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NEW THOUGHT

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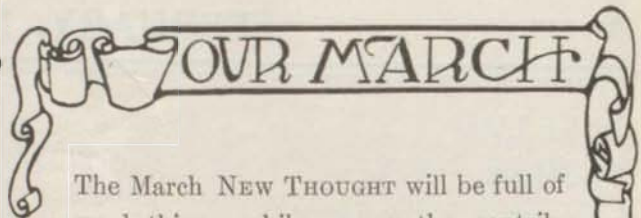
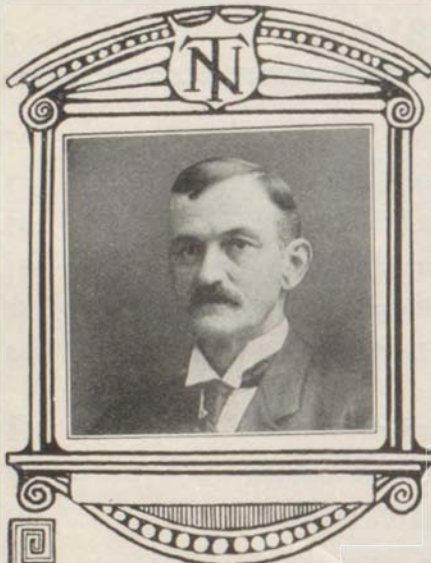
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The next



The March NEW THOUGHT will be full of good things, while among the contributors you will find well-loved old friends and delightful new friends.

Sidney A. Weltmer will talk to us about "Co-operation," about the wrong way of "going into the silence;" about "needing each other," and helping humanity, about the unity of life and perfect manifestation.

William Walker Atkinson sits down for a pleasant chat with us, all about "Prentice Mulford, the New Thought Pioneer;" about his work, his personality and his books. Mr. Atkinson's personal recollections, or intimate estimates of well-known men and women, are most fascinating.

Bruno, The Heroic Enthusiast, is a most delightful bit of sixteenth century New Thought by Florens Folsom, whom you all know by her exquisite verse. Bruno was an Italian poet and philosopher, born in 1548—"a magnificent brother, herald and prophet" of New Thought. This is one of the most interesting articles we have ever printed. You will be inspired by it.

Hypnotism: Its Uses and Abuses, by Hereward Carrington, is as interesting as one would expect from Mr. Carrington's practiced pen. He is an authority, of course, on things psychic, and what he has to say on hypnotism is more than worth listening to.

Paul F. Case, in this issue will give us the last article in his series on "The Law of Chemical Equilibrium," summing up the principles he has enunciated from time to time, and making application of them to daily life and needs.



New Thought

Vol. XIX

No. 2.

"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."

FEBRUARY, 1910

Get in Line

By Sidney A. Weltmer



The men who have done great things in the world have been great believers; not so much believers in the world about them, not believers in the history of the p a s t—because

while the history of the past records the progress of the world, each record of advancement has in it an element of fixedness, of limitation—but believers in their own possibilities.

We are often contented to say "I can't" do this or that, and are ready with the excuse that we are not exactly fitted or qualified for the accomplishment of some particular purpose; when the fact of the matter is that it is simply a lack of determination that stands as an obstruction in the way of the full expression of our God-given powers.

To-day men are attempting more than ever before in the world's history; and, clearly distinguishable above the din of the greatest discord that might be ini-

tiated, a great note of harmony is ringing out through the jangle and confusion caused by the hurrying throng in its endeavor to achieve the greatest results in its various lines.

This clarion note is being sounded in every field of attainment and, falling upon ears that have heretofore been dulled to the finer symphonies of life, new chords are awakened to vibrate in unison with the grand swelling chorus of harmony.

The one mighty watch-word is agreement. There is a gradual cessation of the disposition to seek out and compare differences. The hearts of men are being welded into one great brotherhood, and we are taking note of the points wherein we agree.

This is especially noticeable among the various healing cults, and it requires no particularly keen vision to look into the future and see the day when all differences will have been forgotten, all prejudices laid aside and all will be united in the one all-absorbing desire to render service to humanity, regardless of what method it may be necessary to bring into

requisition to awaken into conscious expression the latent powers within the individual.

Healers and physicians of every cult and persuasion have reached a common vantage ground in this, that whatever may be the means used to carry out the purpose of healing, it is the God within that responds on the part of the patient, and without this response there is no appreciable result.

The healer must reach through the dross of weakness and disease and bring into conscious expression the subjective self. Even the great surgeons of our time have recognized this potent element in healing, and over the door of a great institution in France appear these words: "I dress the wound; God heals it."

The skirmishing is over. Healers, get in line! Doctors, get in line! We must recognize the point of agreement. Every one can do what any one else does when he possesses the same degree of knowledge.

The response to suggestion on the part of the patient does not show the healer to be divine. It does not increase the divinity of the healer when he obtains results; it merely indicates that he has complied with Infinite Law, and the one common aim of the healer and the doctor to-day is to find a means by which this response may be secured on the part of every person who seeks aid.

Not only in one department of the world's work do we find this awakening and falling into line, but in every field of endeavor. If we wish to climb the hills of achievement and be in company with those who are the potent factors in the progress of the time, we must become fully awakened to our own possibilities, formulate a definite purpose in life, fall in line and keep step with the wonderful advancement of the present.

No man has any valid reason for being at the foot of the ladder of success. We may conjure up reasons for failure, and seek comfort and sympathy in lieu of the satisfaction and exultation which come with the acquisition of our heart's

desires, but in the final analysis of the proposition the ultimate is ever the same: somewhere there was a lack of definite plan in the undertakings which we sought to accomplish. The fault lay within ourselves.

If the incentive of ambition does not awaken within us the desire to accomplish greater things than ever before; if we fail to note an increase in our capacities as the days go by, we may feel assured that we have suffered ourselves to drop out of line and loiter by the wayside, which means that if we do not hasten our lagging steps we will soon be far to the rear of the column of advancement.

The bootblack who goes forth with a brave heart, leaving behind him in the dreary home a little sister shivering in her insufficient clothing, telling her to be of good cheer, that he will work for her and soon find food and clothing to make her happy, shows a more conscious relationship to his Source of being than hundreds of those situated in comfortable quarters, and his belief in his ability to accomplish his desires in the world has often enabled him to build mansions for his sister afterwards.

That boy does not do those things because he must. He feels within him that same impulse welling up which causes the plants and flowers to grow, that awakens the little flower when the first sunshine of early spring warms it. It is the impulse of the inner man that answers the call of opportunity; it is the mainspring of human activity when a human soul says "I can," and the boy goes forth sensible of the Infinite harmony in the world, strengthened and warmed by the courage in his own heart.

Here and there all along the line scores of individuals are taking up the march in the world's caravan of harmony, and the note of agreement in the social, in the commercial, and in the moral life, rings clear above every discord along the pathway.

The greatest difference that exists to-day is found among religious organ-

izations, and they are using every effort to find a means of uniting their forces. They are finding, day by day, that their differences lie more in small things than in any great ideas promulgated.

Religion and science are gradually reaching the same plane of thought. Their principal difference lies in the fact that religion has yet to comprehend the full meaning of its own heritage. They must awaken to the fact that whatever of power is manifested comes from the

God whom they profess to worship. They must comprehend that the only positive working force in the universe is the operation of Divine Law, and whoever complies with that law gets results. When this knowledge comes to them, they will no longer question as to whether or not healing or anything that makes for the good of humanity is the result of God's power.

So there is something in all this thought which is uplifting. It has in it the element *which makes things happen.*

My Needs

By Alice D. Baukhage



HEALTH, hope and working zeal,
A life not over long;
A faith to make its purpose real,
A love to make it strong.

A Parent's First Duty

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



A boy went wrong. He acquired a taste for drink, and encouraged the kind of companionship which such a taste naturally leads a man to seek.

Finally his misdeeds led him into the workhouse.

When he came out, he sought his father's house. The mother was there to receive him, but the father said: "No; he has disgraced my name and he can never again enter my doors."

So the boy went back to his old companions, and again reached the workhouse.

The father feels no remorse for his conduct. He believes he is justified in shutting a dissipated and disobedient son from his home.

But no parent is excusable for taking such a stand with an erring child. The very first duty which devolves upon a father or mother is the divine duty of patient sympathy.

No child is consulted by his parents about being born. The parent calls the spiritual ego out of space, and gives it form and name and place, on this plane, and in this era.

Having taken such an immense responsibility, it develops upon the parents to watch over the child from the prenatal moment when they first know it is coming to birth, until their or its final hour upon earth.

A Parent's First Duty

The treatment of the mother by the father before the birth often produces marked results for life upon a child's character.

For instance, a drinking man, whose wife lived in terror of his drunken moods, brought into existence a girl whose nature was warped by fear. The sight of a drunken man on the street or in a public conveyance made her hysterical, or produced fainting spells.

Another father, unhappy over the coming of a child to feed and clothe, through some perverted state of mind refused to speak to his wife for months before the arrival of her son. The morose and silent nature of the boy lasted into manhood. He was the most unhappy and unsocial of beings, until he came to realize the power he possessed *to change his own nature to a divine cheerfulness*, and to make himself over.

Many a drunken son, many an erring daughter, is the direct result of a father's habits. Yet these same fathers will be most unforgiving and most severe in condemnation of the faults of their offspring.

Whatever your child may be doing, sir or madam, however its inclinations and habits may displease you, before you close the doors of your heart or home upon this creature of your own calling to earth, *look for the cause of its errors in yourselves*.

Somewhere, somehow, if you are honest with yourselves, you will find you have sown the seeds of this unhappiness with your own hand.

Old thoughts, old propensities, long outlived in yourselves, have sprung into new existence in this young soul.

Or you have sinned by omission of the tender guidance and sympathetic companionship which every boy and girl needs.

Or by the opposite course of tyranny and espionage, you have driven the child from you, and forced it to become a liar and a deceiver in order to have any freedom of its youth.

One thing is certain. You are responsible for the character your child develops. You should watch over your offspring from the time it begins to think and speak, and by love, patience, sympathy and comradeship lead it into the path wherein you desire it to go. You should be fair with yourself, and be ready to acknowledge the fact when you recognize your own faults in the child; and you should be as tolerant as God himself is tolerant when the child errs.

However you may recognize the sins of your children, however honest you may be in regretting them, you have no moral right to close your doors against the son or daughter who comes to you. It was through the door of life *you* opened, that the child first came to earth.

You have no right to close the door of your heart or home, while that child lives; for by such an act you may close the door of hope of his or her reform.

It is your first, nearest and greatest duty to keep close by your children, with hope and love and prayer in your heart, until you bring about a reform, or until death calls them or you.

Any other treatment of your children is a sin for which you must some time pay the penalty.



The Nun Algarati

By Florens Folsom



OW this is a tale that they tell of the nun
Algarati, who followed
Exactly her master Impandu until she by earth-
quake was swallowed.

* * *

She was a wanton, dissolute and fair,
Reckless, embittered, poisoned by Despair:
Dared by her lovers, by their jesting stung,
"Impandu's soul shall at my feet be flung!"—
She cried, in one wild burst of boasting pride;
So, to assail him, stole she to his side.
He seemed to sleep. Beside his opened hand
A heap of gold lay,—heavy, bright, and bland.
It was the wages of the toiling poor
Of all the town. "Impandu's care is sure,"
They said. "He shall be guardian of our gold!"
And it was so. To all the tale was told.
"First will I lift his charge," she mocking thought,
"Then shall I wake him. When his honor's bought,
And he no longer cares the gold to see,
I will return it to his treasury!"
Open the gold lay 'neath her hovering hand:
She could not touch it—could not understand
The force that held her, but obeyed its might:
And, as she gazed on that still forehead, white,
The passions of her body, mind, and soul
Died suddenly, like flame in trampled coal.
Shame for the evil she had meant and planned
Rushed through her soul in flood—she kissed his hand.
Kneeling before him. "Master, wake!" she cried.
"Hear me!" But he: "*Child, since thou to my side
Camest, I knew thy all. Forget thy sin,
Thy griefs, thy sorrows,—all that thou hast been.
Serve thou the ONE: Peace, Peace, thus shalt thou win!*"

* * *

Stainless, faithful, and humble, from that day she served and
she followed.
Until, by the will of her Master, she, saving another, was
swallowed
By lips of the earth, which beneath a shuddering city had
hollowed.

Elmer Gates: Genius

By William Walker Atkinson



Nearly every reader of NEW THOUGHT has heard of Prof. Elmer Gates and his discoveries, investigations, experiments and theories, but very few know anything of the man himself, so insistently has this latter-day genius hidden his personality from the public gaze. I have never had the pleasure of meeting him personally, but I have obtained considerable information regarding his personality, ideas and work, from mutual friends, so that I feel I have rather more than a long-range acquaintance with him. In view of the general interest of NEW THOUGHT readers in his work, and the general desire on their part to learn something about his life history and personal traits, I have ventured to pass on to them a few scattered bits of what I have gleaned regarding this remarkable character, whose genius is equalled only by his modesty, disinclination for personal notice, and distaste for sensational exploitation of his achievements.

Elmer Gates was born near Dayton, Ohio, in the year 1859—a great distinction for Dayton, and an additional claim to popular attention for the town which is so well known as the home of the National Cash Register and the Wright Brothers, of air-ship fame. The family was of German origin, and originally spelled its name "Goetz," afterward anglicizing it to "Gates."

Young Elmer Gates was educated in the public grade schools, and afterward in the normal school, but his principal education was received from private

tutors and through special courses in several colleges. He was married to Phebe Edson in 1895, and has several children, I believe. He has been a professor in several colleges, and is a member of a number of scientific bodies, societies and associations in this country and in Europe. For a number of years past, however, he has been busily engaged in special investigation and research at his laboratory, situated at Chevy Chase, Maryland, a few miles from Washington, D. C.

In a brief biographical sketch in *"Who's Who in America,"* based on data furnished by him, he is stated to have "evolved a practical art of brain or mind building by a systematic means, which causes an increase in the structural elements of the brain-cells and whole nervous system, and increases mental capacity and skill; and has made numerous other discoveries in experimental psychology, out of which he has evolved an art of using the mind more efficiently in the processes of discovery, invention, education and right living; has recently done original work in electric meteorology, higher temperatures, and made a number of successful electric mining inventions; has five laboratories for experimental research in psychology, psychurgy, and in the other sciences. His institution has educational and not commercial ends in view; has a board of trustees who will establish departments through which the new methods of scientific investigation will be made available, and the new system, science teaching, practically applied. He has donated most of his inventions to the support of the institution."

Friends of Prof. Gates inform me that in his youth he became disgusted and discouraged at the mass of contradictions

he found in the theories of the philosophies and sciences, and thereupon decided to *unlearn* all he had learned regarding these branches of thought, and *then to begin all over again*. Accordingly he discarded one by one each and every theory, until at last he found himself in possession of but one fact of consciousness—that fundamental consciousness of Being which reported itself to his Ego in the words: "I AM." Starting from this fundamental report of consciousness, he built up for himself, piece by piece, tier after tier, a new structure of knowledge. He discarded every question which did not admit of a definite answer, and refused to say he "knew" a thing until he had a rational basis for that knowledge. His process was largely that of "exclusion," or the setting aside of one hypothesis after another, as not filling the requirements, until at last he found left at the bottom of the mental crucible the one irreducible element—the Truth. By discarding the Not-Truths and the Unfit, he at last found the Truth and the Fit.

He has been at work for a number of years past preparing two large books, in which his theories and results will be given in full, but so conscientious is he regarding this task of preparing the record of his life-work that he has refused to allow the work to go to press, although it has been set up in type several times. New discoveries, improvements, additions, etc., have caused him each time to withdraw it from the printers' hands. Until these works are completed, it is impossible to state his theories and discoveries in psychology in full. But, from conversations with friends, and from scraps of writing which he has allowed to be printed from time to time, his general ideas may be surmised.

It would appear from a consideration of the reports from the above sources, that he is an Absolute Idealist—that is, that he holds that the universe is essentially Mind, and its phenomena are the products of manifestations of the Cosmic Mind. He says: "Life is the cycle

of birth, growth, maturity, reproduction, and death; during which, conduct is adapted to good ends for the welfare of self and others. Life is not complete as an individual—it is a social relationship in which individual welfare and illfare is bound up with all others and with THE ALL. Life would not be what it is without Mind; acts could not be adapted to ends without Mind. Consciousness is the *mind-builder*—our conscious experiences are remembered and associated apperceptively, and that constitutes Mind. Life and Mind are regulated by normal feelings and knowledge. Consciousness is *cosmical*, mind is individual. Through *consciousness*, we put ourselves *en rapport* with the Cosmic Mind."

Of the Sub-Conscious Mind, he says: "Subconsciousness is the great ocean of our mental life—our conscious states are merely the ripples that strike the shore. Out of the sub-conscious processes the conscious states arise, and when these subconscious functions are controlled by true knowledge, normal feeling and consciousness, there results a normal life."

He says of Mind and Consciousness: "I regard Mind with as much reverence as I have ever regarded the infinite Cosmic Universe out of which all mind is born. With overwhelming awe I meditate upon the star-studded expanse, with systems of worlds floating therein, and doubtless filled with life—systems of worlds that in the presence of Eternity come and go like bubbles upon the stream, but it is with still deeper awe and reverence that I turn to that Awareness in me which is conscious of every passing conscious state; which observes critically, and with absolute justice, the phenomena of mind as they are imperfectly and partially exhibited to me in my consciousness; and I feel that if there be an intelligent purpose or Consciousness at the head of that which has eternally filled unlimited space, then to the extent that I learn the truth about Mind, to that extent I become acquainted with the power that is regnant in nature. Whatever of purpose or plan there is

in the whole or in any part of the universe, must be due to mind, and whatever you or I may achieve for self or others must be due to the activity of the mind functioning in us; and this mind which takes place in us, and of which we become aware, is as much a cosmical process as is the flow of the tides or the evolution of the universe. A knowledge of your own mind and how best to use it is your only possible guide, for what can never come to your consciousness can never be a part of you or for you. Mind is the path to the goal of all possibilities. This is the age of the apotheosis of Mind."

It is impossible to give, in the limited space of a single article, Prof. Gates' theories and methods of using the mind in the sciences, inventions, etc. Briefly stated, however, it may be said that by his methods the student is trained in careful observation and perception of every object pertaining to the subject of study, and the grouping of these objects according to classes, genera, etc., until the relations between the individual objects become firmly fixed in the mind. The student is drilled in analysis and then in synthesis or generalization. He is trained especially in *visualization*, so that he may clearly *reproduce* in his imagination or memory the images of the things he has perceived and observed. Practice in visualization is claimed by Prof. Gates to "cause certain parts of the brain to grow stronger, and increases the imagining speed from five to ten times."

It is said that in his own inventive work Prof. Gates secludes himself in a noise-proof room, and entering into a state of mental calm and peace, akin to "the Silence" of the New Thought schools, proceeds to *visualize* the concepts, ideas, and thoughts concerning the subject under investigation, and actually *creates in his mind* the entire invention, before putting a pencil to paper, or his hand to a model. He first *idealizes* the thing, and then *materializes his ideal*. He has constructed whole machines "in

his mind" in this way, before making a drawing or erecting a model. His process is a most practical illustration of the idealizing of the desired thing, so familiar to the New Thought. To those who object to this as "mere day-dreaming," we would say that Prof. Gates has in this way invented machinery and other apparatus which has brought him several hundred thousand dollars in fees and royalties. Pretty good "dreaming," that!

I will not repeat the accounts of Prof. Gates' celebrated experiments in Brain Building, by which he positively proved that the brain-cells of animals and men can be developed by practice to a remarkable degree; nor his equally celebrated discoveries that the depressing emotions, and those of anger, jealousy, etc., cause the formation of poisonous secretions in the body, while feelings and emotions of the opposite kind "generate chemical compounds of nutritious value, which stimulate the cells to manufacture energy." These experiments and results have been mentioned over and over again, and have been cited in nearly every work written on the subject during the past ten years.

Friends of Prof. Gates say that he should be worth several million dollars, considering what he has earned in his numerous inventions, for he has secured *several thousand* patents, many of which are very valuable. But he has no sense of the value of money—like the majority of geniuses, he lives simply to create. He has earned immense amounts of money, but has spent the same in his laboratories and in his experiments. It is said that several years ago he declined an endowment of a million dollars, because the donor wished to limit his inquiries to "orthodox lines"—as if such a man could be "fenced in," or tied to a post! It is said that his laboratories represent an investment of several hundred thousand dollars, but that he is frequently cramped for ready money with which to carry out his ideas.

By many, he is naturally regarded as

a visionary, but those who know of his work say that he is ultra-practical in his inventions and methods, although he persistently refuses to allow himself or his work to be "advertised" through the press. In this respect, as in his attitude toward money, he is an alien to his age and country. But being a *genius*, he is a law unto himself. I have often wondered what this man would be if he had concentrated his wonderful mind upon *Money*, as have certain others of our age. Personally, I believe that he would have made sundry Captains of Industry "sit up and take notice." But each of us creates his own world—each draws his

own to him according to the Law of Attraction.

Men like Elmer Gates manifest in the Now, that which "All Good Workmen" shall manifest after "Earth's Last Picture is Painted," according to Kipling, who says that, in that day:

" . . . the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are."

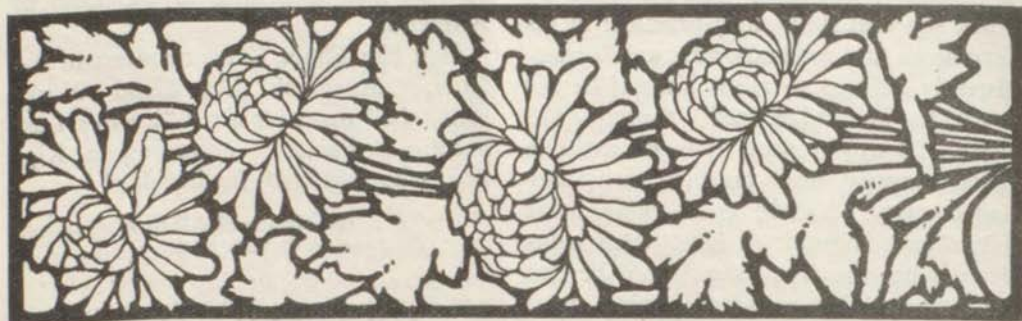


Where Fathoms Be Not

By H. Bedford-Jones

ON! Gain the seas unknown, the farther seas,
Where man is not; search Earth in all her ways,
Finding, it may be, some great meed of praise,
And that is all. No peace will lie in these
Greater horizons; no upsurging flow
Of sweetness from the vaster depths to thee;
No beauty to unloose the bands of woe.
When thou hast overthrown Infinity.

There is no mystery beyond the seas;
No glittering pageant of barbaric thrones;
Only in self lie hid the mysteries,
And in each hour the sweetness that atones
For all Life's travail, through a work well done.
Seek this, today,—and all thy peace is won!



The Manifestations of God-Consciousness

Otterbein O. Smith



We are to study together, under this title, what appeals to me as an intensely interesting subject. We have, in these modern days, been hearing much about the ascent of man and his evolution, and have been so busy with the life of man that we have had but little time to think of the vast work of God outside of His immediate relations to man. Yet it will be of interest and value to us to think of this for a time, and as we become conscious of the wide sweep and work of the Father, God, as He descends into the lowest depths of life in the universe, we will more fully appreciate His attention and care for man.

Clark Maxwell, one of our great scientists, says, "The ultimate atoms from which all things are created are manufactured articles." We have heretofore been taught that by a sort of dumb, dead, grinding together of various laws, God has and was producing certain forms of life. But a closer observation shows this to be a faulty line of reasoning.

Taking Clark Maxwell's statement of fact we may well say that wherever we

find manufactured articles, we must associate with them consciousness. We must then say that the ultimate atoms from which all things are created, have in them a consciousness which can be none other than the consciousness of God who spoke them into being.

We see the first marks of this God-consciousness among the rocks and minerals, in what is known as the law of affinity. Before discussing the law of affinity and the unfoldment of God-consciousness from that point, let me call your attention to a great truth in connection with it; that is, that the simpler the machine, the less attention need be given it by the consciousness that created it; and I want you to make that a sort of mile post in your thought. As an illustration, in many of our small towns and cities throughout the country the water is pumped from the city well into a supply tank with a gasoline engine. The gasoline engine is about the most simple in its construction of all engines, and often they set it going and go away and leave it for hours—in some cases for the entire night.

But turn from this simple machine to the great electric light plant, which lights the great city, with its complicated engine and dynamo, and you find that two or three men must be constantly on duty to see that the complex machinery

is performing its work in a proper manner.

So when we look down into the silent rocks and minerals, we find but slight traces of the manifestation of God-consciousness, for their vibrations are so slow, and the changes so far removed from each other, that but comparatively little attention is needed.

Is man using the wisdom of God in the treatment of the forms of substance which enter into the composition of his personality? To which is he paying more attention, the part of his nature of coarser substance and simpler construction, or that of finer substance and finer construction?

Man will never be able to get above the coarser, bodily substance until he separates himself from his body, in thought, and recognizes it as a machine, or rather as an organism, for the use of the real man, through which he functions on this lower plane of life.

As a man does not think of his automobile as being a part of him, neither should he think of his body as being a part of the real man, but a vesture which God has given him to use the best means of working with, or functioning in, while in contact with this coarser substance.

The facts are, however, that about nine out of ten persons are conscious that their bodies are themselves. How can we change this? By becoming acquainted with the vast field of finer substance which is above this; then the consciousness will of itself let go of this error.

This is not a theory only, but the writer has demonstrated it in his own family. I have three young daughters who have lost all fear of death, without any effort to banish that fear other than replacing it with knowledge of the higher forces of life discoverable in the study of psychic science.

But to return to the thought of God-consciousness in the lower forms of substances. As suggested, this is seen in the law of affinity so familiar to the

chemists. The most interesting and fascinating part of the chemist's work is to notice how the various atoms in his crucible have a strange preference for each other. As he watches them, they seem to be almost human in their choice. One particle will instantly forsake all else and rush across any given distance to unite itself to another atom.

When a man comes over the intervening miles between two cities and takes out of your city a young lady to make her his wife, we attribute it to self-conscious choice—but what about the atom, leaving a thousand other atoms and traveling across the jar to unite with another atom? The distance across the jar is as great to the atom as the distance between the two cities is to the man. One of these actions we call self-conscious choice, and the other we call affinity. There is, however, such a similarity in them, that as we contemplate them we cannot but feel that they have, after all, a close relationship to each other.

The discovery of this law of affinity and its certainty is of great value to man, in his study and use of the coarser substances with which he comes in contact.

By our knowledge of these likes and dislikes of the various particles of substance, we are able to obtain all the various gases when we want them, and many other curious, useful and beautiful things.

As an illustration, oxygen and hydrogen are combined in water, but if we throw sodium into the water we shall find that oxygen likes sodium better than hydrogen, and at once deserts the latter to combine with the former. So we have a compound called sodium hydro-oxide instead of water, and the released hydrogen escapes and may be collected.

Again, if you put some zinc filings into diluted hydrochloric acid, which is hydrogen combined with chlorine, you find that the chlorine at once proceeds to abandon the hydrogen and to join the

zinc, so that the zinc-chlorine remains, while the hydrogen is given off and may be collected. In fact, this is one of the ordinary methods of obtaining it.

We have, in this law of affinity, what seems to be the exact counterpart of what we call desire in human life, for the man comes over the long stretch of miles to marry some particular woman, because he desires her above all others. We are justified then, are we not, in speaking of desire among the rocks and minerals? If there is desire here, somehow beyond our ken there must be consciousness pervading this substance and creating this desire. There is no explanation other than that it is the descent of God, incarnating Himself, as it were, in the voiceless rock, for consciousness is surely manifested here.

When we turn to plant life we come to a higher order of life, a more complicated organization, and therefore to more marked expression of this desire or consciousness. See how the plant devises means of finding the object of its desire! Put in your cellar in the spring of the year a potato, and darken all the windows but one, and you will find it putting forth a single vine which will often grow several feet long in its effort to reach the light.

Two rocks might lie in your yard for ages and have in them particles which, if released, would rush together, but these particles seem to be helpless to actualize their desires. But plant in your yard in the spring time flowers that have an affinity for each other, and before midsummer they will have carried out their desire in union. The pollen of one plant will often travel a long distance to unite with another plant of its kind. Thus it is seen that as the organism becomes complex, an increased ingenuity is discoverable in expressing through desire the consciousness within.

When we pass to the next general order, the animal kingdom, we find a marked increase of intelligence, and therefore greater ability to express the consciousness in the organism. Look at

the bee with its hexagonal cell, made along perfect geometrical lines; the making of a queen bee out of an ordinary working bee, by selecting certain kinds of mysterious food, known among bee men as royal jelly, the preparation against storm amongst animals, and the defense of their young.

Bryant brings out the thought of the God-consciousness expressed in the preceding illustrations, in the words of the following stanza, as he watches the wild duck in its silent flight through the heavens:

*"He who from zone to zone,
Guides through boundless sky, thy
certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."*

The universal law which you will find running through all animal life, is, that the more refined its desires, the greater is its intelligence. The dog that lives on carrion has the instincts and savagery of the wolf, while the one that is fed upon wholesome, cooked meat, has far less savage instincts and desires; and when you put him on a vegetable and grain diet and associate him with man, he reaches a very high plane of intelligence.

Just at this point it is interesting to ask, why has man arrayed himself among the flesh eating animals, when the strongest, most beautiful and most intelligent animals are not flesh eaters?

We must not lose sight of the fact that we are tracing the descent, and we may well add, ascent of God, for you will note how the scale has turned and we have come far back along the path of ascent.

The God-consciousness up to this point seems to have been of an impersonal nature, or, as we might say, a group or class consciousness. We may illustrate this thought by the great factory with its various machines, the power supplied by the engine or dynamo in the basement. The factory is in

possession of group power by which every machine is made to respond and express the functions designed for it. In like manner the consciousness of God is expressed as a group consciousness in the forms of life which we have heretofore examined. But now we come to man, and here is a period of unusual interest in our study, for when we reach the human plane for the first time, we find the Divine consciousness individualized, and here we find the first independent, self-conscious being. Thus man becomes a son of God.

We must not forget, however, that much of that which is below man seems to be reflected upward in his life, and while he is an individualized entity, capable of self-conscious choice, there is much of the blind impulse of the atom and the intelligent instinct of the animal, which we have seen below him, surging

up and seeking for the mastery, and, sad to relate, often gaining it. Here is the battle ground of human life. We can understand better now why Paul said there was a mind of the flesh and a mind of the spirit. It is living in and by the mind of the flesh, or the animal mind, which, while it has intelligent instinct, does not partake of the self-conscious choice of the higher nature, that causes the heart-aches, the tear-stains and most of the pains of life.

Will you stop and reflect upon these things, and determine which it shall be? whether your life shall scintillate and be vibrant with the higher and truer things which come from the self-conscious, intelligent choice of the real man, or be submerged in the glow and fever of passion, generated and guided by the intelligent instinct which we may well call body-consciousness?



The Difference

By Katherine Francke

You ask me what is the difference.

Why, really

you're

obtuse!

The optimist sings, "Oh, what's the odds?"—

The pessimist, "What's

the

use?"

The Law of Chemical Equilibrium

XI. LIGHT AND COLOR IN HEALTH-CREATION.

By Paul F. Case



WHAT we see has often as much effect on our health as what we eat. Harmony of color in dress and decoration is just as essential to health and happiness as fresh air or good food. Color-harmony cannot be secured by "rule-of-thumb" methods. Definite principles, which must be carefully studied, are to be reckoned with in this matter, and only an expert is competent to solve the many problems involved. In the hope that what we shall explain here may arouse interest in this important feature of right living, we shall try to tell you about some of the essential principles without going too deeply into the more intricate parts of the subject.

The suggestive influence of light is like that of sound. Indirect suggestion is at work when colors excite or depress us. And light-suggestion is even more subtle than sound-suggestion, because the greater part of our thoughts are light-images. We have "visions." We "see things in our mind's eye." And just as in actual seeing we are able to distinguish forms by reason of color-contrasts, so in visualizing our ideas we are making the mind act through the color-centers of the brain.

Here lies the vital part of color-influence. Our thoughts come out through the same brain-centers that receive our feelings. If we are all the time taking in badly colored mental pictures we shall be sending out badly colored thoughts. If we live in the country, where we can see the blue sky, the sunrise and sunset, the green grass in summer, and the clean, white snow in winter, our thoughts take beautiful forms. The speech of those who live close to the wonderful color-harmonies

of nature is brilliant with word-pictures. Compare it with the speech of our city-dwellers, who know the country only as the place where the "Rubes" come from, and you will see what a great part color plays in shaping our lives.

Light, like sound, is a form of vibration. The terms we use to describe sound-effects correspond to those we employ in talking about light. The quality of a sound determines its "tone." The quality of a color is its "tint." The speed of a sound-vibration determines its "pitch." The speed of a light-vibration determines its "color." The emphasis on certain sounds in music, speech, or writing is "rhythm." The same effect is called "shade," or "light and shade," when it is produced through light-vibrations.

The proper combination of tints is something that requires all the skill of a finished artist, for some of the most elusive psychological effects of light are due to differences in color quality. As a rule, pale tints appeal to the more refined feelings. The more responsive the individual, the more noticeable is this phenomenon. Cultured people prefer delicate tints. Barbarians like brilliant, dazzling colors. The savage brain responds only to more or less violent stimuli; the trained brain perceives finer differences.

Think of the best-dressed woman you know and you will at once recall the fact that she (or her dressmaker) is an adept in combining tints of the same color. The men, too, have begun to think about having neckties and hose "to match," since they have broken the shackles of conventional dress. When we think of the power of clothes to influence human opinion, we cannot deny that there is

a very practical side to this question.

Less subtle, but more important, is the effect of the "pitch" of light-vibration. The spectrum bears the same relation to light that the musical scale bears to sound. The "deep notes" of light are at the red end of the spectrum. The "high notes" are at the violet end.

If a musical composer wishes to stir the passions of his hearers, he uses the lower tones of the scale. If he wants to express the lighter feelings, he pitches his composition in a higher key. In like manner the artist in color arouses the deeper feelings by using the "warm" colors, like red, orange, and yellow; and stirs the lighter sensations by making use of the "cold" colors, like green, blue, and violet.

The suggestive effect of color is one of the principal artifices of stage-craft. Scenic artists are adepts in using color to prepare an audience for the emotions to be aroused by a play. Plays of passion are more effective in settings of red or yellow. In melodramas, the adventuress nearly always wears red. These colors arouse passion in human beings just as they do in lower animals. Greens and blues, on the other hand, have a calming, soothing effect on the mind. Plays that require an atmosphere of intellectuality make a better appeal when the settings are in shades of blue, gray, or green.

The "dim, religious light" of churches is a real thing. It depends almost entirely upon the color-scheme. We get our ideas of church-decoration from very ancient sources. The esoteric meaning of blue, which is supposed to denote spirituality, is derived from observations of its effect upon the mind.

You must not suppose, however, from what has been said, that the "warm" colors should never be used in dress or decoration. Stimulating colors have their legitimate use, just as stimulating foods or drinks have their proper place in our diet. What is necessary is that we should use these colors with wisdom. The colors affect us just the same

whether we know it or not. We need to use them in the proper way, that is all.

When we combine colors we must remember that harmony is always to be secured. Harmonious combinations produce an effect according to the prevailing color tone, by emphasizing it. Inharmonious combinations only distract us.

You know how utterly impossible it is to concentrate your mind in the medley of sounds that rises from a busy city street during the rush hour. Elevated trains, surface cars, horses and wagons, newsboys, bells, and whistles combine to make a very bedlam of noises. Thousands of feet beat a shuffling tattoo on the sidewalks. Thousands of voices are raised at once. All this strikes the ear at the same time. The hearer is practically unable to distinguish one sound from another, and if at all sensitive to discord, is well-nigh driven wild. Under such conditions connected thought is impossible. But the same person whose mental forces are scattered by this pandemonium will be able to wrap himself in thought under the influence of good music, because harmony is the bringing together of parts to make a perfect whole, and harmonious sounds have a tendency to turn the mind into constructive channels.

If we study the other senses, we find the same laws at work. Taste too many things, and you can taste none. Smell too many different odors, and you lose your power of discriminating between one and another. When we remember that the eye makes all distinctions of form by means of color-contrasts, we can see how necessary it is that the mind should not be confused to discordant color-schemes.

Of the direct therapeutic effect of light and color, we shall say nothing in this article, because work along these lines is still in the experimental stage. Some wonderful things have been done with the X-rays, the ultra-violet rays, etc. But definite principles of practice have yet to be discovered.

The Law of Chemical Equilibrium

Of the suggestive effect of light, however, there can be no question. The basic principles have been given you in this article. You will find plenty of information on the subject, if you care to study it further, in the various works on the theory of light and color, and in books that describe the use of color in the fine arts.

It is only a matter of time before these principles will be known to all educated persons, and when that time comes we may expect to see the application of color to produce definite mental effects become part of our common practice. To-day we live in the midst of color conditions that make nervous wrecks out of those of us who are sensitive. To-morrow we will not tolerate such discord. But those who learn about these things now can profit by them now. It always pays—in dollars and cents, and in health, and peace, and happiness—to observe the laws of nature. The laws of color are just as important as any others. Will you break them or keep them?

Too many colors blunt our power of distinguishing fine effects. This takes

the edge off the whole mind. Whatever destroys mental capacity weakens the body. When we cease to be annoyed by clashing colors we suffer a general lowering of mental and physical tone.

Again, we can get drunk on color. We need to be careful not to surround ourselves with too great an abundance of color, or we shall become color-slaves just as others become drug fiends.

Sunny rooms need to be decorated in cool tints. Dark rooms, on the other hand, need warm colors in their decoration. Sleeping rooms should never be filled with ornaments, or with brightly colored objects. Rooms for study should also be plainly furnished, preferably in greens and blues. A little thought, and the co-operation of a good decorator, will work wonders in banishing color discord from the home.

Remember always that bad colors are just as harmful as bad food. If you want health, you take pains with your diet. Take just as much pains with the food you give your eyes, and you will be surprised at the good results you will get.

(To be continued)

Awaken Them That Sleepeth

By Florens Folsom

Say the word, say the word, say the Word always!
Waken them, sleep they never so soundly:
(A kiss on the forehead, a hand on the hair).
Some you must shock, shake, drag from their cerements;
Force to their feet, move their limbs with your motion
Till they act of themselves; till the poison of self's out.
Don't give up, though they sink backward to stupor.
Watch by them! Love them to Life and to loving!





A Message to the Discouraged

By Jessie L. Bronson

BE strong and of a 'good courage.' There is no obstacle man cannot surmount, no height man cannot climb. Man is not a tool (of fate); he is the user of tools. Man is the channel through which God's omnipotence flows into His creation. You are not a weakling; you are a Samson.

Have you read your compass wrong and lost your bearings? Are you side-tracked at some mental way-station? Reverse the engine of your will and get back onto the main line again speedily.

The human will sometimes gets so lazy or so balky that it requires a very large torpedo of misfortune to rouse it into action. Some will never show their best paces except under whip and spur. The greatest work man has accomplished has been done under the lash of pain. The thin wine of ordinary human achievement flows with but slight compression, but the rich juices of the soul are yielded only under the heaviest pressure.

Perhaps *your* will has become rusty, lying so long unused in the frost and damp of your dependent mental state. You see, you have been indulging in self-pity, than which nothing is more corrosive. Already it has corroded the whole of your bright armor. Get to work and use a little mental sand-paper. Polish up your coat of mail and your weapons. Clad in a shining armor of faith, hope,

courage, and peace, there's no foe you cannot face.

You've been living, I see, in a malarial swamp of fear and distrust, and breathing the miasma of worry and anxiety. Well, *move out on to higher ground*. Then open wide your soul windows to the breezes of heaven, and mix a mental pot-pourri of sweet thoughts to make fragrant the chambers of your soul.

If you want the good things of life to come to you, why do you put up the bars of doubt and fear? 'Tis through the conduit of faith that blessings flow in. See that you keep the conduit unclogged. Open wide the doors of your soul to life, and do not fear that ill fortune will enter. Evil is not looking for open doors; it prefers to pick locks.

You may have to climb the hill of difficulty a while yet, but just drop your worries and travel light. Half your troubles are of your own manufacture. The other half have been made for you by other people, from your own (unconsciously taken) measurements. If you want your environmental garments cut after a different pattern, you will have to give the Tailor of Fate orders to that effect. Your clothes doubtless fitted you once, but you've outgrown them, maybe, and need a new suit.

Has the dry land of your security been submerged in the waters of difficulty? Be a Peter and walk the waves of

A Message to the Discouraged

trouble. You'll not sink so long as you wear the life-saver of faith.

Has misfortune come your way? Have you met defeat—failure?

Defeat as well as victory serves to let the glory out. Defeat often teaches more than victory. However, nothing can really defeat you but yourself. One is never defeated so long as the will holds its purpose. "They are never defeated who never surrender." *Give life no quarter, and victory is yours.*

Has Fate backed you up into a corner and pinioned you fast? Are you caught in the jaws of Karma? Do you feel as though ground "between the upper and nether millstone"? Well, just smile back a dare. Continuous smiling will melt the heart of Fate sooner or later. Look trouble straight in the face and defy it. The most exacting Karma cannot stand that sort of treatment very long without capitulating. The most dangerous beast, even the Karmic Lion, is powerless under the gaze of *the man who is master.*

If trouble has come, declare joy.

Fate is only bluffing you. It is up to you to put up a bigger bluff. Life is a great game of chess anyway. Get to work and defeat Life at its own game.

What if Life does seem at present to be making you a punching-bag of Fate? So long as you keep yourself filled with *the ethers of heaven*, you will rebound to the blows.

Have you never seen children playing with ninepins so weighted that, though you knocked them over, instantly they were upright again? That is what courage can do for you. Besides, the tables will be turned by and by and *you* will do the punching. You'll be playing with Fate, and Fate with you.

Have you not sometimes gloried in matching your powers with the forces of wind and rain, when the big drops came pelting down? Provided, of course, you had a good mackintosh! And don't you know that the Lord provides troubleproof garments for all His

children? You're not a whimpereer in the face of Nature; don't be before Nature's God. By faith you can walk the burning, fiery furnace of life unscathed.

Never mind if Life has "rubbed you the wrong way." Friction generates magnetism. Abrasion and erosion are good for you. Life has to use sandpaper on the best of us, and when we get our own angles rubbed down smooth, there'll be no sharp points to catch on our neighbor's angles.

Then bare your heart to the sword thrusts of Fate, they'll not harm you. You are indestructible.

Trouble is the lunar-caustic which eats away all the warts of selfishness and hatred that disfigure our souls.

The richest soil is of no practical value until it has been ploughed and harrowed. Even devastating fires clear the earth of weeds, and prepare the way for the springing of fresh verdure. Trouble and sorrow burn themselves out in time. The fever of the earth-life burns up the dross and prepares the soul for renewed health.

Life may seem a flaming Etna to you now, but by and by the devastating fires will die down, and time will reveal a "burnt-out crater healed with the snow" of peace.

Are you disheartened because Luxury has thrust you out of her lap? You'd be a weakling if you always lived in a cradle. When Mother Life's birdlings refused to be coaxed out of the nest, the wise mother pushes them out. They cheep awhile, but by and by they preen their wings and put them into use.

We learn to trust the Great Pilot through having our little barque thrust out on the sea of life to sail or sink without human help.

Some people will never drop their burdens till their backs get so sore they are compelled to do so.

Are you thinking yourself ill—diseased? Not so. Your outside garment may be worn thread-bare and full of rents, but your overcoat is not *you*.

This body of yours is but the window through which you look out upon the shadow world of "matter."

You've been a resident in the Land of Externalities too long. Better take measures at once to get your naturalization papers made out in Reality's Country.

You've been looking outside for help. Commence now to look within. There's an electric dynamo to generate courage and power, stored away in the inner chamber of your soul. Better connect with the Great Dynamo and set your own plant running.

"Within yourself, deliverance lies."

And this great I AM, the evolving Spirit within you, is a wonderful Alchemist, transmuting doubt into faith, grief into joy, pain into pleasure; each undesirable quality into its opposite. And you must learn this great lesson of transmutation ere you can rise forever above discouragement.

The well of life is inexhaustible. *Let down your bucket.*

Every child born into the world brings with him as birth-right, a check upon the bank of earth, signed by the Almighty, entitling the holder to such of the world's coin of happiness and supply as he may need. This check is always honored if properly endorsed and duly presented. *Present your check!*

Have sorrow and heart-ache entered your life? Better to have an ache in the heart than to have *nothing* there.

And "sorrow comes to make room in the heart for joy," you know. Pain is the seed of joy.

Dig a grave and bury those griefs, every last one. Cover them deeply with the fresh green sod of hope. Drink deep draughts of the Waters of Lethe which gush from the rock of self-surrender. *"My troubles? I have forgotten them, therefore I have none."*

Are your life-dreams still unfulfilled? Perhaps in your life "some sweet hope lies, deeply buried from human eyes."

Well, resurrection day is coming, and angels will roll away the stone.

Life holds no irrevocables, no irretrievables. Time, the Wiseacre, will solve all your problems.

*"No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been."*

When we get too worn out to be usable, Nature returns us to the crucible, melts us over, and turns us out in a new pattern. "Marred, so He made it again." So we may do with our ideals and desires. Life is molten, fluid, plastic. We are the potters; and Desire, the tool with which we work.

As the complete Deity creates the whole heaven and the whole earth, so we, the parts of Deity, create our own individual heaven and earth—yes, and our hell, too. Hell is limitation—strangled life. And the only way to get out of hell is to *climb out*.

Is black despair in your heart, shutting out, like a pall, every last ray of hope? Oh, be comforted! To you I whisper the promise: "A bruised reed He will not break, and smoking flax He will not quench."

Into your wrecked life, with its "valley of dry bones," bleached in the alkali of your despairing thought, a Prophet shall come, who shall "prophecy unto those bones, and say unto them, O, ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you and ye shall live. And I will lay sinews upon you and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I AM THE LORD!"

The spark of Divinity is still alive within you—'tis unquenchable—and as soon as your will gives consent, the Spirit that is brooding over your troubled soul will fan this spark into a flame that shall warm, not only your own, but many another frozen heart.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come!"

The Science and Art of Salesmanship

V. THE VALUE OF VIVID MENTAL PICTURES

By Henry Frank



The subtle inter-communication between minds is a fact which must be ever in the mind of the salesman. He of all men should know that mentalities are reflexive and mutually affect each other for good or bad, for benefit or injury. The salesman should remember, every moment he is in the field, that his every mental mood is quickly caught by some other mind, and it may be that he is already projecting his mentality on a prospective customer while he is preparing his toilette at the hotel in the morning. Hence it is all-important that he cultivate a calm mind, a gentle mood, a loving spirit, a disposition of kindness and cheer.

Guarded by these mental qualities he is almost sure to overpower by his personal magnetism all whom he approaches.

Love is a tremendous force in business, as elsewhere in life, and none should feel the necessity of its cultivation more than the commercial salesman.

But once attuned to the mind of his subject, the next step is for the salesman mentally to guide or steer the other's mind. Just as in the electric world we are now learning that great weights can be transported through the air by wireless motors, so we must come to know that exterior minds can be directed and guided by the invisible current of thought emitted from another brain. Two mental laws must here be observed.

First:

The attention of another is propor-

tionately fixed by the intensity or concentration of a neighborly mind.

Second:

Mental concentration is achieved by the constant repetition of a single idea.

Let us study these two laws as related to seller and buyer. The immediate problem that confronts the salesman in attempting each undertaking is to fasten and hold the attention of the prospective buyer. Without this, of course his chances of success are small indeed. Now, an idea once entered in the mind becomes a magnet that controls and directs its movements. I awoke this morning with the idea that I must get out of bed. I lay very comfortably on the couch and my body was well satisfied to remain there. I dawdled for awhile, but not for long, as the idea troubled me, goaded me, urged me, till at length I submitted to it and arose. It was the idea, a mental state, and nothing else, that forced me out of my bed contrary to my first inclination. But if that inclination were more intense than the idea of getting up, then I should have continued to lie abed. The strongest idea or notion always prevails. This is a positive law in mental action; and mental action is always manifested in physical or bodily action.

Therefore the problem, necessarily, with the salesman, is how to get the proper idea into the mind of the prospective buyer, to bring him into submission. A vague idea, it must be remembered, has but a vague or indifferent force. As the idea increases in vividness, it proportionally increases its motor energy. When it is vivid and clear enough, it immediately transforms the metaphysical concept, or mental vision, into a physical reality.

But an idea is built up the same as a house is built. We do not erect a building all at once, but bit by bit, piece by piece. So an idea is built in the brain. We are not aware of this; for we come to a knowledge of the idea only when it is sufficiently evolved to command our attention. The eye never grasps the whole of an object instantly. It seizes every element singly, and by an inconceivably rapid process unites them all into an individual mental form. The idea that passes from my mind to another's corresponds in quality to my own. If my idea of an object is vague, it will be vague in the mind to which I impart it. If I tell a man how to find a certain road, his success will depend on the clear notion or mental tablet of the roadway I convey to him. If I say, "When you come to a certain division or fork in the road you will see a house with two gables, a dormer window under the eaves of the front gable, the house painted green, and with a large swarded yard in front. There turn to the right, and pursue your way," you will doubtless find no trouble in getting along. But if I say: "I am not quite sure if the house is flat-roofed or gable; I think but am not certain, that there is a dormer window, and I rather believe the house is painted green, but it might be drab," the notion will be so confused that when you approach the house you will scarcely find in it the physical counterpart of your mental picture. Therefore you might miss your way.

Thus, in selling goods it becomes absolutely imperative that the idea which the salesman wishes the prospective buyer to entertain must be clear and vivid if he hopes to convince him. And unless the idea is first strong and clear in the salesman's mind, it will not become so in the buyer's.

"You say you haven't the exact sample with you?" said a proposing buyer to an eager salesman.

"No, not the exact sample, but it is very much like this one."

"This sample, however, has a red thread running through it which gives a reddish effect to the whole. I do not like that."

"The sample I have reference to has another kind of thread that affects its color."

"Is it red?"

"No, it isn't red."

"Well, what color is it?"

"I am really not very good at colors, especially the shades of colors, but I think it is a sort of brown."

"Sometimes a brown has a reddish hue, you know, and my customer does not care for that."

"Yes, I know brown is sometimes reddish. I am not sure if the tint is reddish; it may be a brown with a drab effect. I believe it is a drab effect."

"That's not clear to me; I hardly recognize a brown tint that has a drab effect."

And the salesman naturally lost the order because of his inability to paint a clear picture in the buyer's mind of the article sought. But the salesman who followed him had the idea of color so clearly in his mind, and the whole picture of the goods required, that he drew a form of it on paper, showing the exact design, just where the threads with different hues crossed, and the consequent prevalent hue that colored the whole. With this clear presentation of the goods, the merchant had no trouble and was able to make his purchase.

Thousands of possible sales go to the wall merely because the salesman himself has no clear notion of the thought he wishes to present, and, being himself foggy, confuses the state of the proposed purchaser's mind.

Get into possession of one effective, strong and convincing idea of what you have to sell, and dwell upon that till the picture of it becomes as vivid in the mind of the buyer as your own; then the sale is almost a certainty.

(To be continued.)

The Great Sympathetic

By Walter De Voe



PATHOLOGISTS tell us that many diseases start in blood stasis or stagnation. Health can exist only while there is positive activity or circulation in every part of the physical body. Life is synonymous with activity, and stagnation with death. There is but one agent in the building and repairing of the body, and that is the circulation of the blood. It brings substance to every cell in the body and carries away waste matter. The blood stream is responsible for all bodily building and cleansing, for diseased or healthy tissue. If this is true, then any means that will flush capillaries and quicken the circulation, whether it be mental or physical, should be considered as a great means of cure.

All the circulating fluids in the body are subject to the sympathetic nervous system in this way. All the activities of the body, except those of a chemical nature, are tubular. Through tubes we breathe, circulate and eliminate. Bile, blood, air, food, sweat, pancreatic juice, lymph and saliva, all flow through tubes, and the flow is controlled by the involuntary muscles which constitute one of the coats of all of the tubes in the body.

By the action of these involuntary muscles we perspire, we breathe, our hearts beat, and food is carried through the stomach and intestines. And what makes muscles move? Nerve stimulus—nothing else. Any muscle is inert until compelled to act by nerve force. The cerebro-spinal nerves influence the voluntary muscles, but the involuntary muscles are controlled by the great sympathetic nerve. The sympathetic nerve, then, is the brain that controls circulation, perspiration, digestion, elimination and all functioning of the physical organs.

The spirit of man, which is often called the subconscious mind, acts through this great nerve and all its ramifications, to influence vital action. The states of the spirit, or subconscious mind, are all reflected into physical function through this nerve. According to the quality of the emotions that the spirit sends through this nerve will be the state of vital action. The chemical quality of saliva, liver and all digestive juices is determined by the quality of the spirit.

But here is a very important fact that is often overlooked by those who are trying to be consistent in the above point of view: Anything that weakens the nerve force, as overindulgence in sense gratification, anything that poisons the system, whether it be coffee, tobacco poisons, drugs, serums or fermenting foods, is bound to limit and depress the spirit in its physical expression.

The living, intelligent spirit acting through the sympathetic nerve upon the vascular or tubular system, tries to throw off the accumulating poisons and often produces an acute disease, called by German nature curists a "healing crisis." These healing efforts are great blessings in disguise, whether they throw off poisons through the effect called a cold, pneumonia or small-pox. The German Naturopathists prove in their practice that any of these acute healing crises are not harmful and leave no bad effects when nature is intelligently co-operated with and allowed to free the body of limiting matter. In fact, they result in a greater degree of health than before experienced. But modern physical and even mental healers do not recognize the great value of this process of elimination and they try to suppress this healing activity by thought or by the use of anti-toxic serums or poisonous

drugs, with the result that the poisons accumulate and result in tuberculosis, cancer, tumors, rheumatism or other chronic troubles.

As an illustration: A person may be troubled with impaction or catarrh of the bowels, and use the power of thought to subdue the warning sensations of pain. If he does not use physical means *to remove the obstruction or causes of irritation*, inflammation and decay may result.

During fevers like pneumonia there is no appetite, because the body is already overstocked with food which it is trying to eliminate, hence the fever. But I have known "Scientists," as well as M. D.'s, to pay no heed to this warning instinct coming through the sympathetic nerve. They imagine food rather than the spirit to be the source of life, and continue to feed the body, with fatal results.

The spirit can be aroused to positive activity in eliminating poisons, by mental and spiritual means, and the same results can be attained by the application of cold packs and cold water to the sacral plexuses, *because both means act through the same nerve*. In one case the impulse is mental, and in the other it is of an electrical nature. As the false habits of living, heredity and other factors have stored cells with useless substance, and as few give the time to attaining that spiritual mastery whereby the flesh is kept subservient to the spirit, it is wise to combine mental and physical healing as long as these means recognize and co-operate with the individual spirit of life as the great and mighty cause of cure.

When once the body has become puri-

fied and all morbid states of mind corrected by the knowledge of spiritual truth, then the sympathetic nerve becomes the open doorway to the subconscious activities of the spirit. Then the life absorbed from the universal Mind by the individual spirit can pour through the sympathetic, and the body will become a dynamo of energy and power. Then the pure instincts or feelings of nature will guide in the knowledge of the quality and amount of foods to be eaten, and the appetite will be obeyed because it will lead aright. Then when the temple is purified and the soul is resurrected to know the Source of Power, the white Light of Divinity will shine through all states of the nature and reveal the beauty and perfection of the Divine Image in terms of physical flesh.

SELF-TREATMENT.

I feel I am a spirit of life vitalizing the sympathetic nerve.

I concentrate my attention on the life that is now flowing through the entire nervous system.

I will feel life stirring all sluggish currents to positive activity.

I will concentrate on this inflowing life until I feel that every cell in my body is charged with its vitalizing energy.

I am life, dissolving away the accumulated poisons and morbid matter.

I am radiating life to dissolve false growths and eliminate all poisons from my nature.

I am consciously drawing life from the Infinite Spirit and filling this my temple with its healing energy.

I dissolve from my mind and nervous system all depressing and passionate feelings that life, all-glorious life, may fill my flesh with strength and power.



A Great Power

By A. P. Read

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."



O, I shall never be well," said one woman to another. "I know my nerves are played out, and that I must just drag on a half-dead wreck till the end of my days."

"Don't take such a gloomy view," returned her friend. "Remember how much better you are than you were a year ago. Try a little 'New Thought,' and don't allow yourself to dwell on the depressing side of life. New Thought would do more for you than friends or doctors can possibly accomplish."

"There you go with that fad," said woman number one, fretfully. "I know all about your 'new thought,' and there's nothing new in it. It is as old as the hills, and may do for people who imagine they are ill, but when people have a digestion like mine, I'd like to see any thought cure them. Mine is a genuine physical condition."

"Doctors tell us that anger and fright cause genuine changes in the blood, creating different physical conditions; so why may not happy thinking have equal effect in a better way?" answered the friend. "Instead of dwelling on your fatigue and pain, if you forced yourself to take an interest in some study or charity, holding the idea steadily before your mind of advancing always towards a well body, I am sure it would at least make you happier. You might see some of the beauty of life instead of all its discords."

But woman number one grew restive at this advice. "I declare," she remarked with exasperation, "you have lost all sympathy since you took up with these fads," and she flounced out of the library to mope alone in her bedroom, until finally the blues overcame her, and she took to her bed, and sent for the doctor.

And the way of that foolish woman is one that many often follow, throwing away their birthright of power, because they will not exert themselves to use it, or learn its value. They have no realization of that force for which New Thought stands.

The term "New," at which some people so ignorantly scoff, is not used as indicative of recent discovery, but because of the power of regeneration contained in the science of New Thought. This power creates a new life for those coming under its laws. Likewise the little questioned word, "New," may be very justly applied by reason of the cult's chief doctrine; namely, as St. Paul would express it, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Sad experiences dwelt upon, impair the spiritual, mental, and bodily powers by their depressing effect; while those that are happy, tempt one to linger in memory, or else repine that today is not so fair as was the past. People in accord with New Thought principles dwell in the great NOW, with the watchword ONWARD. In point of time the tenets of this science are anything but "New." It is the accumulated thought of all the ages, all the religions. It has sought everywhere for the secrets of its strengthening power. From the Buddhists it has gathered the belief in great mental concentration and its marvelous results; from Spiritualism and Psychology, that of the wonderful intuitive perception which comes to us subconsciously through development of our psychic natures. In the philosophy of the Epicureans it has found the idea of happiness based on prudence, and freedom from fear and pain. From the

noble stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, it has learned that nothing is bad or good, except as we think it, and that everything works in accordance with universal laws. Plato has added to it the principle that the perfect balance of man's three natures—physical, mental, and spiritual—each performing its functions in moderation, gives greatest perfection. Temperance, not abstinence, and the devotion of one's powers to large and noble aims, has been gleaned from the ideals of Aristotle, while the teaching of the Great Christ has added the keynote of love for humanity.

Much of the "New Thought" belief is to be found in the writings of Mrs. Eddy, though it has avoided her vagaries, and stands shackled by no Pope in woman's attire. The real founder was one Prentice Mulford, formerly miner in the early California days—a man indifferently educated, and rough in diction, but powerful of mind and purpose, and possessing in a marked degree what Emerson would have called the "oversoul." While digging deep for the precious metal, he reasoned by analogy that the richest possessions of our natures would only reward the ardent seekers—those willing to explore the depths. He pondered the old truths, the old philosophies, and wisdom grew. He dropped the pick and commenced to write and lecture. In 1884 he published the first of his White Cross Library. New Thought today is its outgrowth.

Soon after the publication of these books, twenty-three years ago, a centre was established in New York to disseminate the ideas contained in them. It grew slowly, and though still in its infancy, helped some lives, until at last it was supplied the logical basis of a science that could be studied and followed, ensuring a success in life. The way to the formerly sealed fountain was discovered, and a firm foundation laid down.

We repeat that New Thought, as today presented, is a science—the science of living so that one's three natures shall have perfect development. It rests

on the corner-stone that "thoughts are things." It has no dogmas, no bans. From Catholic to Atheist it stands open to all. It moves ever towards truth, and considers a fulfillment of the ideal as the highest possibility. No desire of the human being is incapable of realization, if only the will be strong, and belief in its accomplishment complete. It is the power of the mind that reaches out into the Infinite, ever groping towards the great centre, or God. It is wisdom for the body, mind and soul. It shows how mental strength and peace can heal physical infirmities; how this serene force can reach the storage batteries of the universe, and fuse itself with the currents of knowledge, power, success and happiness. Finally, it demonstrates how a well body and a calm, developed mind can aid in soul growth, until a possession of almost incredible psychic power comes to those who with unbounded love for all mankind move steadily onward, believing all things possible, untrammelled by habit, and with no preconceived ideas to close the door of intuition.

The views of Prentice Mulford have been amplified into this more complete doctrine, which will in time grow still more complete through the truth seekers. The force of its teaching has laid hold even on busy New York, and the new life from the New Thought is finding those ready for its quickening touch. By the aid of such powerful yeast, men and women will "rise from their dead selves to higher things," and learn to live with true faith, both in the Infinite and in their own individual spark of the perfect whole.

"The faith that life on earth is being shaped

To glorious ends; that order, justice, love,

Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure

As roundness in the dew-drop,—that great faith

*Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past."*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

SIDNEY A. WELTMER

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

ERNEST WELTMER

A Postscript to Christmas

Louise Radford Wells



MAGAZINE conversations have their drawbacks! For if you are going to say what is intended to be a word in season, the exigencies of the printing trade demand that it be said so long beforehand as to feel exactly like ordering ice in December. Or, if you are bubbling over with the thrill of a really current event, then it behooves you to stop and realize that by the time your excited tale has reached the silent coöperators in such one-sided conversations as fill editorial columns, it will be almost two-months'-old news!

That prospect would discourage the most loquacious and enthusiastic monologist ever created!

Yet for once I do not mean to be deterred by any such limitation. I want to gossip a little, *all about Christmas*, and I mean to do it, let the calendar, when these pages first fall under your eyes, point to what month it may.

I want to gossip about Christmas, because I'm going to make Valentine's day, in my year, a sort of postscript to Christmas; and Decoration day, a joyous addendum; and Fourth of July, an afterthought; and "any old day" a component part of a follow-up system which shall extend through all the year.

That's because I had such a delightful Christmas that I want to make it a sort of never-ending serial story, with every chapter ending "and they lived happy forever after."

You remember, last year—1908, that is—we all clubbed together and gave a Merry Christmas to many destitute families and forlorn little children. Well, this year I was down at the Nevada Convention just at the time it would have been necessary to suggest to you a duplication of the plan, and to arrange to have correspondence, etc., properly taken care of at the office, so the suggestion wasn't made, but I registered a private agreement, just between Me and Myself, that I would do a little Merry-Christmasing up back tenement stairs, on my own account, and that I MUSTN'T get too busy to carry out such a plan. And just about that time I received such a sweet letter from

one of You, with a nice green bill folded inside, to be used for any Christmas children I might decide upon; and next thing came a package all full of fascinating little packets of paper dolls to be given to some little girl to whom they would mean joy and delight. So my Christmas resolution was nailed down and made fast, you see.

Things always happen right in this world—when they are right things and you want them hard enough—and just when I was snowed under letter baskets of correspondence and proof, and fronted by many other exacting duties, and was wondering HOW in the world I could take the time to go and find the children who most needed Christmas, one of our Chicago papers—*The Chicago Tribune*, more power to its elbow!—printed a letter in its columns from a "Good Fellow" who suggested that all the people who were used to having a "good time" Christmas eve and spending, perhaps, considerable money to get it, just be another kind of "good fellow" for once, and go a-carrying Christmas to little tots who otherwise would not have any. The suggestion took like—well, like vaccination, only pleasanter; and the first thing anyone knew, *The Tribune* office force had to pretty nearly dig tunnels through the accumulated mail. And everybody—it seemed—wanted to be a "Good Fellow!"

Privately I think everybody is a good fellow, only some of us never get reminded of the fact—and forget it ourselves until something comes along and gives us a jolt. And *The Tribune* gave just the jolt necessary. Besides it secured the coöperation of all the organized charities in the city, and went right to work to get lists of the families in want—the families where nothing was coming down the chimney (and, alas! nothing going up, as there ought to have been if there had been a warm fire in the stove beneath, or any stove to have a fire in!) And they undertook to provide every Good Fellow with just as many children to play Santa Claus to, as he might elect. All you had to do was say "When," when you had enough.

So there was the first half of my problem beautifully solved—better than I could have done it myself, with printers sitting up nights to cry "More copy! more copy!"

And I promptly annexed as big a list of small people and small people's mothers and

fathers, as I felt two able-bodied "Good Fellows" (for I meant to borrow an assistant from somewhere) could possibly attend to "the night before Christmas."

And then began the shopping—I did some—the girls in the office did some—mamma did some—until we had dolls and toys and oranges and candies and all sorts of Christmas packages piled up waiting to be separated into the individual baskets for the Simpsons, and the Maloneys, and the Provaks, and the Olsens, and all the rest.

And mamma and the maid at home baked up the most delicious little individual raisin cakes, frosted and stuck all over with tiny colored candies, and dozens and dozens and dozens of nice spicy, plummy Hermits (do you know what they are? The best kind of a cookie ever invented!).

And then the day before Christmas Mr. Buchanan came over in the afternoon, and with all the packages spread out on surrounding tables, and our list tacked up in front of us, we began sorting and labeling and wrapping in tissue paper, and putting into this basket or that. And when it was all done and we had checked over the list, to be sure we hadn't missed the smallest Anderson or the biggest O'Brien, we breathed a long sigh of exultation, and prepared to sally forth.

Such a night! Wet! My, I can't tell you how wet we were, nor how bedraggled we looked before the evening was over—but we didn't care. Did I say "such a night," as if it were a very dreadful night indeed? Why, it was a beautiful night. It snowed and snowed and snowed, and the air was full of hurrying whiteness; and the ground was ankle deep and shoe-top deep with whiteness; and our coats and hats were crusted with whiteness, that clung and froze and wouldn't be shaken off. It wasn't cold—if we hadn't been wet; but since we were wet—well, it wasn't warm! But, again, we didn't care.

We had found that we could each carry three large market baskets, and one package, at a time! If you ever want to do this yourself, slip the arm of one basket nearly to your elbow, the arm of another basket on the wrist of the same hand; hold the third basket by the handle with your other hand, and put the package under that arm! You may have black and blue marks on your arms next day, but you won't care, if you're a real "Good Fellow."

I think I know now how Robinson Crusoe felt when he discovered the footsteps of his future "Man Friday," in the sands. For we were bound for strange neighborhoods, and had to keep consulting a pocket map and a guide book every minute or two, and every time we found "footprints in the sand," as it were, and knew we were where we ought to be, and that our small "Fridays" were right at hand and waiting, we had a real thrill of discovery and excitement. The city of Chicago has recently

changed its system of house-numbering, so that a number which was once 937 may now be 2491 (or something else equally exasperating and misleading); so we had this factor also to contend with, although *The Tribune* had furnished us with what were supposed to be the new numbers of all the families on our list.

Can you see us? Two white, tramping figures, quite obscured behind bulging market baskets and protruding bundles; heads down before the blinding snowflakes; calling backward and forward to each other over our shoulders (for we couldn't walk side by side); stopping under street lamps, with baskets on the ground, to look at the guide book; gravely counting our baskets when we took them up again, to be sure that those for the Olsens and the Maloneys and all the rest were unquestionably there; lighting matches in dark alleyways to find where the steps went up or the broken sidewalk went down; and, when a street car was possible between places, falling over people's feet and blocking up wet and muddy aisles, and being treated, nevertheless, with the most forgiving kindness and the cheeriest good fellowship by conductors and passengers alike.

I can't tell you about all the families or all the experiences, but I certainly shall have to tell about the Provaks (although I'm not giving you their real name). They were the largest family of all—five children, we were told—and so we had two baskets for them, and heavy baskets they were, as we remember even now, with feeling! The number we had for them was so far off from all the rest of our families, that we regarded it with suspicion, and had a deep-rooted conviction that when we finally found that number—if we *did* find it—it would only be to discover that if it was the old number, we ought to go to the new; or if it was the new number, that we should have gone to the old—with seven miles or so between them. If we bumped into anyone, it was always a Provak basket that did the deed; if we had to stop to readjust our burdens, it was ever a Provak basket that caused the ruction; and if we were trying, in the dark and the snow, to pick out some one particular basket for delivery, we inevitably found, on lighting the match, that we had seized upon the Provak's. This got to be a joke, and as the evening wore on, and we grew more and more tired and more and more wet, every fresh eccentricity of the Provak baskets would reduce us to weak and helpless mirth, necessitating the friendly support of a lamp-post or the side of a house, as the case might be, until we recovered.

Finally we got so we didn't believe in the Provaks at all—and when we had everything else delivered, and stood on the snowy sidewalk, shivering in our cold, wet shoes, and waving each a Provak basket triumphantly in the other's face, while we waited for the car to come which *might* take us somewhere near where we thought the Provak number *ought* to be, we

felt we were starting off on a wild-goose chase, with adventure—but no Provaks—at its end.

That's what the conductor thought, too, it was evident, when we told him where we wanted to get off.

"There ain't any houses on that street, at all," he said.

"Of course," said I, weakly, to Mr. Buchanan—"there wouldn't be!" And then we both giggled. Giggling is excusable at twelve o'clock at night after several hours of snow and wet and a pocket map! And the conductor almost giggled, too. Finally he vouchsafed that on the street which ran *across* the street which didn't have any houses, were three cottages and a saloon, and our spirits rose. We said, "Put us off by the three cottages and the saloon!" and he obligingly did, right in the middle of a snow drift for which he was, of course, in no way responsible. We floundered out with the best grace possible, and found ourselves on a sidewalk with one edge sliding off into a deep, sunken lot, so that you couldn't tell, beneath the deep fall of snow, where the sidewalk ended and the shelving bank began. However, we managed to keep our feet, and not pitch over into the old tin cans and other junk which intuition tells me were at the bottom of that bank. And after thirty feet or so of sidewalk, past vacant lots, we found ourselves at a two-story tenement building, all dark but some upper windows. Ugh, but it looked cheerless and forbidding! On the front doors, which were like the doors of a barn, was chalked up the number we had been carrying about and scoffing at all evening. There it was—1122—and here were we—in Goose Island, Chicago's most unsavory neighborhood, where squalid tragedies take place, and it is just as easy to be "held up" as to breathe the atmosphere—and *really easier!* Yes, here we were! We stood on the sidewalk, breathed a long breath, put our baskets down, and, said I, tentatively, to Mr. Buchanan: "Shall we rap on the door?" "We shall," said Mr. Buchanan, and forthwith not only rapped, but pounded. No answer. More silent consultation of each other's eyes—more pounding—then Mr. Buchanan pushed the door and it opened into a vast, yawning cavern of blackness. Not a speck or glimmer of light—just inky darkness. If Ali Baba had wanted a niece, altogether appropriate cave for his Forty Thieves, he certainly should have appropriated No. 1122 Blank Street early in his career. Presently mystic poundings issued from out the darkness—but nothing else. "I'll go in and find somebody," said Mr. Buchanan. "Don't you do it!" cried I, clutching with an apprehensive hand at his dripping coat sleeve; "this is a ghastly neighborhood, and I'd just as soon have a Perfect Gentleman with an *uncut* throat to take me home!" (Wasn't that good New Thought!) But Mr. Buchanan removed my hand, gave it back into my own keeping, and disappeared into oblivion. I heard footsteps

growing beautifully faint and fainter—there was silence—and I stood in the deserted street and looked at the Provak's baskets with a baleful glance.

It seemed a long time before I caught the sound of footsteps descending, and the yawning cavern yielded up to me again the reassuring figure of a Man!

"It's the right neighborhood," said Mr. Buchanan's voice out of the darkness, "but they're some place in the rear. Now you stay—right—here—(severe tone of command) until I find out where they are."

Another wait—somewhere about three hours in duration, judging by the amount of coldness, wetness and aloneness which were compressed therein—then from an entirely different direction than the one of disappearance, Mr. Buchanan's form came clambering up a snowy bank, to say, with a very queer note in his voice, indeed: "Well, I've found them. Come on!" And he gathered up the baskets and led the way down the slippery, slidy declivity, over concealed heaps of this and that (not to be more definite), pausing just long enough to say over his shoulder, "It's the real thing *this* time, all right!"

"Real thing"? Yes, it was—if the *real* thing is two bare shed rooms, level with the ground, and fronting on the alley; if eight people sleeping in one bedroom is the real thing; and if the many days' old hard ends of Vienna bread for food—which was all we could see of an eatable nature—are the real thing. It seems, doesn't it, that it *should* be *unreal*—oh, too unreal to ever find place or lodgment in any corner of even a careless world.

But there it was, and there at twelve o'clock at night were five of the six children, looking strangely happy and well, in spite of it all—the two-year-old baby asleep in its bed with the father. And there was the gaunt, angular mother, who couldn't speak English at all; whose skirts came well above her boot tops (yes, *boot* tops), and who wore a shawl pinned over her head, old-country fashion. In the light of the lamp on the table, she looked old and wrinkled and walnut-colored, yet the two-year-old baby was there as evidence that she is still a woman in the "prime" of life. The typical peasant woman, puzzled by the exigencies and hardships of the new world which was to be such a land of promise—of promise, alas, yes! but not fulfillment.

How one's heart feels when Life rises up before one stripped and bare, and we see the wounds and the weariness! Some day it will not be so—I *feel* it—I *FEEL* it. Life shall one day mean to all of us right to work and right to enjoy; leisure and labor; rest and industry; comfort and pleasure and beauty.

Well, the children were happy and healthy and good to look upon, and their eyes shone like stars, and their feet danced impatiently on the floor as the baskets were set on the table, on

which we all leaned, one looking over another's shoulders, all talking at once and every one trying to untie the strings at the same time. And then the things began to come out—and what exclamations and delight there were then! I had known the children's ages, but not their names, so the packages were labeled, "For the thirteen-year-old girl," "For the ten-year-old boy," etc., etc.; and you should have heard the eager cries, as I would take up this package or that—"Eight-year-old boy?" "Thirteen-year-old girl?" "Five-year-old girl?"

There were some mistakes. For instance, the thirteen-year-old girl (to whom Mr. Buchanan irrevocably lost his heart, forever and ever, amen!) was only about as big as a delightful little dancing gypsy of ten might be—so what on earth could she possibly do with that pretty belt buckle and belt I had taken out of my very own box of "such like" ornaments, to please her? Not a thing! She shouted with fun, and then told her mother in Slavish (with giggles and gestures) that she (the mother) would have to wear it. This was great fun for both, for mother had about as much shape as the side of a barn, and her calico slip had as much in common with a red velvet belt as a yellow satin bow with a load of lumber. Mother, therefore, rocked with laughter and clapped her knotted hands in appreciation.

Poor little thirteen-year-old—what she *really* wanted was a doll, and I had thought she would be too old! That doll is going to be my Valentine postscript.

I had only planned for five children—and, lo and behold! there were six—a five-year-old girl of whose existence I had not been forewarned, and whom I did not discover till all the presents were distributed. Dilemma! Indeed it was, as you would have agreed, as that little lip began to curl and quiver. I promised most delectable future joys—but what is the future to the present? She was offered a share of the others' things, but she had been forgotten, you see, and nothing could make amends. Yes, it could, for outside the door was another basket intended for a little boy we could not find. Except for thinking of his poor little stocking unfilled, I could have rejoiced; and Mr. Buchanan left his post at the stove, where he was shaking and drying my dripping hat, and brought the basket in where all might see. There was a chicken that only had to be wound up to pick up imaginary corn in most delightful fashion, and a funny bear which apparently had cramps in its stomach, since it threw itself on its back, kicked up its heels, put its paws on its stomach and finally writhed around until it stood exactly on its head, when it fell over and began at the beginning again. These and other delights dried the tears that hadn't yet fallen, and all was serene.

I had been told that some one else would provide the Christmas dinner for these people, but none had arrived, and lest it might be a

case like that of the little boy I could not find, I gave the mother money to get the things they needed.

As we came away, with the children's good-by shouts of "Come again!" in our ears—yes, and quite frankly and naturally, "Come again and bring us some more!"—we looked at each other and said nothing, most eloquently—so eloquently that more than snow got into our eyes and made it hard to find the sidewalk.

"Well," said Mr. Buchanan, after a silence; "if that was the only thing we had done tonight, it would be worth it all." And, "Indeed it would," I agreed, somewhat chokily.

"Let's begin now," said Mr. Buchanan, "to get ready for next year, and not wait till Christmas eve—and let's take care of more children—and begin days ahead, and be sure we know just where to find them, and what they want (oh, he was thinking of the thirteen-year-old girl and the doll she longed for, be sure of that!) and let's do it again."

Of course you know what I said, and why, therefore, Valentine's Day is a postscript, and Decoration Day an addendum, and Fourth of July—what did I call it?—an afterthought, and so on down the line.

And though we didn't get home till nearly three a. m., and were so wet that I expected to be sent to the furnace room to dry before they'd let me into my house and home; and so tired we couldn't keep awake Christmas Day—at least, I couldn't; I don't know what Mr. Buchanan's symptoms were; I don't suppose we were ever quite so grateful in our lives as we were for the kind of a Christmas eve 1909 brought us.

The Good Fellow idea is worth while, isn't it? I pass it on to you. Be one yourself, if possible, next year—for that's the real fun and the real good of the whole thing. But if you can't, for any reason—send a proxy. It's worth it—oh, it's worth it!

And all this is why, regardless of what the calendar will be saying when you read this, I just *would* talk about Christmas. Could you have helped it, yourself?

Some most unexpected and fascinating news in the March or April number! Get ready to be surprised—and glad—yes, and, to please me, just a little, little sorry!

Terribly mysterious? Of course! it's the mysterious things which are the interesting ones.

By the way, some one wrote me the other day a nice, friendly letter and told me a back subscription due from them had been apparently put into the hands of a collection agency, and that it just couldn't seem like "our Miss Wells."

Indeed, I'm right glad it couldn't—for I'd hate to have anything like that *seem like me*! You might all owe a hundred dollars on back subscription, and I'd never say "Boo!" to

anybody but you, be sure of that—and then it would be a very friendly “boo,” indeed.

It seems there were a few old disputed accounts with advertisers or agencies on our books, and the Nevada office, in running over them, gave them, to save themselves trouble and correspondence, to an agency which takes up such matters. But through somebody's mistake some back subscriptions of friends, who for one reason or another had let renewal day slip past, went right along with the rest of the bunch.

I'm terribly sorry! Certainly you may be sure it was without my sanction or knowledge, and the Nevada office feels as bad about it as I do. It's all over—and, like Mr. De Morgan's newest novel of all, “*It Can Never Happen Again*.”

* * *

But that isn't the only black mark against my name—only the next one is a sort of joke on me. And it's about a joke, as well.

One day, just recently, I got a letter from a good subscriber, saying she didn't like vulgar jokes printed in “our” magazine, and she was surprised that “our Miss Wells” would put them in its pages. I was in consternation, as you may very well imagine—and much mystified at that. But nothing to what I was when Tracy, who had just come to town, very delicately began to inform me that he had received a similar letter.

I was so astonished I just sat down and stared at him. I told him about my letter, and said: “But I declare there must be something terribly the matter with me, for I can't think of one story which could possibly be considered vulgar. I must have a very perverted taste! Was it the one about —”

“No,” said Tracy, loftily. “Why, *The Ladies' Home Journal* would print that!”

What could one say more?

“That's what I thought,” said I, relieved. “It's really funny, and I don't see anything

vulgar about it, but I can't think of another one which could possibly be *twisted* into any objectionable meaning.”

Tracy began to delicately hint, and finally I found out *which* story it was. But I was more at sea than ever, for this story seemed to me almost too innocuous to be funny—that is, tame, you know; not enough sparkle to it! And it was so perfectly commonplace that I couldn't see where any other meaning could even be *tortured* into it!

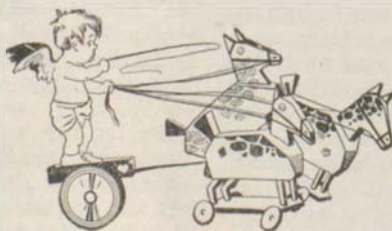
Well, I always thought I was at least ordinarily sophisticated—but I've got to frankly admit that it took at least half an hour to *beat into my head* the real meaning of that story that I had so innocently inserted. I never was so dumfounded and chagrined in my life. Behold me, dear people, in sackcloth and ashes! The story certainly would not have been printed if I had understood it in the least degree—nor, I am equally sure, would it have been submitted by the sender. Unquestionably she—or he, I don't remember which—was as innocent in intention as I.

To think of it—I, at my years, to be such an obtuse, unsophisticated individual! Almost like a boarding school miss! Well, I can only say that there are words in our English language which I never hear, never think of, and most certainly never use, and that they would never occur to my mind in any ordinary connection.

I think it's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of in my life—and when I'm not vexed about it, I'm so amused that I can't stop laughing.

I'm terribly sorry, everybody, and I hope you'll forgive me for being so obtusely innocent as I have proved myself in this instance. And you may laugh at me as much as you like!

It's a good thing I made this mistake right in the family circle, and not where company was around!



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.)



On account of making up the report earlier than usual this month I find that I shall be able to give the results of only two weeks' experiments. I do not much mind, however, and I think that my readers will not, for I shall take the space that would otherwise be taken up by the report, to answer some of the questions which have been

asked by receivers. For the most part I shall answer questions in a general way, as it would take too much space to write out and answer each one separately.

In the first place: Many have asked me if they must report, in order to be members of the class. This is not absolutely necessary and we shall not drop anyone from the list if he fails to report regularly, so long as an occasional report shows that he is still interested; but it is very important that all members report as often as possible, for it is only through the reports that we shall be able to gather evidence of what progress is being made. We do not want to make the Experiment a hardship on the receivers. We want each of them to feel that it is worth all that it costs of effort and

time, and much more besides, and when any are so situated that they cannot reach the postoffice regularly, or so that they cannot have Thursday evenings to themselves for a half hour or so, we readily excuse those so situated from making regular reports.

But we are also very anxious that such conditions shall not result in loss of interest in the Experiment. We are all desirous that the receivers shall realize the greatest possible amount of good from the Telepathy Experiment. We are doing everything that we can to bring to them the best results in gain of health and happiness and usefulness and success. That is, we are doing all that we can within certain limits. I am satisfied that the most productive change we could make in the Experiment would be to arrange some plan which would make membership cost each of the receivers pretty heavily. If that were done, I am sure that many more would take the necessary interest in it, and instead of the reports running about fifty per cent benefited they would quickly mount up to nearly one hundred per cent. It comes too cheaply to bring the best results from the efforts expended, nevertheless we feel that in this manner we can reach more who need some bit of assistance to get them started back on the road to health and prosperity, and we have to take the chance of the majority judging the worth of the opportunity offered by the Telepathy Experiment by the amount of money it costs them—or *doesn't* cost them.

I wish that I had the space to write about the psychology of values. Perhaps I shall take space for it some time. This is a very important matter. At least my own experience and observation lead me to believe that the price one has to pay for anything often has more to do with fixing its value and worth in his mind than its real value or power for good.

Be that as it may, I hope that none of the receivers in the Telepathy Experiment will grow careless and waste the opportunities offered them in this membership just because it costs them little and because they are allowed to exercise a certain amount of freedom in their observation of its ceremonies. It is now a factor for good in the lives of a great many, and I would like to see it made even more productive for good in the lives of many times the number of those who now profit by it.

In passing I will notice a letter from number 5080 B, Australia, enclosing four reports of messages received. As they show a pretty fair degree of sensitiveness I copy them here: Oct. 29, "*Strength is mine*" (message sent, "What you think, controls you"); Nov. 18, "*All power is given to me*" (message sent, "Truth is omnipotent"); Nov. 5, "*I am at peace with the world*" (message sent, "Be cheerful"). The other, "No message to report." In the general meaning or tendency these reports show sensitiveness, especially so in that they all approach in some degree the meaning of the true messages.

M. H. F., N. Y., says: "I have been wondering how large a percentage of the messages sent to you are really telepathic, though not the ones sent by Prof. Weltmer. I should think that by cultivating sensitiveness we would induce a condition of receptivity to any strongly felt thought which our minds were keyed to receive, no matter who sent it. While such a state of affairs might militate against the success of the Experiment, yet it would undoubtedly extend the benefit of the receptivity to an unlimited degree. Such thoughts make the idea of unity very real. Quite possibly we could not be selfish with our good thoughts even though we would. It helps us to understand that thoughts are really tangible things—things to be touched and handled by mind senses, rather than physical senses, if such a fine line can really be drawn."

Some very good ideas in those sentences, I think. As to the first one, I believe that there may often be an element of telepathic transmission and receptivity between some unconscious sender and other receivers. I have noticed that it very often happens that many in a single week will send in the same incorrect report when there was nothing in the time or the preceding messages to suggest such a message. I have also noticed the same occurrence often happens in my classes.

For instance, one night I tried to make all the sensitives in my class receive a telepathic suggestion to rise and walk to me. One received that suggestion, which I had given before, and which, for that reason, would have a tendency to be suggested to them again, while seven received the suggestion to rise and go out at a certain door, a suggestion which I had never given. The rest of the class received no suggestions whatever. The chances were so many against seven of them having received the same suggestion as a pure coincidence or from unconscious suggestions—to which the rest of the class was oblivious—that I set that down as another case of unconscious sending on the part of some one of the would-be receivers. This may be an important element in the Telepathy Experiment. I shall make special search for evidence for and against the theory that it is.

H. S. LeV., Ill., suggests that diet may have something to do with the sending and receiving of telepathic messages. He says that he finds himself more sensitive "after a light meal, especially when digesting a corn starch pudding or molasses candy. It gives a sense of well-being."

There may be something in this theory. I would hesitate to say that there is no truth in any theory, no matter how unreasonable it might appear to me, for we know so little about Nature that there is no telling what may and may not be true of its processes and forces, and then I have observed that the "nonsense" of one age is often the wisdom of the next. But I still do not think it likely that "molasses candy" is the direct cause of added sensitiveness and power of sending, or, for the matter of that, that any other article of food would be in any better case in this regard, except as one or the other would go farther toward promoting that feeling of "well-being" which is often necessary if one would become quiet and forgetful of his body and its sensations, a condition of mind which seems to greatly favor telepathic sensitiveness.

Number 2983 B, Ohio, writes: "I had an experience a short time ago which I believe was a clear case of telepathy. I was out of town last Saturday and Sunday and during my absence a friend was called home by the death of her father. I came back late Sunday night and had no conversation with anyone. Early the next morning, while I was dressing, the thought came to me, 'Miss J. has gone home on account of the death of her father.' Later when I went out I heard that this was so. The man had been sick for more than four years, and his sickness was of such a nature that he might have lived indefinitely, so there was no reason for expecting his death at this particular time. Besides, my friend was little in my mind and her father not at all. I was visiting friends in Cincinnati and my mind was otherwise occupied."

I, too, think this a case of telepathy. This reminds me of another case which came to my notice the other day. On going into the Institute parlor to see the Matron, the other day, I found her out and a friend filling her place. I noticed that the young lady seemed a bit excited about something and I quickly found out what it was. She quickly told me of a rather strange experience which she had just had and which seemed to impress her as a trifle uncanny. She said that she had suddenly found herself thinking about an old friend who had not been in her thoughts for some time and to whom she had not written for over six months. She wondered where she was and decided that she would just write to her, addressing the letter to her old address, on the chance that it would be forwarded and so reach her. She had just taken out paper and pen and was addressing the page, when the telephone at her elbow rang and she stopped to answer it. The call proved to be for her from the very girl to whom she was starting to write. The girl had just come to the hospital and had called her up as soon as she arrived. I think comment is hardly needed in this case.

Mrs. F. M., Ohio, writes: "Just before waking (while trying to receive a telepathic message on June 3) Prof. Weltmer appeared in the room in front of me as if entering from the hall. He was standing still in the attitude of greeting me, head slightly turned to the left and inclined a trifle back (you know his pose). * * * The only picture I had ever seen of him was that in the NEW THOUGHT magazine, only his head and shoulders. * * * But I saw him as he is, in height, build, features, the play of features the instant before speaking, a characteristic pose and the identical suit of clothes he had on when I met him, later, for the first time at Columbus. Needless to say, I recognized him instantly when I met him there."

Mrs. A. R. R., Tex., and several others have spoken of hearing voices, either just before going to sleep or while awaking. One receiver speaks of having heard her own thoughts as if spoken aloud, although she was reading silently at the time.

This is one of the phenomena of the mind's peculiar activities which is not very well understood, except that it seems to show a sort of mixing of the phenomena of dreaming sleep and wakeful, conscious life. I have noticed that I am subject to the same experience when I am very weary, especially if I have been doing a long "stunt" of writing and am nervously exhausted. Before going to sleep I often hear words, sometimes even to the extent of fragments of sentences, and also see faces and bits of scenery in passing flashes. Sometimes I am able to identify these words and scenes with the day's experiences, but for the most part they seem strange to me. However, one's condition is not at that time the best for close analysis and careful study.

These are called "hypnagogic pictures," I believe, which explanation should make the matter quite clear to the average reader! So, one need not be frightened if he sees visions or hears voices at this time; at any rate, he need not "get up in the air" about it till we have discovered their real significance.

The following interesting account is contributed by Mrs. A. R. R., Tex.: "Some years ago my husband and grown son went away in the fall and left me to run the farm. I was instructed to let the ribbon cane stand and grow till December first (we so rarely ever had frost, and never before that date). I never failed to carry out my husband's instructions to the letter, but one morning I woke before day feeling that the cane must be cut at once. It was the day before Thanksgiving, not yet December first. A norther had just hit us, but we had already had several and this was in no way different from the others, yet I got a lantern and went to the cottage of the Mexican who acted as interpreter and leader for me, and told him to go to town as quickly as possible and get all the men that he could, as the cane must all be cut and covered before night—I feared a freeze. I had a number of men at work already and, with the two-horse wagonful that he brought, all the cane, etc., was put in good shape to take the freeze should it come. Next day I received a letter from my husband saying, 'Have the cane cut as soon as this reaches you. I fear to wait till December first.' He wrote this letter about 10 p. m. and his wishes reached me during the night some time—blown on the norther, perhaps, for he was north of where we live.

"In the spring after they had returned home, one morning he said that he would go to town for some lumber. I don't know why I did it, but I went at once and woke my son and asked him if he did not want to go to town with his papa. At once he was wide-awake and said that he would go, though he had just come from town about two in the night and was in the habit of sleeping till nine or ten when up late; he was not well, had had catarrh and fever lately. I hated to see them start off—not knowing why. All day I felt uneasy without understanding the cause, and tried in vain to get interested in my work or in the children's studies—I taught them. In the afternoon I had such a shock—all from within, no outside cause that we knew of. I jumped, threw both hands over my face and exclaimed, 'Oh!' The children were astounded and asked: 'What is the matter, mamma?' I was much unnerved, but did manage to stammer, 'I don't know. Something unusual has happened.' I looked at the clock and it was about four p. m. Soon I forgot all about the matter, and went on with my duties with my accustomed interest. After the wagon returned and they were telling me all the news my husband said: 'I came near being seriously

hurt, if not killed. We were coming along through the mud and water and suddenly the front wheel on my side went into one of those sink holes and threw me out. If son had not caught me as I fell I would have gone just before the front wheel and been run over by all that heavy load of plank.' This occurred about four p. m.!"

The first is a case of telepathy in which there seems to me little room for doubt, while the other is a case of premonition and telepathy, one of those cases which make it so hard for us to understand the nature of time, and which seriously jar the proposition that man is a free moral agent with power to act and mold events—seeming to demand that we believe in some form of a theory of "Fate." These cases are more common than most people would think possible.

Now I shall have to go on to the reports themselves, for I have already taken too much space for this department. Perhaps I shall find room for some more of the letters next month. I shall be glad to hear from others who have had similar experiences, and shall appreciate it when they accompany such reports with corroborative evidence of any sort.

MESSAGES AND REPORTS.

December 2.

The message: "RIGHT IS MIGHT."

Reported results: None was correct. A few seemed to get some part of the idea, but in no very distinct manner. The following are the numbers of three who might be called sensitive: 8529, Mich.; 2781 B, Mich.; 449 B, Ore.

December 9.

The message: "LOVE NEVER FAILETH."

Reported results: None was correct, but a good many show a remarkable degree of sensitivity. For instance: "Love that never falters, faith that never wavers, insure all good to

the steadfast soul," 4319 B, N. J.; "Love rules," 9833 B, Colo.; "Love is king," 5325, Ohio; "Love ruleth all things," 9766 B, Mass.; "Universal love," 8502 B, Ill.; "Universal love for mankind," 8400 B, Ill.

The numbers of others who were not quite so good as these are as follows: 7070, Neb.; 9835 B, Mich.; 3580, Pa.; 9818 B, N. Y.; 8434 B, Conn.; 7081, Mass.; 334 B, Neb.; 9708 B, Ill.; Frances S., Mo.; 9837 B, Neb.; 9688 B, Miss.

It is significant that only two reports use the word "love" in the sense in which it is used in these reports or in anything like the sense of the message in the reports for the preceding week, and one of these used the exact words of the message sent the following week. This, however, is merely coincidence, as the committee which chose the message for December 9 had no access to the reports for the preceding week.

The health reports run about the same as last month. There are several cases which I am watching through the reports, in which I expect to be able to report remarkable results in the near future.

* * *

December 16.

The message: "RIGHT WILL WIN."

* * *

December 23.

The message: "I CAN AND WILL."

* * *

December 30.

The message: "I AM A CHILD OF GOD."

* * *

January 6.

The message: "CONFIDENCE LEADS TO SUCCESS."

* * *

January 30.

The message: "MY OWN POWERS ARE SUFFICIENT."





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.)

START A WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

NANNIE M. BOWLES.

First Prize, \$3.00.



FEW years ago my sister and myself tried the experiment of starting a Woman's Exchange in the town where we live. It proved successful, and this is the way we did it:

We formed our plans and rules first, then secured the coöperation of a number of women who could cook.

Our rules were few and simple.

Each one willing to try, should pay a fee of fifty cents for the year.

Each member should contribute one article of food, which was her specialty.

They should keep the matter secret, being known to the customers by a number instead of by name.

They should carefully count the cost of the article of food, then put on a profit sufficient to pay them, and allow 20 per cent to the Exchange for selling the same.

For instance, a cake that was marked \$1 would, when sold, net the contributor 80 cents, 20 cents going to the Exchange for selling. We kept the Exchange in the store of a relative, from whom we rented a show case in which to display our productions. The Exchange drew business to the store and was a success from the start. At first we had our sales on Saturdays and Wednesdays, but soon we had them every day. We settled with the contributors once a week. Each one kept a little book of her own, and we also kept a book account with each contributor. When we settled, we balanced the books for the week, and

paid over the money, keeping out our commission of 20 per cent. We continued in the business several years, but finally dropped it for something else. It is a nice way to make money, and it helps a number of women, who can do the work at home, and need never have their names known. Good articles of home cooking sell well, and fancy work can also be sold in the same way, although we did not attempt anything but cooking.

BEE-KEEPING.

M. SIMONS.

Second Prize, \$1.00.

"Dorothy's inquiry in December number of NEW THOUGHT reminded me of the time, years ago, when I was studying over the same problem, and the solution that I found may help her and other women who are confined at home—if the home is in the country—to fatten up their lean pocketbooks, as I did mine, by bee-keeping.

The necessary requirements are a willingness to work and a favorable location. While clover, basswood or buckwheat are the best honey producers, fruit blossoms are apt to have the honey washed out by frequent rains, so are not dependable. Bees will go five or six miles for honey, but of course it is better if it is nearer home. We began, my sister and I, with ten swarms, for which we paid \$10 per swarm. If I remember rightly, we had \$75 worth of honey the first summer, and the swarms thrown off gave us a good increase in numbers. The first winter we killed most of them by putting large dry goods boxes over each hive for protection. We were not discouraged, however, for the loca-

tion had proven to be good and we could see what might be done when we understood the work better.

Bees must have an opportunity to fly during the winter or they get sick and die. We kept on for a number of years with the work, and at one time we had one hundred colonies without having made any purchase except the original one of ten swarms. But one hundred colonies was too many for the pasturage in our region and we got no more surplus honey than when we had sixty or seventy. In a favorable season a good, strong swarm will often make from 75 to 100 pounds of box honey—more of extracted—with enough for themselves to winter on in the body of the hive.

The work is hard and hot during the swarming season, as one often has to work in the sun under a veil, with the hands protected by thick gloves. Boys' buckskin gloves are the best, but, if stung, a little honey rubbed on the spot stops the pain instantly. Seven or eight months of the year the bees require very little care, and it is a good plan to make your honey boxes then for the following summer. You can get your hive material in the flat and have them made for your new swarms. Three or four swarms are enough for one to start with, for they increase too rapidly for experience to keep pace with a larger number.

Let the hives face east or south and give a sheltered position if you can. In hot weather put loose boards on top of hives, projecting over the front for shade; and in winter protect the fronts with slabs—which should be removed whenever the air is warm enough for them to fly. The warm sun will sometimes bring them out when the air is chilling, if this is neglected, and if there is a light, feathery snow on the ground, large numbers will be lost, as they can not rise from it when they alight. The second swarms of the previous year are the best to buy, as the old queen leaves with the first and you thus get a young queen. Native black bees are easier to handle than the hybrids, but not as gentle as the pure Italians. Better start with the blacks. It would be well to get some good work on the subject and study it up this winter.

A HOARHOUND CANDY TRADE.

MRS. C. E. BURLIGH.

Third Prize, \$1.00.

I am a widow with two children, striving hard to meet daily expenses. Therefore I am particularly interested in *Ways to Earn Money*. Any person having spare time at home can earn good profit making hoarhound candy. I find only a few can do this, although it is very simple when once understood. Here is the recipe:

$\frac{1}{4}$ square of pressed hoarhound; 3 cups granulated sugar; 2 cups boiling water; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon

cream of tartar. Break the hoarhound in small pieces; pour over it the two cups of boiling water; let stand two or three minutes—to get the strength—for flavor; strain through cloth.

Place sugar in a four quart kettle, with the cream tartar; add the two cups water left from straining. Do not stir after heating. Let boil briskly about three-quarters of an hour; sometimes it takes a little longer. When done it will crack like breaking glass when tried in cold water. It should be very brittle. Pour this in buttered tins, mark in small squares when partly cool. Place in air-tight glass jars and it will keep for weeks without being moist.

The hoarhound can be found at any drug store, and costs five cents per square. It is cheaper if bought by the pound.

The entire expense of making is:

Sugar at 6 cents per lb.....	\$.09
Hoarhound01+
Cream tartar01—
	<hr/> \$.11

Total cost, eleven cents; and it can easily be sold for forty or fifty cents. As it takes a full hour to make it, including the breaking up for the jars, the profit is, as you can see, good.

Should think the man who is unable to be actively about could build up quite a trade.

DOING UP CURTAINS.

SUTTON ALTIMAS COTTOM.

A little friend of mine not only needed pin money, but a *real, honest living*. Illness in the home suggested that some kind of work be done at home. Doing up curtains did not seem any task for her—in fact, she liked to see them come out fresh and new again. She did up the curtains of a neighbor, who did not like sending them to a laundry or leaving them in charge of the maid; the neighbor was not only pleased but delighted, and asked her to take \$1.50 a pair for them. She charges according to the curtain; and the time she spends on each one, darning and mending—is always “extra.” I hear some one say, “Such dirty work!” but we can find unpleasantness in all our tasks, if that is what we look for.

SOME “THOUGHT-FORCE” FOR J. D.

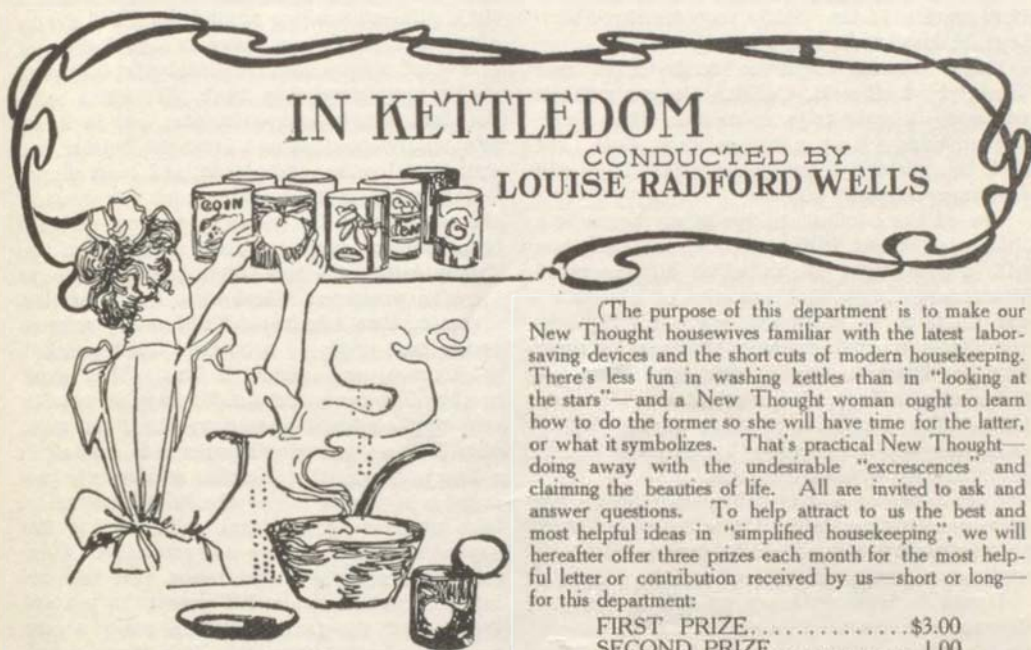
“NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE:

In answer to J. D.'s inquiry, in the columns ‘*Ways to Earn Money*,’ as to whether metal work pays, I would say to J. D. to do like all successful men do—follow your strongest inspirations, step out on seeming void and find solid rock.

C. B.”

IN KETTLEDOM

CONDUCTED BY
LOUISE RADFORD WELLS



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

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

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

BUSINESS METHODS IN THE HOME.

LORA KING MERCER.

First Prize: \$3.00.

KNOWLEDGE of stock-keeping, gained in a store before my marriage, has been of great benefit to me in managing my household affairs so as to save time—the thing that I covet intensely, that I may devote some of it to study. It pays well to think out an arrangement of things about the house so as to have a good working foundation. Then the "helps" gained here and there will fit in harmoniously.

I once had occasion to rearrange a stock of hosiery that had been kept by a very intelligent girl—a college graduate—and I found that she had neglected to use her brains in connection with her work. The expensive hosiery, which was seldom called for, was within easy reach of the hand, while the ordinary stock, which was in use hourly, was high up on a shelf where an effort was necessary to get it. I watched a woman getting dinner one day and I noticed that she retraced steps many times. Every time that she wanted a fork, or a spoon, or a little more salt or sugar, she walked the full length of a large kitchen. This suggested to me a little shelf or made cabinet to hold such things as are needed each time in getting

a meal. Keep duplicate jars of the common seasonings there.

My mother used to say, 'Make your head save your heels,' and I try to do this that I may reward my head with a part of the time gained. A little time spent in the arrangement and labeling of all jars and boxes in the pantry will net many hours for pleasure. Some time may be gained, in experimenting to find something that will stick on glass, by using passe partout—the white picture binding.

Of course the size and arrangement of the kitchen are factors that must determine the best course to pursue in that domain, but it will pay each woman to sit down and think out the question. In the store work that I referred to it was necessary to know instantaneously where each article in a very large stock could be found. When I was one time confined to my room upstairs for a few days, the woman doing my work gave me a compliment that I appreciated. She said, 'You can sit here and tell me where to get the least little thing downstairs in your kitchen!'

I have a hobby, which—I do not mind telling you—is the study of the chemistry of foods. We have a family of five, and I often help my husband in his work; so to get time for myself, I must simplify my work. After the kitchen is arranged for work, one of the greatest helps is

to serve two meals daily. I think it is a physiological impossibility to digest more, unless at hard work. If the family requires three servings, at least make one a lunch.

Every woman ought to read 'Mind and Work,' by Luther H. Gulick. Do not make it necessary to make trips downstairs when cleaning upstairs. Keep a broom, dust cloth, and such things, always handy upstairs. They will save many steps.

One of the handiest things in my house is a little wooden box, in fact a cheap little salt box with a nice, tight lid, in which all papers of importance, things that are sure to be wanted and liable to be misplaced, are put. If some one leaves a card to which I want to refer later, or I have a special address that I want to be sure to keep, it is 'salted down' safely there. The decorative member of the family made the box very pretty by burning it. It saves many a precious moment.

I read once of a duty table, and though the name sounds formidable, I like the plan. Any piece of work which should be done is laid here until some convenient time of attack.

I used to iron out every wrinkle in the underwear and sheets. I do not do it now—except the stockings; if they are ironed out well they can be mended so much nicer. I do a great deal of my sewing but I sacrifice ruffles and tucks to reading and thinking. I have been all along the line of fancy cooking, but I certainly think, for happiness and health, the complex dishes are better left out. In fact, simplicity is the best rule in all departments.

The Old Thought held the mind captive to stultifying ideas. The New Thought fills the mind with ideas of liberty and life.

The Old Way held the woman a slave to physical labor and her work was never done. The New Way gives woman a little time 'to look at the stars' and places her in a position to get in line with a century of progress."

L. K. M."

I shouldn't like to meet MY duty table, "unexpected-like," every time I went about my domain. I think the woman who first conceived that idea must have been a model housekeeper, with just a few dainty undone tasks for the "looks of the thing." I don't know, though, but that it would be a good idea. For if the "duty table" piled itself up to unpicturesque proportions, it would be just about as good a hint as could be offered, that some of that particular housekeeper's work would have to be handed over to somebody else or altogether cut out of the scheme of things, in order to let her get back to a normal living basis. I'm a great believer in cutting off or cutting out tasks, where their performance is incompatible with a sane, normal, sociable, well-rounded existence. And I've been practicing my own "cutting out" theory for the last two years—and I'm still cutting. *You just wait!*

That "Handy Reference" box is a good idea. Let me supplement it. When I was a little girl—somewhere around the Third Reader class—I remember a story in our Reader at school, of a *very* desirable child who became to me an unapproachable ideal. *She* had a box—but hers was in compartments; and in it she had, neatly classified and arranged, buttons, and string, and corks, and screws, and court plaster—and goodness knows how much else besides! the contents of the box representing what had been *thrown away* by other members of the family, which she had tactfully gathered in as occasion presented. And when her father lost a button, that Admirable Child merely referred to her box, produced a button (which matched, of course) and sewed it on. When small brother fell down and cut his knee, it was *She* who applied court-plaster to the right spot; when Mamma was tying a package to send off in a hurry, it was Our Heroine who sweetly produced a string at the psychological moment. I have never forgotten that child, and to this day regard her with awe and emulation. I certainly learned the moral lesson that tale was intended to convey; and I pass on to you and the rest of the family what is really a good suggestion culled from this little story—in addition to your Box of Handy Reference, let us have an "Emergency Box" as well. Good idea, don't you think?

Let me congratulate you upon having given up "the old way" for the new; and on having carried business methods into your home with such success.

SAVING TIME ON DESSERTS.

MRS. E. L. THOMAS.

Second Prize, \$1.00.

"One of the many 'short cuts' which make my housekeeping a delight has to do with the baking of pies. It is certainly a pleasure to serve a piece of fresh pie, appetizing and brown, to a man 'with a mouth for pie' at the close of a dinner; but it takes time and wastes gas to bake pie every day. However, today I baked an apple pie, a mince pie and three crusts. We will use the apple pie for dinner tonight, warm the mince pie for tomorrow; and as I require them I shall use the crusts as follows:

For one crust I shall make a lemon filling, using the white of the egg always for the meringue. For another, perhaps a cream or prune filling; and for the third, pineapple or chocolate. These, with the addition of a simple pudding and fresh fruit for one day each, will solve the dessert question for a week.

It requires but five or at most ten minutes to prepare any one of these fillings, five minutes more to brown in the oven; and the result is, to say the least, satisfactory. It is not necessary to use the shells the same week, as they

are just as good at the end of two weeks, if kept in a cool, dry place.

Should this suggestion be of any help to anybody, I would like to tell of other ways by which I manage to do all the work for a family of four, most all my own sewing, read two hours a day, keep up my music lessons and daily practice, attend to church and social duties and still have time to embroider and make clothes for nieces and nephews."

Mrs. E. L. T."

I throw up my hands at once! You're nothing short of a miracle, and we most certainly shall be eager to hear how you can accomplish so much. You must have mastered—or invented—methods which are labor-saving indeed! Those nieces and nephews are the last straw—I could never manage to include them in my circle of activities, I am sure—nor the embroidery—even if I succeeded in getting through with all the rest of the work you have outlined. So tell us what your secret is!

THE POTATO QUESTION.

MRS. ROBERT E. BOYLE.

Third Prize, \$1.00.

"A scheme I have adopted to save time and labor in my routine of kitchen work, and have found to be a great help, is—

Instead of going through the unpleasant task of washing a lot of dirty potatoes each morning, I take a basketful of them, about enough to last a week, put them in a big pan, and with my vegetable brush and rubber gloves which I keep for such purposes, clean them all at once, put them away for daily use, and there they are, all clean and dry. This not only saves time, but is a great help in protecting the hands from potato stains. Dry potatoes do not stain the hands. Try it!"

Mrs. R. E. B."

I guess we all hate that "potato" feeling which goes with paring and washing the indispensable tuber. You seem to have solved the washing problem—or at least concentrated it, and given us a week to rest up—but how about the peeling? Do we come stainless from that, under your plan of operation?

DISH AND KETTLE WASHING.

MRS. C. Y. HOOGE.

"When you start to wash dishes, take all the sticky things, rinse good with hot water (unless it is doughy, then don't use water hot enough to cook the dough), and turn bottom side up. When you are through with the other dishes, they will wash easy.

Don't use your kettle scraper so much. Take a thin knife that bends easily, and with an even stroke cut right under the stuff that sticks. Don't scratch with your knife like an old hen!"

A KITCHEN HELP.

MRS. E. L. POTTS.

"The sweet taste which a touch of frost gives to potatoes can be eradicated by putting a small quantity of vinegar into the water in which they are boiled."

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.

A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping in the digestive process, and that is absolutely essential to health and strength.

Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer. Even children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.

It is especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.

"I am 57 years old," writes a Tenn. grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my diet I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything equal to Grape-Nuts as a stand-by.

"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My little 13-months-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—thanks to Grape-Nuts." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

BOOKS WORTH WHILE



The Two Great Questions: The Existence of God and the Immortality of the Soul, by Lysander Hill, is a scholarly work free from theological bias and tradition but sweet and strong with the reverence we call religion. The book is intended to fortify mere faith in the existence of a Creator and the immortality of Man as Soul, "with reasons and evidences so strong that neither scientific doubt nor religious bigotry can successfully assail them." It approaches these questions from a new direction, searches for its testimony in the wonders of animate and inanimate nature, and shows us that God is "not unknowable to Man." The book is logical, scholarly and intensely interesting. Mr. Hill's style is a delight to the inner ear, and his judicial mind makes every paragraph a finished and unprejudiced weighing of testimony. A book for the library of every earnest man and woman—for every student of the big issues of life and death.

(The Author. \$1.50; postage 15 cents.)

One valuable book which has come to our desk this month is an autographed copy of Eugene Christian's latest book, "Sun-Cooked Food." The book is bound in grass green silk with a sunburst in gold as decoration. The paper is heavy deckle edged, the type large and beautiful, there is a full page illustration of the author as a frontispiece—and, all in all, the volume is one which pleads its own cause before you more than glance at its pages. There is a great deal in the *outside* of a thing, after all! As to the inside of this book, I put my sign manual of approval thereunto at once. The book is a rewritten edition of "Uncooked Food,"—which means an enlarged, amended, altogether transformed volume—almost 400 pages of sane, sound dietetics. We learn of food chemistry, the chemistry of digestion, the psychology of nutrition, the selection and preparation of food, and are given in full the Veno system of food measurement which shall enable each of us to select a properly balanced diet and to procure for our bodies the elements its present condition most demands. Eugene Christian is, of course, recognized as an authority on the food question, and his book gives the foundation principles of his plan of correct living—a plan which eliminates from our dietary, meats and cooked foods, and substitutes foods in their natural state in appetizing and health-creating combinations.

(The Author. See adv. pages. \$1.50; postage 15 cents.)

"Your Character: A Birthday Book," is a most fascinating product of pen and printer. It is written and compiled by Elizabeth Towne and Catherine Struble Twing, and I understand that even "William" had a finger in the pie! It contains a "character delineation" for every sign of the Zodiac, with a forceful little "how to make the most of yourself" talk for each sign. The book is well gotten up, original, attractive, and astrological devotees should possess themselves of it at once.

(Elizabeth Towne. 75 cents; postage 3 cents.)

Another pretty book—pretty inside and out, and more than worth having for every reason—is **"Treasures of Truth,"** by George F. Butler. A man told me the other day that it was the best little book he had read in years—"a jewel," is what he called it, and he's a hardheaded business man, too. It's a wholesome, helpful, inspiring book of real truth—a sort of guidebook to strong and happy things. "There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life," it says, "each must be smilingly unravelled," and so it takes up the knotted threads and smooths the tangles out while we read.

(S. DeWitt Clough. \$.75, board covers; postage 5 cents.)

"The Divine Seal," by Emma Louise Orcutt, is a romance laid in centuries yet to come, wherein electric yachts flit through the air, nine hundred miles are traversed in sixteen hours, and inventions most wonderful attest the miraculous progress of the world. The story centers about the search for a fabled maiden supposed to have been entombed for over a million years in a far northern country, old when Atlantis was young. How a love story is evolved, in the course of the adventures of the explorers, and how the outcome of the affair becomes curiously interwoven with the finding of Zallalah (the buried maiden), I leave you to find out for yourselves.

(The C. M. Clark Pub. Co. \$1.50; postage 11 cents.)

"The Road to Power," by Karl Kautsky, translated by A. M. Simon, is a battle cry of Socialism, as it were. To friends and enemies of Socialism, alike, it should be interesting reading for the light it throws upon which we may call "Marxian Socialism." The book is vital, strong, full of feeling and the white heat of the partisan. Whether one agrees or not with the writer, one must realize that he speaks from a sombre knowledge of wrong to be righted, and an exalted certainty that the way he points out will right them.

(Samuel A. Bloch. 50 cents; postage 4 cents.)

"The Dore Lectures," by T. Troward. A series of lectures by Judge Troward, as full of power as his Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science; being a series of familiar talks on "the theoretic study of the action of Universal Law, and the practical fitting of ourselves to make use of it"—delivered at the Higher Thought Center, London.

(Roger Brothers. Paper, 50 cents; postage 4 cents.)

"Personal Information for Boys," by Ernest Edwards, is designed to "present to boys of tender years certain physiological facts"—and is adapted to those of seven years old up to sixteen. It is purely written, and can be either put into the child's hands, or used by the parents as a guide for their own instruction of him.

(R. F. Fenno & Company. Cloth, 50 cents; postage 4 cents.)

"The Secret of Life, Death and Immortality," by Henry Fleetwood, views these three vital questions from a novel standpoint. That there is but one substance in the universe, and that—electricity is the author's contention. He applies his theory and shows how to attune the brain to the health-giving, vitalizing vibrations of the Universe. His preface closes with these words as to the mission of his book, "Laden with the ability to annihilate superstition, and forever destroy that enemy of humanity—Fear—in all who will carefully and with an open mind read this, these pages are set adrift." Give them harbor!

(The Author. See adv. pages. Paper, 50 cents; postage 2 cents.)

"The New Thought Rosary: For the Silence," by Edna Walton Selover, is a collection of thoughts gathered together in a rosary of beaded harmony. The little book opens with the drawing of a rosary, each bead standing for a "mighty truth," and in the succeeding pages these truths are set forth in order, so that in "going into the silence," one carries the rosary idea with one, starts at the "cross" and follows the chain around the circle which is like unto "the all-encircling good," meditating the "mighty truths" for which each bead stands.

(The Author. See adv. in December. Leather, 75 cents; postage 2 cents.)



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



stories” received therein. Hereafter the names of the persons sending in these published contributions will be printed below the respective stories. *Glad to print a story from you!*



INSTON CHURCHILL, the English convert to Liberalism, is making a reputation for sharp wit. He is now raising a mustache.

A fair lady was being taken into dinner by the budding politician.

“Mr. Churchill,” she said, “I like your politics as little as your mustache.”

It should have been a crushing shot, but not so to Churchill. His reply was on the instant: “Madam, you are not likely to come in contact with either.”

JOHN A. WEYANT, 885.

It is reported that a small niece of Harriet Beecher Stowe was somewhat burdened by continual stories of the ability and successes of her distinguished relative.

One day she became angry with a playmate and her mother was shocked to hear her dismiss the child with, “You go right straight home! I never want to see you again; you nor your manservant nor your maid-servant nor your ox nor your ass.”

Her mother exclaimed: “Oh, my dear, do you know what that is you are saying?”

“Yes, I do; it’s the ten commands!”

“Well, do you know who wrote them?”

“Oh, my goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet, I s’pose.”

JULIA K. WEBSTER, 734.

It was a cold winter evening. Mr. Jones and Miss Smith went out buggy riding. They had not gone far when Miss Jones said: “I am getting cold, already.” Mr. Jones replied, “Do you want to put my coat around you?” “No,” Miss Jones answered, “just the sleeves.”

JOHN P. WAKEFIELD, 954.

A little girl and her mother were walking down a street when they came to a place where straw had been spread over the pavement to deaden the noise because of the illness of a woman living in that square.

“Oh, look, mamma!” cried the little girl. “What’s all that hay doing out in the street?”

“That’s because Mrs. E— has a tiny baby, which God just sent her,” said her mother, gently.

After a moment’s pause, the little girl said slowly: “Gracious, she must have been packed well.”

SOPHIE TODD, 573.

Abraham Goldstein, receiving some passes, took his son Lewie to the theater, and was given the

front row in the balcony. The play was so thrilling, Lewie leaned over the railing and fell downstairs. His father almost had heart failure, and he leaned over and cried out:

“For God’s sake, Lewie, come back. It costs money down there.”

H. C. TALLMADGE, 596.

An Englishman and an Irishman went to the captain of a ship bound for America and asked permission to work their passage over. The captain consented, but asked the Irishman for references, and let the Englishman go without them. This made the Irishman mad, and he planned to get even.

One day, when they were washing off the deck, the Englishman leaned far over the rail, dropped the bucket, and was just about to haul it up when a huge wave struck and washed him overboard. The Irishman stopped scrubbing, went over to the rail and seeing that the Englishman had disappeared, went to the captain and said: “Perhaps yez remimber whin I shipped aboard this vessel, ye asked me for riferences and let the Englishman come on without thim?”

The captain said: “Yes, I remember.”

“Well, ye’ve been decaved,” said the Irishman; “he’s gone off wid yer pall.”

FRED A. TWALEY, 740.

A very stout old lady, going through the park on a very hot day, became aware that she was being followed by a rough looking tramp.

“What do you mean by following me in this manner?” she indignantly demanded. The tramp slunk back a little. But when the stout lady resumed her walk, he again took up his position directly behind her.

“See here!” she exclaimed, wheeling angrily, “if you don’t go away at once, I shall call a policeman.”

The tramp looked at her appealingly: “For heaven’s sake, kind lady, have mercy an’ don’t call a policeman. You’re the only shady spot in the whole park.”

ANNA M. STRAUCH, 963.

A new Chickering piano had arrived at the kindergarten, and the principal had seated herself at the instrument and was about to play, when she noticed one of the little fellows standing at her side.

“What kind of a thing is this?” he inquired.

“Why, this is a piano,” said the teacher.

"What kind of a piano?" the child persisted.
 "This is a Chickering piano, Tommy."
 "Well then," said Tommie, "I'd like to hear it
 tick." H. CRISTABEL SMITH, 853.

Bobby came rushing into the house.
 "Oh, mamma," he said, "we've got the loveliest
 ash-man."
 "What makes you think so?" asked his mother.
 "Why I was out in the alley just now when
 he drove up to get the big can of ashes. It's
 awful heavy and he worked so hard to get it
 up on the wagon, and when he thought he had
 it, the horses started and it came down on his
 toe. And, mamma, he said the loveliest things
 to God about those horses!"
 MRS. J. H. SAMMER, 545.

When nine-year-old Bobby displayed the shin-
 ing new quarter which Mr. Smith had given him
 down at the corner store, mother very naturally
 asked if her little boy had said "Thank you" to
 father's friend. No answer. Trouble showed on
 the little face. "Bobby, listen. You ought to have
 said 'Thank you, sir.' Did you?" No answer
 yet, and trouble threatened to produce showers.
 "Come here, dear little son. Tell mamma, now;
 did you thank Mr. Smith for the quarter?" Then
 the storm broke, but between sobs and tears
 came the required information: "I told him
 thank you, an' he said not to mention it, an' I
 tried not to."
 PERLE G. SANDEMAN, 784.

"O God," prayed Frankie solemnly one night,
 "I want a steam engine. I want it very badly.
 Will you please send me one quick?"
 The second night arrived, but no locomotive
 had appeared.

"O God," wailed the boy, "I asked you last
 night to send me a steam engine, and it hasn't
 come, and I do want it dreadfully. Will you
 please to remember it tomorrow?"

The third night came, and Frankie had watched
 for his engine all day in vain. Then he applied
 to the fullest extent his religious information,
 and prayed with fierce earnestness:

"O God, you haven't sent that steam engine
 yet. You promised to send whatsoever I asked,
 and this is the third time I've asked, and the
 third time's out. O God, if you don't send it
 tomorrow, I'll serve idols."

MRS. MARY E. RUSSELL, 528.

The noted Rabbi Hirsch had arisen to give his
 seat to a lady, but before she could take it a
 burly young fellow slid into it. The Rabbi looked
 very meaningfully at him and, after an uncomfort-
 able silence, the young fellow finally blurted out:
 "Well, what are you glarin' at me for? Want to
 eat me? Eh?"

"No," calmly replied the Rabbi, "I am forbid-
 den to eat you—I am a Jew."

MRS. J. A. REID, 705.

Mr. Kirke had been setting forth some of his
 cheerful views of life, and the summer boarder
 was much pleased. "You are a real optimist,"
 she said, joyfully.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Kirke, with reproachful
 decision. "If I've given you any reason to think
 I'm going back on the Methodist church that I

was raised and brought up in, I'm sorry; you've
 mistook my talk. I haven't any quarrel with
 folks that find these new sects helpful, but the
 old ones are good enough for me."

JULIA M. PARKER, 547.

A traveler came to an inn one stormy night
 and demanded lodging. At first it was refused,
 as the inn was crowded. After much entreaty
 the landlord said: "I have but one vacant room,
 just over that of a very nervous man, and I prom-
 ised him I would put no one in it. But if you
 will retire very quietly I will let you have it."

After a good supper and a pipe the traveler
 was shown his room, and, forgetting the nervous
 man below, pulled off one boot and threw it on
 the floor. With a start he then remembered his
 promise to the landlord, and noiselessly finishing
 his preparation for the night, he crept into bed,
 and was soon sound asleep. About dawn came a
 loud knocking at his door, and an angry voice
 cried: "Throw down that other boot."

E. BERTHA PRATT, 924.

One cold wintry morning a man of tall, angu-
 lar build was walking down a steep hill at a
 quick pace. A treacherous piece of ice under the
 snow caused him to lose control of his feet; he
 began to slide and was unable to stop. At a
 cross street half way down the decline he encoun-
 tered a large, heavy woman with her arms full
 of bundles. The meeting was sudden. Before
 either realized it there was a collision and both
 went sliding down hill, a grand ensemble—the
 thin man beneath, and the fat woman with her
 bundles on top. When the bottom was reached
 and the woman was trying in vain to recover her
 breath and her feet, these faint words were borne
 to her ears:

"Pardon me, madam, but you will have to get
 off here. This is as far as I go."

FLORENCE OYLER, 562.

While in Mexico the writer met Mr. Sepulveda,
 of one of the first families of the republic, whose
 ancestors, under Spain, owned most of our pres-
 ent state of California. A pure Castilian, his wit
 is unsurpassed by Yankee or Irishman.

One of our party, a teller of big stories, was
 from Kansas, and could match any narrative with
 a bigger one about Kansas. But in Mr. Sepulveda
 he met his match. The latter was talking of an
 island in the West Indies he had visited, its
 tropical vegetation, etc.

"Does rattan grow there?" inquired "Kansas."

"Oh, yes; acres of it."

"How tall does it grow?"

Sepulveda knew what was coming.

"Just ten feet taller," he said, "than it grows
 in Kansas. How tall does it grow in Kansas?"

H. B. NEWTON, 843.

Myra Kelly, whose stories of child life on the
 East Side are well known to magazine readers,
 tells many amusing stories of her experience in
 teaching the young idea or foreign extraction
 how to shoot in English.

On one occasion she was attempting to demon-
 strate to her youthful pupils the exact meaning
 of various words, carefully explaining their mean-

Quips and Jests

ing and then calling for sentences containing them. Among other words selected was "disarrange," and having attempted to make its meaning clear, she called upon a little Italian boy for an oral demonstration. After deep thought he said: "My papa he get-a up early in de morning for a light-a de fire in-a de kitchen. De fire he go out, and my papa say: 'Dam-a dis-a range!'"

MRS. WILLIAM H. MARTIN, 510.

Winnie had been very naughty, and her mother said: "Don't you know you will never go to heaven if you are such a naughty girl?" After thinking a moment, she said: "Oh, well, I've been to the circus once, and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' twice. I can't expect to go *everywhere*!"

MRS. MAUD A. MOFFATT, 874.

A doctor, on returning from a professional call, found a load of hay overturned near his home, and a young Swede busy trying to reload the hay on the rack. He invited the boy to jump in the buggy, go to his home and have some refreshments before finishing his job, but the Swede said: "No! I don't tank my fadder he lak it." After some urging he was driven to lunch at the doctor's home. But every once in a while he would break out with: "I don't tank my fadder he lak it."

The doctor lost all patience with him and said: "Young man, I'd like to know what difference it makes to your father whether you are here taking lunch or down there pitching hay."

"Well," the boy replied, "you see my fadder he be under de load of hay."

W. B. MILLAR, 583.

A political office in a small town in Iowa was vacant. The office paid \$250 a year, and there was keen competition for it. The Democratic candidate, Ezekiel Hicks, was a shrewd old fellow, and a neat campaign fund was turned over to him. To the astonishment of all, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," said one of the Democratic leaders, gloomily; "with that money we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?"

"Well," said Ezekiel, slowly, pulling his whiskers, "yer see, that office only pays \$250 a year salary, and I didn't see no sense in paying \$900 out to get the office, so I just bought me a little truck-farm instead."

J. O. MUENICH, 905.

A certain Sunday-school teacher had a regular set of questions that she asked her pupils every Sunday. Beginning with the first boy, she would ask: "Who made you?" to which he would reply "The Lord." Then she would regularly ask the second boy, "Who was the first man?" and he would reply "Adam."

One Sunday the first boy was away, and of course the second boy moved into his place. As usual, the teacher began by asking, "Who made you?" The boy replied, "Adam."

"No," replied the teacher, "that is not right: the Lord made you."

"I guess not," the boy replied; "the boy that the Lord made is away today."

MRS. G. W. LOOMER, 729.

An old lady, universally noted for her facial misfortunes, was languidly loitering along a country road, with a basket of eggs. Presently she was met by a man driving a high spirited team. On approaching the old lady, the horses became frightened and suddenly stopped.

"Please, ma'am," said the gentleman, "would you be so kind as to turn around until I can get past? My horses are afraid."

"I'm no uglier than you are," the old lady retorted, angrily.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I'm aware of that; but you're in front of the team and I'm behind it."

EVA E. HEVERN, 812.

INSOMNIA

Leads to Madness, if Not Remedied in Time.

"Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Topeka woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as the extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia which made life a most painful thing for me."

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact and protect myself. I therefore gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum for my hot drink at meals."

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep, restfully and peacefully."

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

In one of the far western states a young couple entered the office of a justice of the peace to be united in the bonds of matrimony.

After the ceremony the groom, turning to the justice, asked:

"What's the damages, Squire?"

"Well, the law allows me two dollars," replied the justice.

After fumbling in his pockets the happy husband produced a half-dollar and, throwing it on the desk, exclaimed: "She's a purty fine gal, and I'll give ye that much extry!"

CAROLINE F. MORGAN, 855.

It was in Sunday-school. None of the children ever gave much thought to their lesson, and the new boy was not expected to know very much about it, anyway.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "who swallowed Jonah?"

"I dunno," giggled Willie.

"Bobby, can you tell me who swallowed Jonah?"

"You can search me," said Bobby.

"Tommy, can you tell me who swallowed Jonah?" more severely.

"Please, ma'am," whimpered Tommy, "it wasn't me!"

The teacher was disgusted. Turning to the new boy, she asked:

"Johnny, who—swallowed—Jonah?"

"I'll bite," said Johnny. "What's the answer?"

MRS. C. F. HADLEY, 972.

A few years ago, while watching a parade in Boston in which the Stars and Stripes were conspicuously displayed, a fair Canadian with strong British proclivities turned to a companion and, commenting on the merits of the G. A. R., pettishly remarked:

"That American flag makes me sick. It looks just like a piece of checkerberry candy."

Senator Hoar, who was standing near the visiting critic, overheard the remark, and, turning to the young lady, said:

"Yes, madam, it does. And it makes everyone sick who tries to lick it."

M. K. GREEN, 632.

The train was just starting to leave a suburban station when an elderly gentleman rushed across the platform and jumped on one of the slowly moving cars. The rear-end brakeman, who was standing by, reached up just as the man got aboard, grabbed his coat-tails, and pulled him off. "There," he said, sternly, "I saved your life. Don't ever try to board a train that way again."

"Thank you," said the old gentleman, calmly; "thank you for your thoughtful kindness. It is three hours till the next train time, is it not?"

"Three hours and a quarter," said the brakeman, "but it is better to wait than to be killed."

The long train, meanwhile, had been slowly gliding by, gathering speed as it went. Finally the last car appeared. This was the brakeman's car, the one for which he had been waiting, and with the easy grace born of long practice, he started to step majestically aboard.

But the old gentleman seized him by the coat and with a strong jerk pulled him back.

"One good turn deserves another," said the old gentleman, with a smile, as the train sped swiftly out of sight. "You saved my life. I have saved yours. Now we are quits."

GEORGE W. BURNHAM, 589.

A trio of young college students were out walking one day when they met an old farmer coming along the road, at whose expense they determined to have some fun. Accordingly, as they approached him, one of the young men addressed him in this manner: "Good morning, Father Isaac!"

His two friends also spoke to the old tiller of the soil, one calling him Father Abraham and the other Father Jacob. With a sober face the old agriculturist looked up and said in a solemn voice:

"Gentlemen, you are mistaken. I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent out to find his father's asses and lo! he found them."

J. H. KIRK, 681.

A little girl was walking in the cemetery with her mother when she noticed two headstones. One inscription read: "Rosa Smith, nee Hopkins;" the other: "Mary Larkin, nee Fisher."

"Oh, mamma," said the child, "here are two nee's. Do you think they were twins?"

GERTIE M. COLE, 947.

A western bookseller telegraphed to Chicago for a copy of "Seekers After God," by Canon Farrar. He received this reply: "No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

MRS. H. H. MILLER, 619.

A sea captain was about to dance with a fastidious lady, who suggested that he put on his gloves before the dance proceeded.

"Never mind me," was the bluff reply, "I'll wash up when I'm through dancing."

JOHN A. MALL, 919.

Smithson was an optimist. To him there was a bright side to every mishap. His buoyancy of soul irritated some of his less cheerful friends. So, when Smithy lay on a hospital bed, weak from an operation which, after a railroad accident, necessitated the amputation of both of Smithson's feet, a visitor said: "Well, Smithy, this couldn't be much worse, could it?"

Smith was game. He smiled wanly. "Well," he said, "they were always cold, anyway."

SHERWOOD KELSO, 622.

An Italian fruit vendor was calling lustily "Berries, berries! nice fresh berries!" A housekeeper who went out to investigate, discovered his berries to be ancient specimens, badly withered, and she said: "No, your berries are too dry."

A blank look of disappointment came to his face, so she added kindly: "I guess we need rain."

"Need rain, need rain," he quoted, in a puzzled way. "Need rain?" Then his face brightened. "Rain sold out. Bring it tomorrow."

MRS. R. N. MCENTIRE, 611.