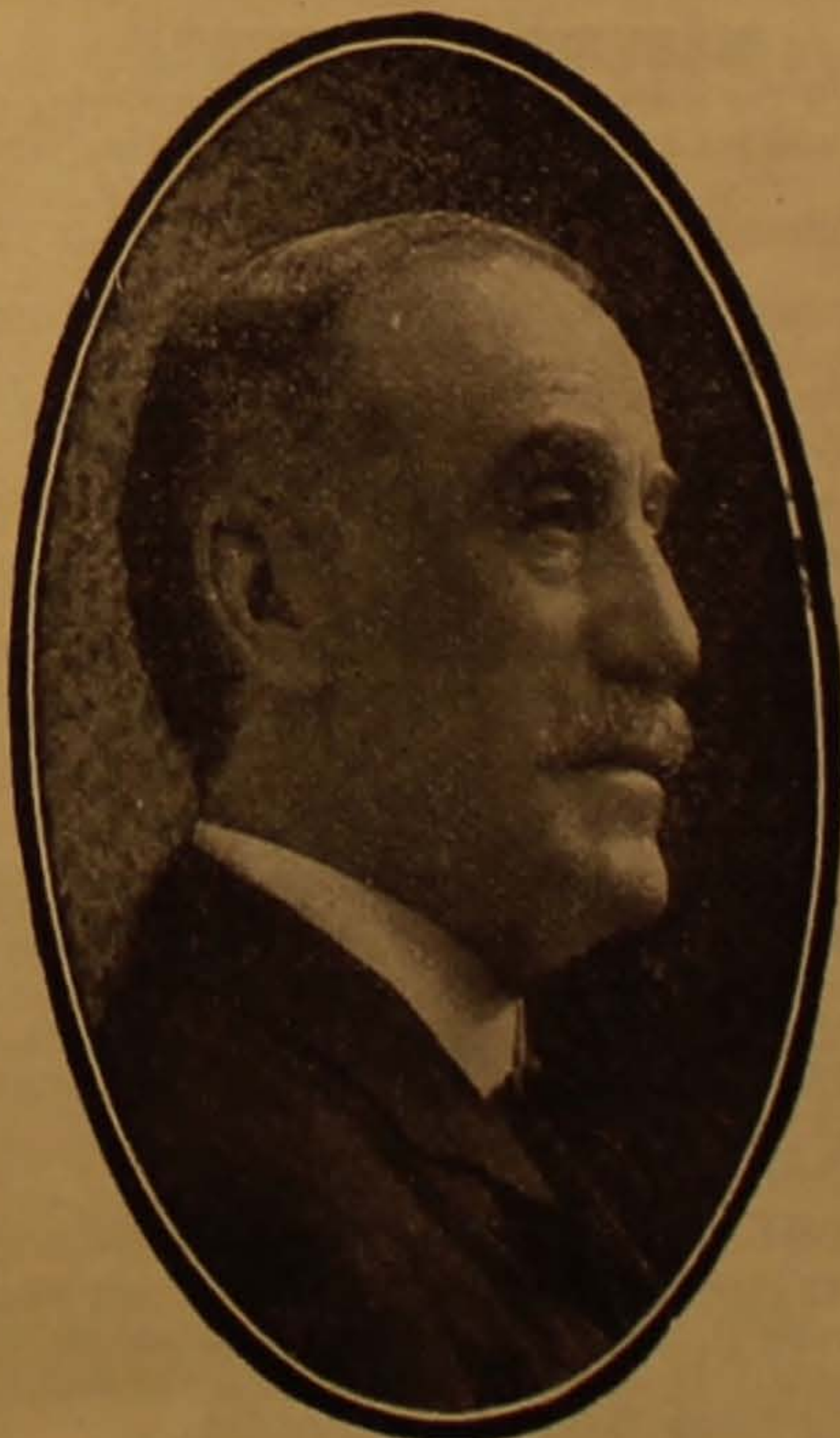
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Principal, Dickson School of Memory:  
The Largest and Most Successful School  
of Mental Training in the World.

never arrives at a Supreme Conclusion. There are no terminals for the train of Scattered Thoughts. Frequent stops at Way Stations retard the speed at which Live Ideas must travel in order to Get There. And inviting side-tracks lead only to the insurmountable bumper.

The Great Men of all ages are those who have grasped the Ability to Concentrate. They focused attention upon the *thing* itself and without Violence of Direction moved straight to Success.

If you wish to Grow and Become, center your Mind on one Splendid Achievement and hold it there.

### STOP FORGETTING

It is the constant casting about for a Fact Misplaced in Memory that shatters the Force of Concentration. Train your Memory to retain Knowledge and have it ready when Occasion demands. Try a little System in your Mental Storehouse.

Professor Henry Dickson of the Dickson School of Memory Training will send his valuable book, "How to Remember," free to any reader of NEW THOUGHT. Prof. Dickson by his method of Instruction enables you to avoid the oft-recurring vexation of forgetting names, places, dates, faces, quotations, speeches and all other facts and incidents which should be on the tip o' the tongue.

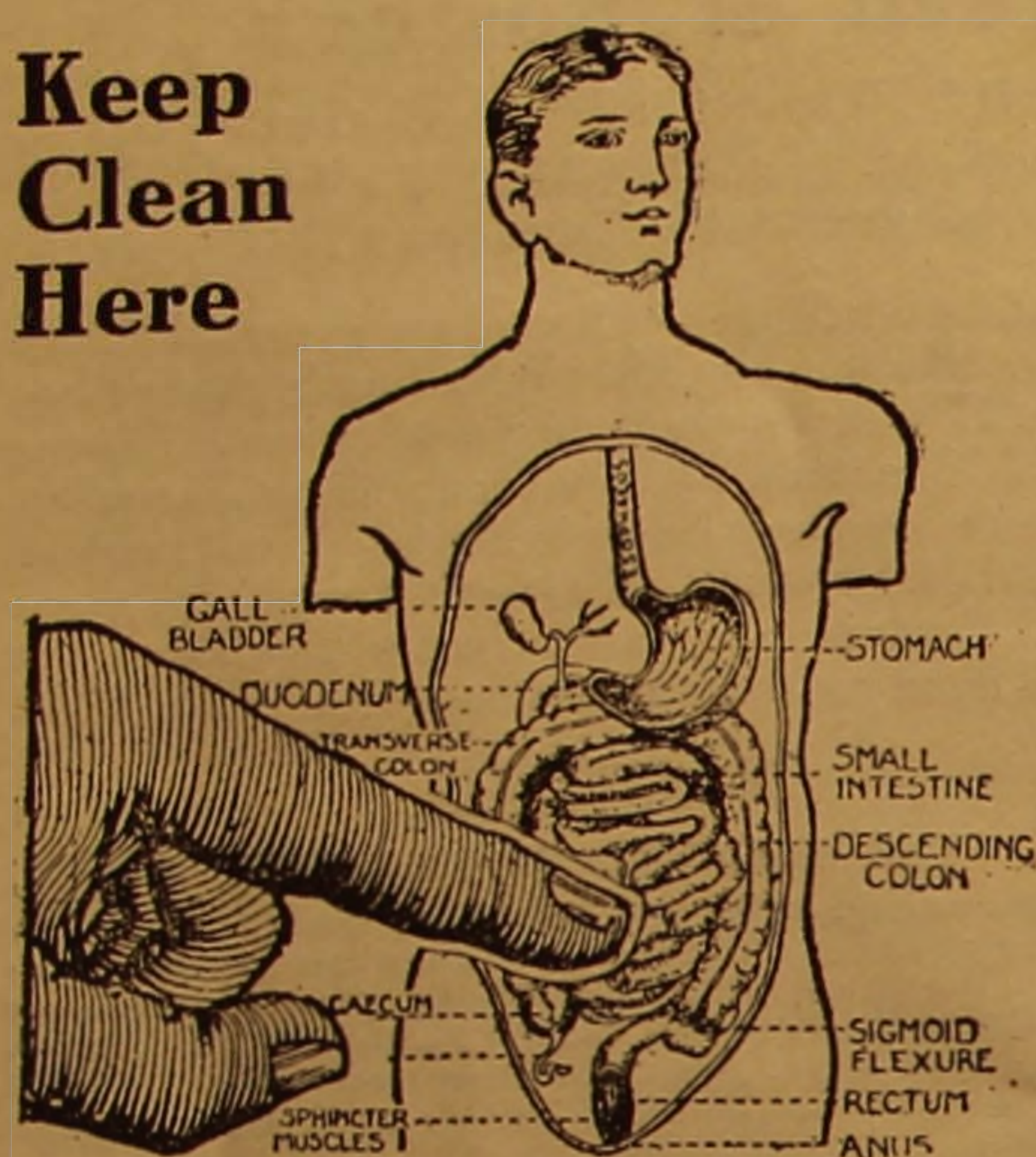
The Dickson System has been heartily recommended by Prof. David Swing, Elbert Hubbard, Dr. Latson and thousands of others.

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# THE COLON IS THE GREAT SEWER

Keep  
Clean  
Here



For the Waste and  
Impurities of the Body

If not kept clean the poisons will be absorbed and become the cause of nearly all the disorders from which men, women and children suffer.

Fevers in all forms, Typhoid, Typhus, Malarial, Bilious, Rheumatic, Scarlet Fever, etc., Indigestion, Constipation and its attendant evils, Appendicitis, Piles, Headaches, Flatulence, Dysentery, Catarrh, Lung and Throat Troubles, Influenza, La Grippe, Pneumonia, Boils, Carbuncles, Pimple and Face Eruptions, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and many other diseases are positively caused by the retention of the waste and impurities in the body.

## DRUGS OR WATER.

The usual treatment is the use of Cathartic Drugs, which never cure, only relieve, and in the end make a bad matter worse.

Water is the only cleansing agent known for the removal of uncleanness, and should be used for the inside as well as for the outside of the body. Drinking it is necessary, but not sufficient to cleanse the colon.

## THE NEW INNER BATH.

There must be an internal bath. Water must be carried into the colon to wash away the impurities, remainders of the undigested, unassimilated portions of food and the waste of the body that have been carried to the colon to be eliminated, but owing to the sluggishness and inactivity of the intestinal tract is not promptly and regularly discharged.

## ENEMAS.

Enemas have been employed for this purpose for a long time and found more effective and helpful than cathartics, but there has been one fault with these; the water has been discharged at the rectum, which is not the seat of the trouble, instead of being carried into the sigmoid flexure and beyond so as to cleanse where the accumulation of poisonous matter is found.

With the ordinary syringe, whether the bulb fountain variety, or any device having the short, hard rubber nozzle, the water is discharged at the rectum, and if it rises above that it is as the result of pressure against the accumulations and the natural action of the parts, often failing to accomplish the purpose and has to be given up to go back to cathartics, hoping for needed relief, which, of course does not come.

## THE HIGH ENEMA.

There has been introduced in hospital practice what is known as the "high enema," given by the use of a rectal catheter, administered by physicians for certain conditions when it was found to be most beneficial, but it was supposed that it could only be used by a doctor or a trained nurse.

In the routine of practice, Dr. Wright introduced the use of this, and with such favorable results that it led to the general introduction of what is known as

## DR. WRIGHT'S COLON SYRINGE.

This consists of a large, strong, well-made reservoir with rapid flow outlet, to which can be attached the soft, flexible colon tubes—not the ordinary catheter—and these can be used by any one for self treatment unless the person is a helpless invalid, when assistance that any attendant can render would, of course, be needed.

**DR. WRIGHT'S HEALTH OUTFIT NO. 1** consists of Colon Syringe complete, 2 Colon Tubes, 1 box Antiseptic powder, with Dr. Wright's Manual of the New Internal Bath, giving full directions for use in all diseases; all packed in a polished wooden case. Sent prepaid for \$5.00. With a year's subscription to Health-Culture (price \$1.00) for \$5.50.

## IT CLEANS THE COLON.

By the use of this the water is carried into the sigmoid flexure, where the greatest accumulation is found and when needed, as is often the case, into the descending colon and to the transverse and ascending colon, where it is discharged gently, lavage and cleansing the parts and washing away the impurities lodged there as it can be done in no other way.

## WHO NEEDS IT?

It has been found that in many cases there may be a daily passage from the colon and still the person may be suffering from constipation. The discharge is not sufficient or there may be incrustations of hardened fecal matter on the walls of the colon which the use of the NEW INTERNAL BATH will at once remove, affording relief from troubles that had become chronic and supposed to be incurable.

## MARVELOUS RESULTS

have followed the use of this, curing those suffering from Consumption, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Constipation, Dysentery in its worse forms, Emaciation, Obesity, Female Disorders, Biliousness, Kidney Troubles, Headaches, Nervousness, etc.

Appendicitis, Diarrhoea, all forms of Fevers and nearly all acute diseases can be prevented or immediately relieved by the use of this. Why? Simply because the cause is removed.

## SHORT TUBES

should not be used, because they do not secure the same results, very often aggravating the trouble. The rectum is distended, often "ballooned," followed by serious weakness, causing and aggravating piles and other rectal troubles, especially when great pressure is brought to bear, leading to constipation. The use of these have often been found to be a failure.

## ALL PHYSICIANS

who are familiar with the results that come from the use of the "High Enema" as used in the hospitals recommend the use of Dr. Wright's New Colon Syringe for cleansing the system from impurities. It is absolutely free from all objections and can be used by one's self for a most effective home treatment.

## THE ART OF BEING WELL,

a booklet of 32 pages, tells more about this and the advantages of using it, the opinions of physicians and those who have used it. If there is any question about it, send for "The Art of Being Well." It is sent free.

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Blood Poison can never be cured with mercury or potash. You might as well know this first as last. Medical authorities say so. The most these drugs can do is to drive the blood poison back into the system and smother it for several years. Then when you think you are cured, pitiful mercury symptoms will break out, and you find that your bones have been rotting all the while. Your teeth will begin to loosen and your tissues, glands, brain and vital organs will show the terrible destructive power of the mercury and potash. Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Imbecility and Premature Death are then almost inevitable. Any medical authority will corroborate these statements. The remarkable vegetable Obbac Treatment does not drive in the

### **Blood Poison**

but drives it out. It positively contains no mineral poisons whatever, so that once cured by the Obbac Treatment you never run the terrible risk of having your bones soften, your nerves collapse, your teeth fall out, your kidneys degenerate or your brain weaken. The Obbac Treatment is a marvel, producing remarkable changes in only 30 days. This is why we offer to any blood poison victim living, no matter how bad a case, a

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You want to be cured and cured quick—not poisoned with mercury and potash for years. A 30-Day Treatment is yours for the asking. You will open your eyes at what it will do for you in a month. We treat you free for a month. Just write to us and get the treatment free. Then if you are satisfied it is the most remarkable treatment you ever took, you can continue if you wish. Never in your life will you ever again have such an opportunity for a complete cure, as is given you by this

### **Great Obbac Treatment**

This is a square deal. You sign nothing, no notes, make us no promises, except to take the treatment.

The wonderful Wasserman Test, the only blood poison test known to scientists, proves that the body is completely purified by the Obbac Treatment, and that mercury and potash do not cure blood poison. Sit down and write to us, giving a full history of your case in detail. We will treat your letter as a sacred confidence. Consultation and advice free. We will send you also the remarkable book, "Driving Out Blood Poison" free.

### **THE OBBAC CO.**

657 Rector Bldg.,

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## **Banishes Wrinkles in Single Night**

### **Beautiful Bust Developed**

**Marvelous Discovery Creating Sensation Everywhere—Apply Treatment, Then Retire, and When You Awake Behold Marvelous Transformation.**

**Clever Chicago Woman Discovers the Secret of Removing Wrinkles and Developing the Form, Which Has for Ages Baffled Leading Beauty Specialists of the World.**

After several disappointments, almost by lucky accident I discovered a marvelous simple process, which brought a wonderful change in my face in a single night. Amazed at the results of my new discovery for removing wrinkles and developing the bust, I tried it again, and the improvement was simply marvelous. Every line and wrinkle has vanished from my face as if by magic, and my complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. You can imagine my joy when I discovered the wonderful powers of my secret method.

My discovery is most simple and harmless, no drugs are used, nothing taken into the stomach, no masks, no face steaming. In a short time I developed my bust six inches and made my scrawny neck and shoulders plump and fat.

Girls who wish to develop their thin neck and bust to beautiful proportions, and women who wish to remove wrinkles and lines of care from their face, need only to write me and I will send, absolutely free, particulars showing how I removed my wrinkles and developed my bust so quickly. Write me in confidence. Just send your name and address and I will write you confidentially a private sealed letter giving you free information concerning my marvelous discovery for removing wrinkles and making thin neck and bust plump and fat.

Also free particulars regarding my new method for removing superfluous hair from the face quickly and for making eye lashes and eye brows long, thick and beautiful. Address **EVELYN CUNINGHAM, Dept. 100, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.**

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to Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. 1237C, Jackson, Mich., with these lines plainly filled in:

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Address .....

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Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and Draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

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A Swede was picked up by a Kansas cyclone, carried several miles and dropped by the home of a preacher. The preacher said: "Well, my

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Free for any Sufferer to try.

Immediate results where medicines fail.

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If you have any symptoms or form of stomach or bowel trouble (Heartburn, Distress After Eating, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Belching, Heart Fluttering, Biliousness, Dizziness, Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sick Headache, etc.), you can be speedily and permanently cured at your own home by using Dr. Dill's Stomapad and Constipation Tablets. The Stomapad applied externally over the stomach draws the soreness outward. The Stomalets regulate and heal the bowels inward. By this Double Treatment you are relieved at once, where medicine alone fails, and you can eat anything you like. Send 10c to cover Cost of Mailing and we will send you a \$1.00 treatment **FREE**. Send to-day. **DILL'S TRINITY CO., Chicago. Suite 284. Oakland Music Hall.**

friend, where did you come from?" The Swede replied: "I tenk I come 'bout sax miles." "Then," said the preacher, "the Lord certainly must have been with you." "Vell," said the Swede, "if Lord come vith me, I tenk he goin' some."

HUGO STOCKTON, No. 212, Section 1.

A boy in a small town in Kansas giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, James?"

"No, ma'am," answered Jimmie, "but I wondered why he didn't make it four, and get back to the side his clothes were on."

MRS. C. E. SHULER, No. 2, Section 1.

A Scotch lad was accused of taking some articles from a doctor's shop. The judge was much struck by his respectable appearance and asked him why he was guilty of such an offense.

"Weel, ye see," replied the prisoner, "I had a bit of pain in my side and my mither tauld me tae gang tae the doctor's and tak' something."

"Oh, yes," said the judge, "but surely she didn't tell you to go and take an eight-day clock."

The prisoner was nonplussed, but only for a moment. Turning to the judge, a bright smile of humor stealing over his countenance, he replied quietly:

"There's an auld proverb that says, 'Time an' the doctor cure a' diseases' an' sae I thoct'—but the remainder was lost in the laughter of the court."

JESSIE L. BRONSON, No. 228, Section 1.

A German and an American were walking down the street, and met a friend of the American. The friend said, "Hello, Charley! how are you?" Charley replied, "I am just out of sight."

Soon the German left the American and met a friend of his, when his friend asked him how he was. To this he answered: "You shust can't see me at all."

GRACE F. WAGNER, No. 71, Section 1.

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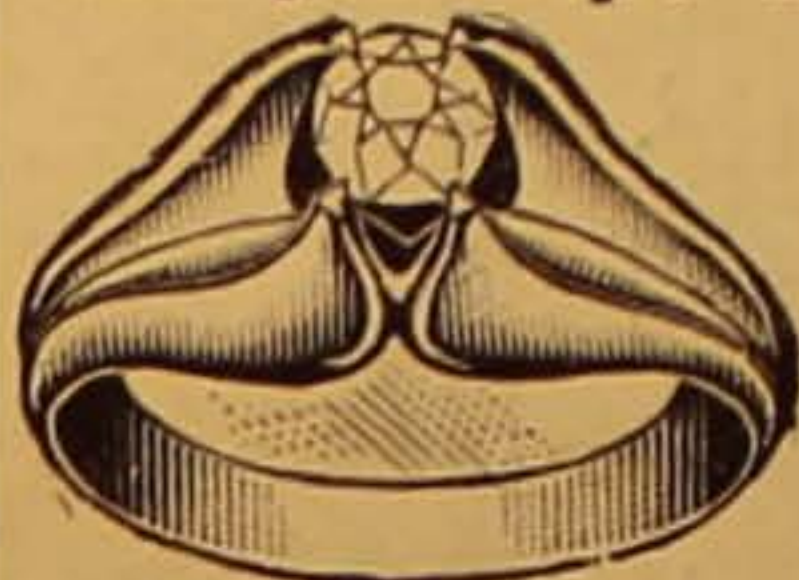
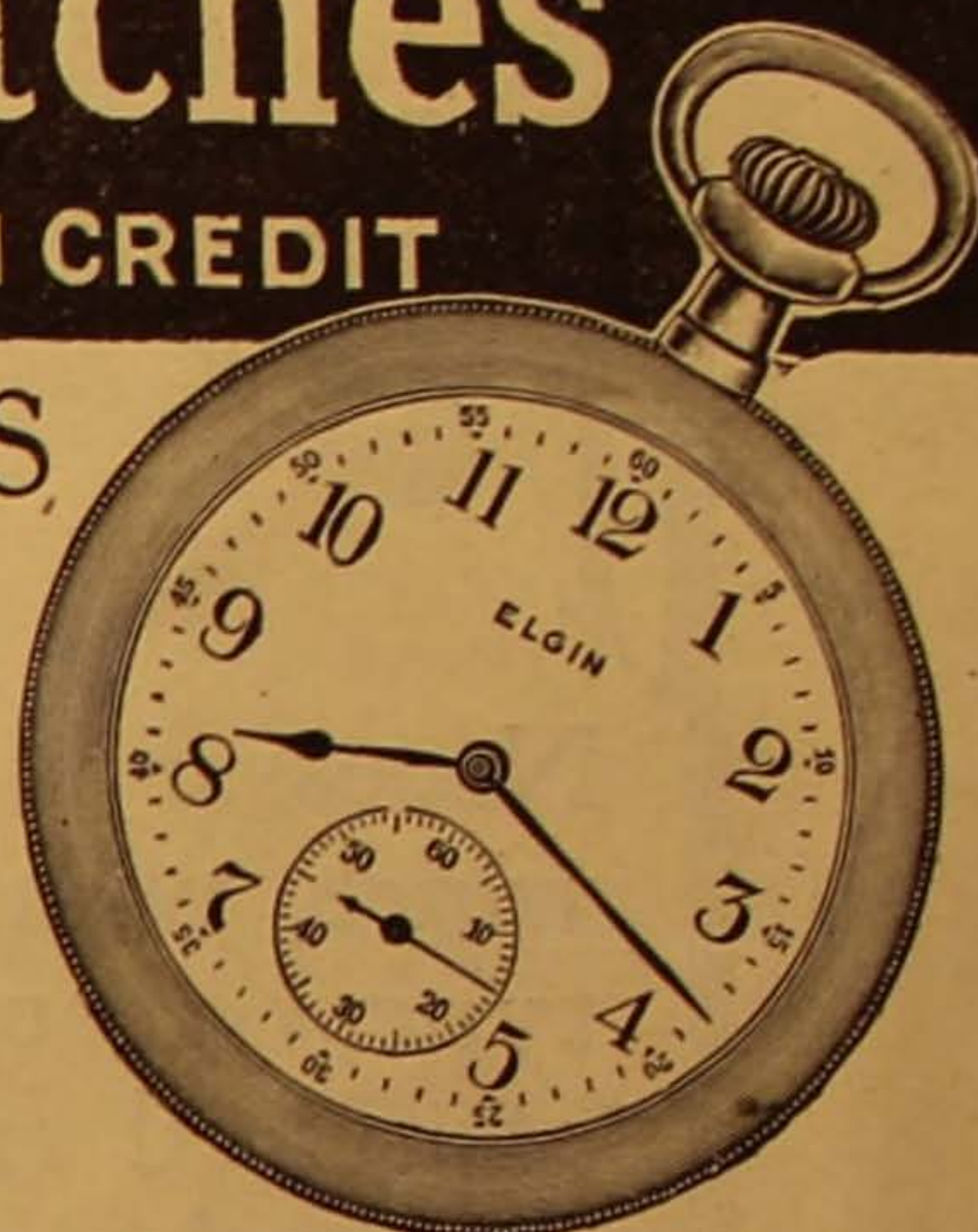


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One day I took my little sisters and brothers for a walk to Cedar Grove. We go there every day to play our little games. We were going up the drive when a herd of cows came along, and my little brother, who is four years old, was very much afraid, and said: "Oh, dear, my heart is in my mouth!"

Little Martha, who is five years old, was very much alarmed and cried: "Peter, spit it quick, so I can see it!"

FLORENCE VANDENBERGH, No. 56, Section 1.

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking, says the *Kansas City Independent*, when a woman came, and sitting down beside him, remarked: "Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if ye wuz a lady ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again: "If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if you wuz me wife, I'd take it." JANE G. STEELE, No. 430, Section 1.

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My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs **absolutely free**. It is a remedy that cures woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

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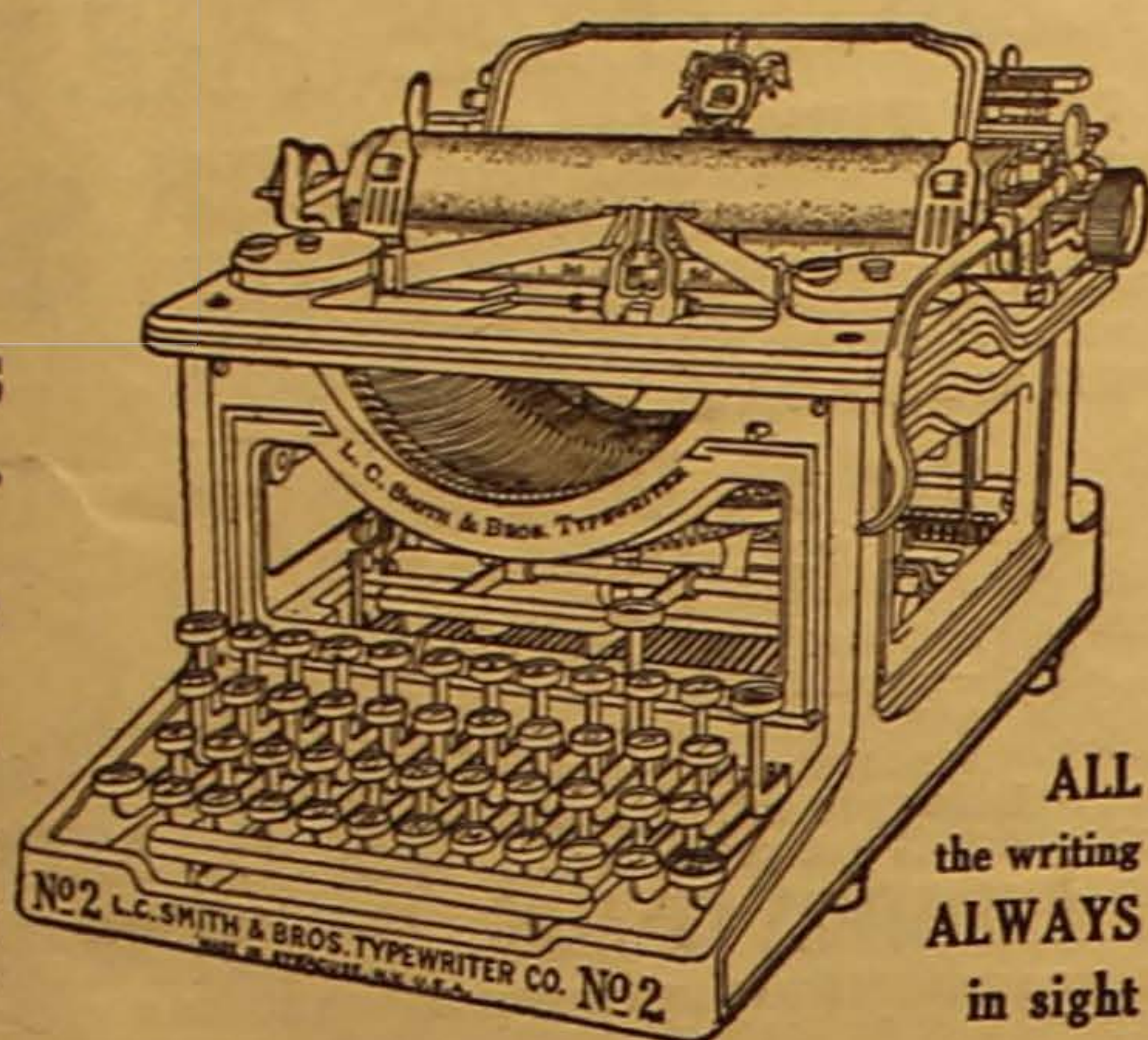




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There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method—the Actina treatment—has been discovered which elim-



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Louis Meyer, 93 Herman St., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "*'Actina' has effected a wonderful cure in my wife's case, curing her of a severe eye trouble, and I would not be without it.*"

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A young artist was exhibiting to a friend his latest effort with his brush. The lady was enthusiastic in her praise and after exhausting all the superlative adjectives known to her extensive vocabulary, she finally finished her remarks with the crowning exclamation: "It fairly makes my mouth water!" The astonished artist gasped in surprise: "Why, how can a sunset make your mouth water?" "Sunset!" ejaculated the astounded lady, "I thought it was a fried egg!"

OLIVE A. WELCH, No. 337, Section 1.

Once there was a man who, when he went to tell anything, always got it too big. His chum told him that he always told his stories too big.

"Well," he says, "the next time I am getting it too big, just step on my toe, and I'll cut it down a little."

One day later he was telling some men what a large building he once saw. "The building was about a thousand feet long, I reckon, and I suppose five hundred feet high, and—"

Just then his chum stepped on his toes.

"And—about a foot and a half wide."

ERNEST D. WELLS, No. 489, Section 1.

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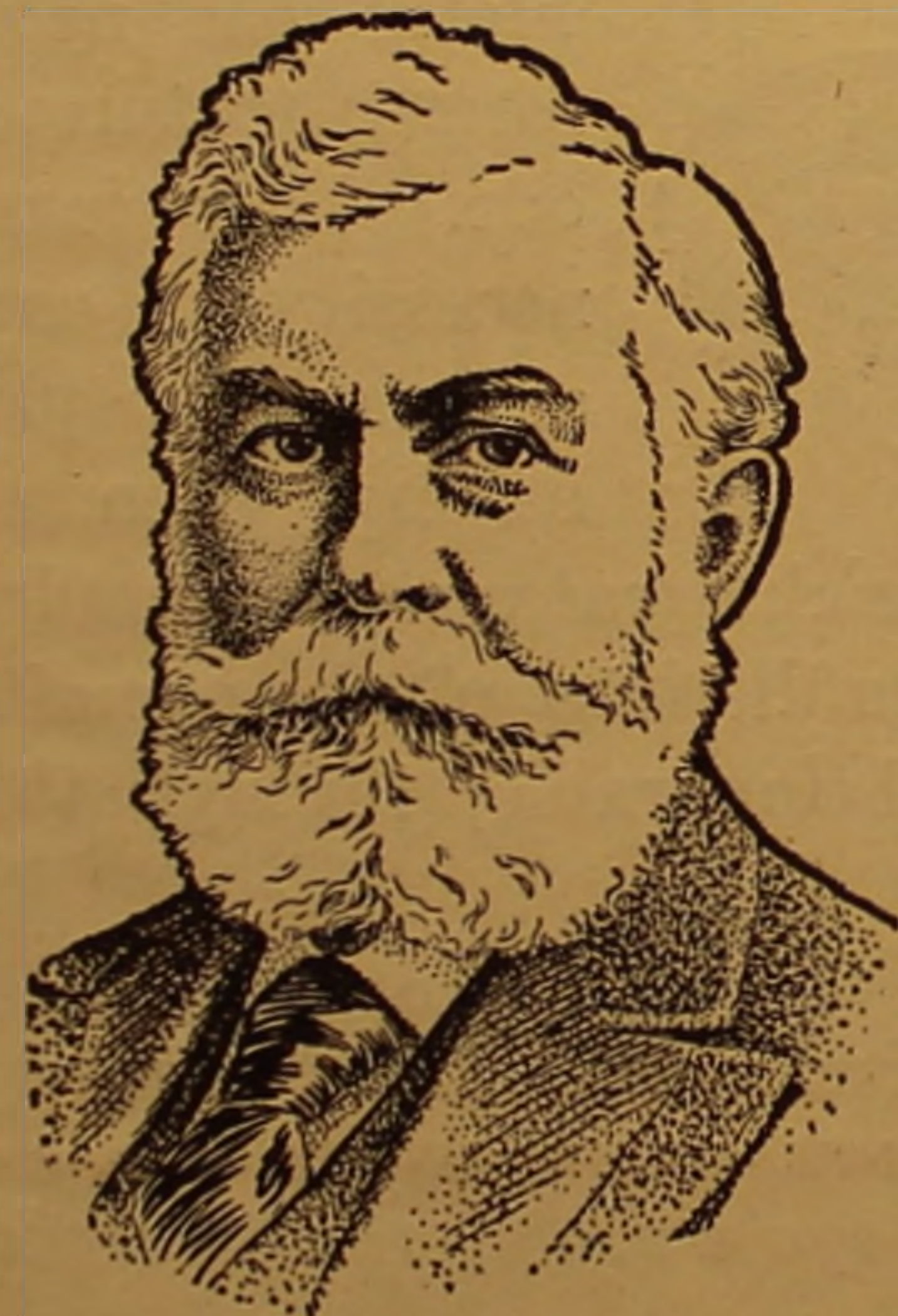
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 In other words, we will devote our \$10,000 Prize Contest Department to keeping contestants thoroughly informed as to all the features of the Contest, just how the awards are coming on, why this or that story has ranked "best" (a guide to those who want to enter in succeeding sections), etc., etc., etc. (See Advertising Page 13, this issue.)

Those who enter the Prize Contest, please be careful to read the Contest Department thoroughly every month. There may be some announcement in it meant for **just you!**

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