

10,000 PRIZE CONTEST IN THIS ISSUE

January 1910

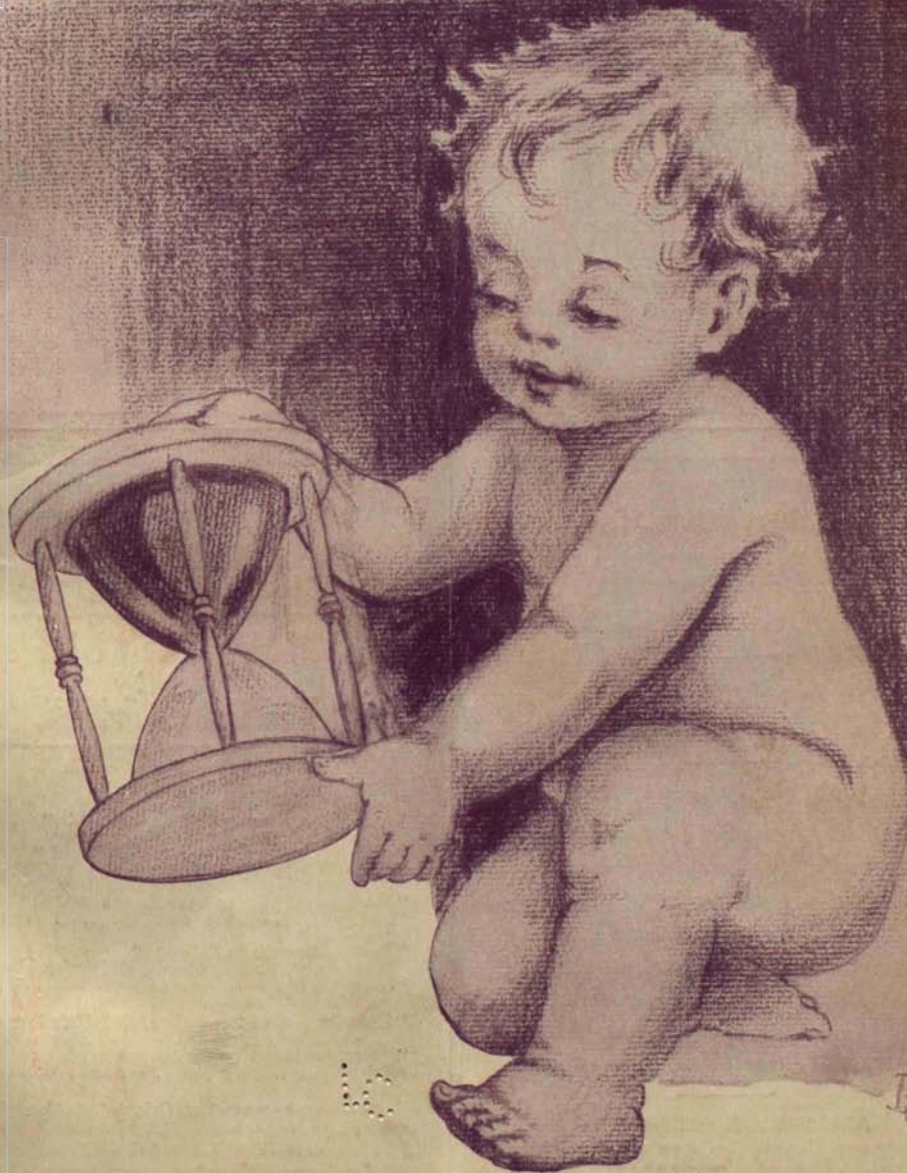
Discontinued with
Oct 1910

10 Cents

NEW THOUGHT

JAN 8 1910

An Organ of Optimism



782
713
10

'Have you somewhat to do tomorrow?
Do it today.'

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING CO - 215 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill

FOR PERMANENT HEALTH

Wholesome food—relaxation and sleep—fresh air—pure water—out-door exercise—cleanliness—regular habits—cheerful thoughts—useful work—harmonious environment and an understanding of the laws of Nature will, if taken in equal portions, make and keep you well and mentally poised.

If you are sick it is because you have been taking too much of some portion, and not enough of the others, or you have taken all of some and none of the others.

After we have lifted you out of your sickness, we teach you how to equalize the dose.

For an exact diagnosis of any unusual case, describe symptoms frankly and briefly and mail to PROF. S. A. WELTMER, NEVADA, MISSOURI, marked (Personal); and he will, without charge, give you a definite idea of what can be done and the time required.

Write for Illustrated Catalog of the Weltmer Institute. Ask for Circulars Telling of the Beautiful Lake Park Springs and the Many Attractions of Nevada, Missouri, as a Health Resort.

"Dollars Want Me"

HENRY HARRISON BROWN will send a copy of this "New Road to Opulence" for ten cents, or a copy of a much needed book on a misunderstood subject, "Not Hypnotism but Suggestion," for 25 cents.

He will send lessons in "Suggestion" and in "The Art of Living" for 50 cents each and with each send a personal letter. A lesson in "Psychometry" with a personal letter and two experiments for \$1.00. Will write a letter of advice on any matter of life for \$1.00.

He gives absent treatments by the month with letters of advice, for the cure of any mental or physical condition, or for the breaking of any habit. Receives patients, students and guests at his "Home Among the Redwoods" of Santa Cruz Mountains of California. Has a New Thought Summer School from May till November. Address for circulars and terms, GLENWOOD, SANTA CRUZ CO., CALIFORNIA.

EUSAPIA PALLADINO: AND HER PHENOMENA

By HERWARD CARRINGTON

Profusely Illustrated, Cloth,
\$2.00 Net, Postage 15c.

In this book the author gives a short sketch of this noted medium's life, a complete historical summary of her case; detailed extracts of his own sittings; a resume of every theory advanced to date to explain these phenomena (including one of his own) and concludes with an interesting chapter: "Biological and Psychological Considerations." A remarkable book on a remarkable case.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO:

HERWARD CARRINGTON

130 W. 34th Street, :: NEW YORK

"IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES"

Another Illuminating Book by

HENRY FRANK

Author of "Triumph of Truth," "Kingdom of Love,"
"Shrine of Silence," etc.

THE MASTERY OF MIND IN THE MAKING OF A MAN.

Some Subjects Treated:

"How Mental Images are Made;"
"The Secret Springs of Desire;"
"Soul-Force Measured in Foot-pounds;"
"Building of Brain by Mental Action;"
"How the Brain Photographs the Mind;"
"Rational Treatment of the Insane and Hysterical;"
"Rhythmic Breathing and Nerve Response;"
"Astrological Influences in Human Birth;"
"Pre-Natal Influence on Off-spring: The Law Stated;"
"Psychic Growth in Infancy;"
"What Causes So Many Different Kinds of People?"
"Influence of Psychological Environment on Physical Temperaments;"

"Seldom has the Philosophy of Self-Help been so convincingly presented,"—S. F. Argonaut.
"Every page bristles with interesting facts and is redolent of fine literary flavor,"—Boston Courier and Budget.

• 236 pages cream-tint Oriental Antique deckle-edge paper, dark blue cloth, gold-stamped covers,

ONLY \$1.10, POSTPAID

Independent Literature Co.,

132a West 79th St., New York City, U. S. A.

NEW THOUGHT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY, 1910

No. 1

Health in the Making	Sidney A. Weltmer	1
Seamless. A Poem	Florens Folsom	5
My Recollections of Walt Whitman	William Walker Atkinson	6
Keep a Fishin'. A Poem	Alice D. O. Greenwood	9
Some Manifestations of Life	Otterbein O. Smith	10
Blowing Bubbles. A Poem	Emma Fisk-Smith	13
"Begin Now" is the Best Motto for Success	Ella Wheeler Wilcox	14
The Ministry of Desire. A Poem	Marchesa Florence Alli-Maccarani	15
The Science and Art of Salesmanship IV. Psychological Relation Between Buyer and Seller.	Henry Frank	16
Answers to Questions Concerning Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena	Hereward Carrington	18
Winter. A Poem	Emma Playter Seabury	20
Causes of Failure in Healing	Hattie Preston Rider	20
The Law of Chemical Equilibrium X. The Influence of Sound on Mind and Body.	Paul F. Case	22
The Logic of It	Sidney A. Weltmer	24
Studies in Reincarnation VII. Karma.	Lilian M. Hughes	25
Physical Regeneration	Elmer Ellsworth Carey	28
The Sub-Conscious is the Reality	Henry Harrison Brown	31
Editorial Department		33
The Current Topics Club Conducted by	Louise Radford Wells	35
Ways to Earn Money Conducted by	Louise Radford Wells	37
In Kettledom Conducted by	Louise Radford Wells	39
Quips and Jests		41
The Telepathy Department Conducted by	Ernest Weltmer, Director	42

EDITORS: Sidney A. Weltmer

Louise Radford Wells

Ernest Weltmer

Yearly Subscription \$1.00 (Foreign and Canadian \$1.25)

Single Copy 10 Cents.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING CO.,

MAIN OFFICE: 215 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

BRANCH OFFICE: Nevada, Missouri.

Editorial, Advertising and Subscription Departments.

Address all communications in reference to the advertising or editorial departments to the MAIN OFFICE.

It will expedite the handling of subscriptions, if subscription orders, inquiries, changes of address, etc. are sent to the BRANCH OFFICE at Nevada, Missouri.

Copyrighted 1909 by the New Thought Publishing Co. All Rights Reserved. Entered as Second-class matter November 10, 1905, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

\$10,000 PRIZE CONTEST!

(Continued from Advertising Page 4)

We are not printing any of the stories this month because to print any of the stories of Section 2 would probably confuse those who are voting on Section 1—we are therefore holding the new stories until the voting on Section 1 is out of the way. (Save all your copies of NEW THOUGHT, as you will want to refer to the stories when voting.) The stories being voted on now are the 100 which were printed in December NEW THOUGHT. Read them again and use the voting blank in this January number, as well as the one in December. Somebody needs your vote! Here are the 100 contestants upon whose stories we are voting.

Who Shall Be the Lucky One?

Annie Allee.....	No. 64	J. P. Fruit.....	No. 421	Mrs. O. T. Mason.....	No. 93
Anna L. Andrews.....	329	M. E. French.....	394	Lucy Morton.....	128
Mrs. D. E. Arnold.....	43	Miss S. P. Gentry.....	330	O. O. Millen.....	424
A. R. Brown.....	68	Florence Grizzell.....	390	Wm. B. Ness.....	350
May Belle Brooks.....	476	Mayetta Gordon.....	264	Arthur Naslund.....	483
G. L. Barnes.....	492	G. W. Goodwin.....	89	Alfred J. Parker.....	4
E. M. Barber.....	30	Mabel Hall.....	227	Miss Elfrieda I. Swetnam.....	252
Alonzo N. Babcock.....	28	Mrs. M. E. Hibbard.....	356	Mrs. J. Peter.....	415
E. T. Bennett.....	481	Mrs. Charles Halliday.....	203	Renee E. Phillips.....	245
John Bennetts.....	454	Vivian F. Hunter.....	6	Warren A. Peterman.....	217
Walter H. Bray.....	449	Lucile Hammersmith.....	72	Mrs. Annie Rodd.....	171
Mrs. Mary Brice.....	254	R. T. House.....	410	Mrs. Gertrude Richards.....	62
Robert L. Becker.....	97	E. E. Hinson.....	220	Vivian L. Raymond.....	371
Flora Burson.....	107	John A. Harris.....	156	Frank A. Raymond.....	5
Mildred Butts.....	155	Harry Hoffman.....	448	Harris Scofield.....	11
Mrs. G. de Borges.....	209	Joseph Haky, Jr.....	412	Mrs. T. Shoudy.....	192
Jessie L. Bronson.....	228	J. Nash Ives.....	125	Mrs. C. E. Shuler.....	2
Mrs. N. Cleveland.....	467	Mrs. M. C. Jordan.....	183	Miss Jane G. Steele.....	420
Nellie C. Chase.....	18	Peter Johnson.....	188	Mrs. F. K. Sutton.....	360
W. H. Charlesworth.....	335	Frank Kershner.....	173	Hugo Stockton.....	212
A. L. Colclough.....	189	W. B. Kerr.....	137	Mrs. Phoebe Taylor.....	130
Francis J. Cushing.....	49	Bartram S. Kent.....	471	C. H. Truesdall.....	33
B. L. Crippen.....	194	Miss Lorraine Lee.....	488	Florence Van Denbergh.....	56
Isabel J. Cooper.....	495	Electra R. La Zelle.....	395	Mrs. C. C. Vaughn.....	244
J. T. Crawford.....	148	Thomas Levis.....	478	Theodore von Hemert.....	15
Margaret Durell.....	275	Mrs. McLellan.....	53	C. H. Whaples.....	279
A. J. Denner.....	263	Mrs. Helen McAlpin.....	73	Mrs. A. N. Winans.....	61
J. H. Durkee.....	44	Miss Fern Muriman.....	80	F. M. Wheelock.....	388
S. M. Denny.....	115	W. D. McCurdy.....	222	Charles V. Wheeler.....	484
Mrs. Frank Deline.....	111	Frederick Mason.....	458	Grace F. Wagner.....	71
Miss Clara E. Espey.....	182	Miss Myrtle Minkle.....	486	O. L. Wiltse.....	257
Estelle Fuller.....	282	Miss Elizabeth Matlock.....	34	Olive A. Welch.....	337
		M. E. Moss.....	94	Ernest D. Wells.....	489
		Miss L. C. McCarty.....	166	Bennett Vairfassan.....	77

NOTE: Through a printer's error, the number of Contestant, Mrs. Frank Deline was given in the December NEW THOUGHT as 11: it should have been 111. Her story, printed elsewhere in the December number, was numbered correctly, and all votes received for that story or for her have been properly entered to her credit, regardless of number. The number of Mrs. Mary Brice was incorrectly given as 111 (seems to have been a hoodoo about No. 111), both in the Contestants' list and the printing of her story. Her correct number is 254. As all votes, however, contain not only number but full name of contestant, there is no chance of error in entering votes.

A voting coupon is printed at the foot of this page. Fill it out with your vote and send in. **NO VOTES WILL BE COUNTED UNLESS WRITTEN ON THIS COUPON AND CONTAINING THE NAME AND FULL ADDRESS OF VOTER.** You do not have to be a subscriber to NEW THOUGHT to be entitled to vote. Anybody can vote, but for our convenience in handling and counting ballots we require all votes to be sent in on the coupon we print below for this purpose. Please Note!

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

CAN YOU USE \$100?

ENTRY COUPON—For Your Convenience

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

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

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

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

VOTING BLANK

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

I vote for.....
No..... Section.....
as the one entitled to the prize for that section.

COUNT MY VOTE.

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

New Thought

Vol. XIX

No. 1.

"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."

JANUARY, 1910

Health in the Making

By Sidney A. Weltmer



The normal condition of all things physical is that of health. Health is a perfect, natural condition and exists in all being and all forms of being in which the growth and development have not been changed from the primary condition. In other words, health is the normal expression of life, and life is always perfect. It is a perfect condition, can never be other than perfect and can only be hampered in such manner that its *expression* is imperfect.

Psychology is that part of scientific thinking devoted to the comprehension and application of the known laws of mind. As much as we know about mind, with any degree of certainty, we call psychology. Then the mind's relation to health is the psychology of health.

One of the first things the mind grasps in the study of natural law is

the fact that the law never changes, and the next thing discovered is the *purpose* of the law.

If there were not some progressive, increasing purpose in all of the manifestations of natural law, the world would be rushing toward destruction; but we find that the first principle in human life, or in life at all, that is manifest in consciousness or in the conscious activity of mind in its very lowest forms, is that of reproduction; of perpetuation; and then we decide that the purpose of the law is to continue the existence of every form of being until it has accomplished all of its life work.

This is obvious to the psychologist, in every department of natural law—not only in that of reproduction, but in growth, in improvement, and in extension in the direction of perfection, in each succeeding generation. This process will continue until, in reproduction, life becomes so perfected in conscious expression that it can sustain itself indefinitely.

Some old writer delegated to himself the work of predicating the future of the

Health in the Making

masses, and injected this bit of sophistry into the common thought: that each generation grew weaker and wiser.

It would be a paradox to become wiser, and at the same time weaker. Wisdom is the exhibition of mental strength; therefore it would be totally irreconcilable and totally at variance with common sense to say that as wisdom becomes greater, weakness should be manifest. But the majority of mankind have conceded this to be true; and growing out of this conception has come largely our veneration for age, our expectancy of decay, and our gradual looking forward to a time when physically we will disintegrate; and so with the wisdom that belongs to the period of maturity has been associated the physical decrepitude that ends human existence.

The prevailing idea is that as man increases in intellectual power he becomes less strong physically; but the history of the ancient Greeks, who developed the most perfect bodies of any nation, demonstrates that the clearest thinking is done by those who attain the most perfect physical development; that the mind acts with most freedom when it is unrestricted by physical hindrances.

Health, to the average thinker, is a condition which may be either good or bad, subject to all of the changes and various conceptions that have been ascribed to evil, and people are frequently heard to speak of having "bad health." But health means a physical condition in harmony with the natural law which produced it, and is a *perfect* condition. As much of health, of this life principle, as is uninterrupted in its natural course will find perfect expression in the physical organism.

Health may not find perfect expression in your life, but it can never be bad, because nothing perfect can be bad. We may be physically perfect or we may be physically imperfect, but we can never be imperfectly healthy.

Whatever mental attitude we hold toward ourselves and toward the law that governs our bodies, is our psychological view of ourselves.

Psychology provides us with a reason for every one being well, which is a stronger argument than the necessary tendencies which we have inherited from our ancestors. What is the relation of your mind toward yourself? Are you weakly because your father was? Are you disposed to take cold easily because that has been a tendency in your family? Are you disposed to be satisfied with a certain degree of physical effort and physical enjoyment, simply because your parents were of that type?

Let this thought be deeply impressed upon your mind: the relation of your mind to the condition in which you are satisfied to have your body has a hundred times more to do with what your physical condition now is and will be in the future, than all of the inherited tendencies that ever came into you. This is proven in the history of some of the most remarkable lives of the present day.

It is said that when Theodore Roosevelt was a schoolboy, nine or ten years of age, he was a frail lad; he wore glasses; he was near-sighted; he was awkward; and worse than all those things, he was smaller than the boys of his age, and they kicked and cuffed his body about. But there was a mind domiciled within that body which determined that, whether he was large or small, he proposed to fill the place of a nine-year-old boy!

He asked questions of his teacher and of others, whether he could not grow up to be a strong, robust, healthy man, as other boys had done. At first he met with very little encouragement, but one day it is said that he met an old man on the street who told him that it was possible for him to develop into a large, strong man some day, and that the only thing of which he knew that would aid him was to live with that end in view. This was the boy's cue. It was but a short time until he began to be respected at school. His ideal began to find conscious expression in his physical being. In his early manhood he went west and subjected himself to a life of "roughing

it," and to-day he is one of the athletes of this country.

Whence came his success? What was the secret of his development into perfect physical manhood? *He had determined upon that development.* If you were to ask him about the psychology of health, he would say that any man can become whatever he wants to be, and he would cite his own experience as proof of his assertion.

Whatever we think of ourselves is what we are becoming. The mind controls the body, and your condition of physical perfection or imperfection is not due to the lack of perfection within you, but to the insufficient freedom of this perfect condition to manifest itself.

If there is a seeming lack of health in your body, there is something within you which nature cannot dispose of, all at once, under present conditions; the subjective mind, which rules your body, cannot quite handle the load just now; but think of yourself as entitled to perfect health, remove all conscious interference, and that perfect state will soon begin to manifest again. To do this you must dismiss from your mind all of the feeling that inheritance has made it otherwise, that it has been decreed differently for you, and conceive for yourself a perfect ideal of what you wish to be. Just rest, and let yourself alone—and trust the law to govern you perfectly. You have an abundance of health, and all you need to do is to allow it to find expression.

In their study of the secrets of creation, scientific men have attempted to endow the protoplasm under investigation with the life principle, but in this they have failed. They have not yet learned how to make one hair white or black. They have not learned how to endow the original cell with the spark of life. They have no method whereby they can improve the law which governs human life. But they have learned one thing; they have learned *how to let nature work out her own plan*, and how the process of creation goes on, begin-

ning with the tiny cell, evolving into the most perfect forms of being that constitute the created things of earth.

When we have learned all that we can learn, it may be summed up in this: we shall know how to let the God who made us rule our bodies; and how to expend our energies in such manner that we do not close the avenues through which vitality returns. And then when we do what we can do—expend our energy, express our wisdom, exercise our physical strength—and then lie down to rest, knowing full well from former experiences that our vitality can only be restored by the One who gave the first supply; during our hours of sleep our strength will be renewed, and the repairs necessary in the broken body will be made by the same Mind, the same Architect, the same Master Builder, who created it and supplied it, in the beginning of our physical existence.

The scientific student of the mind and its relation to the body, of the power of mind over the physical, is seeking the knowledge which will enable him to tell the world how it is possible to express in full the perfect inner life. We may yet learn how to speak the word that will start at once in one grand impulse, from its center to its circumference, the restorative activity of the subjective forces of the body, manifesting perfectly in the objective the mind that is capable of expressing itself in consciousness; finding perfect expression in the physical organism. Thus we may speak the word that will make the sick well, make the depressed glad, and the gloomy gay.

But if conditions are carrying any of us in the direction of physical decay and degeneration, what must we do? What word must we speak to that one who has burned his candle to a greater extent than nature can at once replace? He must stop; halt; listen; and out of the stillness somewhere will come the whispered direction, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*"

If your strength is not equal to the task before you, from your objective viewpoint, stop and think that there is

nothing which the human mind can desire that the Father who made it will withhold; there is no power that will be refused; no gift that heaven holds, denied you; no blessing that is not yours, if you make yourself the proper receptacle for it.

When we learn all these things, we can call to the one who is fretting and fuming and worrying about his affairs, and tell him to "Be still"; to that one who is using up his energy, refusing to rest or allowing it to be restored, say "Halt"; and to that one who is seeking here and there for health, we can tell that, right within him, power is striving, groaning under the over-load imposed upon it, seeking to find expression. There is none out here, none above, nor any below; it is within, and must express itself just as the germ within the seed must express itself, in order that from that germ a plant may grow.

The health that you need is yours right now. All you need to do is to allow it freedom, set it free, invite it to the surface, and it cannot but come. Many times we learn that here and there the perfect mind within will express itself in almost complete fullness, with one word that arouses hope. The key to the awakening of this sleeping being, to the freeing of this contracted, restrained, hindered health within, is to arouse hope within the mind. Tell the patient he can get well, that he can overcome all his weakness, and when his mind grasps that possibility, you arouse the perfect self into action.

Life may lie apparently dormant for years and years, but as long as there is hope in consciousness, there is the possibility of life in perfect expression, because hope is the impulse that starts life into activity.

The mind is capable of distinction, capable of feeling, capable of knowing, but in consciousness man can know only in part; his vision is obscured, and he views all things in the objective world as through a glass darkly; but in his subjective self he can see face to face.

But before he can trust his subjective self he will have to make himself conscious that that self exists.

We have thought that the only original thing that belonged to us was "original sin," but I want to say to you that the power which holds us in this sphere of life is that *original spark of perfection*, and it would manifest itself perfectly if we would but recognize without reservation its presence within.

That one who expects to find outside himself, or in some man's formula, a panacea, or in some man's remedy a cure for all disorders, is looking where that thing is not. The psychology of to-day will tell you that the moment he finds health and allows it to express itself, he will find himself first, and then free himself. Hence, the health within you is perfect. In your conscious thought you have not allowed it to express itself perfectly, because you have not seen it all, and the perfection of anything is all of the virtue belonging to that thing.

Man can find within himself whatever there is needed to make him what he wants to be. When he knows himself, becomes perfectly honest with himself, he ceases to charge any one with any blame or responsibility for his present condition. The man who does that, finds himself at first isolated, separated from the crowd, and seems to be out in the world alone, and then in a moment he finds that there is that within him which can harmonize with the highest harmony, that can co-ordinate with the positive in everything, and his exaltation begins.

These are some of the things that belong to the psychology of health. We want to learn how to do these things, how to arouse into action a human soul, how to awaken the sleeping power within; and then every word we offer in the effort to help our fellow men will not fall to the ground, but will reach into the great absolute and become a part of Infinite Power—every word will be a healing word and every suggestion bring a cure.

Seamless

By Florens Folsom



HEY parted His vesture among them; divided His
raiment in lots;

They splashed its snowy texture with hideous daubs
and blots;

The seamless robe—they tore it across from neck to hem:
Yet who are we—O, what are we, to think of blaming them!
We part His vesture among us—into sects and cults, and
“sides;”

We say that God is with us, and with none of the world
besides;

We boast that we hold His robe entire in our clutching clasp,
When its hem alone we touch—and that with a drowner’s
grasp.

Forests and fields and oceans upon that Robe appear;
Stars, and suns, and the brook that runs in the meadow,
neighbor-near;

All the lovely little things, the dearest that we know,—
Bright splendors that we dream not of,—upon that vesture
show.

For the woof of His Robe is Nature; its warp is the Cosmos
vast;

It is not spoiled nor torn nor soiled by any piteous Past,
By any sad-souled Present, clinging in tense despair—
Hold fast! The troubling hour will pass, and Life once more
look fair.

Seamless—one—is that Vesture: sheltering, warming all;
Its darling folds embracingly round every spirit fall;
However we think to tear it, to float our church above,
High o’er the air, come here, go there, it waves—

Allwhere is LOVE!

My Recollections of Walt Whitman

By William Walker Atkinson



During the latter years of the "80s" I lived in a small suburban town in New Jersey, between which and Philadelphia I traveled daily. In order to reach my train at Camden, on my return each

afternoon, it was necessary to travel from Philadelphia, across the Delaware River, on one of the old-fashioned ferry-boats which then plied between the two cities. The trip across the river took a much longer time than at present, owing to the obstructing islands in the river which have since been removed. In the winter the ice banking up around these islands often made the trip quite a journey, and at all times those who made it had an opportunity to form acquaintances and to have many a friendly chat with their fellow-travelers.

While making these daily trips for several years, I had the opportunity to see quite a little of the "good old grey poet," Walt Whitman. Although at that time I did not appreciate him as I do now, with the added experience of the years which have passed, I am glad to say that I was fortunate enough to have had many conversations with him and many opportunities for receiving what has since proved to be a series of very vivid and lasting impressions of his unique personality. Although these chats at that time meant but little more to me than interesting talks with a picturesque old man whose poems I had never read, still the ideas to which he gave utterance have proved to be seed-thoughts which have since grown and borne flowers and fruit in my mind. Often in reading,

writing, or in conversation, I am struck by some association between the thought of the moment, and that embodied in some particular expression of the kindly old poet heard by me twenty years ago. There was always a strong suggestive element in Walt's words and phrases—it was not so much what he said as *what he made one think for one's self*.

Old Walt was very fond of crowds, and the throngs of the railroad stations, ferry-boats, and the streets, appealed strongly to him. I do not ever remember to have seen him on the boat in the morning, but many's the time I have seen him in the late afternoon, when the crowd of the returning suburbanites would fill the cabins and the outer decks of the boats. He would be helped to a seat on a bench just outside the cabin doors, and would sit there for an hour or two as the boat made her regular trips to and from Philadelphia. Sometimes he would sit still, gazing thoughtfully at the crowd and nodding here and there to passengers who knew him by sight or personally. Again he would sit listening to the reading of some favorite book or of his correspondence from all parts of the world. His faithful attendant treated him as one would a child. Walt was paralyzed, you know, and in the later days had to be wheeled around in a chair, although when I first saw him he was able to walk slowly, leaning on the arm of his attendant. There was nothing of the *poseur* about the man, as some critics have unjustly asserted, but nature had given to him such a picturesque personality that he could not fail to give the impression of artistic pose.

Walt's personality was unique—he was "different." He was like some old Greek philosopher reincarnated in modern form, bringing with him his old men-

tal and physical traits. He seemed to belong to another age of men—an older race than ours—and I was always impressed with the idea that he regarded his modern clothing as an impertinence, for he wore it with that air. One instinctively longed to see the old man clothed in the ancient Greek *pallium*, with bared head and sandalled feet. He seemed to belong to the same class as Plato and Socrates. I wish to say here that this physical resemblance to the ancient Greek philosophers was noticed and commented on by me at the time, and years before I read a line of his writings or knew his philosophy. It was not suggested by his thought, but by the memory of ancient statuary which I had seen in art galleries. No one at all familiar with the appearance of the men of ancient Greece could have failed to notice the resemblance—Walt was classic in physical outline and form.

His hair and beard were gray, or white. His clothing and hat were gray. There was no touch of bright color, nor of black about him. And yet he was not sombre or gloomy of aspect. He gave one the color impression of a statue carved from light gray granite. His loosely arranged hair was tossed about by the breezes of the river, and his beard was negligently trimmed and brushed. His clothes fitted him loosely, and his soft shirt was opened a button or two at the neck, his throat and the upper part of his breast showing through his beard. But, mark you this, while there was a decided manifestation of the *negligee* about Walt, there was no untidiness in the sense of uncleanness or lack of neatness and personal care of the body. Walt was about the *cleanest looking* man I ever met. His was the cleanliness and sweetness of the freshly bathed lusty infant. His body always gave one the impression that it had been recently given a Turkish bath. One noticed this instinctively—his physical body obtruded itself upon one's attention, demanding to be recognized as healthy and clean. His way of wearing his clothing reminded

one of the thought of the old Greek sage who recommended his pupil to live "so that your body may cling but loosely to your soul." He was one of those individuals of whom one could think as being "naked and not ashamed." His skin was of a peculiar tint—perhaps "baby pink" would best describe it. It was nearly the shade of the skin of a man to whom his barber has just given a steaming and a facial massage, except that there was no suggestion of artificial make-up. Walt's face was seamed, rugged and "mannish" in every respect, and except in its tinting bore no resemblance to the carefully massaged and made-up face of the fashionable clubman or "sport." In this very aspect of cleanliness and pink skin, one was again impressed with the idea of the baths of which the ancient Greeks were so fond, and in which they spent so much time.

The extreme democracy of the man was ever in evidence. Bootblacks, hod-carriers, newsboys, and men with plaster on their clothes, talked freely to him—he was in entire sympathy with life in all of its phases, and was "universal" in his likes. I once saw him interrupt the reading of a personal letter from one of Great Britain's most prominent personages, to chat with a man who looked like a tramp. One afternoon I listened to two day-laborers who were discussing him. "Sure, the old man's a good old duffer, all right, all right," said the first one—"What does he work at anyways?" "Oh, I dunno. Some sez he writes potry wot ain't got no rhyme to it, but then again dey sez he writes fur de papers. I reckon he don't make a very good thing out of it though, fer dey sez dat some rich blokes in the old country sends him money to live on. I guess he is an old 'has been' newspaper man out of a job. Wouldn't wonder, though, but he was a good 'un in his time," replied the second man. "Well," rejoined the first speaker, "he's 'all right,' that's what he is. Nothing stuck-up about *him*. He allus has a friendly greetin' fer ye, and he don't look at yer clothes, not that he's so much on

style himself, for that matter. He allus has a sort of *cheerin'-up* way about him, the old woman sez, and so sez I." "Sure, he has *that!*" remarked the other.

Thousands of people of this kind met and talked with old Walt without knowing who he was, or what he had done. But they all liked him, for, as the man's "old woman" said, "he allus had *such a cheerin'-up* way about him."

In after years I saw a photograph of Walt, showing him with outstretched finger upon which was perched a butterfly. The tale is that when sitting for an out-of-door photograph a fluttering butterfly alighted on his finger and remained until the picture was taken. All animals, including birds, seemed to be attracted toward him. When I saw this photograph I was reminded of an instance which came under my own observation, which seemed to illustrate the truth of the story. One day a vagabond "yaller dog" ran on to the ferry-boat, dodging the kicks of the deck-hands. It secreted itself until the boat was under way, and then peered out from under the bench where it had hidden. It was frightened by the crowd, and ran about in terror. Nobody pitied it—it was such a "yaller" dog, ugly, ragged and forlorn. At last it caught sight of old Walt, who had been watching it from the other side of the deck. With a swift rush it made for him and crouched between his legs, looking up into his rugged old face with an air of such perfect trust and understanding that its former persecutors were touched. Walt made as much over the poor cur as if it had been a prize-winner—more, perhaps. The deck-hands growled good-naturedly, and one of them said: "Well, dere's no use in tryin' to git dat dorg offen de boat, now de ole man's got holt of it." "Oh, well, what's de diff?" said the other, "it pleases de ole man an' it's good fer de dorg, and I guess it don't hurt nobody none, anyways."

Children seemed fascinated by the old

gray fellow, and would edge toward him—they seemed to find in him the embodiment of the "Santa Claus" legend and spirit. He would look at them wonderingly, and seemed to read in their frankly staring eyes strange stories of the future and past. The children of his humble neighborhood were very fond of him, and would gather around his doorstep, I am told. It is related of him that one of his little childish playmates having died, the old man walked across the street, and entering the darkened parlor, gazed into the little face he knew so well. The other children gathered solemnly around him, some taking hold of his hands, and others clutching his long coat. With tear-filled eyes he turned to them, saying quaintly: "You don't understand what all this means, little people, do you?" A moment later he resumed: "And neither do I, children—neither do I," and hurriedly left the room. On the boat one day I saw a little tot hold up its stick of candy for "de nice man to take a bite." Another time I saw a little girl seated on Walt's lap twisting his beard into two grotesque "horns," unnoticed by Walt, who was talking to an important-looking personage who had stepped up to him. To children, Walt was more than a friend—he was a *child* of larger stature, who entered into the psychology of the child nature—a most rare thing, by the way.

Walt never hesitated to show his preference for men, women and children who were not "dressed up." He liked the *plain* things, the plain people, the homely speech. He was a man "with the bark on," and he liked the same quality in others. He loved nature, the crowds, moving things, activity. He said to me once: "My boy, look at that moving crowd as it pushes toward the gates. Do you not feel its life-wave and motion? It seems to me like a moving wave of the Ocean of Life—and the life of that Ocean is *my* life—there seems to be but One Life in it all, and I feel it moving in me."

Walt Whitman was a glorious old

pagan. The spirit of the old Greek Pantheism was imminent in him. He caught the echoes of the pipes of Pan, and he danced to their tune. In his line's he sought to repeat the fragments of the tunes of the pipes that he had heard in his vision—to repeat the strains of the Hymn of Life, the Dance of the Atoms, the Song of the Flame.

It is with one of the nearest approaches to regret that I permit myself to feel, that I remember the opportunities I once had of talking to this wonderful old man, of Life, and Death, and Love, and all the rest—opportunities which came when I did not understand or value them, and when I did not know of the inner meanings of these things, nor what the old man before me could have told me had I asked. But, still, I am glad that I knew this man even the little I did—that I heard from his own lips even the few words that fell to my share—that I saw with mine own eyes that wonderful *avatar* of the old Greek spirit. No, Walt is no *hero* of mine, nor am I a hero-worshipper at any one's shrine, for that matter. But somehow, somehow, I feel that my life has been made larger and fuller for having come into even such slight personal contact with this man. One "catches the spirit" of great people, often. The memory of old Walt serves to give my thoughts regarding the Greek spirit, a certain life, actuality and reality that they would otherwise lack. To me

this man stands as a living individualized symbol of Nature—of the "Will-to-Live" of Schopenhauer, (without the pessimism of that philosopher,) of the "Life Forces" of Bernard Shaw. When I look at his picture, I seem to see in the dim background the shadowy forms of the dancing godlings of the woods, the valleys, and the mountains, and to hear in the distance the faint plaintive strains of the pipes of Pan. Walt Whitman lived either twenty-five hundred years after his time, or else two hundred years before his age—take your choice.

My last impression of Walt Whitman is that of the old man, then too feeble to be moved from his wheel-chair, which had been wheeled up in the Camden ferry house, sitting quietly close by the landing, where he could watch his beloved crowds of people pass by in a steady stream. He was evidently very weak, and sat sunk far down in his chair. He had a cloak or shawl bundled around him—for the air was cool—only his face could be seen. I caught his eye and waved my hand to him. He smiled faintly, and from his moving lips I imagined that I could catch the form of his usual quaint words of parting: "*So-long! my boy.*" I do not remember the exact date of this—but I know that it was not very long before his death. Good old Walt Whitman! Glorious old pagan! Here's to your undying memory!

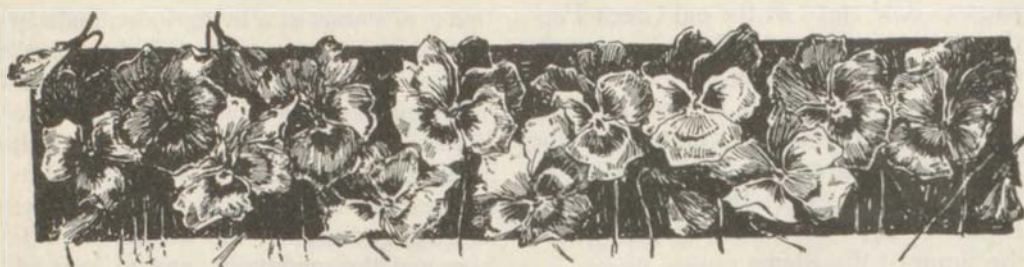
Keep a Fishin'

By Alice D. O. Greenwood



ON'T say kaint; dat's weakid, chile.
De good Lawd hyuh ye an' be sorry.
Ef da fish don't bite ter day,
Dat's no sign day won't tomorry.

Heap o' things yo's got ter larn,
An' do somefin' else 'sides wushin'.
Ef yo spect's ter catch a whale, sonny,
Yo mus' keep on fishin'.



Some Manifestations of Life

Otterbein O. Smith



As in the business world, so in the world of thought, we are all liable to be caught by a "get rich quick scheme." We cannot, however, afford to do

other than to follow the long, and at times toilsome, road that leads up the hill of experience and broader vision.

There can be no independent, self-poised life by following the formulas of prophet or priest, in a blind and stupid way. You have as much right to be a son of God as any man who ever lived, and God calls you just that—"Let no man take away thy crown."

How humiliating it is to one who has learned to stand erect and look confidently into the face of the All-Father, to see vast hordes of men, if not actually bowing before a crucifix or some other visible thing, at least bowing in spirit before some person who is just a human being, as they are, but who by deception and the withholding of a part of the truth, has deluded them and led them into this fetich worship.

I want you all to become sons of God in the best sense, and this can come only by full knowledge of His truth.

In this study I ask you to recall the scientific fact that all the universe is composed of one substance, which, in

the forms which are perceptible by the five senses, we call matter—as opposed to that which is not discernible by the five senses, which we call spirit.* This, however, is an age-long error, which has been handed down generation after generation. When we remember the law of vibration and the vibratory scale as presented in the preceding article,* what right have we to say, because we cannot hear sound beyond thirty-two thousand vibrations per second, that therefore there is no sound beyond that, and that there matter ceases and spirit begins?

It is far better for us to eliminate the word matter from our thought, and think of the universal substance manifested in a multitude of forms, some visible and some invisible, and realize that in the last analysis they are all the expression of the mind of the All-Father.

We are all aware, when we stop to think of it, that the universal substance exists in different conditions and forms that are visible to the senses, and that this substance may be passed from one form to another by variation of pressure and temperature, which is only another way of saying by the increase or decrease of vibration.

We have, for instance, the three well-known states of substance known as the solids, liquids and gases, and these may be made to interchange and pass from

* "Physical Science Evidences of Psychic Truth," in October NEW THOUGHT.

one to another by the proper variation of temperature and pressure.

There are only a few substances which chemists have not been able to thus change from state to state at will, and these will yield, when knowledge has increased so as to learn their secrets.

These few exceptions, however, but prove the rule; so that it is accepted by all scientists that just as water may become ice at a lower temperature and steam at a higher temperature, so every solid we know might become liquid or gaseous under proper conditions, every liquid be made solid or gaseous and every gas be liquefied or even made solid.

It is a well-known fact that air has been liquefied, and some of the gases have been made into slabs like marble.

Of late we have heard much of a fourth state of the universal substance, which is called ether. When ether was first recognized in the scientific world, many scientists seem to have thought that it was the water of the sea of eternity, in which all other substances swam, as the fish in the sea.

But as patient and painstaking investigation went on, scientists came to know that ether was only another form of the universal substance, more finely attenuated than all below it, and moving with a more rapid rate of vibration. The reason that scientists may have thought of ether as the water of the sea of eternity, when it first came to their notice, is the fact that they found it everywhere, both within and without the bodies of grosser substances.

The center of the earth seemed to be just as fully impregnated with it as the trackless, and seemingly empty, sky. It forms the highway through which electric waves move, and flash their wireless messages over sea and land. Through it light travels with inconceivable swiftness to us, from the most distant sun. The sea is as full of ether as it is of water, and yet it does not run over. It fills every cranny of every furnace, and is yet unharmed, for fire cannot consume

it. It is as vibrant and subtle at the north pole as at the equator, for cold does not affect its vibrations.

Because of these facts it is not to be wondered at that when first discovered men might have thought of it as being the water of God's eternal sea. We may well ask what has caused man to change his thought upon this subject? And the answer is, the discovery of the law of vibration.

We have come then to know that ether is only a finer form of substance, which chemistry has not known how to classify and analyze until recently, and not a sea which God created, in which to float more solid substances. It is, therefore, the manifestation of the universal substance on a higher plane than the three primary planes which heretofore have been known and recognized by science.

We can then take a step in advance here, and from running the scale from solid, liquid and gaseous, we may add a fourth and carry any particular substance one step above the gaseous to the etheric.

Science, until recently, spoke of an atom of oxygen or hydrogen, or an atom of any of the sixty or eighty substances which chemists call primary elements, the theory being that the atom is so small that it cannot be further reduced, as the word atom is from a Greek word which means something which cannot be cut.

We shall see, however, when the forthcoming book on "Astral Chemistry" is put in our hands, that these atoms are but molecules of a higher plane of life. An atom is a sub-division so small that it cannot exist without union of other atoms of that plane of life. A molecule is the union of two or more atoms, and is the lowest form of organized life. So you will see while these atoms of gas cannot be further divided and remain gas, they after all may be but molecules of a finer or higher plane of life. In fact, it is conceded by those who are in the forefront of thought and investiga-

tion, that these atoms of the older chemistry are composed of electrons, in some cases seven hundreds of electrons being contained in a single atom.

Thus the atoms of gas form the molecules of ether, and the atoms of ether form the molecules of astral substance, and the atoms of astral substance form the molecules of mind substance, and thus we may go step by step, ever rising in the scale of life until we reach the mind of the All-Father Himself.

We speak of these planes of life, and we are apt to get the idea that they are like the stories of a building or the steps of a stairway, but such is not the case, for every one of these planes of life may be found in each human personality.

Let me bring this thought before you in this way: I have a quart jar which I fill with marbles. Now the jar is full of marbles, but it is not *full*, for I can put in several ounces of shot and they will take their places in the vacant spaces left by the marbles. Now the jar is full of marbles and shot, *but it is not full*, for I can put in several ounces of sand, and the grains of sand will take the vacant places left by the shot. Now the jar is full of marbles, shot and sand, *but it is not full*, for I can pour in several ounces of water, filling it up to the brim. The particles of water take the vacant places left by the sand, *but it is not full*, for I can drop in several spoonfuls of finely attenuated alcohol, and the particles of alcohol will take the vacant places left by the water; *and still the jar is not full, for I can charge the whole mass with an electric current!*

You will observe that these various forms do not conflict with each other, but each occupies its own place, and if we could imagine them instinct with life, would perform their functions within this body without discord. So, in the human organism, these various manifestations of life, from the coarser to the finer, perform their functions, and if harmonized in accordance with the

thought and purpose of the All-Father, would work out the destiny of the human being, which is sonship with the All-Father.

It is well for us to note here how, even by the ingenuity of man, life's forces are transformed and made to serve different purposes. In many well regulated cities we ride upon electric street cars; the power which propels them and the light which lights them, and the heat that gives comfort to the passengers, all come over the same wire, from the same power-house, but are transformed by the ingenious device of man.

If man can thus control and direct the forces of nature, is it not reasonable to suppose, should he give the careful attention to his own personality that such a complicated and intricate organism demands, that he might there transform the coarser substances and make dominant the finer qualities which ever mean sonship with the Highest?

The world of mechanics is full of interesting illustrations of this important truth. Take time some day to go over an artificial ice plant and you will see on one side of a little valve an iron pipe which, taken hold of, will even feel warm to the touch. On the other side of this valve the pipe will be crusted with great coats of frost and ice, even in the warmest summer weather. Why this miraculous change? On the warm side of the valve the ammonia passing through the pipe is liquid, and as it passes through the valve it is turned into gas which drops to a freezing temperature.

Acetylene gas is made from calcium carbide and water. Here we have a solid and a liquid put together and gas resulting, which gives a beautiful white flame when lighted, of the usual degree of heat. But unite this with the oxygen of the air, and you have a dazzling white flame with an intensity of heat unthinkable to science, up to this time. The heat of this flame registers six thousand three hundred fifty degrees,

Fahrenheit, and the most intense heat before known is that which is produced by an electric furnace, which registers but five thousand two hundred sixty-four degrees.

Another in describing the action of this light says, "Mr. Harvey applied the fiercely glowing little bulb to a fire brick. The brick was boiling almost the instant the flame was applied and shrank into a molasses-like lump. A piece of magnesia sheet steel, the hardest steel known to science, was placed in a vise and the flame applied. There was a spluttering shower of sparks and the flame went through the substance with much the same ease that a knife cuts butter, while the loose end rattled to the floor."

The hardest steel drill, working steadily ten hours a day, for thirty days, by actual test, makes no impression on this steel. What is the rule of life and what are its possibilities, as suggested in these illustrations? Is it that the coarser shall master the finer? No, not that, but in every case the more finely attenuated the substance, the more rapid the vibration, the more power and mastery it seems to have.

We can see in the transformation of power, as suggested in the illustration of the electric street railway, that the possibilities of change are unlimited, and that the increasing beauty is ever found in the higher and not the lower scales of life.

What is the finest instrument known to man? Is it not the mind of man? No instrument man has ever invented can produce vibrations as finely attenuated and moving at so rapid a rate as those which are sent out by the human mind.

See the great multitude as they are swayed by the orator. People say he is magnetic and they have not the least idea what they mean by that. He holds his audience because he has the gift or has learned the art of teaching that marvelous dynamo, his mind, to send out powerful thought-waves, which impress and hold them fast.

Let us then, obeying these laws which are known to both physical and psychic science, seek to bring into action those finer qualities of being, which mean power, strength and service.



Blowing Bubbles

By Emma Fisk-Smith

BLOWING bubbles, are you, dear?
I've been blowing bubbles, too.
Day by day, and year by year.
I have cast them forth like you.

And my bubbles seemed so fair,
Floating for a little space
In the dreamy, sunlit air!
I have watched with eager face;

Watched their beauty flame and fade,
Seen them vanish one by one;
But the joy they gave me stayed
When their glories all were done.

So *your* bubbles fade and break?
Never mind, we'll blow some more;
Brighter bubbles, dear, we'll make,
Than we ever made before.



"Begin Now"



By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



The days, weeks, months and years are flying like Time's express trains down the track of earth. Whatever you want to do, whatever you wish you could do, BEGIN NOW.

You would not have this deep and persistent desire unless the power was in you to do it.

The only thing for you to consider is whether it is a real desire, a real need, based on good reasons and common sense. Sometimes we long to do and be things which are not consistent with reason and sense.

To do, or be, them would mean to sacrifice principle or to give up something more precious than that which we long to possess.

The young wife, the young mother, with love in her home, who longs to be a great actress, or prima donna, could not obtain her desire, however much talent and industry she gave to that end, without sacrificing dear and true and sweet things.

She has taken the wifely vows; she has brought an immortal soul into existence, and her first duty accomplished, will eventually mean her greatest joy.

Nothing the world can offer could repay her for putting aside husband and child or leaving their interests to the care of others. But if you are a young woman, with your heart free and your life before you, and you believe you possess ability in any special line—if you are a young man and feel great longing to achieve something—BEGIN TODAY.

Tomorrow take another step, and the next day another.

Believe in the invincible power of that great trinity, Love, Time and Will.

Love your work.

If your present employment is not agreeable to you, LOVE IT OUT OF THE WAY!

Go about it with a persistent purpose to FINISH it, and to make way for something better.

Think of it as a stair on which you will mount to the tower of your dreams.

Rise every morning with the determination to do your work well and cheerfully, but with the fixed idea in your mind that it is leading you to the end of that task, and to the beginning of a new experience.

Just before you fall asleep, think of the work you want to do; ask your immortal self to open the way for that other work, and ask the invisible helpers to aid you. THEY WILL. You cannot fail!

The Ministry of Desire

By Marchesa Florence Alli-Maccarani


Crave we not ever, still, some other gift—
Gift unattainable, which our lives should lift
To realms supernal, dimly felt, not seen,
Sprung from the haunted shadows that have been?
Some gift which yet it seems we ne'er shall know
On this side the beyond, while Life's dim flow
Grows ever weaker, till the expiring breath
Leads but, it seems, to ebbing tides of Death?
It matters not. Life dwells not in content—
(Which is stagnation's home). Nay, Life is sent
To waken our dead souls by goad of sense
To aspiration and its crown, from whence
Fall never-fading flowers. Does there not lie
Sweet promise in desire? For every sigh,
Are smiles not born that bear on soaring wings
The high fruition of diviner things?
Joys are but flowers plucked vainly from the sod
To bind the feet of a departed God.
Delights once lost prove they were partial gleams,
Far, far below the level of our dreams—
Else had they stayed. No other means have we
To measure Truth, but Immortality.
Ah! know ye not, dear friends, upon the way
To Heaven's heights, there's neither stop nor stay?
Upwards it leads where blooms the Edelweiss,
Where roseate peaks pierce through the azure ice;
Where broad and far above the silver snow
The crescent moon throws opalescent glow.
Know on that Path, each thorn-defended briar
Comes but a spur to lead us further, higher
To where the sunrays rest; lest we should back
To the low vale be led, thro' flower-strewn track—
Nor rise to that Eternal Daylight rare
Of which our lives are but the secret prayer,
Nor glory see, whence scattered yearnings roll
To join in rapture, where the human soul
Knows the High Vision of a timeless sea—
Where Life is Love and Love is ecstasy.



The Science and Art of Salesmanship

IV. PSYCHOLOGICAL RELATION BETWEEN BUYER AND SELLER

By Henry Frank

 HE greatest problem of life yet to be solved is the attunement between human minds. We have come to know through the science of telegraphy, and chiefly wireless telegraphy, that all correlations in nature are determined by wave-lengths or rhythmic vibrations. Once this law was a happy guess and its intimation can be found in the so-called occult revelations of the Orient centuries ago.

But there is for scientific purposes a vast difference between a guess and a demonstration. What the Orientalist believed as a logical conclusion from the facts of life, the scientific modernist has proved to be a fact by demonstration.

All the achievements of modern telegraphy are the result of the discovery of constant waves in the atmosphere, according to whose lengths communication may be established between different and distant points.

And the manipulation of these waves for social and commercial purposes depends only on the attunement of receiving and distributing instruments. Once this is accomplished, and, lo! we have wireless telegraphy, wireless telephony, typewriters, linotype machines and all other mechanical instruments, run by wireless, merely depending on proper attunement. For instance, it is said a receiving key has been invented which a man carries in his vest pocket. Wherever he may be, on sea or land, walking, riding, sitting at home or in his office, if he is wanted he will hear the key buzz, then by running to a receiving station he will at once attach the key to the instrument, and, thus making his connection, will take off his message.

And this more-than-Aladdin's wonder is achieved merely by a proper compre-

hension of the law of cosmic vibration or rhythmic relation between certain aerial waves.

Modern psychology has taught us that thought or mental action is a force, and operates by wave motions. Every mental state is an action, and operates on a physical instrument or receiver—the brain. Each brain through the law of repetition and habit is attuned to certain wave rhythms or movements to which it is immediately receptive.

Brain habit is mental character.

That is, the brain being attuned to a certain vibration of thought, has through usage come to be characterized by these thoughts. Therefore such thoughts or mental moods will instantly find lodgment in minds so attuned. Hence, it is manifest that the first and most imperative duty of a salesman is to discern the characteristic mental moods of the prospective buyer whom he finds it necessary to persuade of the virtue of his merchandise.

Many agents utterly ruin their business by being dull-witted and unsusceptible to impression. That is, their own nervous vibration is of so low a pitch, or if they are inclined to hyper-sensitiveness, their pitch is so excessively high, that they either fall below or rise above the plane of the prospective buyer's mental state.

What I mean may easily be detected by a common experiment. My readers have doubtless often observed that they are unable to hold the attention of a hearer because of the quality or pitch of the voice. A slight variation in the pitch will succeed in instantly seizing the attention. This is best illustrated on a train of cars, especially where there is excessive noise, as on trolley trains of

subways. If the usual pitch of voice is employed, the listener will have trouble to catch the sound. But if the talker will pause a moment to detect the pitch of the train-sound and will then slightly drop the pitch of his voice below that of the train, there will be but little difficulty to hold and entertain the listener. If, however, this rule is unobserved, and a pitch of voice is used which does not tune with or correctly meet the hollows and crests of the prevalent sound, the listener will become nervous and find the conversation extremely unpleasant.

The habit of proper approach and the delicate attuning of minds can be acquired by patient cultivation. The seller who thinks he can be thoughtless of this great law and who plunges along heedlessly will wonder why he has met with defeat often, when he knew he should have achieved success.

A case in point was once narrated to me by an ordinarily prosperous solicitor. He had made an appointment with a prospective buyer, and, as all salesmen know, that fact alone is usually at least a partial assurance of success.

But the salesman awoke that morning with rheumatic pains in his bones, a slight headache and a feeling of fidgetiness. The gentleman whom he was to visit was quietly seated, when he called, reading his mail and leisurely smoking his morning cigar. A more inviting or opportune attitude could scarcely be desired. There was something, however, in the agent's voice, as he himself afterwards recalled, which agitated the gentleman at the desk when he entered and exclaimed "Good morning!" He ob-

served a slight shiver pass through his prospective buyer, and he himself instantly felt uncomfortable. Something augured failure. A conversation speedily followed, and for some reason the supposed buyer became irritable and began using unpleasant language—not offensive, but apparently personal. The salesman was off his guard. Had he at this moment lowered and softened his voice so that its pitch would have soothed and not ruffled his appointee, he might have won him on the spot. But the pitch of voice he had first used was emphasized and intensified in the reply. The gentleman rose angrily, but said nothing, and the impulsive agent caught the fiery spark in his own breast and responded with such irritation as to make the interview an utter failure.

When he had left the office and had time to ruminate, he felt so chagrined at his tactlessness, that after an hour or so he made bold to return, and in a quiet, soft, tender voice, made an explanation that calmed and captured the irate gentleman.

Here, manifestly, the attunement of the two minds was the immediate cause of the final success, and the utter dissonance during the first interview was the direct cause of the failure. The voice is often, of course, the instrument that conveys the tune of one mind to another. And nothing is more imperative on one who would succeed at the solicitor's art than a scientific knowledge of voice usage. However, without theoretical training, an ordinarily intelligent person will acquire proficiency if he will be but observant and patient.

(To be continued.)



Answers to Questions Concerning Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena

By Hereward Carrington

SINCE I first began writing about Eusapia Palladino, I have received literally hundreds of letters, containing all sorts of inquiries, from the price of a séance to the state of the medium after a sitting! It has been impossible for me to answer all these queries, so I take the opportunity now offered by the editors of NEW THOUGHT of publicly answering a number of the more interesting and important ones, so that the greatest number of readers may receive the benefit of my replies.

Many of the questions will be found answered by my later articles in NEW THOUGHT; by my article in *McClure's* for October, which has also been reprinted in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* (October); our detailed report has now appeared in the *Proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research*; and I may be permitted to call attention to my own book on Eusapia, recently published, in which I have summarized every important series of experiments ever held with this medium. Probably all questions will be found more or less completely answered in this volume.* Nevertheless, as some of the readers of this magazine may have seen none of these original sources, I shall reply in this place to a number of the questions asked.

(1) "How do you know that the room was not prepared by the medium?"

Because we rented our rooms in the hotel long before we ever called on Eusapia, and when no one in Naples knew our business there. Everything was arranged before we saw her. She

never entered our room before the evening of the first séance. Moreover, these séances have been held in different rooms all over the world—in private houses, halls, laboratories of the university, etc. Previous preparation was nearly always impossible.

(2) "How about the men who were with you? Have you implicit faith in them?"

Implicit. My articles should have answered this question. They have as good reason to suspect me, as I them. No matter who controls Eusapia, the phenomena are about the same.

(3) "Did you ever raise the curtains when strange things were being done behind them?"

Yes; at our second séance especially, I raised the curtains, and saw the small table moving about by itself for some considerable time. It was some distance from the medium, whose hands and feet were perfectly visible.

(4) "Did the phenomena immediately stop?"

My last answer covers this point. Sometimes they did stop, however—as though the light admitted prevented them. As soon as the curtain was dropped, they again commenced.

(5) "Has she ever allowed any person to remain in the cabinet?"

Not to my knowledge. She allowed Prof. Richet, however, on one occasion, to sit back to back with her, across a curtained-off space in the room. It was too dark to see anything, but he was repeatedly touched by hands, both Eusapia's being held in fair light on the other side of the curtains.

(6) "Have you ever seen her at-

*"Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena."

tract objects to herself, as well as repel them?"

Yes; she can move objects in any direction at will. While they are moving, one can verify, by placing the hand to and fro between her and the object, that no string, thread or hair is being pulled.

(7) "Was this ever repeated with the same object?"

Yes, many times. On one occasion, we picked up the small stool, which had just been moved, examined and replaced it. At request, it was again at once moved in every direction.

(8) "Did you ever see her hold a thing suspended in the air?"

The small stool, the small table, and our large séance table were all thus suspended for several seconds. On several such occasions, I attempted to force the object to the floor, but was unable to do so. I have described this in my articles.

(9) "If she lost so much weight during a séance, is she not very thin in consequence?"

Usually the medium loses little or nothing. Only on rare occasions is this great loss of weight recorded. When tremendous losses are recorded by the scales (as, *e. g.*, in Milan) she is no lighter at the end of a séance than before it. It seems as though a force were applied to her *pro tem*, from without, which is of short duration. I do not suppose the registered loss indicated any great loss of *actual body tissue*.

(10) "How often were the séances held?"

In Naples, we held about three a week. Here, we expect to hold only two a week. The medium requires the intermediate days to recuperate.

(11) "Did you examine the cabinet several times?"

Before and after each séance; not during it. This would have disturbed the conditions, and possibly stopped phenomena for an hour or more.

(12) "Did other people have access to the cabinet between séances?"

Immediately before each sitting, we

cleared out and examined the cabinet. We then re-arranged everything in it, and again drew the curtains. Even supposing any preparation had existed, we should thus have detected it at once.

(13) "Were your performances the same as others held with this medium?"

Yes, but less remarkable. Other investigators have observed more striking facts; *e. g.*, "full-form materialization." I do not think it probable that Anglo-Saxons ever get as good phenomena with this medium as Latin races—owing to their lack of sympathy and of a common bond of interest.

(14) "What tests have been objected to by her?"

Eusapia has an intense dislike for electrical apparatus of any kind—or for any complicated and elaborate apparatus she does not understand. I believe she has also objected to the imposition, between her and the objects moved, of a wire screen. Beyond this, I believe every reasonable test is acquiesced in.

(15) "Are assistants introduced, possibly?"

Quite impossible! During our first three séances, only Mr. Fielding and I were present. The light enabled us to see the whole room clearly, and to see that no one was hidden in or moving about in it!

(16) "Were the instruments used your own?"

Do our critics give us *no* credit for common sense? Everything used we bought in the shops in Naples a day or two before the séances commenced.

(17) "Why is a cabinet necessary?"

Eusapia says "to concentrate the force." She ought to know. Certain it is that most of the phenomena radiate from the cabinet. Eusapia sits *in front* of the curtains, it must be remembered—not *in the cabinet* like the ordinary fraudulent "materializing" medium.

(18) "Is there any definite order in which the phenomena appear?"

There is a gradual progression during each séance, and from séance to

Answers to Questions Concerning Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena

By Hereward Carrington

SINCE I first began writing about Eusapia Palladino, I have received literally hundreds of letters, containing all sorts of inquiries, from the price of a séance to the state of the medium after a sitting! It has been impossible for me to answer all these queries, so I take the opportunity now offered by the editors of NEW THOUGHT of publicly answering a number of the more interesting and important ones, so that the greatest number of readers may receive the benefit of my replies.

Many of the questions will be found answered by my later articles in NEW THOUGHT; by my article in *McClure's* for October, which has also been reprinted in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* (October); our detailed report has now appeared in the *Proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research*; and I may be permitted to call attention to my own book on Eusapia, recently published, in which I have summarized every important series of experiments ever held with this medium. Probably all questions will be found more or less completely answered in this volume.* Nevertheless, as some of the readers of this magazine may have seen none of these original sources, I shall reply in this place to a number of the questions asked.

(1) "How do you know that the room was not prepared by the medium?"

Because we rented our rooms in the hotel long before we ever called on Eusapia, and when no one in Naples knew our business there. Everything was arranged before we saw her. She

never entered our room before the evening of the first séance. Moreover, these séances have been held in different rooms all over the world—in private houses, halls, laboratories of the university, etc. Previous preparation was nearly always impossible.

(2) "How about the men who were with you? Have you implicit faith in them?"

Implicit. My articles should have answered this question. They have as good reason to suspect me, as I them. No matter who controls Eusapia, the phenomena are about the same.

(3) "Did you ever raise the curtains when strange things were being done behind them?"

Yes; at our second séance especially, I raised the curtains, and saw the small table moving about by itself for some considerable time. It was some distance from the medium, whose hands and feet were perfectly visible.

(4) "Did the phenomena immediately stop?"

My last answer covers this point. Sometimes they did stop, however—as though the light admitted prevented them. As soon as the curtain was dropped, they again commenced.

(5) "Has she ever allowed any person to remain in the cabinet?"

Not to my knowledge. She allowed Prof. Richet, however, on one occasion, to sit back to back with her, across a curtained-off space in the room. It was too dark to see anything, but he was repeatedly touched by hands, both Eusapia's being held in fair light on the other side of the curtains.

(6) "Have you ever seen her at-

*"Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena."

tract objects to herself, as well as repel them?"

Yes; she can move objects in any direction at will. While they are moving, one can verify, by placing the hand to and fro between her and the object, that no string, thread or hair is being pulled.

(7) "Was this ever repeated with the same object?"

Yes, many times. On one occasion, we picked up the small stool, which had just been moved, examined and replaced it. At request, it was again at once moved in every direction.

(8) "Did you ever see her hold a thing suspended in the air?"

The small stool, the small table, and our large séance table were all thus suspended for several seconds. On several such occasions, I attempted to force the object to the floor, but was unable to do so. I have described this in my articles.

(9) "If she lost so much weight during a séance, is she not very thin in consequence?"

Usually the medium loses little or nothing. Only on rare occasions is this great loss of weight recorded. When tremendous losses are recorded by the scales (as, *e. g.*, in Milan) she is no lighter at the end of a séance than before it. It seems as though a force were applied to her *pro tem*, from without, which is of short duration. I do not suppose the registered loss indicated any great loss of *actual body tissue*.

(10) "How often were the séances held?"

In Naples, we held about three a week. Here, we expect to hold only two a week. The medium requires the intermediate days to recuperate.

(11) "Did you examine the cabinet several times?"

Before and after each séance; not during it. This would have disturbed the conditions, and possibly stopped phenomena for an hour or more.

(12) "Did other people have access to the cabinet between séances?"

Immediately before each sitting, we

cleared out and examined the cabinet. We then re-arranged everything in it, and again drew the curtains. Even supposing any preparation had existed, we should thus have detected it at once.

(13) "Were your performances the same as others held with this medium?"

Yes, but less remarkable. Other investigators have observed more striking facts; *e. g.*, "full-form materialization." I do not think it probable that Anglo-Saxons ever get as good phenomena with this medium as Latin races—owing to their lack of sympathy and of a common bond of interest.

(14) "What tests have been objected to by her?"

Eusapia has an intense dislike for electrical apparatus of any kind—or for any complicated and elaborate apparatus she does not understand. I believe she has also objected to the imposition, between her and the objects moved, of a wire screen. Beyond this, I believe every reasonable test is acquiesced in.

(15) "Are assistants introduced, possibly?"

Quite impossible! During our first three séances, only Mr. Fielding and I were present. The light enabled us to see the whole room clearly, and to see that no one was hidden in or moving about in it!

(16) "Were the instruments used your own?"

Do our critics give us *no* credit for common sense? Everything used we bought in the shops in Naples a day or two before the séances commenced.

(17) "Why is a cabinet necessary?"

Eusapia says "to concentrate the force." She ought to know. Certain it is that most of the phenomena radiate from the cabinet. Eusapia sits *in front* of the curtains, it must be remembered—not *in the cabinet* like the ordinary fraudulent "materializing" medium.

(18) "Is there any definite order in which the phenomena appear?"

There is a gradual progression during each séance, and from séance to

Causes of Failure in Healing

séance, from the simpler to the more striking and complex. Otherwise, the manifestations are spontaneous.

(19) "Why doesn't everyone believe in her, if she does what you say?"

(a) One has to have personal sittings to be convinced. (b) Prejudice!

(20) "Is there any book published which describes her past career and gives a description of her early sittings?"

So far as I know, my own book is the only one which does this.

(21) "Why not bring the medium to America to be studied here?"

I have done so; she is here now, giving a long series of sittings. A number of America's most eminent men are to attend these sittings, a full report of which will be published later on.

(22) "Who is making any money out of this?"

No one but the medium! On the contrary, we are all giving largely of our time and our income to bring her here. If any money remains "over," more séances will be purchased with it.

Winter

By Emma Playter Seabury



WITH a rustle and a shimmer, and an iridescent glimmer,

Winter treads her opal palace, in her pageantry and pride,

And her snow robes trail and sparkle, and her jewels gleam and darkle,

But she carries all the spring time in her heart—Earth's icy bride.

Causes of Failures in Healing

By Hattie Preston Rider



SOMETIMES the pioneer explorer who has taken wrong trails and so been obliged to retrace them, is as helpful a guide as he who has never erred;—that is, provided such a freak as this latter really exists. So it is fitting to set down out of one's own experience, for the benefit of those who may come after, the "places where it is better not to step," as a certain small boy said. Undoubtedly the prime cause of unsatisfactory results in the attempt to heal is *lack of concentrated, faithful effort*. It is all very well to admire the beauties of the

New Thought teaching, to marvel at the cures wrought under the methods of some healer by Suggestion; but if we wish to do good likewise, we must get down to a strict business basis and *work*. We must go by ourselves into the silence of the spirit and declare over and over the perfectness of the man whose soul and body it is our desire to bring into their divine inheritance of health. We must use every truth concerning both, that we have so far grasped, grudging no amount of time or labor. It is therein we obtain our skill and the light of constantly-dawning understand-

ing, exactly as one gains proficiency in art, music, or mechanics.

A very common obstacle to successful healing is the *failure to hold the perfect image*. If we cannot see our patient thus, perfect in mind and body, we must not be above creating him so *in our imagination*. Years ago, when the blessedness of mental healing was first dawning on me and my friends, and we did not yet understand how the physical organism really is a perfect machine, we used to put entirely out of sight what we called the diseased, imperfectly-working body, and say in our thought: "Your *spiritual* body is perfect, perfect in its working, etc.," and the declaration, vaguely as we comprehended its grand principle, brought fulfillment.

It is useless to declare that a man's body is God's perfect work and working, the while there is a vivid picture of his disease set in the background of our minds, or a sneaking, vindictive opinion that in truth he is too mean or selfish or weak to deserve health. It is a waste of time to declare that one's patient is God's child, strong of lung and muscle and nerve, when all the time one is holding in reserve the firm conviction that she simply *never can be well* so long as she is so *stubborn and opinionated*. We must see her perfect, without her *weakness of inadaptability*. It can be done. The little devil of imperfect images *must go*. He it is who is at the bottom of the whole trouble.

Another stumbling-block to the inexperienced, perhaps to all "amateur" healers, is the *inability to hit upon the*

inharmonious thought which is causing the trouble. I once failed entirely to help a case of sluggish bowel-action, though the perfect *bodily* image was clear as crystal to my mind. Afterward I learned that the patient was known among her relatives as having a "simply dreadful temper when she was crossed." I had missed the inharmonious *thought* which was causing the condition. A little child suffering severely from a complication of diseases and given up by three physicians, responded promptly when the correcting thought was turned toward a worrying aunt and grandfather. Another, very ill with fever, recovered in a few hours when the thought was directed to neighbors who regarded the mother unkindly,—and with apparent reason. It was accomplished by holding the neighbors, the mother, and the child as *perfect in their real selves, the children of God*. Of course, however, this does not imply that the perfect functions of the body should be overlooked.

The foregoing statement may perhaps seem discouraging, since the difficulty of reaching so obscure a mischief-maker as an inharmonious thought might be accounted almost insurmountable. Yet not only is it a great sharpener of the intuition, but the difficulty may be overcome exactly as any other exigency. My own declaration is this:

"Thought is God; and error, only the ignorance from which true Thought is shaking itself free. I am Thought, one with God, my Source, so it is for me to know all I need to know. All of Wisdom and Power that I wish, is mine."





The Law of Chemical Equilibrium

X. THE INFLUENCE OF SOUND ON MIND AND BODY

By Paul F. Case

SOUND affects the mind to such an extent that we may call it one of the principal molders of mental states. Over the body, also, it has much power. The limits of my space forbid anything more than a cursory review of the mental and physical phenomena thus produced, but even this little should be enough to convince you that sound is one of the most potent forces at the command of the health-builder.

Sound produces mental states by *indirect suggestion*. That is, it makes no direct appeal to the attention, but slips past this sentry of the mind into the mysterious region of the subconscious, where it shapes feelings which in course of time rise into consciousness as thoughts or desires. So subtle are these indirect suggestions that they seldom encounter any active opposition from the mind to which they are directed. On this account they are exceptionally potent when given to a person in the waking state. And since most of the work of health-creation along suggestive lines is carried on while the patient is fully conscious of all his surroundings, it is easy to see what an important influence sound must have upon physical and mental health.

Of the many kinds of sound but two will be considered in this article—the speaking voice, and sound as produced by musical instruments. In considering their suggestive effect we shall find that each

of these owes its mental influence to a combination of three principles, which are: tone-quality, pitch, and rhythm.

No two voices are alike. No two instruments of the same kind give out exactly the same kind of a tone. And there is all the difference in the world between the "tone-color" of a flute and a violin. The famous Berlioz, who was a master of orchestral composition, wrote a book on the art of instrumentation in which he gave especial attention to the suggestive effect of the sound of each instrument in the orchestra. In criticisms of concerts we often read sentences like this: "The opening number put the audience in a mood of expectancy and interest." The word "mood" sums up the mental effect of sound. Moods are states of emotion. And no fact is better established than the fact that emotional states have a direct influence on health by acting on the sympathetic nervous system.

The suggestive influence of the speaking voice is even greater than that of musical instruments, because the range of feeling which can be expressed by the latter is always more or less limited. But the tones of a well-trained voice can express anything that may be in its owner's mind.

And not only do the tones of the voice express feelings of which we are conscious, but many times they reveal subtle shades of emotion which have not yet risen to the conscious stage. Adepts in

tone-interpretation often display an almost miraculous knowledge of the mental attitude of the persons with whom they are brought in contact. Doctors, lawyers, police-officers and fortune-tellers are constantly making use of information gathered in this way. The latter, in particular, learn much from the tones of their clients. They seek to draw their victims into conversation by skillfully worded sentences, made as statements, but spoken with a subtle interrogatory inflection which leads the sitter into admissions or corrections which show the trend of his thoughts. These gentry make little headway with the visitor who keeps an impassive face and says little or nothing. Such people are "hard to read," because they cannot be "pumped."

For examples of adept use of the suggestive tone, we may consider theatrical performances, revivals, hypnotic exhibitions, the business of salesmanship, etc., etc. These examples will suggest many others, but whenever you find a person who has been successful in any of these vocations you will find one who can put FEELING into his tones.

In seeking to apply our knowledge of this principle to health-creation we must remember first, last and all the time that *suggestion makes no attempt to touch the reasoning powers*. It deals wholly with the emotions. So, whether we use musical sound or spoken word to build health, we must awaken the *feelings* that produce health. To do this takes study and practice. Especially in the use of spoken suggestions must it be remembered that the object in view is to transmit healthful emotions from the mind of the healer to the mind of the patient. You can't transmit an emotion in this way unless you feel it yourself. That is why no person who wishes to heal others can expect the greatest measure of success unless he has established healthy conditions in his own body and mind.

In music, pitch is the distinction between "high" and "low." In speech it is the same, but is more often called "inflection." The "pumping-process" of the fortune-teller is a fine example of the

suggestive use of inflections. So also are the inflections of a good actor, orator, or other public speaker. In music, inflection becomes melody, a succession of single sounds. Everybody who has any ear for music at all will recognize the pathos of "Annie Laurie," the sombre ghastliness of Chopin's "Marche Funebre," or the pulsating life of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." All these effects are the results of variations and combinations of tone and pitch, combined with the third great factor in sound suggestion—rhythm.

Rhythm is the name which we use to express the rise and fall of emphasis in a succession of musical or other sounds. The rhythm in music is called "time"; in poetry, "metre"; in prose, "emphasis." All these words contain the idea of a recurrent *accent* on a sound, rhyme, or idea. Psychologists have discovered that the most potent suggestions are those in which the same idea is frequently repeated, with intervals between each repetition occupied by other ideas.

The Gregorian chants used by the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches are among the best examples of rhythms calculated to awaken religious feeling. So also are the rhythmic repetitions of sacred syllables by which the Hindu yogis awaken superconscious perception. The writer of verse makes a careful study of the suggestive effect of rhythm. And the writer of prose strives for the same thing in a somewhat slighter degree.

This hasty review of the suggestive effects of sound only skims the surface of a most interesting subject, but we must leave it in order to consider the influence of sound on physical processes. This influence has a more direct bearing upon the subject we have been studying in this series, and certain features of this part of our study of sound have never before, so far as I am aware, been published.

We are now familiar with the fact that everything in the universe is in constant motion to and fro. Science holds that this motion to and fro is not only universal but actually determines the character and form of everything. Matter vi-

The Law of Chemical Equilibrium

brating at a certain speed is stone; at another speed, iron; at still another, human bodies. Sound is a form of vibration which has a very powerful influence upon matter. And it is by utilizing this power that we can make sound, apart from any suggestive influence, help us to build strong, healthy bodies.

To demonstrate this, tap a rather thin wine-glass with your fingers so as to make it ring. Then, before the sound has stopped, put the glass close to your mouth, and *shout* into it, as loudly as possible, a sound of the same pitch, or one an octave lower. This doubles the vibrations of the glass, which seldom fails to break.

Lablache, the celebrated French bass-singer, often performed this trick for his friends, breaking, one after another, all the glasses that were offered to him.

The same principle is the secret of a new method of stimulating the nerves which is now offered for your consideration. This rests upon the fact that *every person has his or her own individual key-note*.

To find this key-note run the chromatic scale on the violincello until a note is sounded that produces a vibration at the base of the hearer's brain, in just the location which we have pointed out in a preceding article as the situation of the pituitary body. The note which produces this effect is the person's key-note. We

may say that the 'cello is not indispensable for finding this note, but it is the best instrument for that purpose.

Now, if you sound this key-note softly, with a continuous tone, it will calm the nerves, and send a glow of health over the whole body. Sound it an octave higher than the original key-note, and use a repetition in a somewhat lively rhythm, and the effect will be to quicken heart-action and stimulate the nerves.

But if you sound it too loudly, and with too rapid rhythm, the effect will be injurious and destructive, just as the loudly sung note breaks the glass.

To use musical vibration in this way requires care and judgment, but from what I have seen of its effects I am certain that it will in time come into quite general favor among advocates of drugless healing.

The reason for these physiological effects, which hitherto have been something of a mystery, should be easily worked out by readers of this series.

Musical vibration cures many ailments, and benefits many others, *because it massages the pituitary body*. When the importance of this little organ is thoroughly realized by those who search for health, we shall very probably see a widespread use of musical massage, which of all methods for stimulating this "hidden physician," and restoring it to normal function, seems one of the most practical, if, indeed, it be not the very best.

(To be continued.)

The Logic of It

By Sidney A. Weltmer



ARE hell and heaven places? Let us see.
 Heaven is where God is and God is everywhere.
 If hell is in that place where God is not,
 There is no place for hell.
 If God is everywhere and heaven is where God is,
 There is no place for hell except in heaven.

Studies In Reincarnation

VII. KARMA

By Lilian M. Hughes



WE have now reached a point in the teachings of Reincarnation which presents some difficulties to such as have not made a definite study of Eastern religions and Eastern thought. We come to the subject of Karma.

What do we mean by Karma?

The word (pronounce Kurr-mer) is of Sanscrit origin, and its meaning—as near as we can get to it in our language—is “action,” i. e., as implying the causes and effects of action.

Ancient writers in Egypt, Greece, China and Japan have recorded the beliefs prevalent on this subject in their several countries; and although the fundamental idea in each case was the same, the manner of presentment, and the conception as to the working of this great law—the Law of Cause and Effect—was somewhat different. I have not the space—nor would it be desirable in this short study—to enter into the details of these varying views, but I shall endeavor to put the results of my own researches, and those of many abler and more learned writers, into the simplest form of which so intricate a subject admits.

We learn, in studying the law of Karma, that every one of our actions, whether good or bad, is not a single occurrence in the one life we are living here and now, but a link in a long chain of cause and effect which binds the successive lives of the Ego together, as the string of a necklace connects the many beads of which it is composed.

Science, in its investigation of the laws of Nature, finds that they work with absolute precision. Apparent deviations can be traced to the existence of other laws previously undiscovered or misunderstood. Each occurrence in the

physical world has a definite cause and a definite effect, and can be depended upon to repeat itself every time the same cause is brought to bear upon it. The mingling of oxygen and hydrogen in given proportions will always produce water; water will always run down hill instead of up; fire will always burn. Reincarnation teaches us that exactly the same law governs the super-physical planes of nature. Good actions, thoughts and feelings produce good results; and bad ones, evil; though these results may not be evident to our physical senses.

In considering the actions—or energies—of man, we shall find that they may be divided into three classes: (1) Mental energies, giving birth on the Mental plane to the causes we call *thoughts*. (2) Desire energies, producing on the Astral plane the causes known as emotions and desires. (3) Physical energies, awakened by the other two, urging us on to the causes we describe as actions. All these causes have a two-fold effect: firstly, on the man who originates them; and, secondly, on those with whom he comes in contact. As to the latter, do we not all know people who bring to the surface all that is best and greatest in us, and others in whose presence we are at our worst? And do we not often speak of such and such a person as having a “good” or “bad” influence?

Although each man makes his own Karma, and is responsible for it, “no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” Therefore his Karma is more or less entwined with that of his family, his nation and his race, which makes the whole question an extremely complicated one. There are many apparently different kinds of Karma; as,

the Individual Karma, Family Karma, National Karma. But the difference is only apparent. In reality, all are closely interwoven, and just as much parts of the whole which is slowly developing towards perfection, as the blocks of a child's puzzle, which can be fitted together, after many efforts, to form a complete and perfect picture.

Individual Karma is that which each of us has set going in former lives, and continues to generate every day of our present one. Our capacities and limitations are the result of our own creation in the past, or, as it has been said, a man lives in a house "of his own building, and he can improve it, let it deteriorate, or rebuild it, as he will." The Saint who has reached his fifth story may unwisely choose coarse or inferior materials for its erection, which will crumble to pieces and give him untold trouble to reconstruct in the future. The Sinner may realize that his basement is faulty, and start in at once to remodel it, replacing the worm-eaten timbers with strong, well-seasoned lumber, and making a firm foundation for a beautiful edifice by and by.

Of all the factors which go to the making of our Karma, *thought* is by far the most important, for our thoughts work on the Mental plane, which is composed of infinitely higher particles than the physical. No kind action can be performed that has not first taken shape in our thoughts. No cathedral of exquisite beauty and symmetry can be built until the architect has perfected the plans in his thoughts. We cannot even possess a lovely dress until *someone* has carefully thought out all the details of its color, material and shape.

Some three years ago, a remarkable book was published, dealing with the forms and colors taken by our thoughts, as they are projected into space, and giving interesting illustrations of the same. It is called "Thought Forms," and was written jointly by Mrs. Annie Besant, the present head of the Theosophical Society, and Mr. H. Leadbeater. Both

writers are personally known to me, and I have heard remarkably convincing statements from their own lips, claiming their ability to use Astral and Mental sight. (The book is well worth reading even by such as do not agree with Theosophy.) They state that there is a distinct color or shade for every class of thought, on the Mental plane: rose-color for pure love; a muddy color for lust; gray for depression, and so on. The color for thoughts of religious devotion and love is a beautiful clear blue, and in connection with that fact I can offer a curious corroboration. One whom I knew most intimately as a young girl, who led an extremely religious life, and spent much of her time in church, often told me that, as she knelt in really earnest prayer, with her eyes closed, a radiant blue light seemed to shine through her eyelids, and surround her on every side. Directly her thoughts began to wander, or her devotions became less intense, the blue faded, and she would then pull herself together, and try to concentrate her mind again on God. She had never heard of Theosophy—would probably have thought its teachings blasphemous if she had—but when I read about the blue thought-forms in Mrs. Besant's book, I remembered my friend's experience. I am firmly convinced that the power of thought is immense, and influences the world to an extent at present scarcely dreamt of. The Karma of our thoughts affects all with whom we associate, in one way or another, and sets up Karmic links between them and ourselves. "It brings across our path helpers and hinderers, people who benefit or injure us, people who love us without our winning in this life, and who hate us though in this life we have done nothing to deserve their hatred."

The second class of Karma—that of desire, of longing for things we see around us in the material world—is more or less intermingled with the first, according to the higher or lower development of the Ego. At the present stage of evolution, the desires and emotions

of the majority of human beings are much stronger and more continuous than their thoughts. The average person scarcely thinks at all. He echoes the thoughts of others. The strength of our desires will, we are told, considerably affect the physical body, and will greatly influence the place, surroundings and companions of our next birth.

The Karma of physical action affects others to a greater extent than it affects ourselves—that is, our permanent Egos. It is said that the thoughts and desires of one life, work themselves out in a future one, and are then completed—so far as we are concerned. For instance: A man may build and endow a hospital merely to gain praise and notoriety; another may do the same from pure philanthropy, and a third may leave the money in his will for a like purpose, in order to spite some hated relative who expects to inherit his fortune. In each case a great benefit is conferred on humanity, entitling the men to a reward in the physical world, in the future, in the shape of a life of comfort and happiness, in return for having bestowed these things on others. But the effect on the Ego will be different in each case, because their motives were different, and will produce quite distinct effects on the higher planes. The first man will, some time, suffer a life of scorn and insignificance, despised by his fellowmen, that he may learn to act from better motives; the second man will earn a life surrounded by loving and grateful friends, while the third will endure some great wrong at the hands of the defrauded relative.

It is impossible, in this little article, to treat my subject as it deserves to be treated. But no studies in Reincarnation would be intelligible without some explanation of it, however inadequate. For those who would wish to learn more about it, I will append a list of helpful books which go more fully into detail than I am able to do.

With regard to Family—or collective—Karma, I cannot do better than quote

the words of Mrs. Besant, whose authority on such points is undisputed. She says:

"An Ego is drawn by his individual Karma into a family, having set up in previous lives ties which closely connect him with some of the other Egos composing it; the family has inherited a property from a grandfather, and is wealthy; an heir turns up, descended from the grandfather's elder brother, who had been supposed to have died childless, and the wealth passes to him and leaves the father of the family heavily indebted; it is quite possible that our Ego had had no connection in the past with this heir, to whom in past lives the father had contracted some obligation which has resulted in this catastrophe, and yet he is threatened with suffering by his action, being involved in the family Karma. If in his own individual past there was wrongdoing which can be exhausted by suffering caused by the family Karma, he is left involved in it; if not, he is by some 'unforeseen circumstances' lifted out of it, perchance by some benevolent stranger who feels an impulse to adopt and educate him, the stranger being one who in the past was his debtor.

"Yet more clearly does this come out in the working of such things as railway accidents, shipwrecks, floods, etc. A train is wrecked, the catastrophe being immediately due to the action of the drivers, the guards, the railway directors, the makers or employees of that line, who, thinking themselves wronged, send clustering thoughts of discontent and anger against it as a whole. Those who have in their Karma the debt of a life suddenly cut short may be allowed to drift into this accident and pay their debt; another, intending to go by the train, but with no such debt in his past, is 'providentially' saved by being late for it."

National Karma may be traced in such events as the Nihilist plots and bomb outrages, of so common occurrence in Russia. That nation, in the persons of its rulers and officials, has,

by centuries of neglect, oppression and injustice, accumulated an immense debt of ill-will and vengeance in the hearts of the peasant classes, which she is called upon to repay in this manner—wrong for wrong. To come nearer home, America, in the problem of the colored

race, which is the cause of so much uneasiness to those who have the welfare of the nation at heart, is paying for the cruelty and inhumanity which dragged the first slaves from their sunny African homes to bondage and exile in a foreign land.

(To be continued.)

LIST OF BOOKS SUGGESTED FOR READING.

"Thought Forms," by Mrs. Besant and H. Leadbeater; "The Soul of a People," by Fielding Hall; "The Ancient Wisdom," by Annie Besant; "Religious Systems of the World," a collection of addresses by many celebrities; "Theosophy and Psychological Religion," by Professor Max Müller; "Buddhist India," by Rhys Davids.

Physical Regeneration

By Elmer Ellsworth Carey



IN this article will be found a few hints to those who wish to drop the burden of ill-health, sickness, disease, and bodily infirmities. But, friends, remember that nothing can be accomplished without *strong desire*.

Man was never designed to know sin, sickness, fear, sorrow, worry, disease or unhappiness. Because man has transgressed laws, he has suffered. There is no mystery about human suffering. If we live rightly, we will never have a care, an ache or a pain; if we seek out and obey the laws of our being, we will never worry or fear or need a doctor; our bodies will be strong and full of health; our days peaceful, and the years of our sojourn many and full of gladness.

This article will deal with physical ills, although there are also mental and psychical ills, and it should be remembered that there is a close interdependence between physical and mental conditions.

Commencing at the foundation, I will say that the body is sick only because it has been wrongly treated. How many of us could take care of a locomotive? Yet the body is a thousand times more

intricate than a locomotive. As a matter of fact, we know nothing about the proper care of the human organism. We are not guided by natural appetite like the animals of the jungle, which are never sick, but we are controlled by false appetites, by silly customs and harmful habits. We should only eat to sustain the body, but the American people make eating a means of sensual gratification. The aim of the housewife or cook is to prepare dishes which please the palate; wholesomeness is seldom considered. The needs of the body are forgotten in modern cookery; the laws of nutrition and dietetics are unknown in our kitchens.

Eating for pleasure is an act of sensuality—a species of gluttony.

Bring me a sick person—I care not what is the trouble—and nine times out of ten the cause of the illness has something to do with the food question. Nearly all of us eat too much; we eat the wrong kind of food; we eat in the wrong manner, under wrong circumstances. Food eaten under stress of excitement or in the hurry of business does not digest. It turns to poison. This explains why so many business

men in large cities die before reaching the age of fifty or fifty-five years. They die by self-poisoning. Doctors call it "auto-intoxication."

The sick body has a thousand symptoms. There is, to my mind, but one cause: *food poison*. Besides poisoning the system, an excess of food causes refuse to gather in the tissues; sometimes this refuse material takes the form of fat. A double chin is a sign of latent trouble. Sometimes the impurities lodge in the joints, or eye, or ear, or muscular tissues or in the nerves. A thousand symptoms appear and the doctor has a thousand remedies. There is but one cause, and one cure. We must shut off the supply of poisons and remove those already in the body. This is the foundation principle of natural healing.

So stop eating for a season if you would regain health and youthful vigor. Give nature an opportunity to eliminate the stored-up poisons of the body; the fat will disappear; the double chin fade from sight. Drink all the pure water possible. Water, if pure and free from minerals, dissolves the poisons and impurities and flushes the system. Distilled water gives the quickest results. Fresh fruit juices are excellent. Buttermilk is a fine health drink. Living exclusively on milk for one, two or three months gives excellent results. Baths assist in clearing the system, especially vapor baths; enemas are useful, also, in the work of cleansing the body. Get the system *clean* inside and outside, and strive to keep it in this condition.

Dr. Kellogg recommends the use of fruits exclusively while the cleansing process is in operation; he calls this plan a "fruit fast." Thorough mastication or "Fletcherizing" is advisable at all times; there can be no abounding vitality without thorough and complete mastication. Try it for a month.

Another method of bodily house-cleaning is to eat only fresh vegetables, steamed or raw. Then there is the "watermelon cure," the "grape cure,"

and various other methods of clearing the human organization.

But, friends, if you really wish to regenerate the body; if you would set the clock of time back five, ten or twenty years, the most certain and efficacious method is found in fasting. During a fast the energies of the body are engaged in house-cleaning. If the period of fasting is continued for a sufficient length of time, all refuse, poisons and unnecessary fat are removed. Generally, a fast of a week, at least, is required before any striking and permanent benefit will be noted.

A busy housewife, cooking for a dozen people, often has not sufficient time to keep the house scrupulously clean; there is dirt in the corners, possibly; odds and ends accumulate, and there is dust on top of the bookcase. But if the boarders leave, then the good woman has time to look after house-cleaning. A similar condition is found in the body preceding and during a fast. There is not sufficient vital force to dispose of the large amounts of food eaten, and at the same time to keep the body free from poisonous accumulations. So waste material is deposited in the organs and tissues, causing various symptoms. When the food supply is cut off for a time, the energies of the system are utilized to clean out the odds and ends.

When many years have been spent in wrong living, the body cannot be rejuvenated in a few days, weeks or months. Sometimes a series of fasts will give very satisfactory results. During a fast the body loses weight regularly, but there is no appreciable loss of strength or mentality; at least there is no loss of strength if the fast is undertaken with proper knowledge. Certainly fasting will purify the body and clear the mind; during a fast many diseases disappear—because the poisons which cause them have been eliminated from the tissues. When fasting, drink an abundance of pure water—from two to five quarts daily—and use the inter-

nal bath every day for a week, and then every other day.

Those addicted to the use of tea, coffee and animal foods will find fasting trying and difficult. Before adopting the fasting method for physical regeneration, certain preparations should be made; otherwise trouble, although not of a serious nature, may be looked for.

Here are some of the preparatory steps which, if adopted, will make a fast of one, two, three or four weeks comparatively easy:

1. Adopt the "no breakfast" plan for a month before commencing the fast; or, in any event, adopt a two-meal-a-day dietary.

2. Abstain from the use of tea, coffee and flesh foods. Try rye coffee or some kind of cereal coffee; but all coffee substitutes, to be palatable, must be boiled twenty-five minutes; then serve with cream or evaporated milk.

3. Eat starchy foods but sparingly—flour, rice and potatoes.

4. Confine the diet as much as possible to uncooked foods, such as salads, fruits, nuts, etc.

5. Learn to masticate thoroughly and eat very slowly.

6. There is less discomfort in fasting in warm weather than in cold weather.

Any one who will prepare himself according to the suggestions above given can undertake a short fast—say, from five to seven days—without any misgivings, and no ill effects will follow; there is absolutely no danger, and no particular discomfort will be experienced. The mind will become clearer, and a feeling of exaltation will be noticed. Then in a short time a longer fast may be essayed; as confidence and knowledge are acquired, the periods of abstinence may be lengthened. Under

ordinary conditions, a fast of three or four weeks will not be injurious in the least. After a fast, eat sparingly and slowly.

I believe the American nation would be greatly benefited if all adults, sick and well, fasted every year during the month of June; and the income of doctors would be curtailed appreciably if every one fasted one day in the week.

In one short article there is not space to discuss all the points in connection with the subject of fasting; but the subject is well worth investigating, and books can be obtained dealing with the question which will give additional details. All interested in right living should study the subject of fasting.

I am not writing this article by guess, for I have had considerable experience in abstaining from food; I have probably fasted as long as any one of whom we have definite information. On one occasion I exceeded Dr. Tanner's record of forty days. From my experience and the experience of scores of others, I would submit the following:

1. With proper preparations and due understanding, fasting may be prolonged forty or fifty days without injury.

2. When undertaken knowingly, fasting greatly increases the bodily vigor.

3. During a prolonged fast, the body is cleansed of poisons and impurities; disease disappears and the body is regenerated.

4. In fasting there is no appreciable loss of physical strength or mentality; on the contrary, fatigue is eliminated, the mental powers increased and the faculties stimulated.

5. To those who would develop spiritual insight and psychic power, fasting is almost indispensable.



The Sub-Conscious is the Reality.

By Henry Harrison Brown



NE are all the internal fires of earth: each volcano is an expression of that one Fire. One is the atmosphere: each breeze its expression. One is the ocean: each wave its expression. Take away earth, air and ocean, which are cause, and the effects disappear. In like manner there is one life, One Mind. Each individual is an expression of that One Mind.

As the expression of each volcano is recorded in the history of earth as part of its experience; as the result of each tornado and each zephyr is recorded in the experience of the air; as each wave leaves its experience in ocean; and as the present condition of earth, air and water are the result of all the past expressions of volcano, wind and wave; so the One Mind is today the result of all the past experiences of the race. Therein is stored, in effect, every emotion and thought of each individual of the race, that ever lived.

This One Universal Mind is that Sub-Conscious Reality of which this conscious "I-AM" is but an expression. It follows, then, that all the results of all the thought and all the emotions of the race are in that Reality which I am. I am the race expression. Did one know what to do and how to do it, he could draw from that Reality anything any member of the race has thought or felt. Says Emerson: "What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what has at any time befallen any man, he can understand."

But he may still go further. He may think and feel what no one has, and thus add his individuality to the race experience. Aye! he may go still further: any experience possible to man during all eternity he may have now, if he knows how to take from this divine

Reality, knows how to apply "the suction pump of Auto-Suggestion."

Every day I am learning more of this Reality and declaring "I know," not because I have created anything, but because I have found a way for the expression of that I Am which I have been in Reality from all eternity. As much as I may know of my Real Self, be I the wisest man on earth, is but as a grain of sand against the whole universe, compared with that which I am and that which I shall know of myself when millions of centuries have rolled away. There is but one possible thing for me to do, i. e., *know myself*. This comprises the sum total of all knowledge.

Recognizing this Reality (which you may term God, or Mind, or Soul, or Energy, or Wisdom) as a unit, as is air, earth, or water, it will be seen that as a feather's weight or an earthquake's shock starts a vibration in the whole earth, as a vibration of a leaf or tornado vibrates through the whole atmosphere, so a single thought or emotion in any one of the whole human race vibrates through the One, through the whole Mind, and is a sensation in every individual consciousness.

My thoughts, my emotions vibrate through the universe as do those of every individual on earth, or anywhere in the universe. If there are thinkers and feelers in any star, their thoughts and emotions are here.

The thought of Indian, Chinese, Hottentot, and Hindoo; of German and Italian; of Englishman and American, are all here in my atmosphere; no matter where the individuals are, their thought halos earth, as the atmosphere does. This thought and emotion is felt in that one Reality which I am, just as the rays of the sunshine or song of morning's bird is felt in the atmosphere about me.

This has long been Philosophy.

Why has it not been made practical? Because men have limited themselves in recognition to those sensations alone that reach Reality through the five senses.

The five senses are but the sense of touch differentiated through organs of special sense: four special senses added to the general one of touch. It is a touch of a vibration to the eye that causes the sensation of light; a vibration on the ear that causes sound, etc. Men have lived only in these so-called *physical* sensations, and in the intellectual deductions from them. Whenever a member of the human species has transcended these limitations, he has been considered either a god or a demon; as one specially endowed, and because of that non-human.

But today in these psychic arts we are making old and well-known facts in our daily experience yield living results, just as the old fact that amber had strange attractive powers is yielding living practical results in telegraphy and telephony.

So long as we confine ourselves to the report of the five senses, we shall live in a small universe. To so live is like confining one's self to a single bass octave on the piano, when there are a dozen octaves of a higher pitch he may use.

Light waves come from the sun to earth in eight minutes. Magnetic waves are too swift for measurement. But emotion waves and thought waves are inconceivably more swift. They encircle earth instantly. There is no special sense for the recognition of the magnetic or electric waves. We sense them through the nervous system as a whole, as we sense atmospheric changes. There are no special senses through which to sense thought or emotion. But do we not sense them? If you have practiced noticing sensations telepathically, you know we do sense, and may recognize them. If you do not practice recognition, no conscious benefit will come to you. You will have added only one wave to the

thousands of thought waves of Philosophy.

Every thought from every person passes over the Reality as a breeze over the surface of the lake, and its impression is there forever. Why do I not sense—that is, why do I not *recognize* them? Because I am like the new-born child. The child is born one great mass of sensation. It has to learn to differentiate sensation into sensations. It begins with hunger-feeling; gradually sees, hears, tastes, and smells. We are to have "the second birth" out of this sense limitation, which is animal, into the consciousness of psychic life which is Spiritual—being "born again," this time born out of brute-conditions into manhood.

In the present psychic and telepathic experiments man is learning something of his powers as spirit, and should through them realize that he may live the immortal life consciously here and now. The coming man will recognize the effect of vibrations in the higher octaves, just as you have learned to recognize those in the octaves of the physical senses. He will live as Reality—as Spirit. The first birth is the animal, the physical man; the second is "the Lord from heaven."

This limitation of the five senses holds one, in common with brute life, to the conditions of the material world—the world of coarse vibrations. But when I shall be born to Consciousness of Self as Spirit, the limitations of the brute fall away and I am free. I live with one spiritual sense, which is Perception. *I see and know*. Emerson tells us that "Soul is the Perceiver and the revealer of Truth." Because it is Truth, Soul as soon as it comes to Self-consciousness, sees itself as Truth.

This life of spiritual perception is as far removed from that of sense perception as is the rattle of the child's drum from the melody of Paganini's violin. Yet possibility of the discord of the child is in the melody of the master. He can come down to the child, the child may grow up to him.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

SIDNEY A. WELTMER

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

ERNEST WELTMER

Happy New Year

Louise Radford Wells



O you remember the autograph books of our youth, and how on the back page some bright youth was always sure to inscribe, "*Way back here in the end, I sign myself as your true friend.*" Well, I'm "the bright youth," this time, and I've turned over the pages of NEW THOUGHT to find a small and select corner of space "way back here in the end," for nothing else in the world, at this glad beginning of a happy New Year, but to "sign myself as your true friend."

How many years has it been that we have lived together—wintered and summered, "falled and springed," as the little girl said? It doesn't seem possible to me that it can be five years since I first settled back comfortably in the NEW THOUGHT editorial chair and began to make friends with a new world of people—for you *were* a new world to me, and just at first I felt a little strange, and much as though I were a very small kernel rattling around in a VERY large shell.

But it wasn't long until I made the delightful discovery that you were just "home folks," after all, and then the shell promptly shrunk up to a nice easy fit and I found myself very comfortable and contented indeed.

There were only 15,000 of us then! Dear me, think of it! But we added 15,000 more to our family from December, 1905, to December, 1906—and the next year we did it again! And all the newcomers fitted right into the family as though they were reincarnations of old subscribers!

Well, I'm not going to "reminisce"—

but I was just remembering how we came to know each other, and how long a short time it has been, and I had to look *back* just a little before I could look happily forward, and say with joy and confidence and sure faith in the things to come—because of the things which *have* come and gone—Happy New Year!

Happy New Year! May all your heart's best wishes find fulfillment this coming year, may health dwell with you, happiness sit down at your fireside, love wrap you 'round, joy lift up her voice for you to hear, friendship sweeten and make perfect the days, and all the beautiful and divine things within you find the way out to fullest expression, that the most secret dream of your waiting soul may come beautifully true!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Begin Something

Sidney A. Weltmer



HIS is the time of year when people are said to make good resolutions, turn over new leaves and change their manner of living for the better.

It has been said that the road to hell is paved with good resolutions and broken vows; and another equally fallacious statement is that life's success depends upon correcting the mistakes made, because it is only upon former failures that it is possible to build a success.

Observation proves that failures would make about as good a foundation upon which to build a character as would broken vows and good resolutions for paving a road.

There is a certain element of value in the fact that some one day is considered the beginning of a new year, because the

lives of men are not dependent for their present successes upon the number of mistakes and failures they have made, but upon determinations that have been positively made and left undisturbed in their minds; and New Year's day furnishes a date when people are most likely to arrive at some of these determinations or to form some of these resolutions.

Not for a moment should the value of right determinations and good resolutions be disparaged, but many people make the mistake of using New Year's day as a time to *quit doing things*, spending all of their time getting ready for the cutting-out process, and eventually finding themselves without any object in view for the future.

It is ten times as easy and logical to *begin* something as it is to quit anything. If the New Year's day is used as a day upon which to form wise determinations, to begin things which will have beneficent conclusions, then it becomes a day of golden opportunities.

There is no day in the year that is not a good time to begin something, provided that something you begin has in it a purpose that could result in your improvement or progress. It is the beginning of things at the beginning of the year that makes that time important.

No evidence exists to show that man is any better upon the first day of the year, or that the time is more suitable than any other to begin things, but it stands as the day upon which men DO begin new things, and if the resolution formed is considered as a beginning by the mind making it, there is hope for its final consummation.

There is much to be said in favor of making good resolutions, much credit due to the person who forms a right determination, but the acceptance of this as the one red-letter day in the three hundred and sixty-five, for the inception of things of a beneficent character, causes the fact to be overlooked that there are three hundred and sixty-four other days in the year which are just as opportune times for good beginning-days as the first one.

The barrier that stands before each individual and keeps him from seeing what the world and his environment hold for him is his unbelief. He fails to believe in what belongs to him. He does not deny it—he just refuses to look for it.

Man places limitations upon himself at the beginning of things. He often fails to plan a definite foundation upon which to build the structure of his life work. The success of any individual at the close of his career will be according to the first plan he formulates toward the purpose he wishes to accomplish.

He who is dissatisfied with his present plan should clear the whole thing away and start an entirely new one, not try to patch up the old one—because it will not work and none of the material used in the old plan will help in the new. The former plan, if it has not been the right kind, should be abandoned as completely as possible. The better way is to sweep every support from under one's feet and start afresh—start *right*—freed from any incubus of accumulated weight.

One hour holds just as much of opportunity as another, because man's ability to do things, his success in life, does not depend upon his grasp of some special thing, but upon his comprehension of *his power to grasp things in general*, and his knowledge of his right to possess them. Unlimited capacity to know exists within each human mind.

In this day of possibilities, the greatest that has ever been known, man has free access to knowledge, and his activities along the lines of investigation and achievement are unbridled. He may exercise his powers to their fullest capacity and then give out to the world the results of his investigations, without fear or hindrance.

Tomorrow will be a day like today but with more opportunities, and man removes the difficulties from his pathway and illumines his view by embracing the opportunity which presents itself today for his utilization, thus disclosing to his understanding *each day* as a New Year's day and all time as one eternal Now.



(Devoted to the discussion of matters of general interest and current importance, the events of the times, new ideas in the industrial or economic world, the lives and successes of prominent people, facts about recent inventions, the researches of sciences, or the achievements of literature and art. Every reader is privileged to send in a question for answer, or his reply to any of the queries which are printed. The Current Topics Club aims to be a cooperative Bureau of Information and to prove itself of distinct educational value. Please note that we cannot forward letters addressed to contributors, or furnish addresses, on account of extra work involved.)

Conducted by Louise Radford Wells

"My Dear Miss Wells:

I wish you, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, or someone else would say something to encourage the abolition of the word 'sportsmen' in relation to slayers; and the use of the words 'gunners,' 'hunters,' 'fishers' or 'fishermen' instead; also the use of the words 'prey' or 'victim' instead of 'game.' Would not this change in words help in the direction of consideration of the life of our fellow beings?

All life is one life.

T. G. P."

There isn't any doubt that a change in nomenclature produces a change in ideas, and I'm not at all sure but that your suggestion could be carried out in broader relations than the one you suggest, with very beneficial results. Perhaps if we tried to use for every act, a word which correctly conveyed our idea of it, or attitude toward it, this little wedge of words would prove a powerful agent of reform.

I commend the suggestion—not so particularly in the restricted sense you emphasize, but in its *universal* application, to the readers of NEW THOUGHT, for their consideration. There is power in the spoken word.

* * *

Here are two answers to "Ida's" question in December NEW THOUGHT:

"Dear Miss Wells:

*Let me live in my house by the side of the road
While the race of men go by,
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
they are strong—*

*Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend of man.'*

The verse is by Sam Walter Foss (aren't you rather glad he is just *Sam*, not Samuel?) and may be found on the flyleaf of Trine's *'On the Open Road,'* which is the best information I can give as to where it may be found. I was disappointed to find it was not in the only volume I have of 'Sam's' *'Back Country Poems.'* It is perhaps a later blossom than that old bouquet that I have kept unwithered for many years.

E. W. O."

Old bouquets have a sweetness all their own. Wish I could sniff yours, for I, too, like "Sam," who so considerably is not Samuel.

* * *

"Louise Radford Wells:

In the December number of the *Current Topics Club* I notice that an inquiry is made by 'Ida' relative to a poem the title of which is 'A Friend of Man' by Samuel Walter Foss. This poem is published in the 1902 November number of NEW THOUGHT magazine, Vol. XI, No. 11.

J. P."

Thank you! Fortunately, NEW THOUGHT for 1902 is bound in one volume and is obtainable. If it had been 1904 or later, there are no bound volumes of the magazine for those years, and we would have had to go a-begging if we expected to get a peep at NEW THOUGHT for those years. Virtually the same letter comes from another subscriber, W. O. F., while two others send in copies of the poem. If 'Ida' will send a stamped addressed envelope, I will mail to her one of these copies. Much obliged to everybody!

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

Will you kindly run the following in the *Current Topics Club*?

'H. J. Mies, of Saunemin, Ill., is interested in

Indian relics and would like J. R. V. P. to write him.' H. J. M."

* * *

"Miss Louise Radford Wells:

The most comprehensive book on the subject of Indian relics is *Prehistoric Implements* by Warren K. Moorehead. One can gain an idea of the value of one's specimens by a study of the catalogues sent out by dealers. E. S."

I suggest that J. R. V. P. ask for this book at his local library and make a study thereof.

* * *

"Dear Miss Wells:

In going through some old books I came across the poem 'The Changed Cross' mentioned in your *Current Topics Club* some time ago.

No author is given, but the book is entitled 'Three Illustrated Poems,' press of John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, and entered according to act of congress in year 1869 in southern district of New York City by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 770 Broadway, N. Y. In the back of the book is a ticket stating book is sold by American Tract Society, New York City. 'The Changed Cross' is one of the three poems.

E. K. B."

"Dear Miss Wells:

In a late issue of *Current Topics* I notice that Mrs. W. R. B. asks for the poem called 'The Changed Cross.' I have it in a little volume of poems published by A. D. F. Randolph, to which it gives the name. I think this poem may also be obtained of the American Tract Society in leaflet form.

I do not think the name of the author is given in either the book or the leaflet.

Mrs. G. C. P."

Thank you. The leaflet information will be gladly received, I am sure.

* * *

"My Dear Miss Wells:

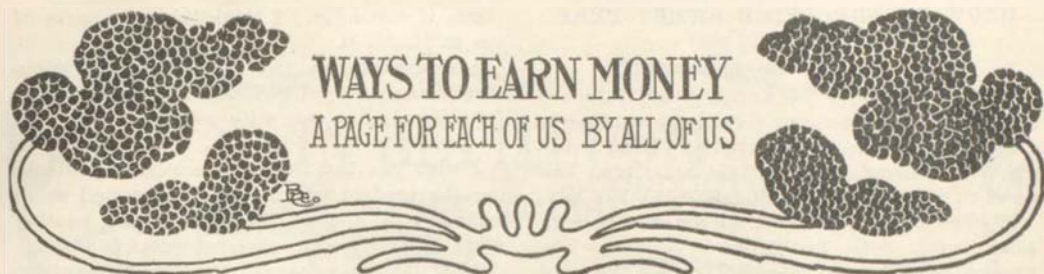
I should like to tell the Current Topics Club readers some of my experiences in living the New Thought. When I first came into this locality, I was unable to find anyone among my neighbors who was interested along the Higher Thought line, so did little talking along that line. I always tried to seem inter-

ested in my neighbor's trials and troubles, but always using a higher suggestion at every opportunity, but in such a simple way as to raise no opposition.

Often have I gone to town shopping with one of my neighbors, who would persistently talk of her sickness and troubles, and sometimes I have felt as though I would never accompany her again under any circumstances, then like a flash of light would come the thought, 'She does not know any better and only by my being patient and living the Higher Life myself will I be able to help her to the higher living.' So I would calmly put the thought of not going with her from my mind, and when she would talk of her troubles I would watch every opportunity to change the subject to something beautiful about us, some pretty shrub or plant or the cozy look of some home; always holding the thought of her getting above her perplexity. In a short time, the course of a few months, I could go with her any place and talk with her for an hour at a time with almost no mention of unpleasant occurrences, and she has gotten above doing and thinking many things that caused her trials, so has grown into much New Thought all unawares. And I have learned many much-needed lessons, one of which is: If patience is ever a virtue, it is *always* a virtue. I have grown into looking for a lesson in every occurrence. Every occurrence has some lesson by which we may climb a little higher in realization *if we will*. I look for something that will make me stronger in character. That I may live such a life as will be helpful to all those about me, both in the mental and physical world, is my daily desire.

Let L. M. S. and others know that silent suggestion is a power by which one may soon rid one's self of recitals of operations, sickness, gossip, etc., and they will soon make use of that power on all occasions. And it is only by use we develop more power. We parents have this power to use in training our children and anyone who has not made use of it will be more than surprised if she will earnestly use the right suggestion silently. Silent suggestions arouse no opposition, as is often the case with verbal. G. H."





Conducted by Louise Radford Wells

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

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

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



BELIEVE this little "square corner" of ours, whose object is to show us how dollars may grow from penny seed, and grit find a way of transmuting itself into gold—not greedy gold, of course, but just nice, comfortable, useful, well-earned pieces of legal tender—I believe, I say, that this little department is going to do a great deal of unobtrusive good the coming months, and prove a clearing house of good-will and wisdom!

To begin with, take those recalcitrant hens of December NEW THOUGHT—they will *never* have the face to confine themselves to six eggs a day after this issue of the magazine reaches their part of the country, for the letter which draws the first prize this month wins because it tells *just how to get results* for the egg-market. I hope the owner of those hens will put the suggestions in practice, and report later.

Every other letter printed this month is practical, helpful, and *can be put to work*. These are real experiences, real results obtained by real people; if YOU are racking your brains for some way of supplementing the family income, or of earning a little fund which shall help you to carry out some long-cherished desire—then read the contributions to this department, determined to find the one which is meant for YOU. Some of them can be made the solution of YOUR problem.

MAKE THE CHICKENS WORK

JESSIE DE FOREST.

First Prize, \$3.00.

"I flatter myself with the idea that I have a mighty mite to offer chicken raisers, that will point the way to success in their work. It is

not the breed, nor yet the kind of food given fowls, that produces eggs. It is the manner in which the food is given. It should be done in this wise:

Mix the grain thoroughly every morning with a good quantity of sawdust, chaff, or sand. This requires the hen to work to get it. In warm weather it is not necessary, if the fowls have free range. A hen that does not scratch, will not lay; that kind of exercise seems to be necessary to convert the food into eggs. If fowls are fed without any exertion on their part, the food produces fat. Also, hang up cabbage, mangel wurtzels, and alfalfa, tied in bunches, just high enough so that the hens will have to jump up to get them—in fact make them do their own 'chopping' even to getting the corn off the cob.

A word about nests: Partition off a corner of the coop, then fill it in with hay or straw; Biddy can make a nest that will suit her far better than what you can devise. I have never had any experience with incubators, believing that my lady hen can raise more robust chicks than a machine can. My observation has been that more fail than succeed with the incubator."

Thank you for your suggestions, which I recognize as good. Men and women are not strong and healthy, fruitful and virile, when bed and board are provided for them without labor. We only come to such expression or fulfillment as we *earn*. And it's perfectly legitimate that our feathered relations should have to scratch a bit for *their* living. There is common sense—as well as chicken experience—back of your practical advice.

GROWING SUPERFINE SWEET PEAS

DE ETNA S. DISBRO

Second Prize, \$1.00

In reply to H. M. B.'s request for information about raising sweet peas I am sending a chapter from personal experience. Some years ago my husband and I bought some land and built us a home in a small suburb of our city. We were fond of flowers, so did our best to raise some, with fairly good results. The ground was of solid clay, so for the peas we made our flower bed out in the open, where sun could reach it all day. Bed was 3 ft. by 10 or more, running east and west. At back of bed we dug a trench 3 or 3½ ft. deep, throwing out all the clay; put in thick layer of stones, coal, refuse and broken stuff for drainage, then filled in with good rich earth to 4 inches below the bed level. Early in April we planted the peas, deep, and when they came up, filled in around roots with good earth, and kept doing so until bed was level. Rest of bed was planted to bachelor buttons, phlox and other posies that grew thickly and in a measure protected roots of peas from sun. We were near the west shore of Lake Michigan, so our Springs were late, but we always had a bloom for the Fourth of July, when vines were but a foot or so high; but they grew and grew to top of a 6-foot wire screening arranged on frame, and above it, so that I had to reach up with the shears to cut stalks, as I could not reach them otherwise. And they bloomed until frost came, sometimes into November. I never went to the city that I did not carry great handfuls to my friends, and we raised the finest ones I have ever seen. Had 7 on a stalk once, and never less than 4, and so rich in fragrance—stalks from 6 to 10 inches long—and here is the secret, or one of them, of our success:

They were never watered with the hose, but from a barrel on the east side of house that was filled at night and stood in sun until next night, when it was poured on the roots by pailfuls—never on the foliage.

When I washed, the suds were saved in tubs until evening, and then the roots were deluged with them. Of course it was soft water and had no washing powders in it, but unless there was too much alkali used, I do not think any suds would harm them, and it enriches the ground.

The blooms must be cut daily. The first years I cut them in early morning, but found by much reading on the subject that night was best time for cutting, when they retained full fragrance of day's sunshine. By cutting and placing in cool cellar, they retain both fragrance and freshness longer. The average person who grows sweet peas puts them in the ground and lets Nature take care of them, and if they want some to use, they cut them; otherwise they are let go to seed, which finishes them very quickly. They will bloom until frost

comes if cared for. I think this may prove of use to H. M. B.

I never sold any sweet peas, but have since seen bunches for \$1.00 that would not compare favorably in any way with mine."

I wish you had had some experience in selling the product of your garden as well as in making it so opulent. Why don't you, another year? The advice you have given as to the successful raising of sweet peas may, however, even without suggestions as to selling, help some other woman to a nice little income. It comes in plenty of time for her to get her plans ready, even though she may live much farther south than Chicago and so be able to do her planting earlier. I hope several of our readers will put the idea to a test, and let us know "when frost comes," how many dollars the sweet-pea bed has brought in to the exchequer.

BREAD A REAL STAFF OF LIFE

ELLA LAWRENCE

Third Prize, \$1.00

"In a family of my acquaintance the husband died last January, leaving the widow and three children in bad financial circumstances. But Mrs. C— knew how to bake good bread, so she let her friends know she would bake their bread for them on order. Soon she was able to make three dollars a day, and by keeping her bread up to standard, now makes sometimes as much as ten dollars on Saturdays. This keeps her very busy, but the little ones are well cared for."

What did she charge per loaf? And how did her charges compare with the store prices? Did she try making hot rolls at all, or just stick to bread? How did she deliver? Tell us a few more details.

BUY A BOOK!

(MRS.) EMILY OSBORN

"For the little woman who gets only one to six eggs a day from 100 hens, let me advise her to invest \$1.00 in 'The Philo System,' Elmira, N. Y. I say this from experience. The remedy is in careful selection, getting rid of the useless hens, plus proper feeding. I assure you she will never regret the \$1.00.

The suggestion in last month's NEW THOUGHT, regarding putting New Thought into the bread, might have made some of you smile; but it works, for mother tried it, and in spite of cold weather and slow rising, the bread was perfection. She also tried it on the cream, and the butter came in five minutes!"

There's lots of wisdom between the covers of books—and your recommendation of this book is certainly warm enough to set a would-be chicken-raiser investigating.

IN KETTLEDOM

CONDUCTED BY
LOUISE RADFORD WELLS



(The purpose of this department is to make our New Thought housewives familiar with the latest labor-saving devices and the short cuts of modern housekeeping. There's less fun in washing kettles than in "looking at the stars"—and a New Thought woman ought to learn how to do the former so she will have time for the latter, or what it symbolizes. That's practical New Thought—doing away with the undesirable "excrescences" and claiming the beauties of life. All are invited to ask and answer questions. To help attract to us the best and most helpful ideas in "simplified housekeeping", we will hereafter offer three prizes each month for the most helpful letter or contribution received by us—short or long—for this department:

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

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



WHEN one of this month's letters in the *Ways to Earn Money* Department tells how one woman has cared for her fatherless little ones by making and selling bread, it is quite fitting that *Kettledom* should be able to offer suggestions on "How to Make Good Bread"—isn't it? I had just decided to close the "bread symposium," because I wanted to make room for short cuts in housekeeping, as put in practice by our readers, but we'll keep the columns open just long enough to get in this very full and friendly letter on bread-making. I hope it may be of practical help.

The December issue of *NEW THOUGHT* with its offer of prizes has only been mailed four or five days, as I write this, so the letters printed this month represent only the first installment of "prize letters." I look for a heaping pile before February *NEW THOUGHT* goes to press. I am only too glad to pay out these prizes each month as a slight recognition of your generous sharing with our other readers of your own discoveries in *simplified housekeeping*. How do you make things easy? What's your specialty? What do you do that your friends think is especially clever and "just like" you? Tell us! Every short cut of yours may add hours of leisure to some other woman's day—if you'll only tell her how!

Each letter printed this month contains a helpful hint worth remembering.

HELPFUL HINTS

ELLA LAWRENCE

First Prize, \$3.00

"Instead of peeling small potatoes, I wash well, then boil, peel afterwards, then fry in deep lard and butter—equal parts. This way they are more delicious than French fried potatoes and easier to prepare.

I have a large ten-room house to take care of, but make my work easy by looking all over it every day—giving it a touch with dustcloth here and there, and with carpet sweeper. This way I keep it looking perfectly clean, with only one good sweeping and dusting a week. To look over it so, every morning, takes about half an hour, and makes my mind easy to know it is just so."

SMASH GOES TRADITION

MINNIE B. FRAZIER

Second Prize, \$1.00

"Knead bread a half hour? Never! Life is too short, time, strength and mind too precious, and this is the twentieth century. If I could not make good flaky bread by beating into the flour a potato sponge set over night, and kneading ten minutes, then we would buy bread!

Another tradition in bread-making I have smashed all to pieces—and I love to defy all tradition—is the kneading of bread on a board. For eighteen years I have kneaded bread in a bread pan, thus avoiding the spilling of flour and washing of a sticky board.

Another trick I learned was to cut all the doughnuts and let rise ten minutes before frying in not too hot fat—when cold, rolling lightly in sugar."

SOME VEGETARIAN MEAT SUBSTITUTES

MRS. L. E. KEER

Third Prize, \$1.00

"I send you two recipes which I think are original—at least I have never seen them in print or known any one to use them. The first one answers the request of M. A. S. in the December number of NEW THOUGHT:

FANCY RELISH

Peel and slice three large potatoes, and boil in two quarts of well-salted water. When soft, add two slices of Graham or whole wheat bread broken in small pieces, a little pepper and sage, and four tablespoons of Wesson's cooking oil. Butter can be used instead of the oil. Then, while boiling, stir in cornmeal until it is as stiff as can be stirred, and cook a few moments on the top of the stove. When cold, slice and fry like mush. If care is used in making this, it is excellent. Those using meat, can substitute three cups of chopped meat instead of the bread and oil.

NUT LOAF

Three cups of bread crumbs, one and one-half cups of ground nuts, salt, pepper and sage. Moisten with milk or hot water—not too soft—add two well-beaten eggs and bake twenty-five minutes."

HOW I MAKE GOOD BREAD

MRS. J. W. SHUSTS

"The day before I bake, I sift all my flour. I sift about 2½ quarts of white flour into my rising pan, then put into the sifter a good quart of Graham flour or whole wheat flour, and add 1 tablespoon of sugar, 2 tablespoons of salt, and sift into the white flour. Then I fill my dish for sprinkling with sifted flour. Then I take a two-quart pail and sift into this about 1 pint of white flour, add cold water to this, and stir smooth—just enough to make a thick batter. This I cover to prevent from forming a crust, and let set until noon. When I boil our potatoes for dinner, I drain the potatoes

over this batter, and also put in a few mashed potatoes (with no milk or butter in). This I let set until cool, then add ½ cake yeast-foam, which I have previously dissolved in ½ cup of warm water. I press it with my fingers so as to have it well mashed before I put it in. I stir this batter well and set in a warm place to rise. When I am home I stir this batter occasionally, and by supper time it is generally quite foamy—the more I stir it, the lighter it gets.

After supper I add to this enough warm water to make nearly 2 quarts of batter. Having thoroughly mixed the white and Graham flour with the salt and sugar, I take a long-handled graniteware spoon and bank it up on the sides of the pan, then pour in the batter and mix thoroughly with spoon. I know by experience just when there is enough flour or too much. If it seems too stiff, I add a little warm water—if not stiff enough, I add more flour. I flour my hands and just use enough flour to knead it free from stickiness. Then I cover it and set in warm place to rise before the room gets cold—that is, gets started to rise.

In the morning it has usually risen quite light, ready for the pan. As I have to get breakfast first, and feed the chickens, I generally press it down so as to keep it from souring. When breakfast is over, the dishes done, floor swept, stove clean, I put it into the pan. I have a long pan. I put in a lump of clean dripping, let it melt, and have the pan good and warm. I take my dough on the kneading-board, work just enough to get it well mixed, then divide into six loaves. I turn in the top of loaf to get greased, and the sides just lightly greased. Then set in warm place to rise. When it has doubled its size, I press lightly with the tip of finger. If the dent remains, it should be ready for the oven, but if the pan feels heavy I let it set until it gets a little lighter. I always leave it in the oven over one hour—I love a good crust on it. When I take it out, I rub it with some butter on top, then set up edge-ways on table. I have tried to give particulars, so that one who has had no experience will be helped.

Never use water too warm for the yeast or sponge, as that will kill it. When too cold, it will not rise. In the summer if the dough is made at night, it must be made very late or it will rise too soon and sour by morning. The dough does not want to be too stiff or too thin. The old-fashioned way was to do a lot of kneading. I do not find it necessary."





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



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



CARPENTER, sent to make some repairs in a private house, entered the apartment of the lady of the house, with his apprentice and began work. “Mary,” the lady said to her maid, “see that my jewel case is locked up at once.”

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest, with a significant air, and gave them to his apprentice.

“John,” he said, “take these right back to the shop. It seems that this house isn’t safe.”

A man was operated on for appendicitis. After the stitches had been taken, one of the surgeons missed a small instrument, so the man was re-opened and the instrument was found and removed. After a second closing of the wound, another surgeon missed a needle, so the reopening process was again gone through.

When they had finally done, the man looked up, and in a feeble voice said: “Doctor, if you are going to keep this up, you would better put buttons and buttonholes on me.”

A well known actor had a habit of biting his finger nails. One day his little daughter, after carefully paring her nails, approached her father and said: “There, papa, are some nails for you to eat.”

The *Ansonia Sentinel* says: Jones tells of a girl who kneads bread with her gloves on, but that is not so strange as Smith, who needs bread with his overcoat on. However, the editor of this paper will need bread without any clothes on if the subscribers who are in arrears do not soon pay up.

A teacher had been telling her class that recently worms had become so numerous that they destroyed the crops, and it was necessary to import the English sparrow to exterminate them; that the sparrows multiplied very fast and were gradually driving away our native birds.

Johnny was apparently very inattentive, and the teacher, thinking to catch him napping, said: “Johnny, which is worse, to have worms or sparrows?”

Johnny hesitated a moment and then replied: “Please, I never had the sparrows.”

Mr. Sissons stammered outrageously. Especially difficult to him was the pronunciation of his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and uproariously one night, and had to account for it before the magistrate at the police court next morning.

“What is your name?” asked Justice McGowan. Sissons began his reply: “Sss-s-s-s-s-s-s-s—”

“Stop that noise and tell me your name,” said the judge, impatiently.

“Sss-s-s-s-s-s-s—”

“That will do,” said his honor, severely. “Officer, what is this man charged with?”

“Sure, I think, your honor, that he must be charged with soddy water.”

A mother, reproving her little five-year-old daughter for prevaricating, said:

“Little girls who tell wrong stories will not go to heaven, but will go to that bad place where they will be severely punished.”

The child seemed very much impressed, and after remaining silent for a time, asked:

“Mamma, did you ever tell wrong stories when you was a little girl?”

The mother replied:

“Yes, I am sorry to say I did.”

After another pause, the child asked:

“Did papa ever tell wrong stories when he was a little boy?”

The mother answered:

“I presume he did, for most little boys do. Why do you ask?”

The child, looking up earnestly, replied:

“I was thinking what a lonely place heaven must be with nobody in it but God and George Washington.”

“Mamma, I want some water to christen my doll,” said Ethel.

“No, dear,” answered her mother reprovingly. “It’s wrong to make sport of such things.”

“Then I want some wax to waxinate her. She’s old enough to have something done.”

Pat was an Irishman who desired to become a citizen of the United States. He presented himself before the Naturalization Board.

“Have you read the Constitution of the United States?” asked the examiner.

“I hov not, sor,” replied Pat.

“Have you read the Declaration of Independence?”

“I hov not, sor.”

“Have you read the Emancipation Proclamation?”

“I hov not, sor.”

“Well, then, what have you read?” The examiner was becoming slightly impatient.

“I hov red hairs on me neck, sor.”

Benevolent Old Man: “I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye.”

Promising Youth: “You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he’s got two!”

Teacher: “What is the meaning of elocution?”

Johnny: “It is the way people are put to death in some states.”

When little Bess came home from Sunday-school, her mother asked her who were there.

She promptly replied: “Everybody but Jesus; He was out calling.”

The school had sung, “Jesus Is Calling, Calling Today.”

“Mamma,” asked little three-year-old Freddie, “are we going to heaven some day?”

“Yes, dear; I hope so,” was the reply.

“I wish papa could go, too,” continued the little fellow.

“Well, and don’t you think he will?” asked his mother.

“Oh, no,” replied Freddie, “he couldn’t leave his business.”

The Telepathy Department

Ernest Weltmer *Director*

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



Many wonder — if spontaneous telepathy is such a common fact as it seems to be and possible of accomplishment under so many different conditions as it would need to be in order that it might occur so often — why it should be so hard to send and receive messages voluntarily. And well they may, for the question is a puzzling one.

One of the chief factors in the failure of voluntary telepathy is the attitude of mind of the receiver. Of course the sender's attitude is important, also, but, so far as we can see, it is not of so much importance as the state of the receiver's mind, for the reason that all thoughts seem to be projected more or less, while but few of them are consciously received.

I find that the same thing is true in dealing with hypnotic subjects, or, rather, with those whom I would hypnotise. I have noticed that I am generally better able to hypnotise a person who knows but little about what I am doing, to whom my suggestions and movements are so unfamiliar as to convey to him no very distinct separate impressions, and who, for this reason, has nothing to distract the attention

from the central suggestion which I am endeavoring to make the center of his attention.

When I give the same suggestions to one who is more or less familiar with hypnotic procedure; who knows what is coming next, how I might have given the same suggestions in other ways, and how I have given them, or others have given them, in times past—when I give the same suggestions in the same manner to such a one, my every movement and word has a distinct and separate meaning, its own peculiar line of association, and each one becomes in its turn a center from which his thinking might start. It does not matter that these separate stimuli may follow each other with great rapidity, that they may follow each other so fast that no one of the trains of thought to which they give rise has a chance to progress far. That is not the important point. The damage is already done. The attention has wavered from the central suggestion. The idea which I would put before him in such a manner as to engage the whole of his attention is lost in the many false starts he has made from the different stimuli offered by my different words and movements, and there is an entire lack of that fixity of attention which is so necessary to the success of my labors.

That would be bad enough by itself, but that is by no means all that I have to meet—and to overcome, if I may—in a case of that kind. Perhaps even worse than the tendency to start a new train of thought for each word and

movement that conveys a distinct meaning to the subject, is the tendency to watch himself in anticipation of the results of the suggestions. If he watched himself expecting the results to follow upon my suggestions, that would be bad enough, but I have not even the favoring advantage of expectancy in many cases. The subject who is well acquainted with the subject and knows just what I am doing and why I am doing any particular thing, is more often than not watching himself, doubtful of the results. If he is not actually doubtful, he is analyzing and comparing different sensations and feelings and mental states as they occur.

Now I believe that we find the same factors combating our efforts to consciously send and receive telepathic messages. We send a message, and instead of thinking only of the message that we would transmit, we give but part of the attention to that, and the large part of our attention we give to ourselves as the senders, to our mental and other states and to our activities. We watch ourselves just as I have spoken of my subject's doing. And in the degree that we give attention to our actions, in that degree do we take our attention from the object of that action; in that degree do we rob the thought of its energy.

When we try to receive, instead of getting quiet and opening our minds to the voice of the subconscious operator which would tell us of the message which it has perhaps just received over the invisible ether, we watch ourselves to see what we do; not a state, not a thought, escapes our notice, and if perchance we do get a message correctly, it is by chance, pure and simple.

That is one phase of the personal equation which I believe to be a very important one. To remedy this defect of method I can suggest nothing, except that, as receivers, we possess our souls of a deeper peace, that we more fully quiet the activity and turmoil of the conscious mind, that we become less producers of thought and more receivers of thought. Quit trying! That is, consciously. Let the whole of the effort be subconscious and rest content that results will follow. Just trust the inner man, the foundation man in whom we really root our conscious being—trust the deeper self and let it go at that. True, you have been trying to do that. I know that. But you have not been doing it any more than my subjects are taking my suggestions when they "stay awake to see themselves go to sleep." As senders, it is necessary that you learn to concentrate.

I would like to hear from some more of those who have been making private experiments. I mean experiments under conditions where the results are not wholly left to chance and where there is some way of knowing just what is telepathy and what is not.

SECRET WORKER.

The Plan Upon Which Coffee Operates.

Coffee is such a secret worker that it is not suspected as the cause of sickness or disease, but there is a very sure way to find out the truth.

A lady in Memphis gives an interesting experience her husband had with coffee. It seems that he had been using it for some time, and was an invalid.

The physician in charge shrewdly suspected that coffee was the "Worm at the root of the tree," and ordered it discontinued, with instructions to use Postum regularly in its place.

The wife says: "We found that was the true remedy for his stomach and heart trouble, and we would have gladly paid a hundred times the amount of the doctor's charge when we found how wise his judgment was.

"The use of Postum instead of coffee was begun about a year ago, and it has made my husband a strong, well man. He has gained thirty-five pounds in that time, and his stomach and heart trouble have all disappeared.

"The first time I prepared it I did not boil it long enough, and he said there was something wrong with it. Sure enough, it did taste very flat; but the next morning I followed directions carefully, boiling it for fifteen minutes, and he remarked, 'This is better than any of the old coffee.'

"We use Postum regularly, and never tire of telling our friends of the benefit we have received from leaving off coffee."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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

Two ladies rapped at the door of a friend's house. Mary, age six years, answered the door. One lady said to the other: "That little girl is not very p-r-e-t-t-y." Mary turned quickly and said: "I know I am not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but I am awfully s-m-a-r-t."

MESSAGES AND REPORTS

November 4.



HE message: "BE CHEERFUL."

Reported results: One, 5340 B., R. I., correct. Her report reads "Be cheerful." She also reports improving health. Fifteen could be classed as sensitives. Their numbers follow: 8337 B., Pa.; 8328 B., Calif.; 1273, Ohio; 5036 B., Ind.; 2700 B., Ills.; 8429 B., Mo.; 124, Ills.; 229, Me.; 8279 B., Me.; T. H., Calif.; 8267 B., Can.; 2380 B., Me.; 5335 B., Holland; 4247 B., Mich.; 8361 B., Conn.

By actual count 42% of the reports received for this week bear testimony to improving health or progress in the application of the Success Lessons, often both together. And this is the lowest percentage for any week of the four which are reported in this article! For the week of November 11 the benefit reports ran to 52% of the whole number received; November 18, 44%; and November 25, 45%. Of course, percentages, like other statistics, do not tell all of a story. They tell nothing of what this humanly means to those who benefit by these gains! Neither are they complete. There is much of benefit received by the members of this class which is so intangible that they cannot make a brief report of it; yet it is none the less real and important for that.

Here is a line copied from one of the reports, which shows much more clearly than figures and percentages can do what this side of the Experiment really means: "Am well, and love my life and work today with a new interest." Here is another characteristic report: "I am succeeding beyond all expectations."

Some of the students still seem to have the idea that the Success Lessons will benefit them in some occult way, and that membership in the class will stand as a sort of magic wand with which they can charm circumstances and the "Infinite" into dropping into their hands unearned favors and riches; and they attribute all sorts of queer things to this source. I think they have the wrong view of the matter, and for these I wish to say again, that these Success Lessons, and the Success Class, and the invisible telepathic assistance that each and all of us who are working in this class consciously and unconsciously render to each other—ALL of these influences—have their first and most potent effect upon the individual student himself and, if they are ever to produce any effect upon the toiler's surroundings, if they are ever to show their power for good in bettered conditions of life and environment, it must be through the effect they have upon the student himself.

What I mean, in other words, is this: These Lessons give certain rules and lay down certain principles. The value of these rules and principles to any student depends upon his power to understand and the energy with which he

applies them. I am constantly sending out to all who are associated with me in this Experiment all of the encouraging, hopeful, expectant, self-confident thoughts that I can think. Whenever I think of them and of our Telepathy Class I think, for my associates, strength and power and ability, and above all things else, self-confidence—faith in self and in the powers to which one naturally has access, is perhaps a more exact way of stating it. I hope that the same thing is true of all the others who have their names on the Telepathy Experiment roll.

In this, as with the Lessons, if the individual student, if I myself, am to benefit by the thoughts of others for me and for my associates—if I am to be the gainer by this association, it must be through the effect that such an association has upon me and my thoughts and actions. If the thoughts of my associates help me to think thoughts of strength, if they help me to believe in myself, to more fully trust the powers which are mine to freely use; if my relation with these several thousand silent friends enables me to more freely express my powers to the end of realizing my desires, then and only then will I benefit by my association with them. I am the one who will be affected and I, in my turn, will affect my environment.

For instance; not all the thinking, and studying, and communing, that I can do, will write for me these monthly reports of the Telepathy Experiment. If the reports are to be written, I must go over and carefully analyze the returns, study and classify them and put my conclusions as to the results attained, upon paper, by the usual method. The assistance I receive from my friends of the Telepathy Experiment will not do that for me, but this assistance does help me to do this work by helping me to cultivate the expression of my powers, by making me feel that my life and my work is worth while since it has so broad a field of expression in what I believe is a work of helpfulness. And, taking this expression, I find my work easier to do; I seem to do it better; I feel myself better able to do this and other work.

What is true in my own case will be true of all others of this association. You must look for the benefits first in yourself. You must expect the lessons and the thoughts you receive from others to help you to be worth more, able to do more, more deserving of success. You must expect to EARN the success you gain and not look for favors and plums to be dropped into nerveless hands which have never done anything to earn them. The first success you must look for is to deserve success in other things. And this is the greatest success that you can ever win. All other forms of success can only reflect this form in some one or another phase. This is the true, the fundamental success upon which all "achievement" rests.

The same thing is true of the health benefits that you may expect to receive. Their chief

source must be the natural healing and health-sustaining powers of your own being. The exercises which I have given you for the Telepathy Experiment (in the Calendar), and the association which you are thus enabled to form with others who have the same desires and aspirations as those which inspire your efforts, are calculated to bring into manifestation those powers. I say they are *calculated* to do so, but perhaps that is putting it too provisionally for strict justice to their usefulness. They will *surely* have this effect if their laws are complied with. There is no experiment about this part of the matter. We know that these rules applied to health will inevitably produce the desired results. We know that diseases can be healed and health preserved by this means, for we have seen it done times without number. It but remains for each one who needs something in this line to decide *what* he wants and then confidently set about getting it. The results are just as sure to follow, as ill health and weakness are sure to follow from the breaking of Nature's laws. This is a mere matter of obeying some of them, and, so, of bringing into action some of the powerful forces which made and keep us what we are.

Of course, many things will happen which seem mysterious and which we cannot explain. There will be occurrences which will make us look for their causes in hidden, occult sources of power. If we are on the lookout for these we can find them in every phase of life, and especially is this so in these matters. But I am certain that we make a mistake to look for the fruits of our efforts in mysterious benefits and undeserved "luck"; that we shall employ our energies to much better purpose if we seek results in the natural effects of commonsense causes.

November 11.

The message: "POWER IS WITHIN."

Reported results: One, 622, Mo., is practically correct. Her report reads, "*The Power within.*" While this report is not the same words, and perhaps not quite the same thought, it is still sufficiently close to be called correct, I think. I realize that I should call a telegraph message that was no more exact than that, anything but correct; and if we were to judge telepathic transmission and reception by the same standards as those by which we judge telegraphy I should not think of classing this as a "correct" report of the message sent out on the night of November 11th. But I think that we have here a very different proposition from that of the telegrapher. To make the simile at all parallel, we would need to make each telegrapher merely the recipient of the idea of the message and himself responsible for the form of its expression. Or, sometime, he would have to receive the words in a jumble or only in part and then guess the message from that.

With the telepathist, either the sender or the receiver, the personal equation is a very great factor. In fact, it is perhaps the greatest factor of all, after the one of the possibility of transmission and reception of messages. In sending a message, there is always a chance, and a very good one, too, that some stray thought, drawn by some invisible thread of association, will come into the sender's mind to interrupt the sending of the message; there is always a very good chance that some sensory

RESULTS OF FOOD.

Health and Natural Conditions Come from Right Feeding.

Man, physically, should be like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working easily in its appropriate place. A slight derangement causes undue friction and wear, and frequently ruins the entire system.

A well-known educator of Boston found a way to keep the brain and the body in that harmonious co-operation which makes a joy of living.

"Two years ago," she writes, "being in a condition of nervous exhaustion, I resigned my position as teacher, which I had held for over forty years. Since then the entire rest has, of course, been a benefit, but the use of Grape-Nuts has removed one great cause of illness in the past, namely, constipation and its attendant evils.

"I generally make my entire breakfast on a raw egg beaten into four spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with a little hot milk or hot water added. I like it extremely, my food assimilates, and my bowels take care of themselves. I find my brain power and physical endurance much greater and I know that the use of the Grape-Nuts has contributed largely to this result.

"It is with feelings of gratitude that I write this testimonial, and trust it may be the means of aiding others in their search for health."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

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

The Telepathy Department

message from environment will break in upon operations. And the same thing is true of the receiver, with the additional difficulty that the activity of the receiver's mind will tend to limit the message to the merest fragment of the whole. If the receiver gets the first word right, there is an instant tendency for him to finish out the sentence so begun, by his own mental activities, or, where these do not disturb, this fragment of the message may set him to thinking about something associated in his mind with this word. In either case that would make an end of his receptivity for the time being.

While these considerations may work to make us lenient with the failures of telepathic senders and receivers, and cause us to count many successes which perhaps do not entirely deserve the name, they do not, of course, change the fact that even a report which is so nearly right as this one, is not truly correct, but only approximately so. And we hope the time may come when we may be able to have many which are *exactly* correct. I think that we have an indication that such will be the case in course of time, from the approximate successes of this early day.

The "sensitives" for November 11th are as follows: 5094, Mass.; 8537 B., Ont.; 726, Ills.; 5242 B., N. Y.; I. H. D., Fla.; 8289 B.,

Mo.; 4007, Mass.; 2803 B., R. I.; 4203 B., Ohio; 4114 B., Wis.; 8273 B., Kas.

November 18.

The message: "TRUTH IS OMNIPRESENT."

Reported results: No one reported the message correctly. Six per cent showed sensitiveness. The best of these were: 5468 B., Ills.; 7163, Ills.; 871, Mo.; 875, Mo.; 8567 B., B. C.; 845, La.

November 25.

The message: "DIVINE LAW CURES."

Reported results: None was correct. Over seven per cent showed sensitiveness. The following are the numbers of the best of this class: 374 B., N. Y.; 2545 B., Minn.; 8289 B., Mo.; 1273, Ohio; 4169 B., Mo.; 8273, Kas.; E. G., La.; 8479 B., Neb.; 495, Tex.; 3345, Tex.; 7081, Mass.; 4339 B., Minn.

December 2.

The message: "RIGHT IS MIGHT."

December 9.

The message: "LOVE NEVER FAILETH."

December 16.

The message: "RIGHT WILL WIN."



"The Modern Mother," by H. Lang Gordon, M. D., is, as its sub-title indicates, "A Guide to Girlhood, Motherhood, and Infancy." The book is divided into three parts, the first being devoted to "directing the attention of the mother to the rational means of preparing the body for its functions and of maintaining its health." The question of exercise, care of the body, personal hygiene, diet and the special attention a growing girl requires, is considered exhaustively. In the second part of the book, "Marriage and Motherhood" is the subject, while the last third of the book is given up to the proper care of the new arrival, the little young baby. (R. F. Fenno & Co., \$2.00, illustrated, postage 13 cents.)

"The Education of the Will," by Jules Payot, Rector of the Academy of Art, France, appears to us in an authorized translation by Smith Ely Jelliffe, M. D. The book has run through thirty French editions, but this is our first opportunity to read it in English. It deals with "the theory and practice of self-culture." There is a theoretical section in which are discussed evils of thought and action to be overcome, the psychology of the will, and the internal measures useful in the education of the will. This is followed by a practical section, which discusses improper mental habits, and points out to us "the resources of our environment." (Funk & Wagnalls Co., \$1.50 net, postage 11 cents.)