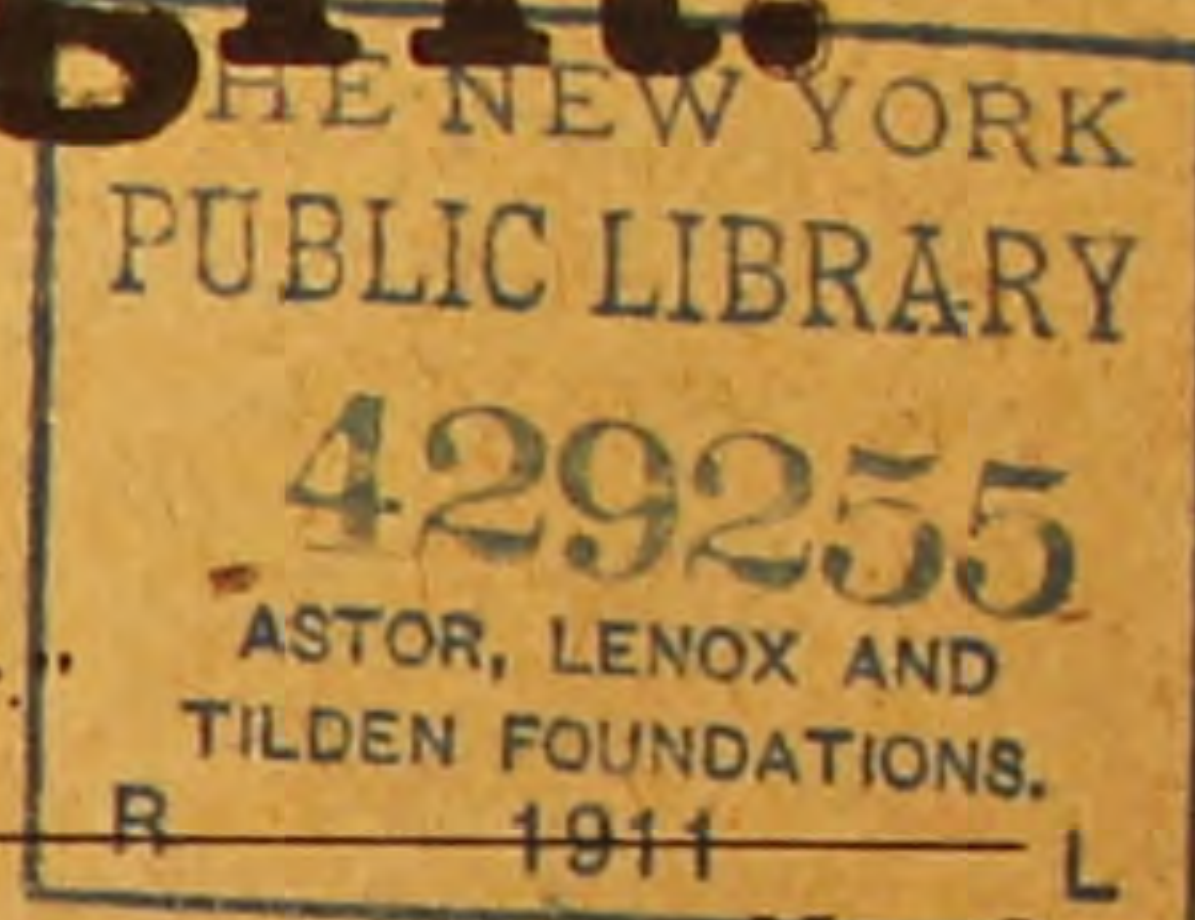


New Thought.

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



VOL. XVIII.

FEBRUARY 1, 1909.

No. 2

Chips from the Old Block

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Fearthought is nothing but a nightmare—horribly real while it lasts—but having no reality when one awakes.

* * *

Some people say "I Can't" so often, and so long, that they get to verily believe it. In fact they often develop a certain sort of pride in their "I Can't" attitude. They are like the old lady who never felt happy unless she felt miserable!

* * *

Keep on asserting that you are "a walking corpse" and it will be a wonder if you are anything else.

* * *

If you start out with the idea that you are a worm of the dust, and a "human door-mat," and get to believe that you will always remain so—you *will* always remain so, unless someone comes along and explodes a mental dynamite bomb under you and jars you out of the position you have been claiming for yourself.

* * *

Some people cannot be started on the road to mental health, until they are given a vigorous sandpaper treatment. It hurts—but it's good for them.

* * *

Be a "human door-mat" all your life, if you wish, but be honest enough to stand up and say that you are that same thing because you *like* it. It's true.

* * *

You have been using the Law, but have the Lever pulled the wrong way. The Law is like the power that runs the automobile equally well backward or forward—just depends on how the Lever is pulled—same force. Reverse the Lever, and see how the Law will work equally well in the forward direction.

Jis' Be Glad

ALICE D. O. GREENWOOD.

*So they tell me you're axin' of the Lord to stop this drouth!
Well, I don't b'lieve in prayin'—that is, shootin' off yer mouth;
Kase I 'low that the Good Bein' knows what He's about, ye see,
An' aint needin' any pinters frum the likes o' you, ur me.*

*Take what's sent, an' jis' say 'thankee'; growlin' only makes things
wuss;
It'll rain when it gits ready, no good kickin' up a fuss
Ur a tellin' Goda'mighty whatcher think He'd order do.
He aint goin' ter change His program fer the likes o' me, nur you.*

*Bein' glad's my way o' prayin'. See that little chap out there?
Hyer him whistlin' Yankee Doodle? Prayin' jes' my sort o' prayer!
He aint axin' any favors, whinin' ur a gittin' mad.
S'pose you foller his example—sing, ur whistle, an' be glad.*

A Divine Inheritance*

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



I heard a mother discuss her daughter's faults and weaknesses once for an hour, and bemoan her ingratitude and selfishness. Several times during the recital she mentioned the girl's "unfortunate inheritance" of the father's traits. I wondered how many times she had impressed this idea on the young girl's mind.

Whenever I hear a parent talking in that vein about a child, I know where all the trouble began—not with the "bad inheritance," but with the bad breeding.

All the education and all the opportunities in the world will not bring good results if the young mind is compelled to believe itself branded with some evil inheritance. *There is no inheritance the persistent, patient love and wise sympathy and guidance of a mother cannot overcome.*

Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait, inborn, makes thy whole life forlorn
And calls down punishment that is not merited.
Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The *Great Eternal Will*. That, too, is thine
Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine.

Stop telling your children that they inherit anything but the divine qualities. Instill into their minds that idea of perfection which the Great

Teacher spoke of when He said: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Think of their good qualities and believe those are the dominant ones.

In talking with other people about your children, it is not wise to expatiate too widely upon their many virtues, as it may not be a matter of interest to your listeners; but under no consideration allow yourself to discuss the faults of your offspring with outsiders, for it will cause all persons of any discernment to lose respect for you as a parent, and to see that you are unable to properly guide and direct the children you have brought into the world.

A Message to the Well

In Three Parts—Part III.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

It is plain that physical devices are secondary to mental methods. It is of course necessary for every man to be physically active if he would remain permanently healthy. No man who lives a merely sedentary life, who theorizes while others work, or cultivates pleasure for which he pays only in money, should expect to be continuously sound. It is natural to earn one's daily food by the sweat of the brow, and no one can depart far from this natural activity without marring his life. Yet physical activity is a basis, not an adequate end. Likewise with food. It is an aid to live on simple, pure food. There are physical aids without limit, and our age discovers new ones every year. But a change of attitude can accomplish what natural methods cannot. Better still is a more satisfactory form of activity. The new activity may very well lead the way to a change of diet and the general mode of living. That is, the change logically springs from within.

A man must moderate his passions, or make no sure headway in the art of health. The man who is intemperate in any respect must pay a large price. If there be a warring element within the members, this unruly factor must be transmuted. It might almost be said that the mastery and transmutation of the passions is the key to the art of health. Not until the contest between lower and higher forces in large measure subsides can we be said to be securely sound. Hence the emphasis placed above on creative productivity. Ill-health often springs from imprisoned powers and suppressed struggles. When we learn how to use our lower forces we are free from bondage to them. Health must be progressive to be wholly secure, and it becomes so through evolutionary transmutation. Here as elsewhere it is the positive consideration that avails. When I have found adequate modes of expression for my life, I need not trouble over temptations and conflicts. The transmutation will take care of itself when I find an ideal power that steadily lifts me into creative service.

It is sometimes said that no man should spare himself, but all should work incessantly, since health is solely a spiritual affair. Those who say this are strongly inclined to judge by themselves. That is, they are either naturally so vigorous that they can accomplish a vast deal without being aware of fatigue, or they are so accustomed to triumphant acts of the will that they do not realize how far behind them the people are who are still creatures of circumstance. Behind these triumphs of the will there may be a gradually accumulating condition for which nature will sometime exact an enormous penalty. No one can expect to rise excessively early and work late, with insufficient nourishment, even for a "cause," and escape the day of reckoning.

Those who labor in the cause of reform or of religion are not necessarily exemplars of righteous living. The truth is that it is impossible to generalize. The man whose work compels him to read until midnight every day must spare himself in other directions. If I would utter my best thought in fullest life on the lecture platform, I must sparingly associate with my fellows during the hours or days of preparation. He who labors all day with his hands is little likely to have energy left for social life or for study. To do any work as well as it can be done a man must at times give himself fully to it, at other times break from it. To produce effectively in one direction I must spare myself in a dozen others. In short, everything depends upon a man's purpose in life, and purpose is related to temperament and the conditions under which character thrives. Some of the most successful workers in the world have always been compelled to spare themselves, and work a limited number of hours, in order to labor effectively when the spirit prompted. A man is little likely to sacrifice his health to his vocation if he can avoid it. The man or woman who is unsound in health is likely to be unsound in doctrine. The true reformer as well as the true teacher, writer or preacher, is the one who possesses a sound mind in a sound body.

There are other reasons why the man of idealistic temper should spare himself. The world is willing that the few should slave while the many enjoy the benefits of their excessive labor. Hence the self-sacrificing person must take care of himself, for no one is likely to intervene. As a creative spirit I must make sure that I do my essential work, that I preserve my instrument, as the great soprano preserves her voice. Each worker knows best the conditions under which activity of his type can best be maintained, and should not allow himself to be governed by those whose work is in other fields. Some must rest and browse a large part of the day in order to make the occasional master-stroke, while others must work throughout a long day because unbroken labor is for them the most direct means to the end in view. Good health springs from and accompanies individual work done in an individual way. Each must learn from experience how large a part of the day may wisely be given to recreation.

Health is indeed spiritual, but all things spiritual are grounded in natural conditions, and spiritual life is a gift. I must acquire my own method of work and

serving the conditions under which the great gift is made to me, not by imposing a theoretical structure upon my organism. The life that pulsates through me knows better than I how I can best live and create. In so far as I labor as that life would have me, I shall be able to formulate a method and develop a theory which will withstand the test of time and criticism. Abundant power has been given me to do my work and to keep well. If I fail at any point, let me return to the sources of life and learn my lesson afresh. Not until I know and realize myself spiritually shall my health be complete. For complete health is many-sided and is a bulwark against every possible circumstance. There may be deep lessons to be learned from ill-health. But we shall hardly rest content until we have passed beyond them into the joys of health as a secure possession.

It is plain, then, that some must lessen their speed while others must greatly quicken theirs in order to be steadily healthy. No life is more unsatisfactory than one in which there is abundant time to devote to listless efforts to avoid ennui. The normally healthy person has little time to devote either to his sensations or to the sort of introspection which nourishes disease out of passing aches and pains. Nothing is harder for the genuine worker than to be compelled to be unproductively idle. A man must be occupied in order to be mentally at rest. No small part of the art of health consists in finding satisfactory occupation for all that is active within man.

The reader will doubtless think of instances which seem to contradict many of the foregoing statements. We seem to have eulogized labor and exalted health at the expense of other activities, to the neglect of the law of suffering. But this is confessedly a special message to those who are healthy, and to those who would become so. That suffering has its lessons which no other experience can teach, that the greatest heroism is likely to be coupled with ill-health, is well known. Yet few would maintain that the life of suffering is the ideal life. It is no longer accounted reasonable to identify physical existence with suffering. Life is never quite what it should be if our conduct fosters ill-health. We all believe that if we could be physically sound we should somehow be better men and women. It is for those who are healthy to keep their health and for those who are not yet sound to become so. Whatever lessons suffering may still have to teach will presently appear. There is abundant opportunity for the crippled and the maimed to win moral triumphs and to become sweet-tempered. Let those of us who are physically more fortunate appreciate our priceless blessings.

"I have told you of the man who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting.

"In like manner I always make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eye away from troubles, I pack them into as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."—Robert Southey.

Tomorrow's Grandmothers

ERNEST WELTMER.

Yesterday I watched my afternoon class in Evolution assemble, and as they came in to take their places I involuntarily compared them, as people and as a student body, with similar groups I had seen only a few years ago under like conditions, and I found there much food for cheering thought.

There I saw girls and boys in their teens, mothers, fathers, and grandmothers and grandfathers side by side in the same class: here a boy who had hardly begun to shave the first stiffening strays in the down on chin and throat, beyond him his father, and just across the aisle a gray-haired, wistful-eyed grandmother. And it is to the last that I gave most thought.

I looked down into that little lady's eyes and saw an eager mind, and an earnest one; a mind that hungered for the knowledge that would enable her to be of more service to the world at large, enable her to support herself in spite of her years, (the time is coming when we will state that just the other way; we will say "*by virtue* of her years,") enable her to soothe the sufferer and turn the coming generation into the paths that lead to physical as well as moral uprightness. And I saw also—and this I count of even more interest and more importance than the desire to perfect herself in the studies that are to make her a proficient healer—I saw, also, in those eager eyes the desire for knowledge for its own sake. She is inquiring. She wants to know. She wants to be abreast of her times, to know what things mean, and how to read the hidden messages that Nature reveals only to the earnest and the patient. She wants to KNOW!

And I thought of another grandmother I know, who is just like her in her desire to know; who does not go to a school but who lives in a school of her own making where every paper, every book, every star and moon-beam and passing cloud that can be made to teach her anything is pressed into service by her eager, insatiable desire to KNOW. She asks questions like a growing child, and they are much the same questions that a child might ask, the questions in which heretofore only children and wise men have been actively interested, and she asks them after the fashion of the wise man and with the earnestness of the child. She wants to know what others think about them, but she is not satisfied with that, and continues to sift and weigh and analyze till she can form a well-rounded opinion of her own.

That brought the thought of another grandmother just like her, and then another, and another, till I saw that quite a few of the grandmothers of my acquaintance were in the class in which these two are to be placed.

And then I returned to the consideration of the grandmother in my Evolution class, the one who is so anxious to KNOW, and I tried to

get some understanding of her and her problem—for she has one; we are all of us all the time working at the solution of our problems—and her place in the great scheme of Life; and after studying and talking with her and comparing her with others of her kind whom I know now or have known in the past, I decided that she was a representative of the newest and most refreshing of all the new women in this new woman age—the *new grandmother!* And I will tell you a little of what I think of her (and her partner, the new grandfather).

I think that she is the prophet of a new era; and that, the brightest era that has ever dawned for man. She has broken away from the custom that would make her a fixture at some fireside while her heart yearns for an opportunity to be out in the world of men and deeds where things are happening. She has claimed her right to return to school, when the cares of the home she has made no longer bind her to the smaller, but for that matter vastly more important, world of the individual home. And she is the promise of a coming day when no man shall think that he must stop being useful, must relinquish his interest in live problems of the present, must step aside because his hair has grown white and see himself replaced by some less experienced but stronger man, or woman, as the case may be.

She is recognizing the fact that Nature does not tolerate the shirker, that she punishes inaction with misery, inflicting her severest penalties upon those who have been most active and then have ceased their toil to enjoy what they call "a well-earned rest." Not only the aged, but the whole world as well, is coming to realize the fact that any extended resting must take the form of *interest in some new occupation*, that Nature has no use for one who is idle after she has restored the organism to its usual strength. When a man "retires" today, it is to take up some form of activity in which he is interested. He does not "retire" to sit idle. He has learned that that is fatal; that Nature's constant cry to her children is "Move on! Move on! Move on!" and that those who do not obey, are miserable as the disobedient always are, and they are also soon pushed aside for others who do wish to "move on."

The grandmother of the future, the grandmother of tomorrow, she who is today just beginning to lay aside the toys and the dreams of youth to enter into the wonderful new world where Love is king of a people perennially young—that grandmother of the coming day—will be a sweet-faced lady who has drawn from the experiences of the years their best lessons, whose gray hairs—if she has them—will be signs of wisdom, and whose hands will be busier than ever before in her life. She will be as well abreast of the present as she is acquainted with the past; she will have all her old dreams as fresh and as dear to her heart as they were before she laid them aside that she might make a home for her Love; and she will be just as much a factor in the active life of the family, the nation and the world in all fields where her interest may lie, as is her mate, or anyone else.

The grandmother of the future will not be a person to be petted and coddled for her weakness. She will not be a childish fireside fixture to be

alternately worshipped and bullied by the younglings. She will be as bright of mind and as active of body and as independent as any other woman of her circumstances. She will not make anyone fear to grow old—and in fact she will never grow old as people do these days, for her mind will not fail through inactivity nor through degeneration of brain tissue, if we are to say that that is its cause. No, indeed! if these grandmothers whom I have been observing are to be taken as fore-runners of the coming day—and I think that they safely may—the old man and woman of the future will never lose interest in the present sufficiently to let memory carry them back to the puerilities and innocencies of childhood. They will be as children again in their freedom and in their devotion to ideals and dreams, but they will be *wise* children and their innocence will be that of wisdom in the place of that of ignorance and forgetfulness.

We are coming to the day when we shall live the balanced life; when no man shall live a few years of high-strung nervous intensity in order to be able to slowly degenerate in peace (?) through the evening of life, which, so lived, is ever too short for satisfaction and ever too long for happiness. We are coming to the day when we shall live for the good of the present, when each dawn shall bring a goodly amount of labor and recreation, and every night its sleep and rest; and every year and every life the same; to the day when work will be the pleasure of man and the necessary duties shall be made to yield their joy of self-expression; and with that day will come the assurance that one can be useful and necessary and a part of the world in which he lives, from the time he first begins to express himself until he falls asleep in the night of Life.

In that day men will arise from birth fresh for the Life's work, they will sing at their toil, they will do their work honestly and know the satisfaction of eating bread that they have earned; they will manage to leave behind them some little contribution to the general good, and, when the last long evening of Life has come, they shall lay aside their tools only when it becomes too dark to see, and thankfully close their eyes in the sleep that they have earned. In that day men shall live their lives as a child or a normal man now lives a day, and death shall seem no more forbidding nor horrible than welcome sleep to the weary eyes of the child who has whole-heartedly played, or the man who has honestly toiled. And no one need fear that any man can stand above his grave and say, "It were better so," for all shall miss him even as they miss anyone else who is a part of things, and in that missing there shall be a precious pride in the achievements and the saneness and normality of the one whose form lies moldering there.

And to myself I pray that I shall die like that; that I shall be one of those who go to sleep for the last time tired of work and not of idleness and rest and uselessness and decrepitude; tired of activity and not of life; that I may look forward, if it so happen that I then desire to live again beyond the grave, to another life of usefulness; and, finally, that I shall know as I breathe my last sigh, that I am leaving the world with a memory of me as a useful and bettering unit,

Dwellers in the Steeple

ETHEL S. MCFARLAND.

*Your life lies before you; you've only to live it.
And Love is Life's coronal: take it and give it.
The fairest of flowers may fade in a minute.
So wrest from each day all the sweetness that's in it.
Laugh on while you may; take no heed for the morrow.
No goal is attained through the Gateway of Sorrow.
And pleasure awaits him who soonest can grasp it—
'Tis time to be dead when you lie in a casket.*

*Hear, then, the creed that we optimists cherish.
'Tis: Capture each joy ere its loveliness perish.
Cold facts are illusions and dreaming is real.
Eschew all that's practical; grasp the Ideal.
For, say what you will, 'tis the happiest people
Who build Spanish castles and dwell in the steeple.
And pleasure awaits him who soonest can grasp it—
'Tis time to be dead when you lie in a casket.*

The Universal Ether

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



The Universal Ether, generally known simply as "The Ether," is the *ultima thule*—the extreme limit—of Science. To it all things are referred; from it all things are held to come; and to it all things are held to ultimately return. It is the primordial substance from which flows that which we call "matter," "energy," and according to some even that which we call "mind." It is held to be the ocean of universal material being, from which the manifestations of universal activity arise, and into which they will ultimately be resolved. Surely a most wonderful thing, this Universal Ether. *What is it?*

The dictionaries define it as: "A medium of extreme tenuity assumed to exist all through space, which is believed to be invisible; imponderable; exceedingly elastic; and capable of undulations as it is being acted upon by light and heat—from being the medium through which light is transmitted, it is sometimes called the luminiferous ether." Another dictionary defines it as: "A medium of great elasticity and extreme tenuity, supposed to pervade all space, the interior of solid bodies not excepted, and to be the medium of transmission of light and heat." Tyndal, the scien-

tist of the last century, speaks of: "An almost infinitely attenuated and elastic medium, which fills all space, and which we name The Ether." So you see that The Ether is an infinite "something," of extreme tenuity or "thinness," believed to pervade all space. When the term "all space" is used, *all* space is meant, even the interior of the most solid bodies as well as the space between the fixed stars in which matter, as we know it, is believed to be absent. In order to understand how The Ether occupies the space of the most solid bodies, we must remember that even these most solid bodies are solid only to our perceptions, and only in a relative sense. For even the diamond, or the hardest steel, is nothing but an aggregation of tiny molecules, which molecules themselves are composed of several atoms, and which atoms are naught but a collection of infinitesimal ions or electrons revolving around each other, the relative distances between them being as great as the distances between the planets revolving around our sun. If we were able to reduce ourselves in proportion, we would find each electron a planet in itself whirling with sister planets around a common centre, and with great spaces between them—spaces as great, proportionately, as those between the earth and her sister planets. All this in a single atom of the diamond, or piece of steel, remember. And so even these "very solid substances" are seen to be not solid at all. And these great spaces between the electrons, the atoms, and the molecules, are filled with what? The Ether. After analyzing matter down to its ultimate elements, we find still "something filling up the spaces" between the particles, and that something is The Ether. Science holds that there is no such thing as "empty space"—that the very term is ridiculous. And as The Ether is held to be the ultimate substance filling and occupying space, there is little difference between the conception of Space and that of The Ether.

It used to be the fashion for some scientists to argue that all things are composed of parts and particles—that everything is atomic in its nature—and that therefore The Ether must come under that law. But this idea is no longer entertained by Science. On the contrary, it is held that The Ether *cannot* be composed of particles or atoms, for the reason that in that case we would have to postulate the existence of a still finer ether to fill up the spaces, and so on *ad infinitum*. For Science holds that there can be no action of energy over empty spaces—that all energy requires a medium of transmission; and that as the transmission of energy is necessary to produce the activities of the universe, consequently there must be a medium wherewith to convey the energy between the particles; and that at the last it becomes necessary to postulate the existence of a substance without particles or atoms. And so The Ether is held to be one without parts, particles, or atoms—non-atomic in structure.

All the latest theories of Science, based upon the recent discoveries that have revolutionized the old theories regarding matter, tend to the idea that not only matter, but also force, motion and energy, are evolved from, manifested by, or in some way related to, The Ether. Recent

experiments show that matter, once supposed to be indestructible, may lose a portion of its mass, which seems to disappear into nothingness—in fact, to be resolved into something behind matter. And that Something is held to be The Ether. The same is now believed to be the case with Energy or Force. And, reasoning by analogy, science is now cautiously considering the idea that all matter and energy must have primarily emerged from The Ether. Just how it so emerged science does not know. Some scientific guesses have been made—we hear of “knots in the ether,” “focal centres,” “vortex centers,” and the like—all indicating that in some way The Ether may become, and has become, manifest as matter or force.

Then what manner of thing must this Universal Ether be? No one has seen it, weighed it, felt it—and yet it must be assumed to exist, for its presence is indicated by every scientific experiment and is necessary for the foundation of every scientific theory. Although not sensed, nor recorded by even the finest instruments, still it may be said to be “known” to exist, by reason of its effects. Science has no doubt of its existence—the trouble arises when men attempt to define it. Not only is it difficult to define because of its intangibility and subtle nature, but also because its phenomena seem to be the results of something having opposing and contradictory characteristics. To suit one branch of science The Ether must possess certain qualities or characteristics; to suit another it must possess those of exactly the opposite character. One set of phenomena requires it to be thought of as frictionless; while another set requires the supposition that it possesses the properties of a perfectly elastic solid.

The truth seems to be that The Ether must be postulated to be both Nothing and Everything, so far as properties and qualities go. It must be supposed to contain within itself the possibilities of *all properties* and yet not to *be* any of them. In itself it must be something even beyond these properties and qualities, while still containing them within itself. Surely this is a mystery worthy of even the wildest flights of the imagination, or the most wonderful activities of the reason. It is as incomprehensible as some of the metaphysical abstractions—and yet it must be held to exist as a Something, not merely as an idea; or else all physical science falls. As Dr. Bigelow recently said regarding it: “You are all more or less familiar with that extraordinary entity upon whose inferential existence the lines of modern scientific research seem to converge, the interstellar ether, which seems likely to prove the ultimate form of matter out of which everything comes and to which everything must eventually return. You know the seemingly contradictory qualities that the hypothesis of its existence involves—how it is perfectly rigid and perfectly elastic, perfectly dense and perfectly penetrable, hot and cold, heavy and light, and so on as far as we like to go. But all this simply means that the ether is *unconditioned*, an entity of no properties but of all possibilities, or, more exactly, not an entity at all, but an *infinite possibility*.”

And this is the Something that Science now holds to be the Ultimate

Substance, from which all else proceeds. And remembering that a thing must be contained in that Something in the first place, before it can emerge therefrom, we can imagine what a wonderful Something this Ether must be.

Next month we shall examine its manifestations, in order to understand something about its nature.

In the Hour of Need

ELIZABETH BURGESS HUGHES

(Continued from December NEW THOUGHT.)

"You remember the fine Arabian horse that was Vayre's one luxury? There was an unusual understanding between him and his master; they might have been the typical Arab and his steed, to judge from the devotion between them. Vayre had owned the horse since its birth, and it seemed to me at times that the animal really understood every word he spoke. But Gabriel had one rather annoying trait—he would obey no one but his master. The rest of us used to take it time about trying to coax him from his stall. We proffered apples, lumps of sugar and every dainty ever known to tempt the equine appetite, but to no avail. He eyed us with a stare of distrust, refusing to stir or heed our blandishments. But even the faintest whisper of Vayre's—'*Come, boy!*'—went to his heart like a battle-cry; he at once plucked up his ears and came forth, mincing daintily like a fine lady, straight to his master's side. He refused to waver from his allegiance; and after Vayre's death he was the most utterly wretched beast that ever the sun shone on. He refused to be comforted; refused to be led from his retreat in the rickety old barn. Each afternoon he would walk in lonely state from the little side door, hoping, I suppose, to escape being observed, and wander disconsolately about for a time, browsing in the bare fields by the stream and refusing to allow any one to mount or even approach him. I saw that he was cared for—had food and comforts enough, that is, intending to take him home with me at the end of the term. He was rather a proposition—poor Gabriel—but I hadn't the heart to see him pass into strange hands.

"Almost at the close of the school-year the terrible fire swooped like a demon of destruction over the place. Beginning in the second story, the third was a veritable death-trap by the time the fire was discovered. And I was there—on the third floor, shut in by deadly flames and smoke. It was a bitter moment for me, Van, when I saw that I must die. Life looks very precious at such times.

"I ran frantically away from the flame-filled halls to the one window of my room, which looked out upon the back campus. It was a natural impulse, but I saw no help there. If only there were some way of escape! But the third story, and at the back of the building—what chance had I? I could hear the clanging of fire-engines on the front campus and a dim, shrill mingling of voices. But I, in this little back room where I was rarely to be found at this hour, shut off from the rest of the world, was forgotten and must die like a rat in a trap. Looking down, I saw, in dazed, mechanical fashion, the broad verandah sweeping around the first floor of the building, not more than four feet above ground. If I could only reach it! But it was folly even to hope

for this, as to fling myself from the window meant certain death. The old-fashioned building had no fire-escapes, so, I reflected dimly, my doom was sealed—I could not escape. I turned back into the room, suddenly calm and reasonable, resolved to face death like a man, if not a hero. My eyes rested for a moment on Vayre's portrait on the wall; then, startled, I sprang toward it. For, lying carelessly on the floor beneath it, was a coil of rope that had once strapped my trunk and had since been used for various purposes, for the schoolboy finds a length of rope as much of a godsend at times as the small boy his bit of string. I caught it up gratefully and ran back to the window. By this time I could hear the flames roaring at the door of my room. Inspiration, if it came at all, must come quickly. And it *did* come. Having no way of fastening the rope to the window ledge, I rapidly conceived the idea of tying it about my slender chiffonier, which I wheeled in front of my window. Then, grasping the rope firmly, I let myself out at the window behind the chiffonier. So far all was well, in spite of the blazing story underneath, and but for the unlucky happening of the next moment I think I would have escaped unhurt. As I lowered myself to the verandah underneath a fusillade of burning timber, loosened by the flames above, fell upon me, burying me beneath the fiery mass. I was stunned, bruised and burned, but fighting now for dear life. Beating away the fire about my face, I tried to extricate myself, but was, alas! tightly wedged. My feet were deep in a bed of flame, and the agony was fast overpowering me, when, in the dim, smoky gloom, a blessed avalanche of water from the immense hose now pouring its volume upon the building fell upon me, extinguishing the fire immediately about me. But I was too weak and hurt to think clearly or to call out. In the smoke and flame and darkness no one had seen me, and I reflected that to die here, within sight of rescue, was a bitterer fate than if I had never escaped from my room.

"Then, by some miracle of apprehension, I wondered how it was with Gabriel in his stall. Poor old beast, to go like this! Even in the misery and darkness of that hour, I remember wondering grimly if it were true, as I had heard, that the animals were to share our Heaven. If it were indeed true, with what rapture of spirit would Gabriel and Gabriel's master meet!

"The smoke cleared a bit in front of me, and I saw the old stable quite clearly. It was in flames now, from the falling cinders—I could see them creeping slowly about the roof and sides. And from where I lay I could also see Gabriel, head up and nostrils scenting danger. I tried to call to him, but my voice died in my throat. Knowing his idiosyncrasies, and the well-known impossibility of coaxing horses from burning buildings, I felt that his fate was doubly sealed. I must have swooned then, for things grew very black about me and there was a sound in my ears as of many rushing waters. But, presently, consciousness and pain came back. I could still hear a babble of excited voices, and cries that told of others prisoned in the awful debris. I was lying almost hidden beneath burnt timber and a tangle of scorched honeysuckle vines that had fallen from about the verandah. One arm was prisoned under what I supposed to be a house-beam, and the free hand was too numb and hurt to make an effort to signal or release its fellow. So I lay, scarcely breathing, waiting for death, and hoping that it would soon come. I could still see Gabriel, white amidst the flame about his stall. Watching him, and regretting his fate, I was startled to see him turn, of a sudden, in the old familiar, joyous way that he used to greet his master in the by-gone days, and whinny, prance and leap as though wild with joy. He

laid his head as against an imaginary shoulder, and rubbed it up and down, all the time with the old whinny of delight that he had not uttered since Vayre died. Then, stepping high, like a court lady with a train, he pranced sedately to the door, and as though led by an unseen hand, walked across the space that intervened between us. Flame roared on either hand, and sparks showered upon us, but he seemed not in the least afraid. Evidently forgetting his old dislike of an alien hand, he moved to the porch-rail and stood near me, waiting patiently, now and then reaching over to touch my hand with a gesture implying command. At touch of the soft mouth on my hand, it flashed in upon me what had happened. He had come to my rescue! My heart glowed toward him, and new strength came to me. I tugged with might and main at the debris that held me, and managed to pull my arm from under the beam that weighed upon me; my dull, shocked brain began to work, and plan escape. I tugged and strained until I brought myself to a sitting posture; then with burned, tormented hands I loosed my feet from their prison. Throbbing in every nerve and sick with physical agony, I dragged myself to the railing and laid my arms about Gabriel's neck. With a mighty effort I somehow got upon his back, my arms still about him. Half-unconscious, and now past caring for anything, I only knew that he was moving, and though darkness fell upon me shortly afterward, my arms did not loose their grasp.

"I had a very dear friend in the town, an old school-mate of my mother's, to whom I was wont to go with my boyish perplexities. She had no sons, and for that reason, I suppose, regarded me somewhat in the light of one. I do not think Gabriel had ever visited the place, but he took me unerringly to her door—the one person who, in the excitement and grief of the hour, in the little college town without a hospital, could properly care for me.

"That's the story, Van—except that when I came out of the long and terrible illness, both feet and one arm were gone, and I was only a wreck of a man. But my real life had begun. Out of a thoughtless, pleasure-loving boy, pain had made a man with the visionary happinesses of what some one has called 'God-intoxication.' I say visionary, not because they are unreal, but because they belong to the spiritual and not the earthly vision. Had I not seen an evidence of the loving care of a friend I thought I had lost—as faithful and tender as though he stood beside me in the flesh?"

I moistened my dry lips. "Then you think," I stammered—"you really believe that it was Vayre who led Gabriel that night?"

He flashed round upon me with almost his old smile.

"Why should I not?" he asked simply. "Had you been in my place wouldn't you have believed it?"

"I shouldn't know how to make a practical explanation of it," I confessed.

"Practical?" he echoed. "*Practical?* Ah, Van, that's where we make our mistakes. Nothing that has to do with another life is to us 'practical.' Why, dear old fellow, I've learned a whole lot since I've been—like this. One thing is that the other world is just as real—nay, infinitely more real—than these 'fields I know.' The footsteps of my life are in Vayre's; in his past life on this plane he was my friend—now that he is an immortal, the friendship has deepened and partaken of his immortality. So that I feel

*'Less yearning for the friendship fled
Than some strong bond which is to be.'*

Instead of a frail hunchback with earthly limitations, I now have 'an angel for my friend.' I sometimes pray to him, unconsciously, in my times of stress. Being mortal, there *are* times when I suffer; but I think I am always happy.

"For I remember, whatever comes or goes, that Vayre's Father is mine also, and that neither of us has anything to fear."

We sat together in the stillness for a time, and the scent of roses and lilies crept into the room.

"Since I have come back to Sweetbriar I have drawn very close to the heart of things. The clouds, the sunshine, the stars—ah, the Book of Nature is in God's handwriting, and he who runs may read."

I understood, then, why he was happy. He had reached that plane of communion with the higher forces about us that the most of men leave out of their lives, or deny with their skepticism; and strength had come with attainment.

"I write—a little," he confessed, smiling—"out of my heart. It is pleasant to try to put in words all that I feel, but rather difficult to do satisfactorily. Then there are other wounded ones. Whenever I hear of such a one I send him greeting, and tell him how happy I am. Why, Van," he said earnestly, "I am not ill or maimed—the real *I*! Nothing can touch that. I *can't* be ill or hopeless unless I allow myself to be—and I won't; that's all. The real Camperdoun is just the same. No flame can hurt the immortal Ego that is I. Why should I fret at hurts like these? The shell drops off in time, you know, and then of what importance is a scar or two? They'll be made whole when Love wills it."

I got to my feet, and went to the window, and stood there looking out with misty eyes upon the sunshiny garden of roses and hollyhocks and tall old-fashioned lilies that looked like white angels on tiptoe. In the meadow below the garden an old white horse browsed leisurely. The river was whispering a lullaby, and now and then a bird's wing flashed between us and the light as it soared away into the blue.

"It is a good thing to be alive," I confessed at last, "in 'the fields I know,' at any rate. I'm afraid I've thought too little about the 'undiscovered lands.' But, truly, Paul, if Heaven is not the dreamy abstraction I've always believed it, but a real, live, busy, helpful world—" I turned this new phase of thought in my mind for a time. "I am glad I came," I exclaimed impulsively, turning back to him. "You have opened new paths to me."

"Ah, dear old fellow," he said, looking at me with tender eyes, "they are very old paths. They wait for any footstep that will come their way. There are, you know, wrong ways of doing a right thing. We go on blindly, some of us, and tumble in at Heaven's gate with queer twisted ideas that will take a long time of the precious Heaven-life to unravel. There are others for whom misery and loneliness and deprivation have opened the spiritual sight. Some one warns us against wasting our sorrows: 'Take care that you do not waste your sorrows, that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill-health, or similar afflictions which come into your daily life, mar you instead of mending you. Let us beware of getting no good from what is charged to the very brim with good.' There is such a thing as finding Peace through turmoil, just as Christ came out calm and strengthened from the Garden. It is a great thing to accept a lesson in the spirit in which it was given, and to make it the gateway of Paradise. This is really being 'in tune with the Infinite,' and resting with absolute faith

upon the all-encompassing Love. There is really no reason for unhappiness anywhere, for everything will be all right—sometime."

Looking across the little room I met his eyes, and I knew that he had no more to fear from life, for the kingdom of God was within him.

THE END.

Warning

HENRY W. VAUGHAN.

*The floating bell-buoy rings both day and night,
When troubled in the sea at harbor's mouth—
A symbol of The Living Way of Christ;
Safety and danger, both, are then close by
When sounds the timely warning unto man.*

The Law of Chemical Equilibrium

Article III. The Curse of Drugs.

PAUL F. CASE.

To answer the question, "If drugs cure, why not use them?" is easier than it may seem. Indeed, the main difficulty lies in choosing from the great mass of evidence against drugs and drug-therapeutics those facts which shall make the strongest appeal to your reason and common sense.

I shall not weary you with paragraphs of proof that the art of medicine is a flimsy structure built on the shifting sands of guesswork and experiment. Nor shall I discuss the risks arising from incomplete or mistaken diagnosis. You know these things already, just as you know that drugs are as variable as Chicago weather; that patients are even less to be depended upon; and that, in consequence, no doctor knows just how his remedies will act in any particular case, until he has tried them. If you doubt any of these statements, read a standard work on the theory and practice of medicine, and you will see that the doctors admit all this, in spite of their pretensions to scientific exactness.

I do not believe in drugs, because it seems unreasonable to try to create health with life-destroying substances. This month I shall try to prove that drugs are always dangerous to mind and body. If this be true, is it not evident that they are unfit for human use?

In the first place, medicine pits Beelzebub against the Devil. It fights death with death. *Materia medica* is a catalogue of mineral and vegetable poisons, augmented—since the introduction of the serum treatment—by several choice brands of loathsome virus taken from diseased animals.

Some doctors use these poisons to kill germs. "If germs cause disease, killing the germs will cure it," is their argument. The "if" is

a terribly big one, but we are not especially concerned with the germ-theory just now. What is more important for us to understand is that drug-poison is just as deadly to ourselves as to the germs. Cell-structure is practically the same in germs and men. What threatens the life of one threatens the life of the other. You never can tell when the poison gets through with the bacteria. If any of it remains active after all the germs are dead, it starts right in to kill you.

Many of the drugs most commonly used stay in the body for years, and they're busy killing cells until all their venom is exhausted.

Would you seek health by cutting off your fingers? How then can you create it by corroding your internal organs and destroying cell-structure?

Drugs are also used to create abnormal physical conditions similar to those produced by disease. This practice grows out of the theory that disease is Nature's effort to rid the body of morbid matter. Those who hold this theory argue that the way to overcome disease is to assist rather than suppress this effort. But when they give drugs, they fall into error, because drugs never assist Nature. They only interfere with her.

We are not judging theories, but facts, and there is one all-important fact about the prescriptions "regular" physicians are writing every day. These prescriptions, in about three cases out of four, call for poison. No matter how plausible our theories, if our practice includes the use of poisons, it is against reason. The thing to remember is that poisons *kill*.

Chemical equilibrium in the blood is the physiological condition of health. Can a system of treatment which loads the blood with an extra quantity of morbid matter—whether by germ-slaughter or by interference with the work of the body's laboratories—create health? Can you not see the rank folly of trying to build a healthy body by destroying the materials from which it is made?

It happens that some drugs actually produce chemical equilibrium when properly applied. They do this by stimulating certain organs to increased activity, and to all appearances these remedies create health. But they are like false friends who do slight favors for those whose ruin they are planning. The good they do only keeps us from suspecting their power for evil.

Most of us are deceived by this outward show of goodness. But I am convinced that there is a danger in drug-action quite apart from any mere physiological peril. It is like a poisonous vapor, odorless and colorless. Silently and mysteriously it strikes at the very source of life. Not until it wrecks mind and body, and brings on either insanity or death, does it rest in its destruction.

This phase of the drug-danger should be easily grasped by you who know how mind and body affect each other. You can hardly fail to see the point as soon as you have studied the facts.

You know that morphine and cocaine have dragged thousands through the gutter-filth of the lowest slums. You know that the unfortunate devotees of phenacetin and acetanilid are in bondage to these coal-tar products, which have become so popular as pain-relievers. That these drugs make slaves has been amply proven by many careful investigations.

Popular opinion ascribes the habit-making power of these remedies to their capacity for cell-destruction. Pathologists limit the popular opinion to the theory that the blood is the only tissue affected. It happens, however, that non-poisonous drugs which affect the blood for a short time only, also create habits. This fact leads me to conclude that something more than cell-destruction is at work in the process.

I am the more firmly convinced of this because protoplasmic cells are individuals with minds of their own. Your mental and physical states are but the aggregate of the mental and physical states of the cells in your body. Break the laws of cell-life, and you break laws of your own being.

The normal source of all action is in the mind. Actions performed as a result of irresistible impulses coming from the environment of the individual,—that is to say, actions which are not the outcome of free choice—are abnormal. Because all drugs modify cell-function by means of an irresistible force, because they act whether the patient wants them to or not, they cause abnormality. This abnormality varies in its effects, but at bottom it is drug-slavery. There is no real difference between cocaine-slavery and castor-oil slavery. The fundamental condition of *dependence* is common to all who must have their daily dose of pill, powder, or potion.

The first dose of medicine makes it easier to take the second, according to well-known laws of habit. Any systematic use of drugs creates a more or less enduring attitude of dependence in the cell-minds. Dependence on external forces when the real power comes normally from within, is a sure sign of weak will in cells or in men.

The apothecary-shop sends out no other danger so insidious and subtle as this. Few people now living are entirely free from its blight. Drugs incite cell-action without, or in spite of, cell-will. Who will say they are not dangerous?

Expediency is the guide of practical science. It has special application to healing disease. The question is not only, "Does this or that remedy restore chemical equilibrium?" but, "Which is the best method to create health?"

Chemical harmony is an effect of health, not health itself. You may be able to restore harmony and run your physical machine with drugs, but if you try it, you're like the man who tries to run a steam-engine with gun-powder. Powder-gas will surely generate force enough to run an engine, but it is not the right kind of force. Nor is drug-force the right force to run the body.

Vitality is the steam that runs the human engine. Will is the spirit-

ual muscle you must use to turn on the steam. You must *use* it, mind, or you can't control the engine.

Choose chemical force in place of vitality and you nearly always put out the fire under the boilers. Poisons stop the production of Vital Force. All drugs weaken the will.

I wish I could write this in fiery letters that would burn their dreadful meaning into your memory:

DRUGS WEAKEN THE WILL.

Will makes you higher than the beasts. Will creates civilization from savagery. Will is the directing and building power of the mind. It is the very God in you. Strictly speaking, you cannot weaken Will. But you can weaken your power to use it. And in this sense I say, "Drugs weaken the Will."

Do you want to go back to savagery? Do you want to sink to the level of the beasts? Then stick to drugs. "Take something" for your nerves. Stir up your liver with mercury. Become a victim of the pill-habit, if you haven't the courage to accept the more spectacular and gruesome slavery of morphine or cocaine. By-and-by you'll be a weak-willed sniveler at Fate, like the rest of 'em.

We boast of our civilization, yet we stick to *materia medica*—a relic of barbarism whitewashed with Latin names. We talk of thought-force, the super-man, and the power of the "I-consciousness," but we can't run our own bodies.

You want to share in the blessings of civilization. You want to exercise your hidden powers. You want to *be* somebody and *do* something.

Then, in the name of the God within you, cast off the chains that hold you to the body-wrecking, soul-destroying slavery of drugs.

(To be continued.)

Practical Instruction in Telepathy

BY HENRY HARRISON BROWN,

Author of "Self-Healing Through Suggestion," Etc.

LESSON ONE.

I regard Telepathy as a most important field of demonstration, for it is the promise of the coming MAN. When he comes, he will thus communicate, and not by telephone or wireless telegraphy. The unfolding of humanity is toward those forms of expression that lie beyond the range of the present five senses, in that realm where sensation is not divided, neither limited by the physical senses.

The "Great Discovery" Man made was Fire. He had to learn that it was both dangerous and helpful. He has not learned all the lessons Fire has to teach him in either respect. But with the use of Fire and in protection from Fire, he has builded civilization.

The "Greatest Discovery" is that THOUGHT IS POWER. Thought is a mode of motion. He was long ages learning how to use those modes he names Fire, Water and Wind. He has been since Watt's inventions in 1709 learning how to use steam. He has known and named electricity for centuries, but has only during my lifetime been using it as a servant. What wonderful gain has civilization made from what has already been done in these lines! But what has harnessed these? THOUGHT! What is THOUGHT? A mode of motion; one form of Infinite Energy. Great as are the wonders flowing from the use of these other forms of energy that are subject to Thought control, many, many times greater will be the wonders flowing from this *Recognition of Thought as POWER*. And it is the glory of the twentieth century that it will teach man how to direct this power to a determined end and thus enable him to win control over all other modes of motion, and compel them to obey Thought as compass obeys needle.

Not having believed this, but from experiment and demonstration having developed that faith which "is evidence," I propose these Lessons on Telepathy, or what may be termed "Silent Suggestion."

It is worth your while to study and practice this Art, for as sure as the years roll on, he who does not so know and so work, will be "a back number" in the world.

Impress it upon your memory that the important thing for you to learn is the conditions under which these experiments are to be conducted. With all the sacredness of devotee at shrine; of scientist at telescope or crucible; with all the earnestness of the student in present laboratories; with all the love that the artist has for his work; and above all, with that concentration that shuts out of your consciousness your surroundings and with the perseverance of the inventor and successful man in any business, you are to enter into this study. It is no child's play. It may serve for amusement and to gratify curiosity. For such I do not write. It has within it the power of conscious control of Life in its manifestations of Health, Prosperity and Happiness. It has the power to remove from human life all thought of separateness, in essence or in race, and thus not only to banish all fear of death, but also all recognition of it, by opening between the so-called dead and the so-called living, the means of closer communication by Thought Transmission. But it can only come to those who shall in CONCENTRATION become transmitters and receivers of the telepathic message. And these must learn a new language and create new symbols for conveying these messages, for rarely will the message come in words. When the race is more developed word-language will come. Now it is conveyed by the language of *feeling*. Often these feelings are mistranslated. More often do the conceptions of the receiver mix with those transmitted, but by practice the lines will become perfected, and this century will see it a common thing to transmit accurately the symbols from mind to mind, no matter what the seeming distance between them.

Therefore cultivate concentration—the power of shutting out at will the objective world; the power of forgetting at will all your personal self; the power of making the consciousness for the space of an infinitesimal part of a second a blank, and in that little space of duration seizing the thought that comes from without. How to do this? Practice. I can tell you no more. DO IT! Do it as the musician plays; as the artist paints; as the accountant adds his columns. Think only of what you have to do, and then forget what you are doing in the doing. Having devoted yourself to this condition and having become receptive, select some one who is concentrative in mind, one that is self-reliant, self-assertive, and will concentrate upon what he is doing. Take two tables. Place one on one side of the room or in a nearby room, seat yourself at one and the transmitter at the other. If in the same room sit back to back. Have pencil and paper before each.

Let the transmitter say, "I draw one of the nine digits!" and let him keep making it over and over with his eyes fastened upon it. Let the receiver draw the first figure that comes into his mind. After a few trials he will make the correct one and when he becomes really receptive the figure will move the hand and make itself, without his conscious thought, just as without volition he writes the word he wishes. It writes itself. Try letters of the alphabet. Try geometrical figures; try animals, words—anything. Persevere if you wish to succeed. It will require several trials before you overcome the desire to do right; the curiosity to see if you do, and the fear of making a mistake. Let mistakes come. Success will come only through mistake.

I regard this as one of the best methods. After a time you may draw pictures from the mind of another. And you can outgrow paper and table, and catch the thought.

I have drawn a picture in one room and called out to my friend: "What have I drawn?" Sometimes he will draw the picture, but generally he will call out the name of the thing.

(To be continued.)

"I live on the sunny side of the street; shady folks live on the other. I have always preferred the sunshine, and have tried to put other people there, if only for an hour or two at a time."—M. P. Wilder.

*"Little by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing it; long if you sigh."*

"It's religion to help people who need helping."—Florence Morse Kingsley.

"I jes' do the best I ken where the good Lord put me at, an' it looks like a got a happy feelin' in me 'most all the time."—Mrs. Wiggs in Lovey Mary.

Personal Problems

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"My husband and I are having quite a controversy as to whether or no we shall teach our children to believe in Santa Claus. Our one little boy is still too young to know anything about Christmas but we would like to settle the dispute before he is old enough to have to be told either one way or another.

As children, both my husband and I were taught the customary story of Santa Claus coming down the chimney, and while I count it one of the dearest and sweetest illusions of my childhood and discovered the truth so gradually that I do not know when I ceased to believe it, my husband insists that he felt injured and deceived when he discovered that it was all a sham and could see it no other way than that his parents had lied to him. I want to tell my children the traditional story because I think all children love mystery, and Christmas would lose half its joy when robbed of its glamour of sweet mystery. And still I want to do the wisest thing and my husband is wiser than I in so many ways I am in doubt as to whether I am in the right path, and so he has agreed to allow me to submit the question to you who we both think have answered deeper and weightier questions with surprising insight and wisdom.

And we disagree in almost exactly the same manner about Sunday school and Church. Neither of us now believe in the teachings of church and Sunday school where their interpretation of the Bible is concerned. Yet when we were children each attended Sunday school and church with more or less regularity and while I contend that it did me no harm and on the contrary have always been glad of the knowledge I gained of the Bible and feel that I have been able to judge more fairly from knowing thoroughly that side of the question, he affirms that it did harm him to attend Sunday school by the endeavor to warp his mind before he was old enough to think for himself and he believes it would be wrong to send our children where they would receive teaching in direct opposition to our own beliefs and the instruction they would receive at home. This question really troubles me more than the other because we live in a conservative little city where the children of all the best people attend Sunday school and it is certain all our children's little associates will go. Will they not feel that they are robbed of something if we do not allow them to go, and this feeling alone have a tendency to predispose them in favor of the church because it is something forbidden?"

I understand your desire to preserve to your small son the sweet mystery of Christmas, and I also understand the stress your husband lays upon the value of absolute truth in all dealings with children. Myself, I hold with him that nothing is more important than the implicit confidence thus created and maintained, or than the recognition and acceptance by the child's mind of truth as so strong an obligation that it must never yield to any exigency. Nor do I think adherence to this principle in the Santa Claus connection need rob Christmas of the intangible charm which makes it dear to children and "grown-ups."

You were brought up to believe in Santa Claus, so he is the symbol and embodiment to you of this season of merry-making, mystery and joy. Now, I never believed in Santa Claus, and yet Christmas was the most delightful, most mysterious day possible—just the same kind of a day it was to you. Not a whit of the mystery was gone—for weeks before Christmas the house was an exciting place, in which mysterious packages were being constantly smuggled out of sight; in which bureau drawers might not be opened, nor closets boldly explored; in which grown people stopped talking when the "small fry" were near, and one had to be "shooed" out of the hall when the delivery man came.

And it was quite as wildly exciting to go to bed Christmas Eve knowing that mamma and papa were stealing about quietly down stairs, putting mysterious packages on the chairs which stood in a row with our stockings hung on the rungs, as to dream of Santa Claus coming down the chimney.

If it were my small boy to be introduced to Christmas, I would tell

him what the Christmas *spirit* meant and how it was the one day in the year that big folks and little folks, tall folks and small folks, rich folks and poor folks, all took time to remember how many people there were in the world to love and to make happy—that it was a “love” day, in which one tried to express that love by giving other people joy and making their little secret wishes “come true.” Then I’d tell him about Germany and the little German children and how their mothers and fathers used to tell them that Santa Claus brought the gifts and filled the stockings, and I’d tell about the reindeer and the sleigh and how they imagined him dashing over the roofs and climbing down the chimneys. Oh, I’d make it as charming a story as possible, the kind my small son would want to hear again and again; and so Santa Claus would come into *his* Christmas, you see, though not quite in the usual way. And it would be a delicious joke between us, over which we would shriek with delight, and we would pretend we heard the sleighbells, and we’d look up the chimney and play we heard him tramping on the roof, but we’d both know it was just a delightful bit of a fairy story, and half our fun would be “pretending” it was really true. I do honestly think that the Christmas mystery and charm is the same, whatever the child is taught to believe. *You* can’t dis sever Santa Claus from Christmas, because he was part of your Christmas. I can’t connect him with mine. Yet shake both our Christmases up in a bag and draw out one, and I venture we couldn’t tell which one. I do not think you need ever fear that Christmas will not mean just as much to your small son—just as much mystery, excitement and wild delight—as it did to you. It’s *Christmas*—time of sleighbells, and snow, and Christmas trees, and gifts, and turkey, and jollification—and you will find, I am sure, that it does not need any other embellishments.

About the Sunday School, again my sympathies are divided. I know just how you feel; yet, again, my own experience has proven that not to go to Sunday School does not shut a child out from companionship. For I did not go to Sunday School—and yet I taught in a non-sectarian Sunday School of home organization, at sixteen!

If the Sunday School confined itself to merely teaching the children the Bible, I should say have the children go, by all means, as it is a book they should learn to know intimately and almost as second nature. But I should dislike a child of mine to be taught to believe in hell and punishment and “chosen people,” etc. And it is quite beyond question that to be taught one thing at home and another at Sunday School would be the very worst sort of training a child could receive, leaving him with no confidence in *any* teaching. I do not know that I am wise enough to decide this question for you. I have quite recently decided that the amount of wisdom it requires to bring up a child is so stupendous that I marvel any one ever has the courage to assume the responsibility. Yet this is what I *think* I would do. I would hold “Sunday School” at home—only I do not think I would call it “Sunday School”—and together we would read and talk about the Bible as the history of a wonderful long-ago people written down by this man and that man because the spirit of God in him called to him to pass on to others these things which had meant much in his own life and that of his people. And we’d take one little story after another and talk about them together and I would try tactfully to show how the queer words here and there were the words used then; and the queer garments, the garments worn then; and that the thoughts also were the thoughts of a far-away undeveloped time, so that in recognizing goodness and yearning toward it and striving to live it, people hadn’t yet learned to cast away all the old cruelties of speech and act which belonged to their age. And each lesson should show unob-

trusively that the whole world was kin, bird and bee and flower and man; and that beauty is meant, and good and harmony, and that we ourselves are given each of us our own kingdom to govern and control, and our lesson would end in a little talk on using some one of our powers—which after all are but One power. And thus we would talk of health, and courage, and individual freedom and responsibility, and the mind and its control of the body, and—many other things.

And I might—notice, I only say *might*, because I'm very doubtful—even try the experiment of letting them go occasionally to some very, very liberal Sunday School—Unitarian, Universalist, etc. Only I would go also for a time, and quietly note the teachings and the manner of their acceptance by my children. If I found too much conflict between my own instruction and that of the Sunday School, then we'd have to give up the latter.

But I would never class church or Sunday School as a "forbidden" thing. I'd merely try to make my home Sunday School so delightful a "story-hour" of the week that the children would not want to go elsewhere. I would explain that most people hadn't time to teach their own children, so they sent them to other teachers—hence the Sunday School—but that "papa and I" wanted to have "the fun" of the weekly story-hour with the children, ourselves.

I'd make my story-hour not directly "religious," but perhaps as part of the hour we would talk about birds or bugs or growing plants, and learn things about them which would impress the sense of kinship and the knowledge of how wonderful is the universe about us; for in every bit of animate or inanimate nature is a lesson in life—in courage, in ingenuity, in perseverance, in obedience, in *law*; and all these lay the foundation for an *enduring* religion.

I do not believe either you or they will miss the Sunday School. And for the social companionship with their little friends, day school and dancing school and physical culture classes, etc., will bring them together in closer relations than the weekly visit to Sunday School. I'm sure you'll find it so, and be glad of your decision.

"I get so much real help from your answers to 'personal problems' even when the case is not my own personal interest, that I want to know what you will have to say to the following. Fifteen years ago a very fine young man offered me his heart and hand. While I could not give him the love he wished in return, I did respect him and we were the best of friends, but I could plainly see he cherished the hope I would some day be his wife, although I was always careful not to encourage him in any way to think so. At last it seemed to me best we did not continue to see each other except for an evening now and then, and when I so told him, his reply was 'I would rather things should remain as they are *than* marry any other girl.' It seemed now I *must* stop our association, and I conceived the idea of telling him that I was not the *good* girl he thought me, thinking him to be so really above the average in the ideas of character that he held that he would *wish* to have nothing more to do with me. The next evening he called I told him the story I had invented against myself. What was the result? He was stunned. He said 'You do not know what you have done, you have robbed me of happiness, and yourself too.' With those words and the look and tone in which they were spoken, came to me a knowledge of a *great love for him*, but the cruel words had robbed him of reason. He was naturally nervous and over-sensitive, but to think the one he loved, and the only girl he had ever paid the slightest attention, should prove to be other than he thought was a blow too great. He was sick for a whole year. At the end of that time he was able to do some light work that did not require much mental effort. I have tried in every way to atone for my wrong doing. I told him the story was *false* and begged him to forgive me. He said 'I forgive you *fully* but this won't give me back my health.' This was fifteen years ago, remember, but the sting of those words seems as fatal today as at the time they were spoken. The last letter I ever had from him he wrote 'God only knows how I crave love, but it was taken out of my life forever. I live and see how others enjoy themselves, and wish the same blessing could be mine.'

Do you wonder I feel like a murderer? for haven't I been the cause of killing the *affections*, which is more than the *body*? My life would not be a *hard* or *unhappy* one were it not for the memory of this affair which I never am able to put out of my mind for many minutes at a time. He is always spoken of with respect, and it is yet a wonder why he left me when he seemed so much in love. He is a wreck mentally. If I could only marry, and care for him, I should feel I could in this way atone, but this I cannot do, as to *see* me, the one he *once* loved, has a tendency to make him worse. What can I do? I feel I ruined my own life as well, for I cannot forget, but it does not seem I am helping him any by the miserable life I live. If this was a *recent* happening one might say 'my faith is large in time to remove the feelings you have!' I close with the same words of an inquirer who was answered in December NEW THOUGHT, 'Can you tell me how I can escape from the goading memory of past sins,' or make life any better or brighter for the one I wronged or myself?

L. G. P."

There isn't much to say to a problem like yours, since you already realize how far wrong was your reasoning. Not for you, but for others, let me emphasize the fact that nothing, no purpose, no intent, no form of would-be self-sacrifice, can ever give us the right to destroy love for us through destroying faith in good. For when we do that, we have shaken the whole relation of man to his universe; not, as we had meant, of one man to one woman; and the injury is almost irreparable.

To have something pure, perfect, sweet and wholesome, high above us, that in tenderness must withhold itself from us, never embittered or made barren any man's existence. But to have loved something which did not exist, to have worshiped where no god stood in the shrine and to realize the emptiness of it all, is to leave the whole world empty, to make all shrines seem tenantless, and love and faith and purity mere words to mock with. That is loss, that is bereavement, and that, too often, brings life down about one in chaos.

This, for the rest of us—now, for you: "What reparation?" I wonder. What was the wrong done? The tearing down of the something beautiful he had builded in your likeness. Would not the reparation be the building up of something transcendently beautiful in its place? To what end, you may say? Ah, well, we have to leave the ends to work themselves out—building because it is ours to build, not for what the building may bring us.

I do not know all the circumstances of your later relations, but whatever they may have been, I realize that you view the whole affair with too real remorse to let pride guide your actions in the slightest. So it seems to me I would write him—not asking him to forgive me, to love me or to come to me—but to tell him how the whole story has lingered with me all these years, making my heart ache with regret and understanding; that I see now the real wrong was to take away from him his ideal of womanhood, not the woman he then loved; and that all these years I have longed to repair in some way the wrong I did, but have failed. Then tell him how it has come to you, at last, that the best way to undo wrong is to do a more beautiful "right," and that you are happy now in taking that as your lesson, and that you want him to know. Let him look deep in your heart once (though delicately setting your *life* apart from him), telling him all you have felt, longed, suffered, because of the mistake; and how you tell him all this that he may feel not only that the good he loved in you was there, but that it is the "common good" which dwells all round about him in other women and other men, and never has been shaken from its stronghold, and that you hope and long for him to see it in the people who make up his daily life, that that life may be more beautiful.

And for your conscience, take this to heart, my dear: while the initial wrong was yours, yet if he really loved you and so believed your later

denial, his embitterment partakes a little of the nature of a selfish grief—a wrong, jealously hugged. There must be more pride and vanity than real love in permanent embitterment where the disillusionment is proven false. Of course that you could conceive and circumstantially relate such a tale of yourself might itself shake his faith, or his love for you, but *real* love ought to be able to stand even a tremendous strain. So don't accuse yourself unnecessarily. He has his *own* responsibility, just as you have yours, and if he does not rise to it, the whole burden does not lie on your shoulders.

"My work has always been of a clerical nature, of one variety or another. But for the last few years, without any effort or summoning on my part, no matter where I am or what I am doing, a picture keeps coming to my mind, of me, baton in hand, standing before a large orchestra, conducting with precision and authority. I seem to recognize the music being played, hear distinctly the different parts, and even recognize the faces of the men sitting in front of me. While at work I frequently catch myself whistling or singing, and beating time. This has continued so long that I now take it as a matter of course. Now while I am passionately fond of music, and do play among the second violins in a high-class amateur organization, I have never conducted. In fact, I know nothing of Theory, Instrumentation, Orchestration or other things so necessary for a conductor to know. Have I been a conductor in some past incarnation, or am I going to be in some future one, or am I simply a little bit 'off'?"

I wouldn't take the responsibility of going on record as to that "past incarnation," but I should think it very likely that your talent lay in the direction of your constantly recurring dream. It seems to me a natural dream to grow out of your musical experience. Being so intensely musical in nature, your mind must be particularly sensitive to musical impressions, and that you form part of an orchestra and are therefore constantly shaping your expression by your close attention to the conductor, no doubt impresses the methods and mannerisms of conducting upon you. This is not at all supernatural, but quite the logical outcome of your tendencies and training; and if the dream *pleases* you, I'd make it my ambition to realize it. The things which are "so necessary for a conductor to know" you can learn as well as another, and your temperament, training, talent and tendencies are all in your favor. Perhaps you may write me some other day of a dream come true.

Will "A Seeker" who submitted to me a personal problem a few weeks ago, too late for answer in the last issue, send me her name and address? I consider the problem an urgent one, but it is not one I could answer freely in these columns. Trust me, my dear, and let me help you from my own personal experience. My knowing your name will do no harm, but will enable me to write you personally what I really feel is of the utmost importance to you in your present environment. And do not permit any more "lessons," however plausibly presented, or on whatever pretext, until you hear from me.

*"I find earth not gray, but rosy.
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."*

—Browning.

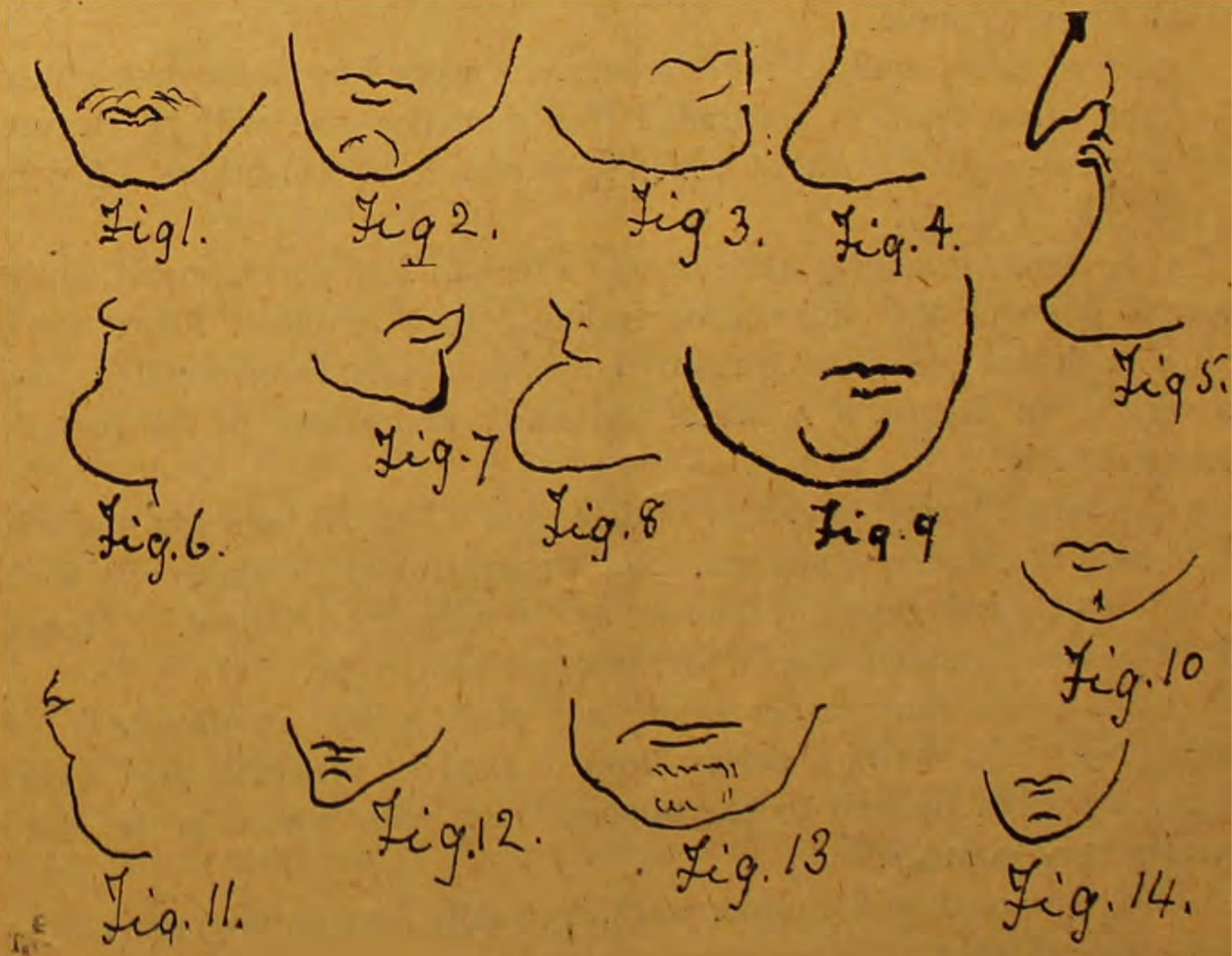
Re-Incarnation and Physiognomy

BY L. M. HUGHES.

Article IX. On Chins.

As I have before remarked, it is the lower part of a face which gives us the physical and natural qualities of a man, apart from those of the mind and morals. In this particular the chin is a very important feature, but we must never forget to take all the other characteristics of a face into consideration, before giving our verdict that a person is selfish, or sensual, or indolent, just because his chin bears the impress of all or any of those faults. It may well be that the brain-power shown in a broad, high forehead, or the refinement indicated by the form of the nose, gives qualifying virtues which have enabled him to conquer, or at any rate to keep strongly in check, the tendencies of the Old Adam.

In looking through some dozens of sketches that I possess, of the faces of notable men—some dead, some still living—I find no instance of a firm, round chin, such as Fig. 1, that fails as an indication of sterling



attributes in its possessor. It shows a strong, fine character, with great powers of endurance and of overcoming difficulties; a well-balanced temperament that pursues its way in spite of all obstacles, with self-restraint and quiet determination. Such people are rarely emotional, or, if they are,

they do not allow their emotions to get out of hand, and carry them away. To this type belong Alexander the Great, Goethe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Sven Hedin, the Asiatic explorer, Oliver Cromwell, and a host of great men and women, too numerous to mention.

Should this same class of chin be very long, from the underlip downwards (Fig. 2), we get a man whose religious convictions are strong, even to fanaticism, and sometimes guilty of needless severity, if not cruelty. Again Oliver Cromwell may be instanced, and several of the most noted directors of the Spanish Inquisition during the Middle Ages.

The rather square chin (Fig. 3), usually gives a strong tendency to skepticism and disbelief in any but the material side of nature. If in conjunction with an intellectual forehead, we get literary ability and extremely good critical faculties. Matthew Arnold was a case in point.

An abnormally prominent chin (Fig. 4), nearly always belongs to one who is either intensely selfish, or self-engrossed, and having a very good opinion of himself. Should his nose be also large, and hooked, so as almost to meet the chin (Fig. 5), these characteristics are the more marked.

A prominent and rounded chin (Fig. 6), gives benevolence and humanity. Such a person rarely condemns the action of others, taking large views of life, and making allowances for human frailties. Emerson may be cited as an example.

A pointed chin usually denotes a person wrapped up in his own affairs, or—if the other features contradict this tendency—he will be devoted to some cause or good work, by which he wishes to benefit others. Froebel had this chin (Fig. 7).

Fig. 8, common among some savage tribes of low development, shows abnormal passions and violence of feeling. In a modified form, one is familiar with this type in pictures of burglars and other criminals. Even in a very slight degree, it indicates sensuality and a love of the material pleasures of life.

In the large, heavy jaw, and double chin (Fig. 9), we get the man who is fond of creature comforts, likes a good dinner, is extremely sociable, and jovial, and generally known as "a jolly good fellow." Honore de Balzac, and President-elect Taft, belong to this type.

A firm, round chin, rather small, and with a dent or dimple in the middle (Fig. 10), shows a person who is fond of pleasure, and who is strongly attracted by and to the opposite sex, with whom he or she is generally very popular.

A long, square chin, flat underneath, is usually seen on lawyers, money-lenders, etc. One that is very receding (Fig. 11), gives a cold nature, lacking in affection, reserved, and devoid of passion. Its owner is generally fond of money, and not at all given to generosity.

In Fig. 12 we have a small narrow chin, very shallow below the lips. I have noticed this type in the pictures of many able statesmen, of whom Lord Curzon and the late Lord Beaconsfield are two examples. This chin shows a certain amount of coldness and calculation in its possessor,

who would never be likely to commit an imprudence, and who—to use a common phrase—“knows which side his bread is buttered.” He is far-seeing, wise, and has good administrative abilities.

The broad, bull-dog chin (Fig. 13), shows the determined man with bulldog tenacity. He will push his way through the world, elbowing others out of the road, and in business is a man to be feared by his rivals. He is unscrupulous and only cares for his own interests. I could give examples from some of the prominent millionaires of this country, but it is not desirable to do so.

Lastly, we have the oval face and chin (Fig. 14), small and delicate, which is the sure indication of a gentle, self-less nature, spending itself on others. My sketch is from a photograph of Florence Nightingale, the nurse-heroine of the Crimean war, than whom a more unselfish, devoted woman surely never lived.

(To be continued.)

The New Thought Ideal

By a Novice.

EDWIN F. BACON.

New Thought doctrine is so brief and commonplace that, in and of itself, it could attract little attention. It might all be written on a postal card. It is well that it is so, for now attention is turned chiefly to the *life* of those who profess it. The world looks at the life and judges the doctrine by it, and the New Thinker looks into his own life and determines the value of the doctrine by what he finds there. Thus it is the pride and glory of New Thought that it is a doctrine of practical life. It is thought joined to heart and hand as closely as soul to body. Its value is absolutely and exclusively that which it does toward making life joyous, efficient, beautiful and genuinely religious.

Is it possible to describe the ideal New Thinker? Perhaps not; each differs so much from the other, each is so independent, so complete a unit within himself. Yet there are certain general characteristics pertaining to all, from which we catch a glimpse of a common ideal. And so with this broad view of the subject, I shall attempt to describe the Ideal New Thinker.

* * *

This New Man moves about among his daily duties with an instant consciousness of the divine presence, consecrating the humblest tasks.

He beholds the infinite in everything called finite. He needs not to go beyond his own fireside, his own fields, his own heavens above, to find wonders greater than Niagara or the Alps.

From his face beams a moral light, in his heart glows a moral spark, that tells of never failing unity with the divine soul of the universe.

He knows that he is thus “in tune with the infinite”; knows it as a

fact of daily and hourly experience, and commends it by his life to all within his radiant sphere.

He studies and appreciates natural law as faithfully as a Darwin or a Spencer, and spiritual law as devoutly as Jesus or Paul, finding in the two a unity as of body and soul.

He makes of life a perpetual school of self-culture, graduating successively in new departments of force and character-building. In this field he has put every evil habit under foot, replacing each with an opposite good.

He listens gratefully to personal criticism, accepting it as a favor and esteeming it as of more value than any compliment, counting it as a precious help in life's never-ending work of culture.

He would rather help than excel, finally excelling by virtue of the strength gained in helping.

He is rich in possessing all he needs, and content with what he has, because New Thought has given him capacity both for acquisition and enjoyment.

He knows by constant experience how much high thought and spiritual evolution contribute to physical health and vitality.

The key-word of his character is *sympathy*, his soul goes out to everything that exists and, as the magnet to the needle, he draws all things unto him. He is in league with all life, and to him every atom in the universe lives. All the birds sing for him, all the stars shine for him as if they were shining for him alone.

As the sum and substance of all these things he is successful in his sphere, useful to all with whom he meets or deals, prudent without fear, brave without folly, healthy in body and soul, and happy because in harmony with earth and heaven.

Is this all only a "vision of the night," an unattainable ideal? No; it is the future inheritance of many, now realized by the chosen few, the pioneers of the new life, a life that not only aspires to Heaven, but descends from Heaven in the fullness of time to meet and greet the aspiring soul. It is the dawn of a new era for which all the ages have been preparing.

Look up, then, O timid soul! Behold the helping hand that pierces the clouds; grasp it and rise. And remember the word is not "believe the new doctrine," it is "*live the new life*," and, in so doing, despise not the wisdom of the past. Hold to the precious truths that you have, and to them add the new, even as Jesus fulfilled and added unto the old law. Be thus not a destroyer but a builder; for such is the mission of New Thought.

"If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change; for I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured, who abides in his error and ignorance."—*Marcus Aurelius*.

The Current Topics Club.

CONDUCTED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

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

"My Dear Miss Wells:

I have been an interested and often instructed reader of your most excellent little magazine for several years, but it appears that occasionally the editorial acumen is outwitted and something exceedingly bad is permitted to slip in.

Under this category, in my judgment at least, belongs that eminently misleading article of J. M. Greene in your October issue, anent the question of vivisection; and for one at all informed on the issues involved, it is difficult to read such an article without many misgivings. Why wonder any longer that medical men, especially in America, are gradually but certainly becoming commercial and mercenary? Why wonder any longer that the traditional nobility of the profession is becoming less and less so? There is a point where every virtue becomes a vice. It is not a little gratifying to note, in the same issue, your editorial comment on the letter of Dr. E. D. C., which while opposed to his and our sentiment, has at least the ring of open-mindedness and of honest conviction.

We are informed by Mr. Greene that vivisection—so-called—is a brutal and entirely useless pastime in the hands of men, actuated either by 'simple scientific curiosity'—mark well the term—or by purely commercial motives. And in support of his contention he adduces the names of numerous men, with whose various personalities and activities the average layman is, of course, not familiar. It is extremely significant that the majority of the names he cites are those of dead men, some of whom lived and labored long before the advent of modern anesthesia, and it is as significant that several he mentions, as supporters of his contention, were ardent experimenters themselves—to-wit: Mr. Lawson Tait, Sir William Ferguson, Sir Charles Bell, etc.

The objects of the animal experiment are two-fold. *First*, the exploration of the unknown, always resulting in some addition to our present knowledge and always for the benefit of humanity, and always to the distinct financial detriment of the physician. I venture that the men engaged in this work represent the flower of our civilization,

the essence of the best element in the medical profession and whose work is a living monument to human unselfishness and self sacrifice. But, of course, to Mr. Greene, the names of Koch, of Pasteur, of Von Behring, of Powlow, mean nothing but scientific curiosity (!) and incarnated brutality. Constantly the scientist is groping for 'Mehr Licht,' prophylaxis is his watchword—and always with the true altruist's utter disregard for his own existence. His prime interest is always in the prevention of disease, rather than its cure.

The sera, particularly diphtheria anti-toxin, receive the particular onslaught of Mr. Greene. It is noticeable, however, that the exact references to his authorities are lacking. Consult, if you please, the statistics of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital service, those of the Imperial Health Office of Germany, those offered in Osler's *Modern Medicine*, on the efficiency of anti-toxin, and any reasonable layman will become firmly convinced of its tremendous life-saving power.

The *second* and secondary object of animal experimentation is purely educational. It is a part of the training of the physician and from a pedagogic standpoint is almost indispensable. The student who has observed at first hand is far better equipped than he who relies upon the observations of others; hence the great truths of physiology and of pharmacology will continue to be taught by the direct method whenever this is possible. It is only fair to say—and I do so in the full knowledge that just such admissions are usually eagerly seized upon for a greatly exaggerated *ipse dixit*—that occasionally some of these pious and gentle young Christians conduct themselves in a manner that would be considered impossible, if on the same evening one could see them at a church social. These few, however, constitute the exception rather than the rule and, as in other walks of life, they comprise an insignificant yet ineliminable quantity.

'Experience is fallacious, judgment difficult' and scientific men, above all others, lend a willing ear to an honest difference of opinion. But here there can be no difference of opinion. Unquestionably minor abuses can be corrected and the general conditions of the

animal experiment can and will be improved; but its value to humanity has been colossal and its prospective services are of immeasurable consequence to the human species. H. W. T., M. D."

You present your side of the question well, and I am glad to print it. I am totally uninformed on this subject—that is, from any standpoint which would give me the right to authoritative statements as to the value or necessity of past vivisection. Therefore I fall back merely upon my personal *feeling*, which cries out against the practice, and anticipates a time when science will discard this method of investigation and experiment, having substituted better and humaner ones. I am not a very belligerent opponent, you see; I grant the sincerity of the purpose, and the self-sacrifice, which almost inevitably lie behind every form of scientific investigation, and my condemnation of this method of investigation does not reflect upon the motives or character of the men who uphold and practice it believing humanity is being served and succored through its means. I admit two honest and equally sincere sides to most questions—yet I think *my* side best, you know. And so it is with vivisection—I am not in favor of it, yet realize that for my opposition to be of weight or value, I should bulwark it with a wider information than I possess, and in fact a wider information than the ordinary layman can hope to possess except at second-hand; yet my attitude is part of me and does not alter. And I feel that if I were to make the subject a vital one to me, and so give it the honest investigation it deserves, I could substantiate my position, matching opposing arguments statistic for statistic, and finding my most valuable support within the ranks of the medical profession itself. For there is an honest difference of opinion, is there not? even among scientists and medical men of standing, as to the value of vivisection, though such opponents of vivisection are undoubtedly in the minority.

Well, differ as we may, in the words of the old saying "there are no bones broken between us," are there?

* * *

"Miss Louise Radford Wells:

I have been a reader of your magazine for some time and would like to say a word to the writer in Personal Topics in the last issue who asks if it is not right for idiots to be helped out of the world at birth? There is never an idiot born who has not some reason for being, and in nine cases out of ten one can point one's finger at the 'reason' and the child's father at one and the same time. When there is the same

code of morals for both sexes there will be fewer idiots, cripples and blind babies. When a father demands a clean bill of health from a young man before entrusting his young daughter to him, we may expect to see these conditions altered. And when mothers and fathers set aside the false ideas of modesty they hug so closely, and instruct their children in some of the vital questions of life, we shall see healthier children all over our land. In a family near me are an idiot and two dear little blind girls, their condition directly traceable to the early sins of the father. The mother, a beautiful woman, is nearly heartbroken and declares if she becomes pregnant again she will commit suicide, and would the dear God blame her? Her father and brothers were perfectly aware of his 'wild oat' field, but she was not told, and now his dear little innocent babies must reap what he has sown and pay the price demanded by nature for his sins. When the twins were born their physician, in plain English, told their father what caused their blindness, and his one cry was, 'Why didn't my father teach me moral cleanliness when the time came for me to know it?' I have relieved my mind, whether this is printed or not.

M. A. E."

Not all idiots come from the father's sin. Some are the results of the mode of life of both parents after marriage; some of the ignorance, inattention and defiance of natural laws, of the mother. But I agree with you that a "clean bill of health" should be demanded before marriage, only I go a step farther and would require it from the woman as well as the man, and make it embrace the entire physical condition and fitness, not alone the conditions to which you refer.

As to the mother of whom you speak, I have every sympathy for the children—and for her in her first disillusionment, but can't carry it beyond that. Is "committing suicide" her only escape from bringing defective children into the world? Common sense would seem to point to a much simpler and more obvious "way out." I do not see why she should not be held equally responsible for the children subsequent to her first—and for that, if she was aware of existing conditions. There is certainly something wanting in the intelligence of a woman who will bear children like these, and then bewail the prospect of bearing more. My deepest pity goes out to her in her first enlightenment, but I am obliged to confess that I have not a very high opinion of her subsequent standard of conduct nor of her present intelligence. That the initial sin was her husband's does not relieve

her of personal responsibility now that she knows. I am quite certain if I had one idiot child, I would never have another.

It's a gruesome subject, and I hope, with you, for a time when such things will become impossible.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

In answer to the question about wedding anniversaries I send a list herewith:

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—First year, Cotton. Second year, Paper. Third year, Leather. Fifth year, Wooden. Seventh year, Woolen. Tenth year, Tin. Twelfth year, Silk. Fifteenth year, Crystal. Twentieth year, China. Twenty-fifth year, Silver. Thirtieth year, Pearl. Fortieth year, Ruby. Fiftieth year, Golden. Seventy-fifth year, Diamond.
G. S. F."

Thank you! And also thanks for the many other answers which have come in subsequent to this one.

* * *

"Miss Wells:

In August NEW THOUGHT appeared a question asking who are the authors and where can be obtained the books, *The Strange Visitation of Josiah Mc-Mason* and *The Spiritual Harp*.

Of the first book I know nothing. Of *The Spiritual Harp*, no doubt it could be obtained at a store where all liberal and spiritual books and magazines are sold. My book was bought in 1870 at the Banner of Light office, Boston. The authors are J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett; E. H. Bailey, musical editor.

MRS. A. L. E."

* * *

"I wish we might have a Testimony Meeting in the columns of NEW THOUGHT—each one tell in what way he or she has been benefited by NEW THOUGHT. I will start the ball rolling by handing in mine. Benefited wonderfully in health and in wealth and worldly surroundings. Had given up, and was just drifting when a NEW THOUGHT magazine came to me as a sample.

MRS. M. E. R."

That's good to hear about. Whose will be the next testimony—brief, but telling us just what difference has been made in one's life through the new outlook given by New Thought?

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

May I ask you to print a request for an old poem, entitled, I think, '*Peter MacGuire; or, The Nature of Grace*'—some such title? I hope some of the readers of NEW THOUGHT may be able to have it printed and also give the name of author.

L. E. M."

Who knows "Peter MacGuire?"

Please tell *where it may be found*, if possible, as we seldom have space to reprint poems.

* * *

"Miss Wells:

One of my greatest helps has been *The Bible in Modern English*, by Ferrar Fenton, M.R.A.S., M.C.A.A. The Bible is in four volumes and the New Testament in one. A New York bookseller was kind enough to send to England for the books for me. The whole set costs less than five dollars.

I was amused at your answer to a lady's letter in an earlier magazine—I think it was the May or June number—where you answered that you had tried to follow the writer's instructions in regard to some exercise to be done in bed, but that you had utterly failed, etc. About a year ago I came across a book that had just been published, entitled *Exercising in Bed*, by Stephen Bennett, published in San Francisco, Cal. (price \$1.60). My physician thinks it is an important work.

I hope you can look these books over. I feel certain that you would be greatly interested in them.

Ferrar Fenton's notes are exceedingly illuminating. Don't fail to read 'A Note to My Inquiring Friends.' M. I. M."

I have a favorite "modern" Bible myself. It is Richard Green Moulton's "*The Modern Bible*." It is printed in small leather bound or cloth volumes, each book of the Bible in a separate volume (with the exception of the prophets, two or three of whom are put under one cover). In leather the little volumes are only 60 cents each; in cloth, 50 cents. The text is arranged in the most modern style, and you would scarcely believe what an illumination is cast upon the subject matter through the up-to-date typography alone; to say nothing of Prof. Moulton's scholarly interpretation and literary and historical estimate in the extended introduction to each book, and the value of the copious notes which follow and elucidate the text. I warmly recommend it to our readers.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

Will you or some other reader of Current Topics department please tell me what to buy and where to buy the *best descriptive literature and maps of Africa, and especially the Sahara desert*? I want all the information I can get regarding the Sahara. H. R. M."

I'll inquire for you at our largest book houses and also at our libraries, that I may have the most helpful information obtainable, but in the meantime will welcome any information our readers can offer.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

FRANKLIN L. BERRY—EDITORS—LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

Between Ourselves

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

"* * * Now that I must 'earn my living,' I am not ready and not one cent with which to fit myself for battle. I simply do not know what I can do. I have so complex a nature and I wonder whether you will say an uncontrolled temperament. At any rate I just 'hate' the City and the being whistled in and whistled out, and the confinement and the dust and smoke and—everything. I can be strong and rather content (you see I do not say satisfied) for about two weeks in an office, and then I simply droop and my vitality gets so low everyone thinks I am an invalid. I haven't much vitality to begin with and my organism is so very delicate, and hard work I cannot do. Neither can I endure to have anyone over me. I want to be free, *free!* Now what are you going to do with me? I am depending upon you. * * * I did think of securing a position as traveling saleslady for some staple article, but haven't the least idea how to go about it, or what firm employs ladies in that capacity. Or as a distributor for some reliable firm. I would *begin* in that way. I don't want to be confined in an office. I thought, too, of trying for the position of seamstress (Indian School Service) but Uncle Sam is so brief that one cannot get any idea just what it means or what ground the examination covers."

You're just a little self-centered, and, like many more of us, rather inclined to want the name without the game—that is, the results of labor and application without the labor and application.

To begin with, look at yourself sensibly and get a new view. Don't call your nature "complex" and your organism "so very delicate," but choose the simpler English words which come nearer the truth. A complex nature is one rich in resources, of many sides and many values; a very different thing from an undisciplined nature which is all at loose ends. Perhaps you may be able to *make* your nature into one complex in richness, but at present it is almost elemental and elementary in its character, as you have done little to develop and fructify it. The "very delicate organism" is another self-accusation, showing you have been indolent as to your health as well as to the use of your mental and other faculties. Be honest with yourself, first of all; be just to yourself, next. To be honest, recognize your weaknesses and realize that they are just the same weaknesses you see about you under plain ordinary names; to be just, get to work and *dig* for the power and possibilities within you. Don't submit to be "delicate"; make yourself well. Don't be "complex," but bring whatever powers you have *into harness*, and put them to work. Most of us could "droop" under work, if we let ourselves; but to constantly cry out against duties before us is a form of cowardice, and the knowledge of that saves many of us from disaster. We do not like to be cowards, so we face the situation bravely, take our share on our shoulders, and lift our voices to sing as we labor. And shortly, lo! we find in our work that which we have put into it—cheer and wholesome helpfulness and strength and courage—and content.

The biggest stumbling block in the road to competency is that one of regarding ourselves of clay so individual that it cannot fit in ordinary occupations. Indeed, we're all much alike, and it isn't because we're superior, that we don't fit; but because we have a little less keen sense of responsibility than our neighbors.

You ask me what I am going to do with you. Nothing. The *doing* is for you, and it doesn't really make a great deal of difference into what

channel you throw your energies, so long as you *make* them *energies*. You might like the work of a traveling saleswoman. To test your ability for the work and "prove up," I would suggest that you write to a number of large wholesale houses asking if they employ women in this capacity. Quite likely you will be given a chance on a commission basis—that is, you will get paid for what you really succeed in doing. After you have demonstrated your ability to do the work, no doubt you could continue to hold the position on a basis of salary *and* commission. It would be a good idea for you to make your first experiment right in the home village. It's not easy work, you know, but you can succeed in it, as in anything else, if you are in earnest and are willing to give the very best that is in you, to your work.

As to the position of seamstress in the Indian schools, I am not familiar with the duties. If it means sewing all day long and every day, I should think it a most undesirable position for any woman, more especially one who has not yet learned to achieve sound normal health. If the position is teacher of sewing, that would be another matter and might prove very desirable. If you want such a position, write to the proper department at Washington for information as to examination, etc., and if you do not understand the information furnished you, write again, and, if necessary, again. Faint heart never won fair lady, nor will resting on the oars bring one to a safe harbor. If the position is there to be had, *and you want it*, you can get it. I think probably it would be a very good experience for you—getting away from the home atmosphere into a new environment. This would also be true of the traveling position. You would have a good many hard knocks, some disagreeable experiences, get an entirely new estimate of yourself, meet pleasant people, smart people, rude people and dull people—all of which would be good for you. My advice would be to make a tentative flight from the home nest, just as an experience and as an education which you need. You can fly back again when you want to, can't you?

"What are the principal points of objection so many New Thought writers raise against theosophy?"

Why do they not, or cannot rise superior to the old wrangling of one sect with another and practice what they preach?"

I do not know to what New Thought writers you are referring, as some of the cardinal tenets of Theosophy are accepted by many such writers. Quite likely others fail to see truth in Theosophic teachings, but I do not know that there has been any "wrangling" on the subject, although it might very possibly be that they might point publicly to what they felt was error in such teachings. That is quite legitimate. To think another mistaken and say why one thinks so, is no attempt at curtailment of that other's freedom. Denunciation and vilification are very different matters, of course, as is "wrangling," but I have seen no evidence of a disposition of this kind in New Thought writings this side the water. Perhaps, as you live abroad, you are referring to writers of other countries, with whom I am not familiar.

"Face your deficiencies and acknowledge them, but do not let them master you. Let them teach you patience, sweetness, insight. When we do the best we can, we never know what miracle is wrought in our own life, or in the life of another."—Helen Keller.

Grey Hairs and Gumption

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

You remember—perhaps—my telling you eighteen or twenty months ago that the strenuous life I was leading as editor, manager, advertising man, proof-reader, correspondence department, circulation boomer and general utility man of NEW THOUGHT, was fast adding grey hairs to a hitherto discreetly non-committal head; and that I meant to reform in this particular and shortly begin to lead a life of ease, though frugality, delegating some of my labors to other hands and heads.

And I meant to! But I'm one of those exasperating people who have to be dropped off the edge of a precipice before they can realize there is any end to the path they're treading. So I hang on like grim death to every responsibility in sight, and because I've learned to "not worry" and to keep well and happy even when working twenty-four hours a day, I don't stop long enough to admit that, after all, mighty as I think myself, I *can't* make twenty-five hours of any day, and that it takes twenty-five hours to do twenty-five hours' work.

There's the history of my last two years—I kept too busy to take time to find people with whom to share my work; the office grew and grew in numbers, as the circulation and influence of the magazine increased and needed more people to care for the details of the various departments—but I didn't grow in numbers; I remained just myself and yet tried to do all I had been doing, and take, besides, the added oversight entailed by added business. Oh, I knew just what folly it was—but I kept right on. Until October! Then I took myself off into a corner and presented my own Personal Problem to Louise Radford Wells for answer; and I said: "Do you consider this a sensible form of existence?" And Louise Radford Wells answered promptly: "No." "What would you advise me to do with it?" And Louise Radford Wells was very brief and to the point. She said—"Stop it."

And I decided to take her advice.

I made up my mind I'd either arrange to share my work in such a way that brain and heart would be free to express the best I had to give you, the world or myself—or I'd *stop* my work. Rather a sweeping resolution, wasn't it? But I meant it.

I'm not going to tell you the plans I have made, discarded, remodeled, tested, cast aside and gathered up again in the last three months in adherence to my firm resolution to get back to a natural way of living. But of course my first task was to look about for just the sort of brains which would fit in with the ambitions I held for NEW THOUGHT, and the things we stood for.

And I have succeeded better than I dreamed. For the coming year I shall have two ideal assistants in the editorial department (of whom more anon), and another associate, in the business management, who will relieve me of all detail work except that which pertains to the actual getting out of the magazine.

That doesn't mean, of course, that I shan't be giving my own heart, soul and grey matter to

NEW THOUGHT, just as before—but simply that I shall be in a position to give it more freely and abundantly than ever. I shall have more hours to plan new and joyous and helpful things for our magazine, and new ways of reaching out to a broader influence.

I had to do some hard work to get what I wanted—and *go after it*, at that; with the result that I have been away from the NEW THOUGHT office, out of the city, a great part of January and part of December. For this reason I delayed the appearance of the January magazine; it was planned to come out late, with announcements of the additions to our staff and some new features for the magazine, but a hitch came in our negotiations just as I thought they were closed, and had come back to Chicago; and I had to post out of town in hot haste again—because I meant to *have* those people, you see, when I had once made up my mind to get them. This made the January magazine so late that I just took a liberty for once, that I think you will excuse and applaud, now you know the reason—and skipped it altogether. Here's the February number and you're all set ahead one extra month on the subscription list. So when you look at the expiration date on your wrapper, "add one," will you?

I hope you don't mind very much; and I've tried to make February an especially good number to help make up for the delay.

* * *

Now, let me tell you where I've been. Two years ago when The World New Thought Federation held its convention in Chicago, I met, among other people of whom I had heard often and favorably, Mr. S. A. Weltmer of Nevada, Missouri. I knew of Mr. Weltmer as the man who, like Helen Wilmans, fought in the Supreme Court of the United States for the right to give absent treatments, but who, unlike Helen Wilmans, showed the Government that he was *right*, and so demonstrated to them the character of his methods that if today one can truthfully say he gives the "Weltmer method" of absent treatment, he has a Supreme Court decision behind him to lend him authority. Pretty sweeping victory, wasn't it?

Well, naturally I was curious to see what kind of a man Mr. Weltmer was. I looked for an elderly, semi-professional personage, and was surprised to find a keen, alert, up-to-date, magnetic man, of most attractive personality, looking but little older than his own stalwart and talented sons. I heard him talk, met him and his sons at odd times and many times over during the few days of the Convention, and was left with such a strong and pleasing impression that whenever I have thought of increasing NEW THOUGHT's influence or broadening its field, my mind has instantly turned to the Weltmers as THE people who could help me do it if they would.

So, when I came to that October resolution of mine, I quietly packed my suit-case and got on a train for Nevada, Missouri. It's a pleasant town, Nevada, and the Weltmer institutions are among the chief features. These include an Insti-

tute of Suggestive Therapeutics where they offer a thorough *four-year course* in Mental Healing, teaching not only all of the methods which aid in the cure of the body by the mind, but anatomy, physiology, evolution, etc., etc., not forgetting "the other fellow's methods"—these latter not for use but for knowledge, and as a basis of comparison upon which to intelligently estimate the value of the mental methods.

I was surprised to find such a busy, bustling institution awaiting me, with its earnest pupils filing from lecture to lecture, from laboratory to class-room; to find also a Sanitarium thronged with patients waiting treatment—its long reception room filled at all hours with patients waiting their turn; and every healer and member of the Faculty of the Institute so busy that my selfish errand had to hold its tongue and hang around waiting for odd moments when it might pounce upon an unsuspecting Weltmer and bear him off for a weighty conference.

Then there was The Institute Inn, the newest addition to the various features of the Weltmer institutions—where I had the most delightful of breakfasts, luncheons and dinners; and the classes in psychic research conducted by Mr. Ernest Weltmer, whose specialty is investigation, and who secures most wonderful results in these unique class meetings. Mr. Ernest Weltmer is deeply interested in telepathic experiments, and one of the most popular of their non-resident and correspondence classes (which are, of course, entirely separate from the four-year resident course in Suggestive Therapeutics) is their telepathy experiment class, of many thousand members.

As you may guess from all I have been saying, I found such a City of Progress and Activity, that when I remembered what I had come for I would have had misgivings except for the fact that when I *really* want a thing, I know I've got to have it.

I spent a week at Nevada and drove and talked, and dined and talked, and walked and talked with first one and then another, and repeated again and again the object of my visit. Mr. Weltmer stands foremost in the ranks of rational mental healing, has won and is winning daily scientific recognition of his methods; and so is raising mental healing to a plane where it will soon cease to be regarded by the "outsider" as a wild and fantastic dream, and come to be treated with respect and intelligent curiosity, which is the first step to understanding. He has, therefore, just the things to say which NEW THOUGHT wants to print, has just the help to give which will be of most value to its subscribers, and it was a plain duty I was putting before him, don't you think?

Well, in the end I prevailed, although not until after I had returned to Chicago, taken a new long breath—and gone back to Nevada, again, where I stayed for another lingering week of discussion and persuasion.

The result of all this is that with the March number you will find the name of S. A. Weltmer added to our editorial page, with a fine article following; and in either that issue or a succeeding one Ernest Weltmer will probably begin to conduct a Telepathy Experiment Department for the readers of NEW THOUGHT, while in this issue I

print an article from him which caught for us the note of limitless achievement and ageless power which is the new spirit of this new era. I haven't quite planned out yet just what I want from each of them for the coming months. I've been too busy *getting* them, to have had much time left for these details, up to date—but it will be the very best in their respective lines, you may be sure of that. And their accession to the staff is planned in such a way as to make a division of all my labor and leave me free to BE more to NEW THOUGHT without *doing* more.

I hope and know you will be as pleased at these new additions to the interest and value of NEW THOUGHT as I am proud. And certainly I am sure you will congratulate me on my new freedom.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS POSTSCRIPT.

This is belated news of our Ten-Cent Christmas, isn't it? But it's good news, just the same, for it was a real success. Do you want to know some of the people we helped with our small silver dimes this cold and blowy Christmastide? Well, here's a partial list covering about 100 children, to say nothing of mothers and fathers, Well, here's a *partial* list covering about 100 children, to say nothing of mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles. (Haven't space to give other families helped; this is all the room I can use for "Merry Christmas" this month.) They were all fed and warmed and clothed—and the children made happy. The coal bins were filled, the pantries supplied, the little shivering bodies given warm clothing and the sad hearts cheered.

(Most of the "reports" below are just as they were furnished me by my friend at the Bureau of Charities before I began my visits.)

Family No. 1. In this family the father lay in the coffin when I made my visit. He had been in the hospital for many weeks and the mother was with him daily, the children being left uncared for. Their little faces were pinched and drawn. An uncle—the mother's brother—is doing what he can for the children, but that is only a little. The Bureau reported to me on this case that "although the man brought his present predicament upon himself by his love of drink, he made pitiful efforts to support his family for months before he went to the hospital. The little ones are very fortunate when they get enough to eat."

Family No. 2. Father is a brute of a man. He has cowed his wife into such absolute subjection that she hardly dares breathe. A few days before Christmas a Chicago judge sentenced him for 150 days for beating his wife. The woman's face is all bruises. The oldest girl of the five children is just six years of age. The little tots open their eyes in wonder when a man speaks kindly to them. The mother has had to slave very hard to bring in a little money to feed them. The father gave them little support. Mother is well liked in the neighborhood. Neighbors assist with food and clothes. The children have never had any toys. They are so young that they hardly understand how different their lot is from that of other children.

Family No. 3. In this family of six children, the oldest boy (14) is working and earns about \$6.00 a week. The father is tubercular. He has been for treatment with relatives in a distant city who are poor but can afford him better care than he can get at home. The family has stinted in order to assist the man to become a wage earner again. The woman has been a hard worker. The children lack the many little things that most children get. The family is absolutely dependent on the kindness of interested people.

Family No. 4. The father of this family of seven children was sent to the Bridewell on a \$75 fine for abusing his family. Mother unable to do very heavy work now because of her physical condition, another baby being on the way. The oldest girl has had to act as a mother to the family. She has taken over

the mother's work—washing. It is proving too much for her strength.

Family No. 9. Mother has six ideal boys and gives them as good care as she can. The father who has not always been as good a father as he might be, has work at present, but the meagre wages do not cover the actual necessities.

Family No. 10. A widow with three children, struggling to keep her little family together. This is perhaps one of the most pitiful cases the Bureau of Charities has on its list in that the mother is not competent to do any but the most ordinary work and yet she has this love for her children which makes it possible for her to work under very trying circumstances.

Family No. 11. Father died in a charitable institution less than a year ago. The Bureau of Charities says the family is better off without him as he was a chronic deserter, drunkard and wife-beater. Woman is a good mother and keeps the house exceedingly clean. She has not been able to work since last spring, but before that she earned \$7.00 a week scrubbing. There is no income in family. Four children.

Family No. 12. Father died about two months ago. Mother's sister who was a domestic has given that up and is now working in a laundry and giving all her wages to help this family (three children) which is a very nice and clean one.

Family No. 13. Father of this family of six children has been ill for three months. He is in a free hospital and the last report from there was that he probably would have to have his leg amputated, at any rate he will be unable to work all winter. Mother is not near a nursery and has no relatives who can care for the children while she works.

Family No. 14. Father is tubercular and is considered "incurable." A local doctor sent him to the county hospital but he ran away after two days; said the moans and groans of the other patients frightened him so that he was afraid to stay. He cannot speak English. Family is threatened with eviction. Mother does not speak English and cannot go out to work because of four young children.

Family No. 15. Father, though only 50, is worked out. The four children were reported by the school nurse as suffering from lack of food. Mother is unable to work except one day a week. Parents are afraid children will be taken from them and think that every thing that has been done for them or attempted has been with that end in view. Mother is recovering from pneumonia. Income at present is \$.50 a week.

Family No. 16. Three children in this family. Father deserted five years ago. Children are all frail and were kept at a free country hospital for three months. Mother had a very critical operation. Was out of work ten weeks. Scrubs in a building down town. Is an exceptionally good mother.

Family No. 18. Father lately returned after desertion. Mother works down town. The four children needed warm flannels sadly.

Family No. 19. Nice family of six children, who receive insufficient care and food.

Family No. 20. Father paralyzed. Mother washes to support herself and husband and the six children. Not a cheerful outlook, is it?

Don't you think we did pretty well? You would have thought so if you had been with me those cold, dark nights, feeling my way down alleys, over ash heaps and up steep back stairs, making my "personal visitations." I learned a lot of things, too, and I'll know how to do it better another year.

Do you know one of the things which touched my heart?—yet it was such a little thing. Among all the children of all the many families to whom I chatted about Santa Claus and Christmas, and what it would be fun to find in one's stocking, there was only *one* child who *dared* ask for anything but stockings or mittens! Now you know children long for toys and sweets and the follies of a happy world, *don't* you? What a story those answers tell! The only answer I could get to my leading questions was a furtive look at "mother," and—"stockings"—"mittens." Not so with Rosa, however, sturdy little three-year-old,

with her fat legs sticking straight out in front of her as she sat in a big wooden chair. Rosa was just "visiting" while her mother was off scrubbing out the offices it was her nightly work to clean, and Rosa's mother was, one could see, (having such a good and steady position), almost well-to-do in the estimate of the "rear tenements" of the neighborhood. When I turned to Rosa and asked her the question: "And what do you want Santa Claus to bring you, Rosa?" (for the rear tenements were brought up to believe in Santa Claus, I found), Rosa met my gaze firmly, opened her mouth and said, with great distinctness and emphasis: "I—want—a—DOLL." The clustering children, who hadn't dared to raise their voices above stockings or mittens, were thrilled to their inmost core by her daring, one could see; but a confidential look in Ellen's eleven-year-old eyes suggested a possibility which I promptly put into words: "I wouldn't be surprised if Santa Claus had heard about Rosa's wanting a doll and already planned to bring her one—what do you think, Ellen?" And Ellen answered with nods and becks and mystery galore: "I think he has. I think he told her mother so."

So I did not spoil "mother's" doll for Rosa by another one.

It was long, lank Ellen, with her arms sticking half way out of her sleeves, and her thin legs showing generously below a shrunken skirt, who agreed with me naively that mittens *with fingers* would be nicest—because they were "so handy in taking home the wash!" Ellen got her mittens with fingers, you may be sure, and now when she takes back those many-ruffled short lace skirts her mother was ironing for "the theater ladies" I hope her skinny hands are warm. I liked her freckled face and her big mouth and her red hair, and all of her—heart most of all. I'm going to see Ellen again soon.

Talking about undershirts—since that's how our Christmas plans began—you would have felt quite comforted for many cold little bodies if you could have seen me buying underwear by the ton! Shirts short and shirts long and shirts of medium size! And stockings—all sizes to match my all-sizes children; and mittens; and some little caps and hoods; and food; and coal; and some small extra "Christmas things" to make the children happy.

I spent my entire Christmas Eve delivering the last packages of all, with a boy to carry the overflow; and arrived home at twelve o'clock or after, very tired and cold—but *so* contented.

Some Christmas money—quite a good deal—came at the last moment, too late to be used for Christmas Day, but I am keeping it for emergencies that I hear of, and to help the needy even though it is *not* Christmas time.

And shall we do it again another year?

NOTICE.

I received a letter from "L. M. B." at California, saying she was mailing me an express package containing a number of articles of infants' clothing. The package did not arrive and as I do not know the address of "L. M. B." I cannot write her. This is my way of acknowledging receipt of her letter and advising her that the package did not come.

Ways to Earn Money

A PAGE FOR EACH OF US BY ALL OF US.

CAT BREEDING.

"Editor of NEW THOUGHT:

The following clipping may be of interest to you.

W. C. L."

"Many instances illustrating the possibilities of cat breeding as a business for ladies could be given, but I shall confine myself to briefly reciting the experience of one lady in New Jersey as showing what intelligent breeding, hard work and fair dealing will accomplish, says a writer in *Country Life in America*. When but a girl in her teens this young lady made up her mind to take up long haired Persians, but was not in a position to put up the necessary amount of money to start, so keeping her own counsel and biding her time she patiently waited for an opportunity to offer itself. Finally in looking over the 'For Sale' ads. in a New York paper she saw a litter of long haired Persian kittens advertised at a very low price, and noting the name and address she started for New York the next morning, ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing a spring hat with certain money her father had given her. That evening she returned home with a kitten, but without the hat. Her next step was to sell a finely educated parrot which she had raised and invest the proceeds in a female cat or two. This gave her a start, from which, unaided, she has built up a reputation second to that of no other fancier in America or England, and is now sole owner of a large and successful cattery."—(From *The Breeders' Special*, September 19, 1908, published in Kansas City.)

It is. More especially as in either March or April NEW THOUGHT, I am going to devote the *Ways to Earn Money* Department almost entirely to "Cat Breeding" as a business. I happen to have had some personal knowledge of one of the best known Catteries of the country, and have looked on and wondered at the prices brought by "blue-blooded" felines. And I made up my mind a couple of months ago to take up Cat-Breeding in the earliest possible number of NEW THOUGHT. Your letter will act as a good introduction to the subject and I will follow in either March or April with facts, figures and the experience of some real live people.

RAISING OSTRICHES.

"Dear Miss Wells:

In your department on 'Ways to Earn Money,' I should be very much obliged if some one could give me advice about raising ostriches.

Can you tell me where to write for information?

MRS. L. E."

How about writing to the ostrich farm at Los Angeles, California? I've forgotten the name, but a letter addressed "Ostrich Farm" will no doubt reach them, and they can inform you whether they have ostriches for sale. If they have, they will, of course, have literature on the subject.

Your suggested avocation is such an unusual

one that the thought of it quite daunted me for a moment. However I'll make it my business to investigate the subject and give you the result of my investigations in a later issue.

I've grown accustomed to relying upon our readers for the benefit of personal experience along every line, but I almost think this will stand as the exception which proves the rule. However, Everybody, what do YOU know about raising ostriches?

* * *

THIS SETS US ALL RIGHT.

"Miss Wells:

I have read considerable in NEW THOUGHT regarding homesteading and having some information along that line which might interest readers, I submit it herewith:

What is a homestead? It is a farm given to any man or woman who lives on it and cultivates it for five (5) years. I say 'given,' for the charges are only about ten (10) cents an acre—that is, the cost of surveying and recording, amounting in all for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a square mile, to \$18.00 at most, and \$4.00 of this sum is not payable for five (5) years.

How large a farm is a homestead? It is a farm of 160 acres, except of tracts one-half of which has been granted in aid of railroads or other public improvements. On such tracts the homestead is no more than $\frac{1}{2}$ the usual size, unless the homesteader has served at least ninety (90) days as a soldier. In that case, his homestead is a quarter section anywhere.

Who may become a homesteader? Any man or any woman—that is, any native, of legal age, and any foreigner who has declared his intention to become a citizen, which any immigrant may do on the very day he lands in America.

How does one become a homesteader? He goes to any U. S. Land Office, where he has free access to maps showing all the vacant lots in the neighboring regions. He then goes and picks the one he likes best, returns to the land office, makes an application according to the legal forms furnished by the officer there for that lot as his homestead, and leaves these forms for record, pays at most \$14.00, and is henceforth monarch of all he surveys on the farm of his choice.

But the homesteader is not obliged to go in person to the government land office. In most cases he can ascertain from local land agents or residents what lands are vacant, and then make his application for the homestead he wishes to occupy before the clerk of the court in the county where it lies, sending with it an affidavit with his reasons for not appearing in person.

How soon must a homesteader begin to occupy his land? At any time within six (6) months after his application is put on record, and he may journey away from his land at will, if not absent more than half a year at a time, and provided that he fixes his residence nowhere else.

Can a homesteader become the full owner of his farm sooner than at the end of five years? Yes; after six (6) months' residence, he can at

any time purchase his land by paying the government price, the maximum of which is \$2.50, and the minimum half that sum, per acre.

What if a homesteader is in debt? His homestead is exempt from liabilities for any debt contracted previous to his perfecting his claim to that land, and in some states it is not liable to attachment for any subsequent debt.

How is a full title finally obtained? After the homesteader has resided on his land and tilled it for five (5) years, if at any time within two (2) years he proves that fact to the register of the land office where his application was recorded, that office will obtain for him from Washington full title to his land, charging him only a fee of \$4.00.

Is not one man as good as another? "Yes," said an Irishman, "and a great deal better." But Congress has enacted that every soldier is equal to two other men. The act was approved by the President July 15, 1870. It provides that every person who has served loyally ninety (90) days in the national army or navy is entitled, on the terms above explained, "to enter and receive a patent for one whole quarter-section of land—that is, one hundred and sixty acres," where other men can only enter eighty "of the alternate reserved sections along the lines of any one of the railroads wherever public lands have been granted by acts of Congress." In order to gain these privileges, the soldier must pursue the same routine and pay the same fees as if he were a civilian. But he gets twice as much land.

G. F. N."

Thank you heartily for your practical summary of the homestead subject—just what will answer many questions now lying on my desk. You have put the whole matter so simply that I think the government ought to get you to write its homestead pamphlets! Thank you again.

THE REAL THING.

"Dear Miss Wells:

I have seen so many questions concerning public land, or claims, in NEW THOUGHT that I wondered if what I know about it would help any one. I filed in October, 1907. Then I could wait six months before moving here (to North Dakota): now, one must move on his claim immediately after filing. If it is a homestead, five years is the time required to live there; if grazing land, you are expected to have a few head of cattle or horses and some fences, a house that is comfortable to live in and a small barn. If one wishes to commute (that is, to pay for the land after fourteen months' continuous residence) they can go out by the day to work, are allowed a week or ten days away from home to visit, but are supposed to live there, to have five acres of land broken, the same buildings as for a homestead, and a well (I forgot that), some fence, or, if grazing land, to have some stock. The price per acre to be paid depends upon the nearness of railroads, from \$1.25 to \$2.50. It costs \$14.00 to file on the land, and \$15.00 extra when the final proof is given. I had a 12x12 house built, a good roof, two good sized windows, one door; it was built of ship lap and tar-paper outside.

Lumber, labor, and carting cost me \$145, then a barbed wire fence to keep the cattle away. This cost me \$15.00 in all. This I used for a garden, planting potatoes under the sod. They grew nicely, and did not need to be cultivated. My first supplies, coal, kerosene oil (I had a Perfection oil stove) and groceries amounted to about \$15.00. During the Summer I rented my pasture for enough to buy butter and milk. My six head of yearlings cost me \$90.00—all I could afford to buy, but I felt that I had to have that many, to honestly live up to the requirements. I have not kept track of my expenses during the Summer for I have had so many things sent from

JOY WORK.

And the Other Kind.

Did you ever stand on a prominent corner at an early morning hour and watch the throngs of people on their way to work? Noting the number who were forcing themselves along because it meant their daily bread, and the others cheerfully and eagerly pursuing their way because of love of their work.

It is a fact that one's food has much to do with it. As an example:

If an engine has poor oil, or a boiler is fired with poor coal, a bad result is certain, isn't it?

Treating your stomach right is the keystone that sustains the arch of health's temple and you will find "Grape-Nuts" as a daily food is the most nourishing and beneficial you can use.

We have thousands of testimonials, real genuine little heart throbs, from people who simply tried Grape-Nuts out of curiosity—as a last result—with the result that prompted the testimonial.

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a fair impartial trial. Remember there are millions eating Grape-Nuts every day—they know, and we know if you will use Grape-Nuts every morning your work is more likely to be joy work, because you can keep well, and with the brain well nourished work is a joy. Read the "Road to Wellville" in every package. "There's a Reason."

home. This Fall I felt that I *must* have a shed for my fuel, so had one built 6x12 feet, that protects my door and east side of house. It cost \$46.00. My coal is \$9.00 per ton, \$4.00 for hauling. It will take about two tons. I have been very economical in every way, for I have had to borrow part of the money and do not like to pay interest, but I've tried to live up to the law in every way so that my title would be good when through and no one could contest my rights. Coming from the city as I did, has made it harder work, for it is a very lonely life. My neighbors are kind people but not *my* kind, poor and generally ignorant. They want to be paid double what labor is worth, for it's not often they get a chance to get any money outside of their stock and cream, but they are perfectly willing you should sew or do for them, and for nothing. I forgot to explain that I induced one of my neighbors (and a very worthy man) to take care of my stock for me. He pastures them on my land, cares for them in the winter and feeds them hay, and has half of the profits when they are sold. Next year I hope to buy a greater number. I really don't know what I would have done this fall without the NEW THOUGHT magazine. The kindly words of encouragement I've found in it have helped me through many lonely days. I want to thank you, Miss Wells, for your sympathy and good advice to one and all. I could tell you of many funny happenings here, but I think facts may help some one and I know your space is precious. MRS. M. F. S."

Your letter is just the very thing we all want to read. You couldn't be more helpful than you will prove by having thus given us the benefit of your personal experience in facts and figures—more especially the latter. I admire the grit of a "lone, lorn woman" who will do as you have done, and take all the risks and suffer all the hardships without a murmur. I wish you all manner of success, and thank you again for the help your words will be to many others.

WHY HE DIDN'T FILE.

"Dear Miss Wells:

I read with a great deal of interest the items 'more about free irrigable lands' and 'anent homesteading' under 'ways to earn money' in the Dec. NEW THOUGHT.

I spent six months in the west last year and saw some of the irrigation projects, and would like to say something about them for the benefit of those who think they would like to take up some of this land and have not had the opportunity of seeing any of it, and going over the whole proposition thoroughly as I have. I was at Billings, Montana, at the opening of the Huntley project there, and entered my name in the lottery. I drew 330th place, as you will see from the card I enclose, entitling me to 330th choice of 1,500 tracts of 40 and 80 acres each. As there were only a limited number of tracts to be filed upon, and a great many more people entered their names in the lottery than there were tracts to be disposed of, there must have been a great many who were disappointed when the results of the drawing were announced, probably some of them hav-

ing come quite a distance, at no little expense to enter.

Anyway after learning that I was one of the lucky ones I went over the ground carefully, and when my turn came to choose, after the 229 ahead of me had filed on their land, I *let my chance go*, and didn't file. 'Why?' you say. Well, I'll tell you. For all these irrigation projects are called *free* lands, there is nothing free about them. The initial expense is too great for a man without at

GLASSES UNNECESSARY

Eye Strain Relieved by Quitting Coffee.

Many cases of defective vision are caused by the habitual use of coffee.

It is said that in Arabia where coffee is used in large quantities, many lose their eyesight at about fifty.

A N. J. woman writes to the point concerning eye trouble and coffee. She says:

"My son was for years troubled with his eyes. He tried several kinds of glasses without relief. The optician said there was a defect in his eyes which was hard to reach.

"He used to drink coffee, as we all did, and finally quit it and began to use Postum. That was three years ago; he has not had to wear glasses and has had no trouble with his eyes since.

"I was always fond of tea and coffee and finally became so nervous I could hardly sit still long enough to eat a meal. My heart was in such a condition I thought I might die any time.

"Medicine did not give me any relief and I was almost desperate. It was about this time we decided to quit coffee and use Postum, and have used it ever since. I am in perfect health. No trouble now with my heart and never felt better in my life.

"Postum has been a great blessing to us all, particularly to my son and myself."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. 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.

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least \$1,500 or \$2,000 dollars cash capital. In the first place you have to live on your land, and improve it, build a house, fences, dig your irrigation ditches—and what about a living for yourself? If you figure on fruit raising you have to buy your young trees and don't get a crop from them for three years. If you haven't any cash on hand, what will you do for a living in the meantime? Some suggest working for your neighbors, but what would become of your own farm then? A man without capital can't file on a piece of irrigated land and hold it down.

I don't want to discourage anyone and I want to say that if a man wants a farm in the west and hasn't the capital or experience in farming he can get it, but not by homesteading it.

There are a number of concerns in the west that will sell you a good farm on easy monthly payments. They will develop your farm from wild land and guarantee a crop of fruit in three years, the sale of which will make your final payment to them on the farm. After that you can work the farm yourself or let them work it on a percentage. You don't have to live on the land, nor do you need to be a farmer. You can work at whatever and wherever you can make the most money. I think this is the easiest way to get a farm, and I don't hesitate a moment to venture to say it's much quicker and far ahead of trying to homestead government land.

I would like to add though before closing that a great many good honest people are led astray by articles in some of our magazines on irrigated lands which are written by people who in a great many cases have never seen a foot of irrigated land, and containing statements that are not true, and which they couldn't prove if their life depended upon it.
F. D. A."

Well, that's the other side, isn't it? Mr. F. D. A. very kindly says he will give us any other information or any other particulars we may want.

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Unlimited Demand—There is no class of goods for which there is such a steady demand as for canvas gloves and mittens. They are the popular glove for the masses. Everybody uses them—the farmer, the mechanic, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, the laborer—in all sections of the country—from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to the Gulf. There is actually room today for ten canvas glove factories where we only have one now.

Seven Years Ago a canvas glove was hardly known, except a few made by hand by farmers' wives. Everybody then wore leather gloves. Today there are six pairs of canvas gloves worn, where formerly only one pair of leather gloves was used. You can easily see the tremendous field that has thus been opened up.

We Mean Business when we say we furnish tools free, we mean exactly what we say. All we ask is that you buy your cloth from us, but we don't even ask that unless we can furnish it at as low or lower prices than you can buy elsewhere.



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Our New Plan makes it easy for any man to start in business for himself. We give you free the necessary tools, such as expensive handmade dies, cutting table, maple cutting block, turning machine, cloth rack, rawhide maul, knife, pattern and equipment. No matter how small or how large your town—no matter what section you live in—there is always room for a factory. Any merchant can make the gloves he sells himself, and soon be making gloves for other stores.

No Experience is required. We teach you the secrets of the business and furnish you tools and equipments free. We have taken men who had never had a day's practical business experience, and started them on the road to wealth. These men started in a modest way, but soon built large factories, work lots of help, have a big stock of cloth and machinery on hand and a good balance in the bank. What these men have done, you can do.

Don't Miss This opportunity, even if you have to borrow the small amount of money necessary to buy a stock of cloth to start with. You should be able to pay it back in a very short time and have money in the bank besides. There will be many fortunes made in the canvas glove business in the next few years. You can start a factory in any spare room at home, or small store room, and enlarge it as your business demands.

No Capital to speak of is required. We teach you the secrets of the business; we furnish you tools and equipments free. All you require is a little money to buy a stock of cloth.

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We Start You in a business of your own, right in your own town. Every man, no matter how humble, is entitled to at least the profits of his own labor. If you have the ambition to better your condition—to be somebody—to provide for yourself and family—to enjoy success, happiness and prosperity—we can help you.

Come With Us and let us start you in this profitable, legitimate business, which, with a reasonable amount of light work and attention, should make you a prosperous factory owner in a very short time. The small amount of money which is required to be invested (from \$50 upwards) is spent entirely for cloth, supplies and other necessities of the business. We furnish you the tools and equipment free. There is no waste material, no dead stock. Every yard of cloth can be turned back into cash.

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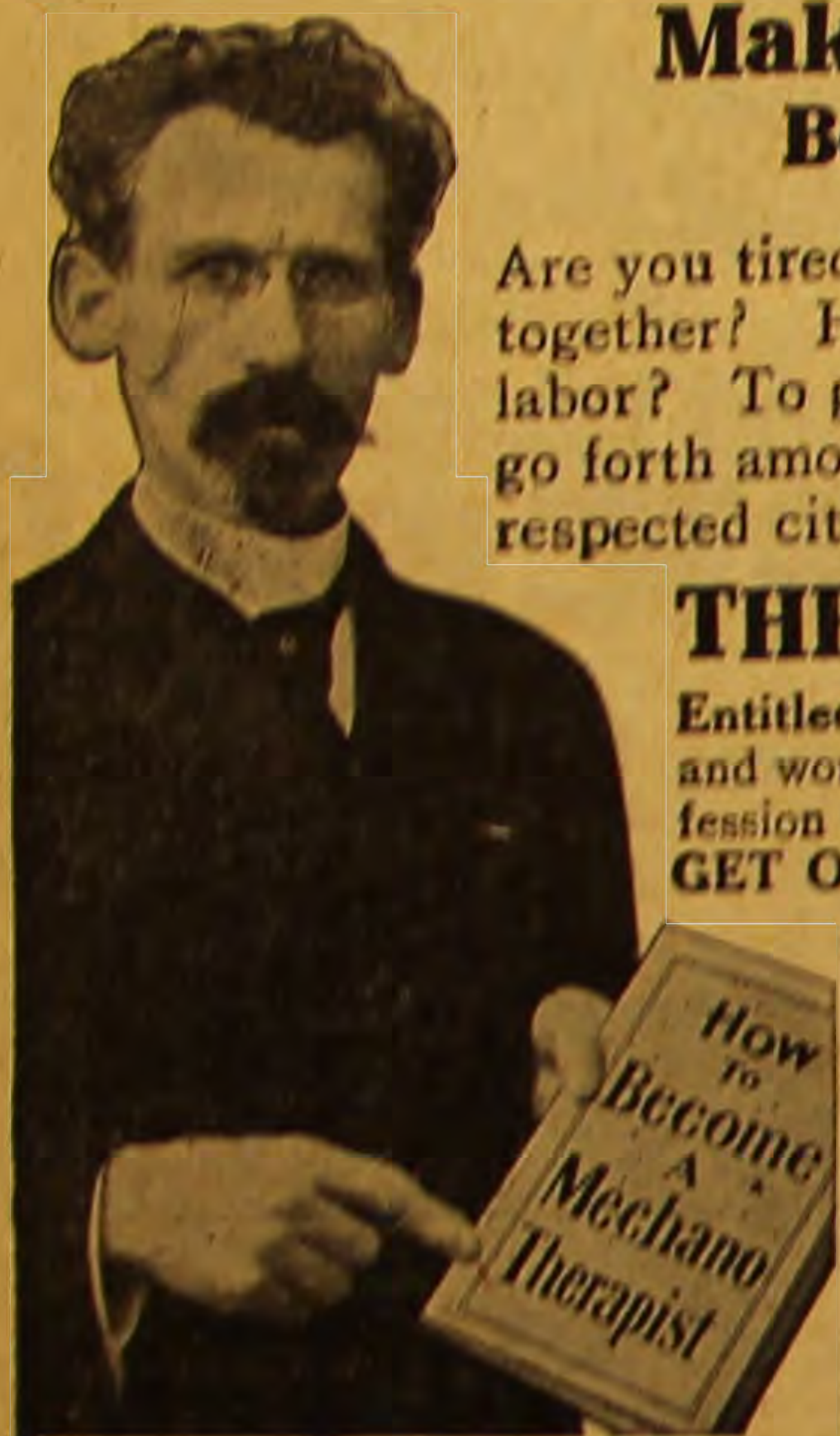
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For does this require years of patient study to learn Mechano-Therapy—we can teach you in a very short time, so that you may enter this profession—and when you do, you begin to make money. No text books are required, beyond those furnished by us. We supply all lessons and necessary text books free of cost to you. No apparatus is used. You do not even need a place to work. All you require is your two hands.

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The statements of a few of our graduates below verify every claim we make. Read them carefully, and remember that what these men and women have done, you may do. The success they have made, you may make. We do not give the address of the people whose testimonials we print. Our graduates are meeting with remarkable financial success, and shrink from having their prosperity published broadcast. If you wish to communicate with any whose names are given below, write us and we will supply you with the address.

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Then send for my FREE book. It will tell you how others are enjoying a life of luxury, while putting money away in the bank. How YOU can not only gain independence, but be a benefit to humanity and a highly respected citizen with an income of \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year.

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We can teach you an honorable and profitable profession in a few months, which will insure your financial independence for life. We can make you master of your own time—to come and go as you will—an honored and respected citizen, with an income of \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year. We teach you this pleasant, profitable profession by mail, right in your own home, at your own convenience, and without interfering with your present duties. It makes no difference how old you are, any person—man or woman—with just an ordinary common school education, can learn Mechano-Therapy. It is easy to learn and results are sure. It is simply drugless healing. A common-sense method of treating human ills without dosing the system with poisonous drugs—that's all. We have taught hundreds of men and women who were formerly clerks—farmers—stenographers—telegraph operators—insurance agents—railway employees—in fact, of nearly every known occupation—old men of 70 years who felt discouraged and hopeless—young men of 20 years, who never had a dollarized—laboring men, who never realized that they had within themselves the ability to better their conditions. Write for our FREE book, which explains all—today.

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FIRST YEAR		SECOND YEAR	
FIRST SEMESTER—10 Weeks.	SECOND SEMESTER—5 Weeks.	FIRST SEMESTER—10 Weeks.	SECOND SEMESTER—5 Weeks.
PSYCHOLOGY — (Descriptive). Five lectures per week. (1)	SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS— (First Principles). Five lectures per week. (1-3-7)	SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS— (First principles). Five lectures per week. (1)	SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS— (Theory and Practice). Five lectures per week. (1-3-7)
THE CELL. Five lectures and recitations per week for ten weeks. (2)	ANATOMY—(Descriptive). Five lectures and recitations per week. (5)	ANATOMY — (Descriptive). Five lectures and recitations per week. (5)	ANATOMY—(Regional). Five lectures and recitations per week. (5)
INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. Two lectures per week* (2)	ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. Two lectures per week.* (5)	PHYSIOLOGICAL CHEMISTRY. 2 lectures per week.* Mental Chemistry. (8)	EMBRYOLOGY. Three lectures and recitations per week.* Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons for ten weeks. (2)
PHYSICS—(First Principles). Two lectures per week.* (3)	PHYSIOLOGY. Five lectures and recitations per week. (2)	PHYSIOLOGY. Five lectures and recitations per week.* (2)	PHYSIOLOGY AND PHYSICAL DIAGNOSIS. Two lectures per week.* (2)
PRINCIPLES OF EVOLUTION. Lectures on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons for ten weeks. (3)	PHYSIOLOGY — (Experimental). Two lectures per week.* (2)	PHYSIOLOGY — (Experimental). Two lectures per week.* (2)	PSYCHIC RESEARCH. Two lectures per week.* (3-10)
HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. Lectures on Tuesday and Friday afternoons for ten weeks. (5)	HISTOLOGY. Three lectures per week.* Microscopy. (8)	SYMPTOMATOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY. Five lectures and recitations per week.* (5)	SYMPTOMATOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY. Five lectures and recitations per week. (5)
PSYCHIC RESEARCH — Three classes per week. (9-10)	PSYCHIC RESEARCH — Three classes per week. (3-10)	PSYCHIC RESEARCH. Three classes per week. (9-10)	MECHANICAL MANIPULATION —(Clinic). Two lectures per week.* Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. (3-7)

THIRD YEAR

FIRST SEMESTER—10 Weeks.	SECOND SEMESTER—6 Weeks.
PRACTICE OF SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS. Three lectures per week. (1)	PRACTICE OF SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS. Five lectures per week. (1-3-7)
ANATOMY—(Applied). Five lectures and recitations per wk. (5)	ANATOMY—(Applied). Five lectures and recitations per week.† (5)
OBSTETRICS GYNECOLOGY and DISEASES OF CHILDREN. Five lectures and recitations per week. (5-10)	OBSTETRICS. GYNECOLOGY AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN. Five lectures and recitations per week. (5-8)
DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND VENEREAL DISEASES. Three lectures and recitations per wk.* Tues., Wed., and Fri. afternoons. (2)	DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND VENEREAL DISEASES. Three lectures and recitations per week.† Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons. (2)
PSYCHIC RESEARCH. Two lectures per week.* (9)	PSYCHIC RESEARCH. Two lectures per week.† (9)
MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES. Two lectures per week.* Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. (2)	MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES. Two lectures per week.† Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. (2)
MECHANICAL MANIPULATION —(Clinic). Two lectures per week.* Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. (3-4)	MECHANICAL MANIPULATION —(Clinic). Two lectures per week.† Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. (3-7)

FOURTH YEAR

FIRST SEMESTER—10 Weeks.	SECOND SEMESTER—4 Weeks.
CLINICAL SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS. Five lectures per week.† (1-7)	CLINICAL SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS. Five lectures per week.† (1-7)
ANATOMY. PHYSIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY. Three lectures per week.* alternating. Monday, Anatomy; Wednesday, Physiology, and Friday, Pathology. (5)	ANATOMY PHYSIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY. Three lectures per week.† alternating. Monday, Anatomy; Wednesday, Physiology, and Friday, Pathology. (5)
OBSTETRICS. GYNECOLOGY AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN. Five lectures and recitations per week. (5-10)	CLINIC PRACTICE FOR STUDENTS. Laboratory open every morning from 9 to 11.† (3-4-6)
DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT. Two lectures per week.† Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. (8)	GENERAL DIAGNOSIS—(Clinic). Five lectures per week.† Medical jurisprudence. (8)
BACTERIOLOGY, HYGIENE AND ANTISEPTICS. Diet. Two lectures per week.† (5-10)	BACTERIOLOGY, HYGIENE AND ANTISEPTICS. DIET. Two lectures per week.† (5-10)
MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES. Two lectures per week.† Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. (2)	MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES. Two lectures per week.† Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. (2)
NECESSARY SURGERY. Five lectures per week. (3-5-8)	NECESSARY SURGERY. Five lectures per week.† (2-5-8)

* † Laboratory work in these branches two or more hours per week. The Summer Course will be attended by people from all departments of the world's work. You would find friends in the classes—the climate is beautiful. Dept. C WELTMER INSTITUTE, Nevada, Mo., U.S.A.

Body Building

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

"Dear Miss Wells:

As you asked for experience with the Milk Diet, I should like to say a few words in its favor. In the spring of 1907 I was under the care of an osteopath for spinal trouble, and was improving steadily but not so rapidly as I desired. The doctor sought to hasten my recovery by frequent dietetic suggestions which I followed, but my food failed to give the necessary nourishment. Your magazine first opened my eyes to the benefit derived from a Milk Diet, and, on my own responsibility, I decided to try an advertised milk cure. About the third week my doctor commented on the very decided improvement in strength, as well as flesh, and upon learning of my experiment, expressed unqualified approval. I gained fifteen pounds in weight under the treatment, aside from the more important increase in strength.

M. G. H."

Excellent testimony! It is such personal experiences which help to convince others that the "milk-cure" can really do all its warmest adherents claim for it.

* * *

"My Dear Miss Wells:

In order that my testimony in September New THOUGHT, concerning the raw food diet, may have any weight, I must add that I followed all directions to the letter, otherwise I should have had only myself to blame.

I fear that the members who have taken the milk diet and have not been benefited will be reluctant to so testify, since you, our leader, whom we all so much love and whose opinion we so respect, have written often very favorably concerning it. Please do not think me desirous of placing it in disfavor—but I am very anxious to hear both sides. I am so weary of spending money for so-called cures (never medicine, unless I am in bed, which seldom occurs) which result only in a depleted purse.

S. E. W."

Dear me, I hope no one will stop talking in meeting because I hold an opposite opinion. I should feel very bad to be regarded as a sort of Czar. Of course I can't change my opinion, just to be agreeable,—but there's always room in our columns for the "other side" of every thing. For instance, just look at Henry Harrison Brown and me—we don't agree the least little bit about "food and drink" and other more or less vital questions; but I ASK him to give us his views! And there's Walter De Voe—I'm far too matter-of-fact to be able to accept many of his views on celestial beings, etc., but I'm interested to know those views just the same. That's the only way we grow—listening to the people we don't entirely agree with. So nobody need be afraid to "talk up."

* * *

I have received a letter inclosing an extract cut from a medical journal, our subscriber inquiring as to the common name of a remedy

mentioned therein for alcoholism. I should judge it to be a private prescription, as subscriber will notice the medical editor replies that it is unknown to him, but suggests that it may be a preparation of cannabin. I disapprove of drug cures for alcoholism—think in most cases a new craving is merely substituted for the old.

* * *

"Miss Wells:

I have read with much interest the chapter on Body Building and wish to tell you a good way to use raw eggs for a tissue builder and tonic. Have tried it thoroughly and know whereof I speak. Break an egg in a cup and beat thoroughly with egg beater, squeeze into it juice of one small, or half a large lemon, one even teaspoonful of sugar, and beat. Take before breakfast or for breakfast—where one, like me, does not eat a regular breakfast, it is a great tonic. Try it.

Mrs. K. J. C."

Thank you for the suggestion. No doubt this will prove a very palatable combination for the average person. I, having always disliked the taste of eggs, find it easier to take them whole, breaking into an after-dinner coffee cup or a salted almond dish, with a pinch of pepper and salt and one drop of vinegar. The egg goes down like an oyster—and all is over, without any eggy taste whatever. Between your way and my way, we ought to suit all factions, ought we not?

* * *

And while we're all talking about the milk diet and raw eggs, and fasts and other material roads to health, read this letter and see how one of our readers cured herself without any of these aids:

"Dear Miss Wells:

Through my mother I had New THOUGHT brought to my attention. At first I cared but little for it, skimming along, reading a part of this article, and a part of that—with all the time, and with each succeeding issue, a greater belief in your teaching springing up within me.

I said I 'skimmed' along, and so I did, but one thing I grasped, or it grasped me, whichever way you prefer, and I clung to it as tenaciously as drowning men cling to straws. That was: 'I am part of the I Am! Whatsoever I desire, will come to me.' And when I left home to make my own way, less than a month ago, there was always springing up within me filling my heart to an overflowing exultation: 'I am part of the I Am, the All-Powerful Divine Law.'

I had been in the city less than a week when I became indisposed. To me, a creature of the free pure air of the farm and the boundless stretch of sky and meadow, the city was a prison. Yet I did not desire to return to the country. I knew too well that in my trade, the city, only, brings profit; and so I stayed on, a victim to disorders of the stomach, pains griping my intestines so fiercely at times that I staggered, rather than walked, along the streets.

I want to say right here, that I had always disbelieved the teaching of NEW THOUGHT—that one can cure oneself. And so I went on, hoping always that Nature would reassert herself, and that, without the aid of medicine, I would again be well. In the meantime my indisposition ran into a violent case of diarrhoea and continued without the slightest pause for three weeks. At the end of that time I called on a physician who gave me a prescription, which I had filled. The day after visiting this physician, the medicine was mislaid and I went on for another week with my illness unabated. Lastly, when I found the medicine, I put it in my purse and started for a visit to the country. Arrived there, I left my purse in the buggy and the next morning it was miles away. So I was left again! This was four weeks after my illness began. As it happened, mother had just received NEW THOUGHT and my eyes lighted on Olive Verne Rich's '*What Seest Thou.*'

I was dressing to make a train, Monday morning, so while I dressed I hastily read snatches of the article, which I was obliged to leave behind, as mother had not yet had time to read. That article awakened me with a jolt. Instantly I knew that for four weeks I had been pitying myself, seeing myself always in the grasp of illness, never looking upon myself as well or, if I did, it was only in envy of others, *wishing* myself well, instead of *willing* it. So right then and there, with my cousin and father, driving to the train, while carrying on a conversation with them, I began to *will* myself strong and well. Over and over the words repeated themselves: 'I am part of the *I Am*, glorious, full of strength, infinite, without blemish or pain. I *will* not suffer pain or indisposition. By this time tomorrow, I will that I be strong and well. I will not be sick. I will not hear of it. Instead of seeing myself as a poor, weak, puny creature racked by pain, I *am* a creature of perfection, glorious and strong.' Need you ask the result? Before night I was immeasurably improved, and at the end of the twenty-four hours I was *perfectly normal*. And now, to every weak, ailing creature, I say: *Assert yourself. You are part of God. You have power to heal. You are what you see yourself. You would think it a sacrilege to think of the Almighty God as weak and ailing, would you not? Then it is just as much a sacrilege for you to be weak and ailing, for you are the I Am, imperishable and infinite. Therefore, assert yourself and, instead of wishing you were strong and well, will it be so, and it will be.*

LOUISE POHLMAN."

COOKING RICE.

"It is of the highest importance to know how to cook rice. If it is soggy, gluey or burnt, it is not beneficial. It is necessary that the tiny grains do not mass together until they are swollen to three times their size. The following method must be adopted:

1. Have the water *boiling hot* when the rice is put in. Take three quarts of water that is actually boiling, put in a sauce pan over a fire that will keep it boiling. Add at once a teaspoonful of salt.

2. Wash one cup of rice, thoroughly stirring it in cold water and draining off the water until it ceases to look cloudy. Then put this cup of rice into the three quarts of boiling water *so gently* that it will not stop the boiling. If hurried in, the cold rice will overcome the heat and check the boiling, with the result that the rice will fall and make a soggy mass.

3. When all the grains are in, stir it round *once* with a fork, then put on the lid and boil it very rapidly for twenty minutes. Do not stir again, as the grains will fall to the bottom and burn. The motion of the rapid boiling will prevent burning and will allow each grain to swell to about three times its size. Pour into a colander and drain all the water away; then put the colander on a tin pan and set in an oven for five minutes with the oven door wide open; this is to make the rice soft, snowy white, and perfectly dry. An egg may be beaten if desired, but the use of cold milk is much to be preferred. The milk is to be poured on the rice in a plate, allowing it to spread out on the plate to cool quickly as it is to be eaten. The milk is not to be put on until it is served at the table. The egg, if used, is to be beaten in before it is placed on the table. In either case do not cover the dish in which the rice is served, as it will sweat and become soggy. It ought to be eaten just at the time of serving, and the cook should arrange the time to suit the hour of the meal.

The foregoing directions should be hung in the kitchen.

When rice is sweetened or taken with cream the palate and system soon reject its continued use: with milk it is always welcome to the taste and is always relished. With butter, if not heated in it, rice is pleasing, an egg may be whipped and stirred in before serving, but its natural accompaniment is milk. For furnishing power to work or endure, rice should be eaten with fruit or vegetables at the morning or noon meal. But for repair and calming the nervous system it should be eaten alone at the evening meal with only milk or butter and neither milk nor butter heated with it.

Sent in by MRS. J. A. S."

That Bunion Can Be Cured



LET YOUR OWN FOOT PROVE IT

People laugh at bunions; but not the people who have them: those who have them hardly EVER laugh until they get rid of them.

YOUR BUNION CAN BE CURED

Thousands of others have cured the most obstinate, painful, distressing cases—CURED THEM.

Cured them with the Anti-Bunion Plaster Cure, which is the only cure ever devised which actually kills the cause of bunions, eases away the growth and restores the joint to perfect normal function.

So-called shields or circular plasters don't cure; they only push the point up and make the bunion worse.

Our Anti-Bunion Plaster works differently. They work in contact with a d on the bunion. Relief is immediate; no inconvenience while taking the treatment, no pain on the bunion point; wear tighter shoes than you have worn—and in comfort. The treatment is a home treatment.

You owe it to yourself to prove these FACTS by a free trial treatment—there is no charge for it—nothing to pay. All we ask is your name and where to send it—enclose a two-cent stamp—that's all you have to do.

FOOT REMEDY COMPANY
564 West 26th Street, Chicago, Ill.



YOU CAN BECOME WHAT YOU WILL TO BE

If you give the body the material from which to create anew.

WHY NOT INVESTIGATE our sane, natural method of rebuilding the human body?

PERFECT NUTRITION. PERFECT LIFE.

There is no way in which you can secure Health—with all it means of vitality, strength, beauty, symmetry of form, normal functioning of the organs—except by building your body of **the right materials.**

WE BUILD BODIES

and in building *in* fresh healthy tissue, pure rich red blood, strong healthy nerves; in developing the muscles, rounding the limbs, the bust, broadening the chest, clearing the complexion, filling out wrinkles, increasing vital power—we **build out disease.**

The Milk Diet will cure ANY chronic disease with the possible exception of organic heart trouble. **It will add flesh at from 2 to 9 pounds per week**—or will reduce superfluous and abnormal flesh.

Send for our illustrated booklet—a handbook upon Sane Rational Living—with illustrations of perfect physical development and beauty—with full information of our methods, letters from dozens of patients, etc.

Our Home Treatment can be taken without interfering with your daily business or occupation. You have our direction and advice during the entire period. Disease need not be. Why not conquer it, mind and body acting together? Write to us.

**THE MILK AND MARFA HOME TREATMENT, LOCK BOX 99
CHICAGO**

Please mention NEW THOUGHT when writing to Advertisers.

READ THE OPPOSITE PAGE AND THEN READ THIS

A FEW LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO HAVE TAKEN THE MILK AND MARFA DIET

Patient No. 1095 wrote us after a few weeks' treatment: "I am very happy. Two hours' good sleep before midnight does me a world of good, and I only wake up once now at night. I sleep good, have no bad dreams or nightmares any more. **Before taking up this treatment I never slept before midnight**, and if I heard any conversation I was almost insane, and if I heard my father rattle a newspaper I would want to scream. This was night after night. I would beg him to go to bed and have the house quiet. Now I do not hear him, and if anyone talks I am sound asleep and do not know it! I hope I have not made you tired with all this, but I am so happy and want you to know how much good has been done. I can truthfully say I have never enjoyed before such strong nerves, for I have never had good health and the past few years have been a wreck." This same patient, in a letter to Louise Radford Wells—which we enjoyed reading—**five months after stopping the Diet**, says: "I am so grateful to you for having told me to take the Milk Diet. I am sending you two little snap shots of myself 'before' and 'after'—(one of these pictures shows an anemic, delicate young woman weighing only 91 pounds; the other a plump dimpled laughing happy girl weighing 120 pounds!)—"I am sorry I haven't larger photos, but as I have not, I thought these would give you a good idea anyway of the good Milk and Marfa did for a 'little girl' who has been sick so long. I told you I had been a broken down, nervous person for the past three years, which is perfectly true, but I have never known what good health, strong vitality and strong nerves were, even before the final break-down, so I feel the 'cure' has been all the more wonderful and miraculous. Why, Miss Wells, I have not taken a cathartic once or used hot water injections all during the diet or since—And before! oh, dear, such dreadful times! I am perfectly satisfied with this treatment—can never say enough in praise of it, and I don't have to say much, for I am such a living proof that people can see, and seeing is believing, you know."

Patient No. 1215: "I am as round and nice, better than I expected. You remember I said I wanted my bust and limbs to grow more. I can't say it now, as I measure a little more than 28 inches around bust, no hollows around my neck either. Never saw anything like it. My flesh feels so solid; was very flabby before I commenced this treatment." This patient gained from 129 lbs. to 145 lbs.

Patient No. 1001 came to us weighing 128 pounds; he left us weighing 146½ pounds.

Patient No. 975 came to us weighing 113 pounds. At the end of one period of treatment she weighed 128 pounds, and writes: "I beg to state that I will discontinue the treatment for the present but if I find that my nerves trouble me again I probably will take another month's treatment later. I am feeling very much better. My skin is cleared nicely and I have improved in every way. I have everything good to say about the treatment, and do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends." Took the diet for nervousness, impure blood, run-down system and loss of flesh.

Patient No. 952 at the end of the third week wrote us: "This is the end of the third week of my treatment under you and it seems almost incredible that I have gained just **five pounds during one week**. The swelling has almost disappeared from my knee." The fourth week she writes: "I have gained another five pounds during the past week. I am indeed much better to look upon, and all the angles and corners in my chest and top of my shoulders are disappearing. **I am feeling fine and scarcely conscious of a stomach.**" At the end of the next week she writes: "People marvel at the great improvement in my appearance, and I am indeed well pleased, and greatly improved in every way. Several have commented upon the improvement in my complexion and I am told there is a great change in my nervous condition. Of that, however, I am fully aware myself, but it must be especially marked when others can notice it." Forty-five pounds in nine weeks!

Patient No. 902 came to us weighing 141 pounds. After he had been off Milk Diet two months, wrote: "I weighed this afternoon and tipped the scales at 165 pounds, so you see I am holding on pretty well."

Patient No. 981 came to us weighing 128 pounds and now weighs 142. She came for "Obstinate chronic cough of ten years' standing; frequent attacks of biliousness, etc." Her reports read from day to day as follows: "Very good today—gaining strength." "Very much better today." "Much better, stronger and more like myself." "Fairly well—cough less." "A little better than yesterday." "Better and little stronger than yesterday." She says: "I have received more benefit from this diet than from anything else." As an example of what the diet will do: On one of her days is the following: "Not very well—sick headache came about 3:00 o'clock, but I forced the milk down and to my surprise the headache wore away." We want her with us a little longer (and she wants us), as a ten years' cough needs more than a month to be sure it has been conquered.

Patient No. 1017 wrote us: "My friend, Mrs. _____, took the treatment and received so much benefit I am anxious to try it." At the end of the first week she wrote: "Weighed yesterday afternoon and have gained four pounds, and feel perfectly fine—bowels in good condition. Am more pleased than I can tell you." After third week she writes: "I feel very much encouraged, having gained four pounds, and am feeling fine." At end of fourth week she writes: "I am feeling very well indeed and gaining constantly. I am so pleased with the treatment that I am anxious for others to profit by it."

Write us for other Testimonials!! and let us tell you what we can do for YOU!!

THE MILK AND MARFA HOME TREATMENT

LOCK BOX 99, CHICAGO

Please mention NEW THOUGHT when writing to Advertisers.

Recent Scientific Discoveries Regarding the Ether, Vibration, etc. and Their Relation to New Thought.

HENRY WOOD'S INTENSELY INTERESTING BOOKLET

Henry Wood is widely known to readers of **NEW THOUGHT** as one of the very ablest teachers the new philosophy has produced.

As a scientist he deals with facts, and he has built up a firm scientific foundation around the truths of **Mental Healing**, the cure of disease by **Suggestion** or **Mental Photography**, as he calls it, etc., etc.

His booklet, "**The Living Universe**," deals with the wonders of **Vibration**, the most advanced scientific conclusions being stated in plain language.

This epoch-making booklet will lead the thinking mind into new channels.

It opens the door to a new universe where Order, Life,

and Power reign supreme. It explains in a scientific manner much that has heretofore seemed obscure or mysterious.

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Every person who is interested in the remotest degree in subjects pertaining to the **New Thought**, **Mental Healing**, **Telepathy**, etc., should read this book. "**The Living Universe**."

Send for it. Don't miss it. Send today. The book will open your eyes to new truth.

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WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 5, Holyoke, Mass.

EGYPTIAN SECRETS

WHITE AND BLACK ART FOR MAN AND BEAST

THE BOOK OF NATURE AND THE HIDDEN SECRETS AND MYSTERIES OF LIFE UNVEILED; BEING THE FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

By that celebrated Occult Student, Philosopher, Psychomet, Astrologer, Alchemist, Explainer of the Mysteries of Wizards and Witchcraft, Albertus Magnus.

Translated from the German. Originally published in three volumes and until recently sold for a very high price by dealers in rare Occult Books. These three volumes are now printed and bound in one new, revised and enlarged edition. Do not miss this opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful book. Printed on best paper, handsome cloth binding. \$1.25 prepaid.

An 8 page booklet giving full description with list of contents and large halftone illustration of book will be sent for 3 cents in stamps.

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When our **VACUUM CAP** is used a few minutes daily. We accept no pay until you have tried the Cap 60 days and are satisfied. The Vacuum Cap is an appliance that draws the blood to the Hair Roots, and starts a new healthy crop of

hair. It cures Dandruff, stops hair from falling out. Bought by Doctors and men who know that it is the only reasonable **HAIR GROWER** known to science. No Drugs Used. Write for application blank, testimonials, and booklet on "**HAIR**." Sent sealed in plain envelope. **FREE.**

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In his most successful work of healing the sick. Every one who desires to heal or to be healed will find in these works the secrets of a consecrated **HEALER** of many years experience. Send a 2c stamp for valuable extracts to

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THE MAN WHO EARNS AN INCOME

must be trained to do one thing well. He must be a specialist. The best paying specialty at present is some form of Drugless Healing. Osteopathy is a method of treating physical ills through manual manipulations, vibration muscular kneading, etc., and the prices charged for such treatment are from

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You can learn to be an osteopath through our correspondence course. We have a Professional Course giving the Degree of Doctor of Osteopathy and an Abridged Course. Write us for particulars. A little time spent at home and your earning capacity will be quadrupled.

Ask for our booklet "**Do You Need Dollars?**" and let us show you how to earn money while studying.

Start in **now !!**

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY,

P. O. Box 291

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please mention **NEW THOUGHT** when writing to Advertisers.

In Kettledom

CONDUCTED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS..

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

Well, the Prize Contest has closed, and in the same mail with the magazine, checks go forth to the lucky prize-winners. It was a mighty hard contest, I realize, but I believe those who worked so hard to plan out a real "model" of an equipment will admit they got enough benefit from the information and ideas acquired in getting their plans ready, to more than repay them for their trouble even without the prizes.

I mean to print in NEW THOUGHT some of the suggestions as to equipment, just as we talked of doing; that all of our readers may share in the helpfulness of the ideas offered and put them to practical use in their own kitchens. So watch for March and April NEW THOUGHT, which will have some of the prize-winning plans therein. If these plans, when printed, omit some convenience which you have found indispensable, or you can suggest any improvements or amendments thereon, write in and tell us. For that's what this department is for, you know—to furnish and exchange ideas on the "short cuts" and labor-saving devices of modern housekeeping.

Among the plans submitted in the contest were two of especial merit, yet each containing ideas not covered by the other. It was impossible to decide between them, as the special features of one were offset by special features in the other. We have therefore combined the first and second prizes and divided them equally between these two contestants, and they may therefore feel that *each* has won a first prize. And, think of it!—one is a *man*! You will have an opportunity to read each of these plans in succeeding numbers of NEW THOUGHT, and see which one comes nearest your ideal. There isn't the slightest doubt that many New Thought Kitchens will be remodeled during the next few months, for I myself have fallen to thinking longingly of glass rollingpins and kitchen cabinets, and self-basting roasters and dozens of other labor-saving devices which our prize-winners tell us are *indispensable* to the modern kitchen; and to thinking how delightful it would be to be fitting up a model kitchen *with a prospect of using it*! But I guess I'll continue to occupy an editorial chair and look on at the other folks with their model sinks and fireless cookers.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS:

First and Second Prizes.

Mrs. J. M. Brown, Hackensack, N. J. \$15.00
J. F. Stewart, Los Angeles, Calif. 15.00
The other ten cash prizes of \$1.00 each were awarded as follows: Mrs. Wm. Margens, Mrs. Geo. E. Brittain, May Bell Brooks, Mrs. Nannie C. Williams, Mrs. Millie Olds, Mrs. A. F. Lesley, Mrs. H. S. Norris, Ella R. Newton, M. F. Billings, L. E. Gunn.

Ten copies of *The Book of My Heart* have been awarded to the following: Rose Green,

Mrs. R. F. Montgomery, Mary L. Slocum, Enid Drinkwater, Mrs. John Hamilton, Mrs. F. L. Currier, Mrs. Henry P. Sanborn, Margaret F. Cutler, Frances Plow, Mrs. Herbert L. Cunningham.

"Dear Miss Wells:

In response to the request of E. S. D. for practical experience in fireless cooking, will tell you a little of what I do with my cooker, which, by the way, has three compartments and *bakes, roasts and boils* as well as steams and stews. With one of these I know that E. S. D. and her guests can go out at 9 or 10 A. M. and return in the evening to find an appetizing dinner awaiting them in the fairy box.

Each morning, while clearing up after breakfast, I put *down* my six o'clock dinner, in order to have the day free for office work, and I frequently put down food at night for the next day. A soup bone I always put down in the evening. This is one of my specialties. I first cut all the nice lean meat from the bone into cubes and put away on a plate in the icebox, then place the bone in the large caloric vessel in *cold water* on the fire and when briskly boiling put, closely covered, into the cooker, using one radiator underneath, and let it cook all night. In the morning I take out the bone, strain the liquid and when cold skim off the fat, then put the stock in the icebox, to be ready when wanted for soups, sauces or gravies. The lean meat after seasoning well with salt and pepper and dredging thickly with flour, I put in a deep frying pan, in which I have two tablespoons of hot Wesson cooking oil; after browning the pieces of meat, I remove them to one of the smaller caloric vessels, then brown a few small whole onions and some potatoes which have been pared and cut into halves lengthwise, remove and place with the meat, then add a can of tomatoes strained, or two cupfuls of stock, to the frying pan, season to taste with salt and pepper, a bay leaf and paprika and pour over the meat and vegetables, add a few scraped carrots, cover closely and place vessel in the cooker, using one radiator, and leave in the box until needed. A large piece of meat—beef, lamb or veal—may be prepared in the same way; first quickly sear on all sides in hot oil and make gravy brown or light as desired, according to the length of time the flour is allowed to brown; and in this gravy such vegetables as onions, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, may be placed raw, whole or sliced, with the bouquet of herbs for seasoning. None of these requires more than fifteen or twenty minutes to prepare.

Fricassee chicken or veal is prepared in the usual way—cut into parts or pieces, seasoned and sautéed in hot oil, then the liquid, stock or cream added to make the gravy, put in the cooker and

left all day. Gumbo I prepare as usual, leave all day and add the oysters just before serving. I boil, steam or cream all kinds of vegetables and leave all day. All kinds of steamed puddings and many baked ones I leave all day. I boil a leg of lamb or ham at night, to have cold for luncheons and sandwiches. Also put down *grits* at night to furnish *hominy* for breakfast.

I give below some menus, all of which have been selected particularly for *all-day* cooking and with regard to the capacity of my cooker:

Roast beef, brown gravy, browned potatoes, onions, carrots (in one vessel), spinach (in the second), a steamed pudding (in the third).

Brown beef stew (from bits of yesterday's roast), boiled cauliflower, steamed rice.

Okra soup, beef roll, spaghetti with tomato sauce.

Beef a la mode, candied sweet potatoes, asparagus.

Roast lamb, light gravy; rice with tomatoes, green peas.

Boiled leg of lamb, mint or caper sauce; potatoes with parsley, baked rice pudding.

Ragout of lamb, steamed rice, boiled beets.

Veal roast, browned sweet potatoes, string beans.

Veal rolls with tomato sauce, plain macaroni, turnip greens.

Veal with parsley, steamed potatoes, stewed corn.

Fricassee or creamed chicken, steamed rice, candied sweet potatoes or a pudding.

Chicken curry, rice, lima beans.

Chicken gumbo, rice, fruit pudding.

Lentils with ham, turnip greens, baked egg plant.

Boiled halibut, steamed potatoes, escalloped tomato.

If time and space permitted, I could add many more. All of the above if put down at 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning, would be ready for a 12 or 1 o'clock dinner, if desired, and the book of recipes which is furnished with the cooker allows a much shorter time for the cooking of many, but I have found they are quite as delicious when left to serve for the evening meal. Salads and cold desserts may of course be added, if one has time to prepare them. When I have a day at home, what I do with my cooker would take more space than Miss Wells could provide. I bake the most delicious baked beans and Boston brown bread, hot rolls, biscuit, corn bread, pies, souffles and puddings of all kinds.

I hope E. S. D. may find something out of this that she can use, and I will gladly furnish recipes for any of the dishes, if desired.

E. A.

P. S.—None of the menus given consume more than an hour's time in the preparation, and a sufficient quantity can be cooked at one time to serve eight or ten persons and leave plenty to warm over for another meal; so that one need not spend even so much time in cooking, oftener than about three times a week, and in the interim exercise one's ingenuity in concocting fascinating and toothsome rechauffes."

That certainly reads like a fairy godmother tale. What do you mean by a "radiator?" An

extra kettle full of boiling water placed under the kettle of food to help keep the compartment hot? For your generous gift of time and knowledge, let me thank you, as dozens of our housewives most certainly will, as they read.

* * *

"My Dear Miss Wells:

I am writing to ask you if any of the NEW THOUGHT readers can tell me where the following articles can be obtained: A small carbon heater, similar in construction to the carbon foot-stoves used for sleighing, only very much smaller; small enough to be carried in the hand or even worn under the coat.

My friend, who has one, obtained hers in Chicago, but does not remember where. I have tried the Montgomery Ward Supply Store, but they know of no such article.

Also am trying to find where the 'Porte-Air' is manufactured. It is a tube constructed of cloth and rings, to convey fresh air direct to the sleeper without the necessity of a wide-open window. It was pictured in a recent number of Ladies' Home Journal, but they cannot tell me where it can be obtained. I think it a great invention and it seems to me it ought to come into common use.

J. L. B."

I think you must refer to the little Japanese "Hand Warmer." You can get these heaters at Japanese stores, and a friend purchased one in Marshall Field's—I presume in their Japanese department. My mother took one abroad with her and found it very useful on the steamer. The Hand Warmer consists of a case with a perforated sliding top, which can be removed to insert one of the little rolls which come in packages similar to fire-cracker packages. You will be charmed to read on the back of the packages, next to long rows of Japanese characters, that "in winter season it is especially invaluable for those ladies and others whose health are not strong enough!"

I do not know where the Porte-Air is manufactured. They ought to advertise in NEW THOUGHT, ought they not? I'll ask them to when some subscriber sends us—as one surely will—the address we are asking. In the meantime investigate The Indoor Window Tent (see our advertising pages) and see if *that* does not amply fill your need.

* * *

"My Dear Miss Wells:

Seeing the question asked in one of the NEW THOUGHT magazines as to a method of removing ink spots from woolen goods, I send my little experience. Several winters ago I had a tan flannel waist over which I one evening tipped a bottle of black ink. Some one told me to try sweet milk. I laid the waist in a white wash-bowl, saturating the ink-spot completely with the sweet milk. In the morning the spot had disappeared entirely. I rinsed the waist out and wore it the remainder of the winter without a visible sign of any accident. I think it is always much easier to remove such spots if attended to immediately, ere the ink has a chance to dry.

I wonder if some of your kind readers can tell me the proper way to press pleated skirts, or how they do—whether the skirts should be

What Will You Give To Be Well

I CANNOT tell you *how happy I am* that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years' personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty.

To Have Good Figure, Vibrant Health, Rested Nerves?

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

**A Better Wife
A Rested Mother
A Sweeter Sweetheart**

You can easily remove the fat and it

Too Fleshy?

will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women.

One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft: I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now."

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all so easy. I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

Too Thin?

I may need to strengthen your stomach intestines and nerves first. A pupil who was thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman."

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel so well all the time."

Individual Instruction—I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands. My information and advice are entirely free.

Write me today

telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you, I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.

SUSANNA COCROFT,

Dept. 71,

57 Washington Street,

CHICAGO

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.



A CORSET IS NOT NECESSARY

Arise to Your Best!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart, and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified.

You Can Be Well Without Drugs

And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as

Constipation	Dullness
Torpid Liver	Irritability
Indigestion	Nervousness
Rheumatism	Sleeplessness
Weaknesses	Weak Nerves
Catarrh	

by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own room.

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.



I NEVER USE SOAP!

Because I have a better way of insuring a perfect complexion, so that the pores are cleansed, the skin left soft and sweet, all little scales and roughnesses removed, and absolutely no "shine" to follow. You can't be pretty unless you're clean, yet you can't use soap on your face and have a good complexion.

I USE ^{Instead, what I call} **BEAUTY BAGS.**

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

Send me 25 CENTS and I'll mail you full written directions for making, and tell you how and when to use them
KATHERINE BOOTHROYD PALMER, Beauty Expert, 3411 Sheridan Road, Chicago, U. S. A

Please mention NEW THOUGHT when writing to Advertisers.

pressed on the right side or the wrong side, and whether they baste or pin them. Of course I always press with a thin cloth over them, but wondered if some one had an easier method than basting each pleat, as it takes so long, and pins are not always a success. If I press on the right side, my bastings are likely to show; and pressing on the wrong side, the pleats are sometimes not as nice.

I trust you will not think my question amiss. I see so many questions asked under 'Kettledom,' the answers of which are so helpful.

I want also to add my little word of appreciation to the NEW THOUGHT and the good I am sure it must do for others as it does for me.

Miss E. B."

My mother says that basting pleats is the surest way, but an interminable task; that, however, if you do baste the pleats, you should after pressing and removing the basting threads, press lightly again that the marks of the threads may not show. Her own method, however, is to slip the skirt over a firmly dressed ironing board, even the pleat at the bottom of its hem, and pin it securely to the ironing-board cover, both at bottom and top of hem. Then she stretches the pleat toward the top of the skirt as tightly as she can, pins it securely to ironing-board cover, and runs her fingers under the fold of the tightly stretched pleat, evening it perfectly from belt to hem. She pins, thus, as many pleats as the width of the ironing-board will permit, lays over them a damp cloth and presses on the right side. I can testify she is a success at pressing pleats, so you'd better try her way. Of course she is extremely careful in laying her pleats before the pressing.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

As we are just finishing a new home of ten rooms I was naturally interested in N. L. M.'s advice in regard to waxing floors. I have decided I want mine waxed since reading what she has to say. I wonder if she would mind giving us more details. I would like to get a reply in a month or six weeks, if possible, as we will be ready for our floors by then. Where can one procure this crude wax or butcher's wax? also the weighted brush? What proportion of turpentine is required to thin it? Does she wax floors herself or does it require a man to do it? How would a floor treated this way do for dancing, or would it be injured by doing so? I want to give home dancing parties for my three children. They are reaching an age when it becomes necessary for me to entertain them and their friends. I have one large living room 16x22, which I think will be nice for this purpose. Will a 'professional' do this work for one? N. L. M. speaks as though they would not be willing to. Mrs. J. E. K."

Will N. L. M. oblige again? And will Mrs. J. E. K. read the letter we publish from A. L. S.?

* * *

"My Dear Miss Wells:

Perhaps I may be of assistance to the person who asks about polished floors.

In the first place quartered oak, waxed, polished floors, if these are what she has, are floors which

TEN DOLLARS FOR YOU!

We want some information about our advertisers. Some arguments appeal to you, and some don't. Why? When you reply to an advertisement, you receive in return a letter, a booklet, some circular matter (all of which is known as "advertising matter"). We want an answer to these two questions:

QUESTION 1. Which advertiser in this issue do you consider sends the most *convincing* reply (letter, booklet, advertising matter) in response to your inquiry for information?

QUESTION 2. Why do you consider it better than what you received from the other advertisers?

WE WILL GIVE A

PRIZE OF TEN DOLLARS TO THE ONE SENDING IN THE BEST ANSWER TO THE ABOVE TWO QUESTIONS.

A PRIZE OF FIVE DOLLARS to the second best, and

FIVE ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF ONE DOLLAR each.

The prizes will be awarded without regard to style, English or penmanship—anybody can send in an answer and stand a good chance for the prize—we simply want YOUR own personal opinion in YOUR own words, as to why you consider the arguments (or advertising matter) of one advertiser better than those of all the other advertisers.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Use pen and ink—not pencil.

Mark your envelope in lower lefthand corner, "Advertising Contest."

Contest closes April 15th, so all letters must be received at the office of THE NEW THOUGHT Publishers' Co., 4651 North Clark St., Chicago, on or before that day. This gives you plenty of time to compare the advertising matter of our different advertisers.

TEN DOLLARS FOR YOU!

Please mention NEW THOUGHT when writing to Advertisers.

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER

PERPETUAL HEALTH, YOUTH AND BEAUTY

EXTRAORDINARY SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES

HARRY GAZE is the name of the man who is known the world over as the author and founder of the Live Forever literature. Since the publication of Harry Gaze's world-famous books and magazines on the subject of physical immortality, a new and vital literature has found birth, inspired by the logical and scientific theories he has advanced. It will be of interest to the readers of "New Thought" to know that Harry Gaze was the first to put forward the now widely known and approved theory, based upon the periodical renewal of the body every few months, that the secret of perpetual youth is to cooperate with the law of change and growth by realization of bodily newness, and a persistent evolution of new powers.

During the years that have elapsed between Harry Gaze's first presentation of these life-giving truths, he has been ceaselessly working to perfect his theories of life. Now a marvelous discovery has come into his possession. Years ago he announced the psychical elixir of life. To-day he offers in addition to this, the knowledge of the actual physical elixir of life. This is a fluid food which may be created by every man and woman by intelligent preparation. This extraordinary discovery completely unifies the great problems of psychology, nutrition and sex. The new truths have been published in a book, which Harry Gaze now offers exclusively to medical men and to all scientific students. If you are a sincere and earnest student of truth you can secure this great work. "Auto-Genetics" is the title of the book, which means, as the sub-title explains, "The Science of Self-Birth."

HARRY GAZE'S BOOKS

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER

Its Science and Practice.

In twenty practical chapters, this remarkable book explains how perfect and permanent health may be attained. Discloses marvelous laws of nature by which old age and death may be forever avoided. It is simple, scientific and practical. Attractively bound in cloth and gold. 200 pages. Price One Dollar.

ETERNAL YOUTH

This is a new book by Harry Gaze. It was written during his trip to Europe last winter, and recently published by L. N. Fowler & Company, of London, England. Its teachings are in accord with the latest discoveries of biological science. Read this book and retain your youth, or grow again. Mr. Gaze recommends the reading of this book as a preparation for his advanced book of instructions entitled "Auto Genetics." Attractively bound in red cloth. 103 pages. Price One Dollar.

AUTO GENETICS

The Science of Self-Birth.

This book announces and explains Harry Gaze's newest discoveries in psychology, nutrition and sex. It is not offered indiscriminately to the public, but to scientific students only. The book is only for the use of the purchaser, who must fill in the application blank, which accompanies this advertisement. It is intended for the married, or those intending to marry. This is not a large book. The price is determined by its importance, and its exclusive sale to advanced people. 50 pages. Handsomely bound in flexible leather cover. Price Five Dollars.

THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE

A Monthly Magazine of the New Life, edited by Harry Gaze and Frederick Fairfield. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents per copy. "The New Age Magazine" contains interesting and instructive articles on Psychology, Metaphysics, Life Culture, New Thought, Modern and Ancient Wisdom. In the current issues an interesting series is being published on the subject of Human Electricity, Practical Methods for its Cultivation. This is a magazine that will appeal to the thoughtful student of life. Send ten cents for sample copy.

APPLICATION BLANK

For Harry Gaze's Advanced Instructions.
AUTO GENETICS.

Applicants for these instructions are kindly requested to briefly answer the following questions:

Are you convinced, as a result of study and experience, that the mind has a remarkable influence on the body?

Are you prepared, if so advised, to reject every form of stimulant?

Do you desire to study and demonstrate the laws of scientific nutrition and rejuvenescence?

Are you married? If widow or widower so state.

Age?

Harry Gaze, 30 Huntington Ave., Huntington Chambers, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—Please send to my address your instructions entitled "Auto Genetics" for which find enclosed Five Dollars.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Address all orders: **HARRY GAZE**
Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington Ave., Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

GET THIS \$1200

IN ONE MONTH WITH
NEW WONDERFUL INVENTION



Best thing every happened for humanity. Causing great excitement. Said to be **WORLD'S GREATEST MONEY-MAKER.** Here's proof--Read what others have done. "My sales \$1,200 monthly," writes M. G. Stoneman, Mont. "I make \$100 daily," writes J. Sevegne, N. Y. "\$50 in 4 hours" writes W. A. Macoubrie, Kans. Hundreds men and women actually making \$50 to \$100 weekly. You can--its

easy. Start as they did--at home or traveling--all or part time. **EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY.** Don't be hard up, out of employment, or forever slaving to enrich others. Be independent, prosperous, happy, known, welcomed, everywhere. **LET US START YOU** showing, taking orders, appointing agents for Allen's Portable Bath apparatus. Nothing like it. Makes ideal bathroom wherever water in any form exist. God-send to town, country homes. No tubs, bowls, buckets, wash rags or sponges--No plumbing. Small but mighty. Carried in Grip. Show 12--sell 10 sure. World unsupplied. No competition--exclusive territory. Price, complete, \$5.00 and up. Send card today for remarkable offer. Valuable booklets, All free

THE ALLEN MFG. CO. 1456 Allen Bldg. Toledo, O.

TIZ--FOR TENDER FEET

A new scientific medical toilet tablet which
Draws Out All Inflammation and Soreness

This remarkable foot bath remedy is **SUPERIOR to POWDER, PLASTER or SALVE** and is guaranteed to cure Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Frostbites, Chilblains, Ingrowing Nails, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Nervous, Sweaty, Bad Smelling Feet.

Smaller Shoes Can Be Worn

by using TIZ, because it puts and keeps the feet in perfect condition.

28 Delightful Treatments, 25 cents.

Send stamps or buy from your druggist.

W.L. DODGE & CO., 48 Clark St. Dept. 6, Chicago

TEN YEARS' STUDY

of human souls, minds, hearts and bodies has enabled **Edward Earle Parinton** to write an immortal book on self-culture. Just out. Title, **"Lords of Ourselves."** More vital than Macfadden--more transcendental than Emerson. Chapters on naturism, humanism, sleep, travel, play, study, stoicism, romanticism, prayer, service, music, silence, love. Nearly 300 pages. Cloth \$2, paper \$1.50; circular free. Send while you're in the mood.

BENEDICT LUST Dep. N. Th., New York City
465 Lexington Ave.,

"HOW TO KEEP A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR HEALTH"

ASK FOR BOOKLET 14

Thompson of Worcester.....Worcester, Mass.

THREE QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Through that great unseen, **"The Soul of Things."** Send 25 cents coin with three questions to

PROGRESSIVE LIFE

BOX 86, STATION A.

BOSTON, MASS.

Please mention **NEW THOUGHT** when writing to Advertisers.

need constant care but small amount of work at a time.

As I judge hers are in very bad condition she will have to have a professional come in to scrape and repolish. Unless floors are well cared for this has to be done frequently, and finally a new floor laid because the wood becomes so thin.

When we moved into our new home and new house (which we planned), we had the best quartered oak floors laid, made of selected stock. We had several children come to see us and their shoes ruined one floor and another child spoiled our hall floor by an accident, which small children of two sometimes do. It stained the floor so badly, and at that it went through a heavy antique rug. We were obliged to have all the boards taken up and relaid.

We wore around the house very soft slippers with rubber heels, and some of the chairs we had the feet capped with rubber. Pieces of felt on rockers and chairs keep from scratching floor.

There are many kinds of hardwood floors. We have one cherry. It is a deep, rich red, almost like mahogany. There are hard pine floors which are a rich red and can be washed with soap and water and oiled. These I shall have only in the next house I plan, unless I have an Edison cemented house.

Waxed floors, no matter what the wood, must never be washed with soap and water. Use turpentine. Then it must be waxed. There are some preparations on the market which have wax in them which you can polish with a woolen cloth and rub dry with one. There are prepared articles which do not contain wax, but are sold for same.

They must be wiped or dusted with cheese-cloth every other day (a cheese-cloth duster wrung out of turpentine and thoroughly dried is excellent for the purpose). This is a very easy task if one is limber. It is good exercise to get down to this work. One doesn't have to move all the furniture if done this way as one does when a mop is used. A child's broom with a duster tied around it is good to reach under large pieces of furniture. If one's arms are short it is excellent.

I have found that mops do not remove the dust as thoroughly as the duster.

Every week after sweeping take a loaded brush (which comes for this purpose), and run over floor, first scraping bits of paraffin wax all over it. This gives a fine polish and keeps floor in splendid condition.

I read of a mother who had two boys. She strapped pieces of plush carpet on their feet and they skated all over it, polishing it to perfection. They thought it fun and saved her much time.

Always keep on hand a soft cloth, which will absorb water readily, to remove all water spots or anything moist dropped upon it.

Once a month is often enough to use turpentine floors that are used every day.

We have large rugs on all the floors, with tiny door mats in front of doors used often. They just fit space between large rug and door sill.

Waxed floors are spoilt if anything penetrates the waxed surface. It is essential to keep these floors finely polished. It preserves the beautiful coloring of the woods.

A. L. S."

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

In a recent **NEW THOUGHT**, C. R. wishes to when writing to Advertisers.



SPIRIT SIGHT AT WILL



FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS SOLD BEFORE PUBLISHED. TENTH EDITION
READY OCTOBER 1st, AND SOLD OUT BEFORE ISSUE. TWELFTH EDITION ORDERED.

The Great Book of Death, Hindu Spiritism, Soul Transition and Soul Reincarnation

Two Oxford leather editions
sold for \$8.00. Two plain leather
editions sold at \$6.00. Two cloth
editions sold at \$2.00.

NO CIRCULAR OR WORDS CAN DO THIS FAMOUS
VOLUME JUSTICE.

**"Students' Occult
Edition"**

Now Ready A deserved
success.

Over 400 pages, contents guar-
anteed exactly the same as the
\$8.00 Oxford Leather Edition.

Special price,
\$1.50 postpaid

A COMPLETE and STANDARD Course
of SPECIFIC INSTRUCTION, fully de-
scribing many "DEATH SCENES"
and the REAL SEPARATION of SOUL
and BODY. POSITIVELY the only
RELIABLE, AUTHENTIC and STAND-
ARD PUBLICATION on DEATH and
IMMORTALITY. Arranged for Self-
Education and Development. POS-
ITIVELY TEACHES CLAIRVOYANCE
and MEDIUMSHIP. The greatest
Book for Mediums, Spiritualists
and Occult Students the world has
ever known.

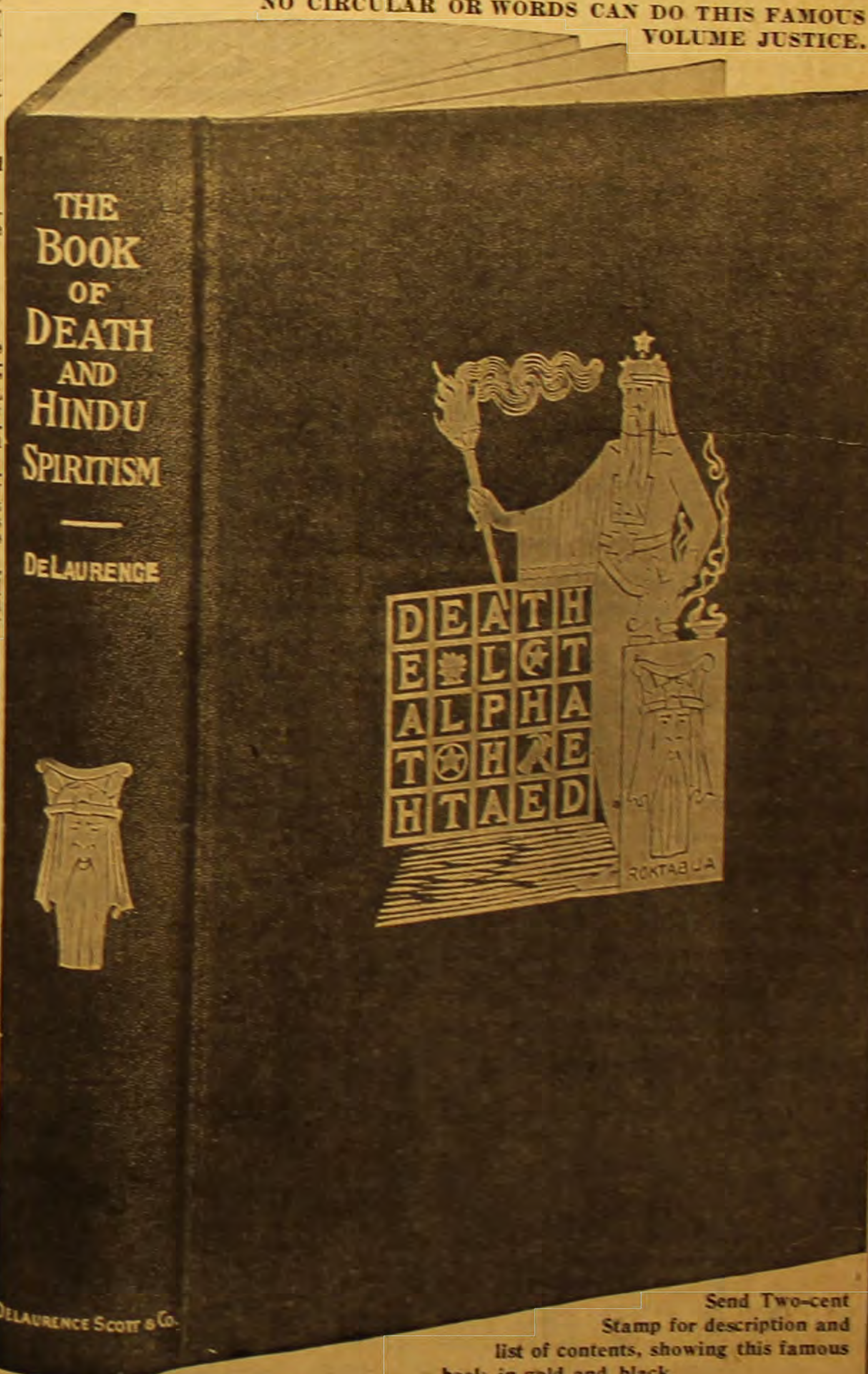
Death and Immortality. Passing
of the Soul, Separation of Soul
and Body. An existence Beyond
the Grave for the Souls of Our
Dead.

No matter what your re-
ligion or creed is, what you
believe or don't believe;
whether you believe in a
heaven and a hell and a
God; whether you are a
materialist, a spiritualist,
an infidel or an atheist, you
most certainly will never
part with this famous vol-
ume, for it teaches just
what you want to learn.

Written and Arranged by the
World's Most Famous and Cele-
brated Master and Teacher of Oc-
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Everything is explained so that a
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Work by a Master and Adept.
Don't miss it. You will never have
another opportunity like this.

SPIRIT SIGHT AT WILL

Teaches Development,
so Spirit Sight and Spirit
Communication can be
obtained at will. Genu-
ine System and Method
of Hindu Spiritism.



Address

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1514 Masonic Temple, Dept. N, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

CLAIRVOYANCE.
MEDIUMSHIP.

Send Two-cent

Stamp for description and
list of contents, showing this famous
book in gold and black.

Please mention NEW THOUGHT when writing to Advertisers.

IS THIS A NEW SCIENCE OF LIFE?

Helen Rhodes, Famous Lecturer, College Woman and World-Wide Traveler, Puts Forth Remarkable Book.

Is it literally true that having eyes we see not and having ears we hear not?

In her remarkable new book "PSYCHCOMA" meaning (Soul Sleep) Helen Rhodes maintains that the waking state of the average person is a sort of dreaming out loud.

She claims that the destiny of the race is to awaken from the hypnotic coma, this soul sleep of ages.

She tells us that "NIGHT IS THE DAYTIME OF THE SOUL," and gives definite directions by which, in sleep, the subconscious mind may come in touch with the cosmic forces and wisdom and power be brought over the borderland of consciousness, into the waking state.

Another strong feature of the book is the INWARD BREATH exercise: This is a method for unifying the physical forces, equalizing the circulation and expelling disease from the system.

SPECIAL VALUE. THE NAUTILUS

Elizabeth Towne is the editor. We will send PSYCHCOMA and THE NAUTILUS one year for only \$1.60. Address

ELIZABETH TOWNE,

DEPT. 1012,

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know how to clean a seal coat. Get the best alcohol. I should think a pint would be enough. Wet cloth (white) and thoroughly rub the coat, a small piece at a time. Go all over it, changing cloths when soiled. Then go over again to rinse and smooth it right. Rub up the plush and rub all ways at first. Any fur can be cleaned this way, even the light grey curly fur. The alcohol does not take out the curl at all, and the lining can be cleaned, too. H. S. N."

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