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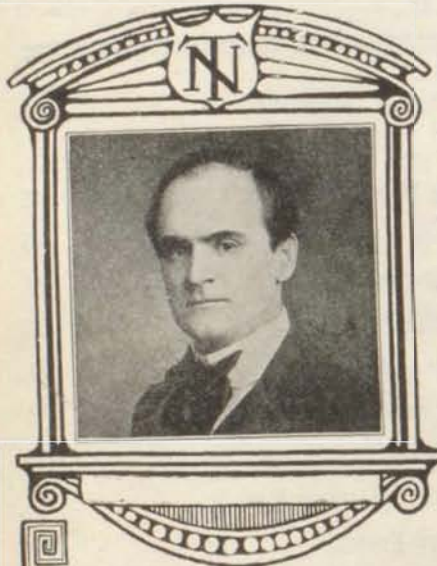
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Vol. XIX

No. 3.


"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."

MARCH, 1910

Co-Operation

By Sidney A. Weltmer

"There is no lonely pilgrim on the way to light. Men only gain the heights by helping others gain the heights."

 IN New Thought Circles there are a number of advocates of the idea of "going into the silence"; of the belief that each one when working alone can do better than all could working together.

The quotation at the head of this article is a part of the teaching of an old philosophy, and embodies the idea that those who would reach the heights must also help others to gain them; that there is no possibility of man's making progress alone.

The keenest sense of loneliness comes into the life of the one who enters a field of thought foreign to that of his fellows; who is the only one thinking in a certain channel of thought and has no one with whom he can converse, no one to share his knowledge in the new field. Out of this conception of lack of understanding has come the idea of working alone, traveling without association; "going into the silence."

"Going into the silence" to some people means one thing and to others some-

thing entirely different. To some it means a season spent in pondering and meditation, but this is not what it means to the average person who uses the term. The writer is acquainted with one man who "goes into the silence" regularly, who has never received any perceptible benefit from the practice, but who believes that if he goes into the silence often enough he will get the desires of his heart. He wants to project some great Utopian scheme and he spends about half an hour each day waiting for the money to come to him. He spends as much time in the silence during a year as it would take him to accomplish some of his plans were he to utilize his time properly.

There is no serious objection to going into the silence, but *extended visits* there are not advisable.

No man can work altogether alone, no man has acquired all of truth, and no man can think alone, because he must think some thoughts that others are now thinking; and the knowledge he acquires

will be of no practical value to him until he gives it out again, sharing the fruits of his toil with his fellowmen.

The language, "There is no lonely pilgrim on the way to light," comes to us from a time when going into the silence was thought to be a necessary thing.

Those familiar with the history of the early prophets will remember the story of Zoroaster, who went forth among his fellowmen, dwelt alone in a cave for a number of years, and then returned, an old man. He went back to the same court from which he had expelled himself—he had left that court a young, robust man; he returned aged, separated from the multitude. His speech was awkward and he used a language unknown at the court of Darius. His tones were so peculiar that he was made the great high priest of Persia. But he gave us nothing that has been of worth. He dominated for awhile the religious thought of Persia, but his long period in the silence availed him nothing.

Our thinkers of to-day do not seek for some wonderful thing to make them great. They are not governed by the idea that in order to accomplish anything in the world they must be absolutely unlike any one else.

In our later study we have decided that all men are the same in one particular; that all men are brothers, one equal to another in his natural heritage.

To comprehend man's rightful attitude of dependence upon his fellowmen, how it is impossible for him to travel alone in the world, we must understand each individual as being a part of Infinite Intelligence, each thought being a movement of mind and Infinite Mind being the primary Source of all thought movement. The idea involved is that there is something which all men have in common, and the conception of the brotherhood of man, of the unity of all life, is the prevailing thought of to-day.

As man advances in his quest for knowledge, he is constantly obtaining a

broader conception of his increasing capacity for the enjoyment of greater things and he finds also that a greater number is required.

Man has learned that his knowledge upon the conscious plane may be extended without limit; that there was in the design of the Creator a certain reason for the production of created things, and that purpose was that the thing produced should find expression on every plane of which it is capable; that the human mind is capable of perfecting its knowledge in any particular line or of acquiring perfect skill in all lines. Then each individual mind, before it ends its existence, or before it has earned even a chance to rest, must accomplish all of which it is capable.

As soon as man becomes sufficiently intelligent to take note of his desires he wants to be happy. Happiness would be a complete satisfaction of his entire nature. Just as long as there is some discord in the universe there cannot be complete happiness for any one. Just as long as ignorance exists in any mind, the most learned man cannot feel absolutely free; and so it is necessary that man carry with him in his advancement the recognition, comprehension, association and help of those about him.

In the great scheme of creation, wherever we see inharmony and imperfection, in the maimed and deformed, we think life in that case is not perfect, but the truth of the matter is that it is only inhibited in its effort at expression. Life may not be able to express itself perfectly but it is *always* perfect because it is the existence of the Infinite. It fails to manifest perfectly, and then there is lack of knowledge, of understanding and attainment.

Man's happiness depends upon perfect harmony, not only in his own life, but in the lives of those about him, and when he knows himself as infinite in capability, unlimited in capacity, omnipresent in existence, possessing access to all power, and having at his command all wisdom, his happiness then will de-

pend upon a perfect enjoyment of all of which he is capable.

Life being perfect, the Creator which produced it must permeate it and feel each discord inaugurated.

Jesus gave us a beautiful illustration of this thought when He said that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's notice; because the sparrow's fall causes a discord in the great scheme of the universe. That one sparrow is essential to universal harmony.

In a great band of a thousand instruments, if one instrument is out of tune and causes a discord, the band master detects it at once. He knows that something is lacking, that a mistake has been made.

In this sense we can understand that even God Himself, if He realizes our inharmony as we are conscious of it, must feel the discords which disturb our lives. But probably in that Infinite Life there is continued harmony to which human life is gradually being attuned, and the heavenly harmony may not be disturbed as much as we think. Too often in our crude understanding we seek to remove the discord rather than that which is productive of it.

It is not human nature to want to cause another pain. It is no part of the real man to desire to bring discouragement and disappointment to another human soul.

There is a movement stirring the world to-day looking to the possibility of a final conclusion of the differences of men, when universal peace will be established and war will be a thing of the past. That sentiment is increasing year by year, and why should it be so? What is it that accentuates the movement? It is the inherent feeling among men that they cannot live alone, that they need each other. They need each other to swell the consciousness of peace and power and harmony, as the musician needs additional instruments to increase the volume of his music. So we do not strive for anything until we

feel the need of it. We do not value harmony until we need more of it.

We have learned that there are certain things in our lives that are positive and some that are negative. We have learned a few positive lessons through the assistance of physical science, as well as from our experiences in spiritual science, and the principal one of these is that the positive, rapid vibrations which make for man's enjoyment, overcome the discords and inharmonies of life.

Solomon must have grasped the idea of the power of one kind of thought to overcome another, because he said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." We have learned that disputations and bickerings avail nothing and that the greatest joy comes into the life of the one who helps to knit together the chords of love and promotes harmony in his environment.

This is the philosophy underlying all of the work of Jesus. When they reviled Him, He gave back no harsh words. Tradition gives us this story of Jesus; as He was one day passing along the highway He came upon a number of men who had become incensed at a dog and had stoned it to death. They were still gloating over their victim and He gravely listened to their talk. They questioned Him about the dog to see what He would say.

Jesus looked at it a moment, noting the lip curled back, disclosing to view the teeth, and then He said, "His teeth are whiter than any pearl."

He saw naught but the virtue in life, and under the condemnation of His quiet tone and kindly gaze they slunk away, ashamed of the outburst of rage to which they had given vent.

In the innermost depths of their natures all human beings are alike. All want to be happy. And, as no one could enjoy the music of a great orchestra when one instrument is out of tune, so man cannot experience happiness, the satisfaction of both sense and soul, while a fellow-being suffers; nor can anything

be added to a life, in the way of harmony, equal to that of having relieved a brother's suffering. The consciousness of having done this, is the greatest compensation that mortal can receive.

The only use we can make of the knowledge we acquire is to tell to another that which we have learned. This is the inherited privilege of those who have experienced the truth.

So man cannot help himself without helping others. "For no man liveth to himself." No man can do anything that will be to his advantage unless his work is of value to some one else. He cannot keep the powers he possesses, in perfect condition, unless he uses them. He cannot receive from the world anything except that which he has given to it.

Take the strong, robust young man, full of life and vigor, with a strong arm; if he allows that arm to dangle at his side unused for a while, the energy disappears. He has not employed his strength, and it has slipped away from him. He has given himself no opportunity to exchange this energy with the general stock about him, and that which he seemed to have has been taken away.

The first thing man wants to do when he acquires something which affords him enjoyment—if he is a real man—is to tell it to some one else. Our enjoyment and our usefulness depend upon our work with, and appreciation by, another.

Then the man who is striving to reach the light must know that the light will never be perfect until it shines alike in every human soul, until every life is illuminated, until hope and joy shall have dissipated every shadow and every discord has been stilled.

A lady once came to the writer and said that she wanted to be healed, but she did not want any one to know how she obtained relief.

She was told that no one could undertake to help her under those conditions; that the healer's desire was that she should be well, but she must be willing, if it were necessary, even to devote the remainder of her life to the healing of others.

She refused to consider the thought and went away. A year later she returned and said she had lost a son—but if she had taken the healer's advice she could have saved her son. Now she was willing to put aside her selfish motives. She lost that self-centered idea and learned how to help others, and in so doing she accomplished her purpose.

Before, she would have traveled alone. She had desired to acquire knowledge merely for the sake of possessing it, and not for the purpose of using it in helping humanity.

If we can make one soul glad, if we can help one person up the height, the effort is worth a life-time. When we have done this we have not only the satisfaction of having helped some one else, but we have summoned to our assistance a thousand helpers who cannot refuse our call.

The light does not shine for the man who would travel alone, nor for the one who would have his light the only beacon, but myriads of helpers are ever ready to assist the one who would brighten his brother's pathway and lead him in the way of infinite love and peace, contributing the largest measure possible to the world's harmony.

And so we repeat:

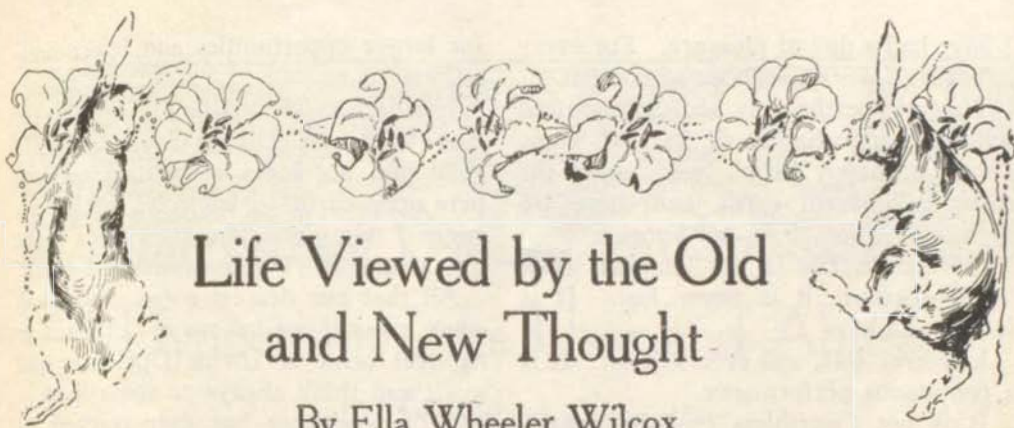
*"There is no lonely pilgrim on the way
to light.*

Men only gain the heights,"—

*By aiding others in their upward
climb,*

*To realms where life is pure,
Its harmony complete.*





Life Viewed by the Old and New Thought

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



Once upon a time I read the following gloomy bit of pessimism from the pen of a man bright enough to know better than to add to the mental malaria of the world. He said:

"Life is a hope-

less battle in which we are foredoomed to defeat. And the prize for which we strive 'to have and to hold'—what is it? A thing that is neither enjoyed while had nor missed when lost. So worthless it is, so unsatisfying, so inadequate to purpose, so false to hope, and at its best so brief, that for consolation and compensation we set up fantastic faiths of an aftertime in a better world from which no confirming whisper has ever reached us out of the void. Heaven is a prophecy uttered by the lips of despair, but hell is an inference from history."

This is morbid and unwholesome talk which can only harm the speaker and the listener.

It can depress and discourage the weak and struggling souls who are striving to make the best of circumstances, and it can nerve to suicide the hand of some half-crazed being who needed only a word of encouragement and cheer to brace up and win the race.

This is the unpardonable sin—to talk discouragingly to human souls hungering for hope.

When the man without brains does it, he can be pardoned for knowing no better.

When a man with brains does it, he should be ashamed to look his fellow mortals in the eyes.

It is a sin ten times deeper dyed than giving a stone to those who ask for bread.

It is giving poison to those who plead for a cup of cold water.

Fortunately the remarks above quoted contain not one atom of truth!

The writer may speak for himself, but he has no right to speak for others.

It is all very well for a man who is marked with smallpox to say his face has not one unscarred inch on the surface of it. But he has no premises to stand upon when he says there is not a face in the world which is free from smallpox scars.

Life is not "a hopeless battle in which we are doomed to defeat."

Life is a glorious privilege, and we can make anything we choose of it if we begin early and are in deep earnest, and realize our own divine powers.

Nothing can hinder us or stay us. We can do and be whatsoever we will.

The prize of life is not "a thing which is neither enjoyed while had, nor missed when lost."

It is enjoyed by millions of souls to-day—this great prize of life. I for one declare that for every day of misery in my existence I have had a week of joy and happiness. For every hour of pain,

I have had a day of pleasure. For every moment of worry, an hour of content.

I cannot be the only soul so endowed with the appreciation of life. I know scores of happy people who enjoy the many delights of earth, and there are thousands whom I do not know.

Of course, life is not "missed when lost!"—because it is never lost. It is indestructible.

Life ever was, and ever will be. It is a continuous performance.

It is not "worthless" to the wholesome, normal mind. It is full of interest and rich with opportunities for usefulness.

When any man says his life is worthless, it is because he has eyes and sees not, and ears and hears not.

It is his own fault, not the fault of God, fate or accident.

If every life seems at times "unsatisfactory" and "inadequate" it is only due to the cry of the immortal soul longing

for larger opportunities and fewer limitations.

Neither is life "false to hope." He who trusts the Divine Source of Life shall find his hopes more than realized here upon earth. I but voice the knowledge of thousands of souls when I make this assertion. I know whereof I speak.

All that our dearest hopes desire will come to us if we believe in ourselves as rightful heirs to Divine Opulence, and work and think always on those lines.

If "no whisper has ever reached us out of the void" confirming our faith in immortality, then one-third of the seemingly intelligent and sane beings of our acquaintance must be fools or liars. For we have the assertion of fully this number that such whispers have come, besides the biblical statistics of numerous messages from the other realm.

"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever more shall be, world without end, Amen."



Aid

By Grace Cornett Ramsey



F SOMETIMES a thought, across the space dividing,

Comes to you to pray for me, oh, pause and pray indeed.

Should we meet, you'd spare the time for cheerful greeting;

Fail me not then, dear, to pray. Be sure there's need, there's need!



Hypnotism: Its Uses and Abuses

By Hereward Carrington

OF all the mysteries that confront us in this universe there is none more remarkable, more baffling, and at the same time more fascinating, than the connection of mind and matter, and the influence of the one over the other. When one *wills* to move a muscle and the muscle moves, what has taken place to produce this effect? No one in the world can inform us; it is one of the most incomprehensible of powers. It is said that when Thomas A. Edison visited Germany several years ago, he was told by one of their great scientists (of a materialistic turn of mind) that the mysteries of the universe are fast being unravelled, and that we shall soon know all there is to know concerning this world and its phenomena. Edison wagged his little finger in the face of the famous scientist. "Do you yet know what makes that move when I will it to do so?" said the veteran inventor.

The famous scientist had to admit that he did not.

"When you can tell me what makes that move," said Edison, "I will begin to believe that we are really beginning to get at the heart of things and understand this world; not before."

Yes, it is one of the greatest of mysteries; and doubly so when we are confronted with the still more remarkable phenomena that are seen in hypnotism. When an operator says to his subject, "Now you can see no one in this room but myself," and when his subject is

accordingly unable to do so, what has taken place in his mind or brain to bring about this sudden and remarkable change, in so short a time? When an operator says to his patient, "Now you feel no pain in this limb; it is insensible, you feel nothing in it," and he is in consequence enabled to amputate the limb without pain to his subject,—surely this is one of the most mystifying powers of which we have any knowledge! How are such results brought to pass? I shall attempt to answer some of these questions.

Only recently a remarkable case called the public's attention suddenly and in a startling manner to the power of hypnotic suggestion. Robert Simpson,—a patient of Arthur Everton, a professional hypnotist,—suddenly died in the midst of his performance, and it was found, upon examination, that he had died from heart failure. The cry was at once raised: **DIED FROM HYPNOTISM!**

Was there any truth in such a statement? Can hypnotism cause death in this manner?

I give it as my opinion at once that death cannot result from such a cause alone. Other factors must have been brought into play. It must be remembered that Simpson was first of all placed in a cataleptic state, and that several men had stood upon his chest when in that condition, in order to test the genuine nature of the catalepsy. Such a strain placed upon the heart is

liable to rupture the blood vessels of a weak heart, without any hypnotic influence whatever. It would throw a great strain upon the aorta and other internal blood vessels, and that alone would account for such an accident, without supposing that hypnotism took a necessary part in Simpson's death. The cataleptic state may have been produced by hypnotism, but the physical strain upon weak blood vessels was the real cause of this much-talked-of death.

I must not be misunderstood, however, as I do not wish to underestimate the remarkable, at times almost weird, power of mind over matter; of the conscious and unconscious mind over the body. Some cases of this are indeed extraordinary. Perhaps the most remarkable are those cases of stigmata, as they are called, in which bleeding red patches are produced on the surface of the body, as the result of suggestion. For years it was believed that all such cases were the result of fraud; but now they are recognized, and known to exist, by science. At first, it was found that a few nuns, more devout than others, developed,—after contemplating the figure of Jesus upon the cross,—bleeding wounds or patches upon various points of their bodies, corresponding to the wounds in the body of Christ. The nail holes in the hands and feet, the wound in the side, the lesser wounds caused by the crown of thorns upon the head—all these were reproduced upon the body of the ascetic nun, and bled almost continuously for weeks, months, and even years! The only explanation that has ever been forthcoming is that the subconscious mind, by continuous concentration and brooding, can somehow affect the smaller blood vessels upon the skin so that they are ruptured, and are kept open by the same action of the mind. But just *how* this action takes place is a mystery. It is an extreme case of an action which we see going on all the time—every time we blush from anger or shyness, or blanch from fear.

Stories are constantly being circulated

that some crime has been committed by a subject placed under hypnotism,—he being ordered, when in that condition, to perform it. In such cases, the act is supposed to have been performed "post-hypnotically"; that is, the act is said to have been suggested to the subject when he is in a hypnotic trance condition, and only carried out by him when he has recovered normal consciousness.

The question at once presents itself: is this possible? Authorities differ on this point, some saying that it is possible, others that it is not. But the general consensus of opinion at this time seems to be that, under normal conditions, it is impossible. A person cannot be influenced against his will and wishes, except under very exceptional circumstances. Those cases which are reported have generally turned out to be fabrications, and closer investigation has shown them to be false, or circulated from a motive which may easily be understood.

Hypnotism is not the same thing as Mesmerism. Hypnotic influence is supposed to work through and by means of the mind alone; by suggestion. Mesmerism is founded upon the idea that a mysterious fluid or emanation proceeds from the body of the operator, and passes to that of the subject. It is a "fluidic" theory. Hence the passes, the strokings, and all the other preparations which this school employs. Mesmer himself originated this practice, during the latter years of the eighteenth century, and fiercely fought for the reality of his "fluid." Certain it is that many remarkable cures were wrought in his consulting room—as are now wrought in the consulting rooms of hypnotic operators, of Christian Scientists, at Lourdes, and wherever else suggestion operates, to an almost unlimited extent. Mesmer's séances or *soirees*, as they were called, were dramatic in the extreme. Garmented in flowing robes, and carrying in his hand a mystic rod of iron (supposedly a good conductor of the mysterious vital fluid), Mesmer would

make an impressive and solemn speech to the small gathering of persons present, and then proceed to make magic passes over them. Generally they would feel "tinglings" throughout their bodies, and these would sometimes be followed by a rapid and remarkable cure. These *soirees* later developed into a sort of fashionable resort, where the very élite of Paris would congregate,—as they used to congregate at the Roman baths. Finally he became such a power that pressure was brought to bear by the French Court and the Jesuits, and he was compelled to fly the country.

It would be impossible within the limits of a short article such as this, even to enumerate the phenomena that may be produced by hypnotic suggestion, or the various theories that have been advanced by eminent scientific men to explain the facts. Some have contended that a purely physiological explanation is all that is needed to explain such occurrences; others say that it does not begin to explain. It would appear to me that all explanations of these phenomena will be impossible until we know more than we do at present as to the relations of mind and matter—of brain and consciousness. When *that* is accomplished, we shall doubtless know more of hypnotism.

It may be of interest, just here, to mention some of the methods that have been employed in the past to induce this remarkable condition, and the methods of awakening the subject, once placed under the mystic spell. Almost the first question that is asked, when one has become interested in these subjects, is:

"How can I hypnotize someone? How can I awaken them when once I have succeeded in inducing the hypnotic state?" I shall endeavor to answer these questions as briefly as possible.

Let the patient be seated in a large chair, reclining in an easy attitude—one that gives rest to the whole body. The room must be quiet; perhaps shaded somewhat. After the subject has become relaxed and quiet in mind, the hypnotizer holds up a bright object just

before his eyes and about six inches from them, and asks him to gaze at it intently for several seconds. Soon the eyes will be seen to water and tire, and the lids will have a tendency to droop. At this moment the hypnotist pockets the coin, tells his subject to close his eyes, and proceeds to make passes over his forehead, and downward over the temples. While these passes are being made, the hypnotist suggests to his subject, as follows:

"Now you are going gently off to sleep—your eyes are closed tightly—you cannot open them—they are heavy—so heavy—you cannot raise them—everything seems dark to you—you hear my voice, but nothing else—you hear my voice and will follow out my suggestions—your brain feels tired—you feel thoroughly relaxed and rested—you are drooping, drooping—going gently to sleep—sleepy—sleepy—sleepy—sleep—you are sound asleep, sound asleep, sound asleep—sleep."

By this time, if the patient is in any way a good subject, he should be sufficiently under the influence to make further suggestion easy, and he will pass into a quiet, restful, hypnotic sleep. When once he has done so, suggest to him your wishes, whatever these may be. If your purpose in hypnotizing him is to cure him from headaches, or the cigarette habit, make your suggestions in a clear and forceful manner, repeating your statements in a firm, decided tone, and remembering always that repetition is the key-note to success. Say a thing often enough and forcefully enough, and the subject will begin to believe it. This is the principle in all hypnotic suggestion.

An example of post-hypnotic suggestion may be given here. Suppose you desire to cure someone from an excessive craving for drink. Put him into the deepest trance state possible, and suggest to him as follows:

"Now the next time you take a drink it will make you ill; you will not enjoy it at all, as you used to. On the con-

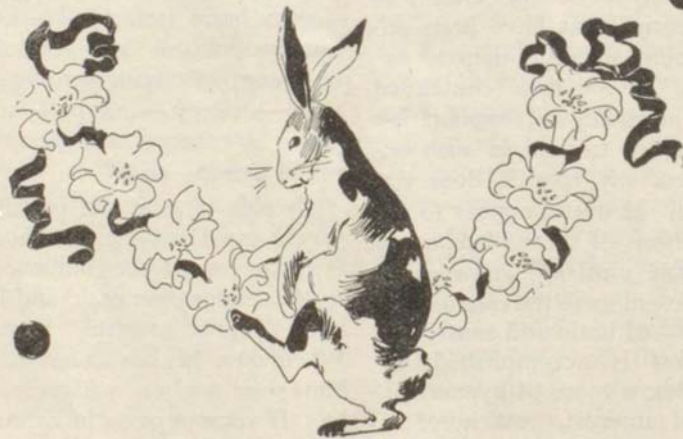
The Open Secret

trary, you will find that it nauseates you. Every time you take a drink, it will affect you in this manner. You hear what I say and you will find this to be the case. Every time you take a drink you will find yourself nauseated."

Repeat this several times emphatically, and then waken the subject. Repeat this every day for some time, and it is probable that a cure will be effected within a short time, provided the induction of the hypnotic state has been skillfully managed, and the suggestions well and forcibly given.

Some operators prefer to adopt other methods of inducing the trance state. One of the most effective of these is to count slowly, and ask your patient to open and close his eyes alternately at each count. After the eyes have been opened and closed in this way twenty or thirty times, it will generally be found that the patient is very tired and sleepy, and open to suggestion of all kinds.

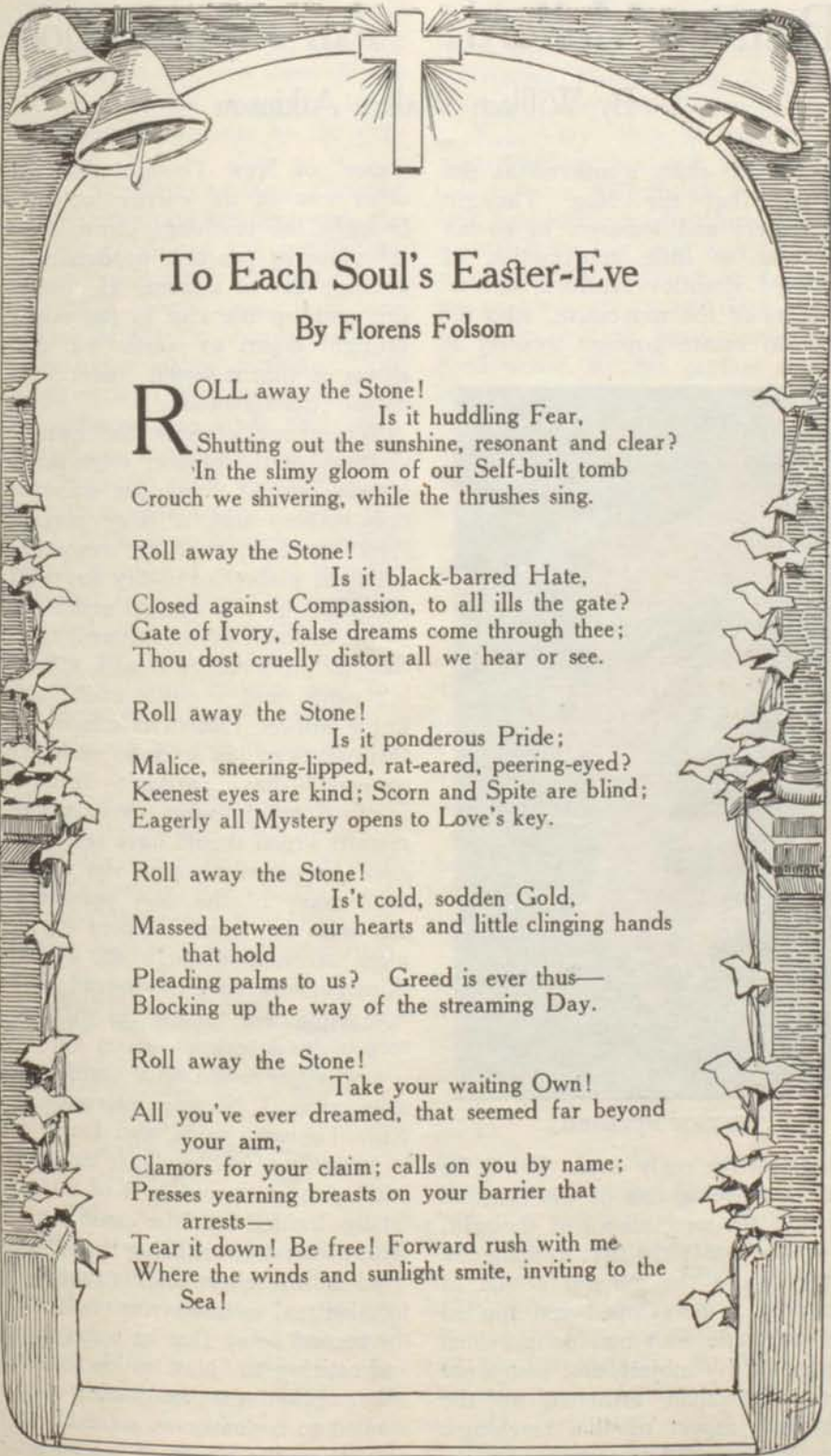
It must be remembered that all downward passes are "sleep" passes and all upward passes "waking" or reviving passes.



The Open Secret

By Bertha Ferguson

QNE SUMMER I had a tent among the corn. How mysterious were the rustlings of that field! Sometimes it seemed to wait and hold low conference. Then as though the truth had been chanced upon, and every stalk agreed, a wave of joyful assent passed over the whole company, inundating my soul with its gentle, insistent, overcoming clamor. At times, as if some whisperer were not content, a heavy leaf would reach out and strike my tent with its green lash. In my heart I answered, "Do not fear. I am one with you. I believe, I believe!"



To Each Soul's Easter-Eve

By Florens Folsom

ROLL away the Stone!
Is it huddling Fear,
Shutting out the sunshine, resonant and clear?
In the slimy gloom of our Self-built tomb
Crouch we shivering, while the thrushes sing.

Roll away the Stone!
Is it black-barred Hate,
Closed against Compassion, to all ills the gate?
Gate of Ivory, false dreams come through thee;
Thou dost cruelly distort all we hear or see.

Roll away the Stone!
Is it ponderous Pride;
Malice, sneering-lipped, rat-eared, peering-eyed?
Keenest eyes are kind; Scorn and Spite are blind;
Eagerly all Mystery opens to Love's key.

Roll away the Stone!
Is't cold, sodden Gold,
Massed between our hearts and little clinging hands
that hold
Pleading palms to us? Greed is ever thus—
Blocking up the way of the streaming Day.

Roll away the Stone!
Take your waiting Own!
All you've ever dreamed, that seemed far beyond
your aim,
Clamors for your claim; calls on you by name;
Presses yearning breasts on your barrier that
arrests—
Tear it down! Be free! Forward rush with me
Where the winds and sunlight smite, inviting to the
Sea!

Prentice Mulford: An Appreciation

By William Walker Atkinson

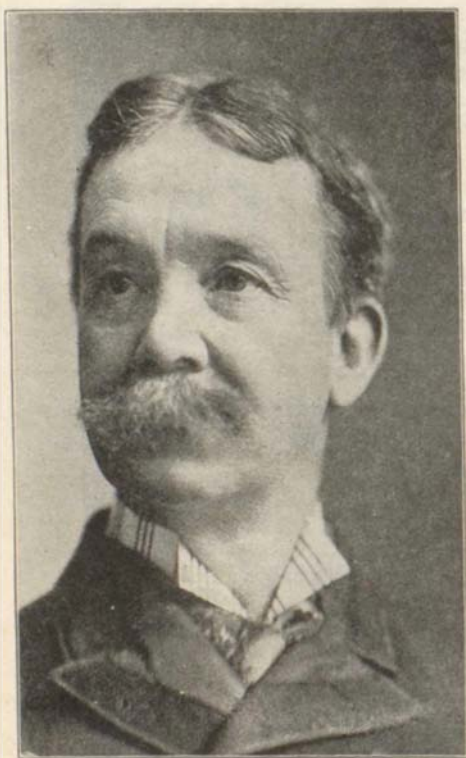


HAVE often wondered at the fact that the New Thought writers and lecturers of to-day show so little appreciation of the work of Prentice Mulford, one of the pioneers of the movement, who did so much to create popular interest in

notice" of New Thought than did any other one of its earlier writers. He brought the teachings down, or up, to the plane of *practical application* by the average man or woman. He, like Franklin, sent up his kite to the clouds and brought down to earth the electrical power so that it would "spark" in actual earthly manifestation.

When one realizes the quality and quantity of the pioneer work performed by this almost forgotten writer—when one realizes that a large part of the "stock in trade" of the practical New Thought worker of to-day was originally furnished by this modest genius—one is surprised, and often shocked, to realize that so little recognition is accorded to his work, and so little credit awarded to the worker. Others have freely availed themselves of his splendid store of "raw material"—have partaken freely of his feast of good things—have reaped the reward which should have been his—and *have forgotten to give him credit*. In fact, many of the very persons of to-day who are most indebted to him for ideas received through the medium of third persons, have never read his works nor acquainted themselves with the history of his labors.

I was impressed with the above facts soon after I became interested in the New Thought work, and I was moved to investigate the probable cause of this marked neglect and lack of interest. I finally decided that the cause was three-fold, the first phase being that this writer lived a little ahead of his time, and before his real audience was ready for him; the second being that he was too modest and retiring to "play up his personality"—he worked for the work's sake, and seemed to endeavor to erase his personality from the minds of his readers, refraining from all press agent methods



PRENTICE MULFORD.

the subject in the early days. While he was far from being one of the original founders of the new school of thought, yet he was probably the first to place the teachings before the general public in such form as to be grasped and applied by the multitude who had no previous knowledge of the subject, and who were repelled rather than attracted by the metaphysical aspect of the teachings. Prentice Mulford did more toward making the general public "sit up and take

concerning his personality; the third phase, I believe, is to be found in the fact that the publishers of his collected works have failed to place them on the market in a form and at a price likely to invite generous purchase by the general public.

There are thousands of New Thought persons who are quite familiar with the later writers, good, bad and indifferent, and who have read nearly all their works, yet who have never even seen one of Prentice Mulford's essays, and to whom his name means nothing. Yet these same persons, and many of their favorite authors, have made their own the thoughts and expressions of Prentice Mulford, in many cases remaining ignorant of their real source. I do not think that Mulford would object to this—he would be satisfied to know that his *ideas* survived, even though his work be neglected and his name forgotten. But, nevertheless, we who realize the importance of Mulford's service, and the value of his work, sometimes find ourselves wondering at the irony of the thing.

So strongly did I feel this apparent injustice to this brave soul, that upon the occasion of the completion of my own first book (*Thought Force*), in 1900, I was moved to dedicate it to this man, in the following somewhat indignant terms:

To the Memory of
PRENTICE MULFORD.

A diamond whose radiance has been temporarily
obscured by the meretricious glitter of
paste imitations, this little book is
reverently dedicated, by one who
regrets his inability to lay
a more worthy offering
upon the neglected
shrine.

—
"LEST WE FORGET."

I have been frequently asked to write a little sketch for this magazine giving the main facts and incidents in the life of this neglected writer, but I have refrained from doing so, hoping that we might have something from the pen of one who had known him personally. The latter, however, not being forthcoming, I now venture to give the

readers of this magazine a few particulars which I have gathered, second-hand, from various sources.

Prentice Mulford was born at Sag Harbor, Long Island, New York, April 5, 1834. Very little seems to be known regarding his boyhood days, but he is said to have early shown signs of a restless, wandering spirit, which was greatly regretted by his staid and conservative relatives. In early youth he went to sea on a voyage around Cape Horn, but he seems not to have proved a very good sailor, for his captain discharged him when San Francisco was reached. He was driven to re-ship in another vessel as a ship's cook, although he lacked the experience necessary for such a position, and his life was made a burden to him by reason thereof. Notwithstanding this bitter experience, he made several voyages on a whaler, meeting with many exciting adventures. He afterward caught the gold fever and started in as a miner in California. He had the usual varied experience common to that country in those days, and he relates that he supported himself by "mining, prospecting, and teaching school, varied by running for office, lecturing, and organizing gigantic mining enterprises, all of which perished prematurely."

In 1863, he wrote an article for *The Union Democrat*, of Sonora, California, describing the yearly festival (?) with which the miners celebrated the rising of the river Tuolumne which usually swept away "dams, flumes, wheels, sluices, and other river mining machinery" in its fury. He wrote this sketch on a Sunday afternoon, under a great pine tree near his cabin, which he states "was in a little gulch, and through the gulch flowed a little brook. A hundred yards distant the muddy currents of the Tuolumne roared and rushed and howled through the Willow Bar and over a prosperous claim." A considerable part of the article was devoted to "the feelings, mental and physical—remorse and repentance, contrition and

headache—realized the day after” the festival. Mulford stated that the article sprang into popular favor at once, striking a sympathetic response in the minds of “about four-fifths of the population, who had been there themselves.” This was his first venture in journalism, which he followed up by numerous articles written during the years 1863-1866, for the *Democrat*, under the name of “Dogberry,” which gained him a wide acquaintance and great popularity.

His mining ventures having proved non-profitable, on the whole, his profits having fallen to about seventy-five cents a day, and his earthly possessions having been reduced to an old gun, a saddle, a pair of blankets much the worse for wear, and wearing apparel far below the conventional standard of even an old-time western mining camp, Mulford determined to forsake the claim and to try his fortune in journalism. He was offered a position on *The Golden Era*, of San Francisco. He started for San Francisco, and, as he says: “a more forlorn, seedy specimen of literary imppecuniosity never set foot in that city.” He made a success, and soon was intimately acquainted with Bret Harte, Artemus Ward, and other celebrities. As Arthur Waite says, Mulford, in those days, was: “a shy, sensitive man, whose tincture of genius did not prevent him from believing that the shallowest air of pretense in those around him was a token of some unknown but real superiority over himself. Refusing to admit that he was modest, he declares that he was a moral coward, and it was only with pen in hand that he felt raised above his ‘average shabby, inassertive mental self.’”

His work in San Francisco was satisfactory to his employers and to the public. He changed journals several times, however, owing probably to his temperamental characteristics. In 1868 he took the editorship of *The Stockton Gazette*, but soon relinquished it from choice, and went back to San Francisco and “free lance” writing. He was sent to Europe

on a lecture and writing tour in the interest of California State promotion. At the end of two years he returned to America with a wife and nine dollars, and started once more as a free lance journalist and occasional lecturer. For a number of years he was connected with a number of New York papers.

Some time preceding the year 1886 a remarkable change came over the spirit of Prentice Mulford. Previous to this time he had been the average brilliant journalist, seemingly considering only the material phase of existence and the universe. But about this time he seems to have received an illumination of some kind. “Something happened” to Prentice Mulford—just what, nobody seems to know. Personally, I am inclined to believe that at that time some great-souled woman came into his life and changed its entire current. I have no direct proof of this, but I believe that in all good things, as well as in nearly all bad things, in the lives of men of Mulford’s temperament, we may safely follow the old French aphorism, *cherchez la femme*,—“look for the woman.” Be this as it may, it is evident that a mighty change suddenly came over this man’s spirit. Seemingly disgusted with the recording of commonplaces and the recital of iniquities, Mulford retired into the wilderness of New Jersey, about ten miles from New York City, and built himself a shanty costing him forty dollars, where he began a great work along lines new to him—the writing of “The White Cross Library.”

In May, 1886, the first number of “The White Cross Library” appeared. It consisted of a series of metaphysical and psychological essays, in the spirit of what we now call “the New Thought,” the numbers of which were published monthly. He started the publication in Boston, because, as he said: “It was for some mysterious reason necessary to go to Boston to start any new idea or movement on this planet.” He had no advance subscriptions; just enough money to get out his first number—but he

had faith *plus*. He believed in the working out of his idea that we attract success by our mental attitude. His enterprise was successful from the beginning, and his essays attracted the greatest attention from the thinking public, although the subject was completely new to the majority of persons. He continued this publication until the time of his passing out of the body in May, 1891. It is difficult to briefly state Prentice Mulford's philosophy, unless we say that it is the *essence of the New Thought of today*. Judge Ferrall says that Mulford "refused to take his ideas of life and death second-hand, but delved himself in the mine of speculative inquiry, respected no creed or dogma because of its age, rejected no doctrine because it was the target of ridicule. He had a philosophy and religion of his own which came to be recognized and shared by many at the time of his sudden removal." Waite says: "The essays of Prentice Mulford embody a peculiar philosophy, and represent a peculiar phase of insight into the mystery which surrounds man. The essays were the work, as the insight was the gift, of a man who owed nothing to books, perhaps not much to what is ordinarily meant by observation, and everything, or nearly everything, to reflection nourished by contact with Nature." Clifford Harrison said: "The works of that remarkable writer, Prentice Mulford (of whom the grave and reasonable Whittier wrote a memorial verse of almost measureless praise), give in brief and popular form a wonderfully practical outline to a creed that might else seem to many to belong to a world of dreams and impracticable ideas. He spoke to busy men and women and met them on their own lines. But those who care to see his purpose will find the words capable of great expansion and high application."

The following extract from his works may give a faint idea of the fundamental principles of the thought of Prentice Mulford:

"A Supreme Power and Wisdom govern the Universe. The Supreme Mind is measureless and pervades endless space. The Supreme Wisdom, Power and Intelligence are in everything that exists, from the atom to the planet. The Supreme Power and Wisdom are more than in everything. The Supreme Mind is everything. The Supreme Mind is every atom of the mountain, the sea, the bird, the animal, the man, the woman. The Supreme Wisdom cannot be understood by man or by beings superior to man. But man will gladly receive the Supreme Thought and its wisdom, and let it work for happiness through him, caring not to fathom its mystery. The Supreme Power has us in charge, as it has the suns and endless systems of the worlds in space. As we grow more to recognize this sublime and exhaustless wisdom, we shall learn more and more to demand that wisdom, draw it to ourselves, make it a part of ourselves, and thereby be ever making ourselves newer and newer. This means ever-perfecting health, greater and greater power to enjoy all that exists, gradual transition into a higher state of being and the development of powers which we do not now realize as belonging to us. We are the limited yet ever growing parts and expressions of the Supreme Never Ending Whole. It is the destiny of all in time to see their relation to the Supreme and also to see that the straight and narrow path to ever-increasing happiness is a perfect trust and dependence on the Supreme for the all-round symmetrical wisdom and idea which we individually cannot originate. Let us then daily demand faith, for faith is power to believe and power to see that all things are parts of the Infinite Spirit of God, that all things when recognized by us as parts of God must work for our good."

The titles of the following essays will give a general idea of the field of thought covered by Mulford in the "White Cross Library": "God in the Trees, or the Infinite Mind in Nature"; "The God in Yourself"; "The Doctor Within"; "Mental Medicine"; "Faith, or Being Led by the Spirit"; "The Material Mind Versus the Spiritual Mind"; "Immortality in the Flesh"; "Regeneration, or Being Born Again"; "The Process of Reëmbodiment"; "The Church of Silent Demand"; "Force and How to Get It"; "The Drawing Power of the Mind"; "Consider the Lilies"; "The Necessity of Riches"; "How Thoughts are Born"; "Positive and Negative Thought"; "The Attraction of Aspiration"; "God's Commands are Man's Demands"; etc. He touched upon all fields and phases of the New Thought. His "Faith, or Being Led by the Spirit," will satisfy the re-

Prentice Mulford: An Appreciation

quirements and desires of the most spiritually inclined person, while his "The Drawing Power of the Mind" is the prophecy of the teachings concerning "The Law of Attraction" of the Mental Scientists, which were promulgated in after years. His aphorism: "*Thoughts are Things*" is now an accepted axiom in New Thought, although few know who originated it.

The quotation given above expresses his fundamental conception of the relation between the One and the Many—God and Man—the Over-Soul and Nature. His "practical" application of his principles may be gathered from the following inscriptions which he suggested for the "Church of Silent Demand," which he hoped would be established by his friends and readers. He said:

"We suggest the following inscription as appropriate to be placed on the front of the chapel:

'THE CHURCH OF SILENT PRAYER
TO
THE SUPREME POWER.'

"And the following placed so as to be clearly read within the chapel:

'Demand, first, wisdom, so as to know what to ask for.

'Ask and ye shall receive. Ask imperiously, but ask in a willing mood for what the Supreme Power sees best for you.

'Love your neighbor as yourself, but demand good first for yourself, that you may be the better fitted to do good to all.'"

On the 27th of May, 1891, Prentice Mulford started on a little trip in his

boat, which was to be the beginning of a long journey—the longest journey known to man. Unaccompanied he drifted along, and finally anchored off Long Island. It is thought that he intended to visit Sag Harbor, his birthplace—but no one knows this positively. He seems to have anchored his boat for the purpose of resting and dreaming out his idealistic creations. His Ego passed out of the body during sleep—never to return to it. The following account, written by a friend, gives us the sequel:

"He was resting on his improvised couch in the boat, wrapped in his blankets. The awning was properly fastened, and everything was in order. There was no indication of suffering on his face, nor was there any sign of previous excitement or agitation . . . If Prentice Mulford could have chosen the manner of his death, I think he would have elected to go as he did."


One of the finest appreciations of Prentice Mulford is found in the following verse of John Greenleaf Whittier, written shortly after Mulford's death, and shortly before that of the poet who penned the lines:

"Unnoted as the setting of a star
He passed; and sect and party scarcely knew
When from their midst a sage and seer withdrew
To fitter audience, where the great dead are
In God's republic of the heart and mind,
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind."



Taking Chances

By Frederic W. Burry

NE day I went into a bookstore to buy a newspaper. I proffered the young lady behind the counter a brand new red cent,—as it happened, the only coin I had with me.

But she would not take it.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" I asked. "It's a new penny—fresh from the mint."

"Well," she replied, dubiously, "I never saw one like it before; so I ain't going to take no chances."

And I came away from the store without my newspaper.

There are some people who will take no chances, from a sheer religious motive.

How many soft-headed people there are who "accept" old orthodoxy, not from any actual sense of conviction, but because, as they candidly admit, they are not going to take chances. If there is a hell, why their attitude makes them safe. If there is *not* a hell, why, again, their creed has not hurt them. They feel they are on the safe side by assenting to superstition and dogma.

But they do sacrifice a great deal: their intelligence, their mental calibre.

Some, I know, are born naturally reckless. They always want to accept the very latest theory out, whether religious, social, or what not. They are the faddists—they call themselves radicals. They are the plungers in the realm of thought—very often equally precipitate in material kingdoms, too.

Taking chances does not necessarily mean any dare-devil extreme. This may be all right for some. Others are sufficiently courageous if they just launch out, according to emergency and circumstance, willing to pioneer and experiment,—and with due humility and recognition of human limitation, proceed to initiate and originate.

Habit is an awful drawback. As you grow, you have simply got to change your habits. The thought of yesterday will not do for today. The friends of yesterday will not always do. Let them call you fickle and changeable if they like. But you must change—your very Life demands it. No change, no growth. No growth, no life.

There is a very foolish old saying that most people applaud, "Be sure you are right before you go ahead." Where, then, comes in the adventurer, the trail-blazer? Every original move demands a venturesome spirit. You cannot be *sure* you are right—not even after you have gone ahead, and discovered or done something. Righteousness is such a relative term, influenced by tradition, heredity, geography.

Success, even Health, demands the taking of chances. Is Life, then, a gamble? That is just what it is. It is a perpetual Sphinx's riddle. Just as soon as you think you have found the answer to Life, or have what you call the cosmic consciousness, then new vistas open out before you. 'Tis an everlasting kaleidoscope, is this Life. And as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

The spirit of the gambler is a good, healthy spirit, kept within due bounds. You must speculate, expand, try your luck, if you hanker after large ambitions. You ought to keep looking ahead, and exercise a vast patience; keep reminding yourself that the years pass very quickly—and bring you to new goals, or leave you in the same old rut, according to whether you move and launch out or not.

Keep your mind, your vision, on things ahead. Don't look back at precedent too much, or its very valuable lessons will only become a source of hindrance to you. Be temperate with your reminis-

cences, and don't, moreover, wool-gather overmuch.

In short, avoid extremes,—but *try your luck*.

Try again.

Don't be a quitter.

Don't recognize failure. A lesson is there for you. And there will not be many failures if you exercise a little reason, mixed up with your spirit of venture.

Unfortunately, to tell many people they should dash ahead, is to imply that they should throw themselves over precipices. But lines must be drawn. Only an insane man, not necessarily courageous, would face the open fire of a cannon. So there must be some retreats, as well as the "forward march."

The more chances you take, the more chances you find yourself capable of taking.

Strength is gained by exercise. The whole question of Life is the conquering of old habits and the creating of new ones.

If people would only get alone a little while, and without hypocrisy commune with their souls, they would receive both wisdom and peace from within.

To madly go on in the same old paths of thought and action is really hardly to live. Real life is a matter of consciousness, feeling. Don't go on in the same old cabbage existence. You know it is not worth while.

The faith of your fathers is a dead faith. It is worse than useless for practical people. It is a drawback to your career in this world if you any longer accept it. It is very necessary to throw it over. This you will hardly do till you

see something better, and you will see something better—a better faith and wisdom—in the Silence of Solitude.

Your religion must be something to touch all sides of your life, something for every moment of the day and night, for body and soul: a religion for this world—and whatever other worlds you may migrate to.

Take a chance. Give wings to your spirit. Take a venture. Even a *little* daring will beget results. One thing leads to another—all things are connected. Don't lose sight of the unity of life. Have faith that All is One. And whatever you do, then, will be done to the glory of the Lord.

Only listen to the divine voice of Reason. Only be faithful to your deeper convictions and intuitions. The little things count. Little trifling habits may crush a great Will—they often do—little eccentricities of conduct that seem inconsequent, but are not. Watch yourself, and see you are no longer a victim to any foolish superstition.

Let details have their place, but no ridiculous fussing over them. Turn off the gas, but don't keep trying it and trying it, until you finally turn it on again. Lock the door, but don't keep fussing with it, until at last you leave it open. A great deal of time is wasted in thinking the same thought twice, when one concentrated thought is all that is necessary. That's what constitutes worry—chewing the cud, ruminating. Concentration will destroy fear and worry.

So, take new expeditions in life, O Soul,—never mind if you have wasted years; you may now accomplish much in just one year, through the lessons you have learned in past experience.



Hindoo Missionaries in America

By Basanta Koomar Roy



THE word missionary is associated with the idea of Christian missionary. So it sounds passing strange to speak of Hindoo

missionary. Of the Hindoos, Buddhists, Christians and Mahomedans, it is the Hindoos who have shown the least desire for mission work. Theirs has been the idea more of contemplation and meditation in segregation than that of Hinduisation. They being very tolerant in religion did not bother about converting those of other faiths to the false notion that those that did not believe in Hinduism were doomed to eternal perdition. Their notion of religions was that just as streams take different courses, but all run towards, and at last merge themselves into the ocean, so different religions, too, were sure to find the ultimate, which every religion sought to find. But Buddhism took a militant form. Though Buddha was born a Hindu, he, if I am permitted the anachronism, played the Martin Luther in India. He reformed or remodelled many of the Hindu tenets and showed no common zeal to bring people to his own faith. Though born a prince, and reared in all the luxuries that money and power could promise to

give, he took the beggar's bowl in hand and set an example of renunciation which, though two thousand and five hundred years have elapsed since then,

still remains unsurpassed. After his death his followers proved worthy disciples of their worthy teacher. Mission works, both at home and abroad, set in and were carried at uncommon sacrifice, and were crowned with unprecedented success. To-day Buddhism, of all the religions, claims the largest number of followers.

Asoka the Great—a Buddhistic ruler of India—showed so much earnestness about conversion and mission work that he allowed his dear son and daughter to go barefoot in the garb of mendicants to Ceylon and other countries to preach the Gospel of Buddha. Asoka's enterprise met with success.

Christianity is second to none in its evangelizing works. From the time of Jesus Christ till to-day the work is being carried on unceasingly and with ever increasing zeal, perseverance and undaunted courage. There is not a country which the Christian

missionaries have not penetrated in pursuit of their mission work. The dangers they encountered and are encountering



BASANTA KOOMAR ROY.

still, are too well known to be enumerated or hinted at.

The Mahomedans carried on their mission work, and though not so peacefully as the others, still they met with no mean success in so short a time from its establishment. That was why Napoleon so extolled Mahomedanism—because it appealed to his military spirit more than the peaceful missions of the Buddhists or the Christians. He said: "Mahomedanism is superior to Christianity in that it conquered half the world in ten years, while Christianity took three hundred years to establish itself." He also said, "Mahomedanism is the most beautiful of all religions."

Of late the Hindoos, too, are showing a tendency to do Mission work. Their field of action is confined more or less to America, where the people are more liberal than in Europe, where the old faiths are clung to more tenaciously than here. Here, liberality reigns. Here, the people are seekers after truth; they do not care from what quarter it comes. "My-father-believed-so" argument is out of date in this age of wonderful scientific achievements and rational reasoning. So we find liberality making a headway in every country. Some are slow, some are fast, that is the only difference.

It was in 1893 that the attention of the whole world, in different branches of human activity—arts, sciences, literature and religion—was focused on Chicago, the place of the World's Fair. It was there that the Parliament of Religions sat. The best minds and intellects from different corners of the earth met there to speak, and

to listen to the different religious systems of the world from their own advocates. It was one of the grandest things in the history of the world, for human good weal and the progress of theological liberality. I wish such a parliament of religion could meet every year in some part of the world or other. It would smooth many theological angularities; it would pacify many theological controversies; it would widen the vision of the narrow and make the liberal more liberal. People then would think more of God than of quarreling over His name. It was before that Promethean mass of the world's best intellects, that there stood a young Indian Swami, in yellow turban and in yellow robe. He was a man of exceptional personal attraction, and of irresistible magnetism, the latter speaking volumes for his soul qualities. His very presence, dignified mien, and intelligent look, insured him a patient and sympathetic hearing. He stood, and began to speak. That was the beginning of Hindu mission work in America. His wonderful command of the English language, which only a few can claim to possess in this country, his powerful voice which left no room for complaint from the man sitting at the farthest corner of the pavilion, his force of argument, his keen faculty of elucidation, began to do their work in the shape of rousing sympathy and admiration from the liberal and fair minded theologian, and a larger amount of hatred and jealousy from those who could not think with him or tolerate what he had to say, actuated as they were by the preconceived idea that none but a Christian could speak



SWAMI VIVE KANANDA.

anything true on theological lines. Be that as it may, he spoke—and the tide turned. People began to feel, and that very strongly, that Hinduism had something to contribute towards the common fund of universal religion. Men and women crowded around, both days and evenings, to get more ideas on the Vedantic truths which he preached. People began to feel and be actuated by the sublime teachings of the Vedanta. [The word means, "end of wisdom."] This was Swami Vivekananda, who is known in this country from coast to coast. I have never been in any American City where I have not found some ardent admirers of Swami Vivekananda. He is loved by multitudes in this country. Though now dead, he is still alive in the memory of those who had the good fortune to listen to his inspiring and soul-elevating talks. Swami Vivekananda (the name means "he who delights in his conscience") was born of the well known Dutt family of Calcutta. It was in the year 1863 that his eyes first opened to the light of day. He studied in the Calcutta University and took his A. B. degree in the year 1884. It was during his student life that he mastered the English language. In his early youth, though born of an orthodox Hindu family, he was rather sceptical of orthodoxy, and showed a strong inclination toward Brahmanism—which corresponds to the Unitarian Church of this country. It was for the purpose of taunting that he first went to see Rama Krishna Paramahansa, who lived in the suburbs of Calcutta. He did not agree with him on some theological points. But when he came in contact with this Sage of Ramswar, the latter got the better of



SWAMI ABHEDANANDA.

him, and Vivekananda became his disciple. Rama Krishna loved Vivekananda dearly. He foresaw that his disciple was going to do something that would make him immortal, and encouraged him in philosophical studies and meditation. Vivekananda was a charming singer. How many hours they used to spend together singing songs in praise of God! Vivekananda travelled throughout the length and breadth of India living the rigid life of a Hindu ascetic, practicing Yoga. Then he wanted to come to

America to represent Vedanta before the Parliament of Religions. He started with no money in his pocket, thinking that his "Master" would provide for his passage money. He had implicit faith in his Master who passed into the spirit world.

His passage money was provided for. He did not care for money, nor did want of money ever bother him.

The psychic and occult Views and Reviews spoke in the following terms of his visit to this country in 1893: "He was sent here by a Hindoo priest, who paid the expenses of his shipment, like an express package, for Vivekananda knew nothing of the use of money. He had, in fact, no pocket in his clothes. He lectured for money, but this was sent to India for religious purposes. Of American Women he said:—'I admire all that you know, but I dislike the way that you cover what is bad with roses and call it good. Intellectuality is not the highest good. Morality, Spirituality, are the things for which we strive.'

"Boston received the hardest blow—'of all, Boston is the worst. There the women are all faddists, all fickle, merely bent on following something new and strange.'

"He combined in himself an encyclopedic knowledge of Western Science, with the mastery of the profoundest philosophy of ages."

His mission in life was to lay a foundation of Universal religion and to have a platform on which all humanity, of all different religions and sects and creeds and colors, could meet and enjoy each other's company for the progress of humanity. For he clearly saw that the antagonism that prevailed between different faiths retarded the progress of humanity. To bring about this he found that Vedanta could exercise a great influence.

Another mission of his life was to help to spiritualize the materialism of the West. He warned his fellow countrymen in season and out of season to guard against the corroding influence of the blind materialism of the West which might make its appearance in India unless they were always on the alert. He told the West of the importance of a more spiritual factor in its civilization. And he believed that India could help the West in this respect.

He strove by example and precept to bring home to the minds of the people of his country the evil effects of both caste and priestcraft. His broad mind could not conceive of such artificial differences between human beings. He was a reformer both at home and abroad. Wherever he saw vice or corruption, he spoke out. His dauntless heart feared only God. Truth he would cry, though heaven should crush him.

Such was the type of man that pioneered the Hindu Missionaries in this country. So it is no wonder that it augured well for the subsequent work.

He, by one speech full of unassailable arguments, and unimpeachable facts, antagonistic to no other faith, gained a victory for India. His arguments inspired confidence, his logic fully satisfied the most scrutinizing intellect. Thousands of American men and women began to be fired with the desire to make a study of Vedanta.

Swami Vive-Kananda made a name by that speech which his subsequent teachings, writings and preachings went to strengthen and make more widespread.

It was in the year 1894 that he first lectured on Vedanta in New York. A group of his students formed themselves into an organized body and named it "The Vedanta Society." Since then the history of the society has been one of uninterrupted prosperity—an ever increasing field of activity.

His idea in forming the society was not to add one more creed to the numberless warring ones, each of whom claims to hold the key to the gate of Heaven, and to declare like many illiberal creeds:—"Believe, O ye non-believers, in this particular faith, else the most Merciful God will surely deny you salvation, however pure, however true, however devout you may be in your morals, character and conduct."

No one religion contains the whole truth. What lacks in Christianity may be found in Hinduism and vice versa; what lacks in Hinduism may be found in Mahomedanism and vice versa; what lacks in Mahomedanism may be found in Confucianism and vice versa, etc. As this one planet of earth does not cover the whole universe, so one religion does not cover all truth—which is universal. God reveals the truth in every clime and country. His love is universal. He has no chosen race.

I can give an example of this interchange of thought from an incident of my own life. In one of the most cultured cities of this country I was invited by a friend of mine to go to a famous church of the city. After the service we were taken into an advanced theological class for debate. There were D.D.'s and LL. D.'s and others. They came to a point where the minister in the chair dismissed a problem at issue as unsolvable. The whole audience abided by his decision, but one gentleman pressed the point, and again the same verdict came from the chair. In the meantime I felt rather bashful about saying how the Hin-

thus solved the problem. But thinking that bashfulness was out of season at such a juncture, I braced up, and told the audience how the Hindus solved the problem ages ago. The truth that was embodied in the statement received hearty applause from the whole audience—the minister not excepted. What surprised them most was that "heathens" could think of things like that. Thenceforth an invitation on all occasions was extended me on behalf of the club or class.

The Vedanta Society to-day has thousands of followers scattered over different parts of this country. The Society explicitly declares as its mission: "The object of Vedanta is not to form a new sect or creed, or to make proselytes, but to explain through logic and reason the spiritual laws that govern our times; to show that the True Religion of the Soul is not antagonistic to, but in harmony with philosophy and science; to establish that Universal Religion which underlies all the various sects and creeds of special religions; to propagate the principles taught by the great seers of Truth and religious leaders of different countries, and illustrated by their lives; and to help mankind in the practical application of those principles in their spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical needs."

They record with no mean air of assurance that: "Vedanta teaches the truths taught by Christ and other Incarnations of God, brings light to dispel the darkness of ignorance, and makes clear the real spirit of Christ's religion. It declares that revelation is the disclosure of the Divine Spirit in the individual soul, being ever from within and not from without; and that for the soul there is neither caste, nor creed, nor sex. Going beyond toleration and brotherhood, it teaches that each soul is potentially Divine and that we are all children of Immortal Bliss. It likewise shows the way to the realization of the truth, 'I and my Father are one.'"

After the return of Swami Vivekananda to India, Swami Saradananda

conducted the Society here. After the latter's return came Swami Abhedananda in the year 1897. It is by his indefatigable assiduity and exceptional power of organization that the Society has been brought where it stands to-day. He is a man with keen insight in men and matters. His Sanskrit Scholarship, his profound knowledge of Hindu and Western philosophies, make him a teacher exceptionally fitted for the work he is doing.

He is at the head of the Society now, though he divides his time between New York and London. In London he is trying to build up Vedanta Societies on a substantial basis. I learn that he is extending his activity to Paris, too. Vedanta in Paris—the home of rank materialism! The twentieth century will live to see many wonders.

The headquarters of the Society is at 135 West 80th street, New York city. The property belongs to the Society. The moment you enter the house you sense peace and harmony. There is a chapel, where the Swami in charge delivers his Sunday sermons on different topics. The Society has a circulating library which contains books on oriental philosophy. It has a publishing department. Books and pamphlets are published for sale and distribution throughout the world. It publishes a monthly called "Vedanta."

The sphere of activity of the Society is growing apace. Already it has been obliged to open branches at Pittsburg, Boston, San Francisco and Los Angeles. All these centers are under thoroughly trained Swamis whose life work is the propagation of the truth. The New York branch of the Society has a Summer School on a farm of two hundred and fifty acres in West Cornwall, Connecticut. It is called "Vedanta Ashrama." The Society has a Peace Retreat in the mountains at Santa Clara county, California.

The demand in this country for Vedantic teachers is simply enormous. In conformity with the demand, the direct-

ors of the Society have established institutions at different parts of India—some on the "Sacred" Ganges, some on the lofty peaks of the Himalayas for training Swamis both for home work and for abroad. There the Swamis that are to come to the West are taught Western manners and customs under the direction of Americans and the "America-returned" Swamis. It is really amusing to see the Indian Swamis using knives and forks in India, sitting on chairs and eating from tables.

I mention here, by the way, that it is said that America spends at least \$10,000,000 every year for mission work in India—for the conversion of the "heathen." But, unlike America, India does not spend a cent for mission work for the conversion of the Javanas or Mleches. It is the American that brings the Swamis to this country, and it is America that supports them decently. India has been rendered too poor by the British maladministration of her affairs to indulge in the luxury of sending missionaries abroad while her children are dying in millions from "tax-created poverty and poverty-created famine," plague and other pestilences. The people are feeling that the British must mend their ways or the people will make them do it.

The Hindu teachers in this country give public lectures and hold "Yoga" classes, giving lessons in the science of "deep breathing, concentration, meditation and self-control." "Yoga" is a science by the practice of which a person's higher self can gain mastery over the lower. Yoga aims to that Nirvanic state—"that sinless, stirless rest—that change which never changes." Many shallow brained Western philosophers who cannot grasp the idea call it self-annihilation. Many college professors, writers of the History of Education, too, cannot claim immunity from such erroneous ideas. The Hindus call it the highest state of self-realization. The Swamis, very tolerant as they are, never calumniate other faiths. They believe that it is not the religion that degrades the man,

but it is the man that degrades religion, and the best religion is to live the purest life. Sin, crime, vice, degradation, depravity, shooting, killing, robbery, roguery, brutal personal aggrandizement, heinous godlessness, are to be found both in Heathendom and in Christendom. In some respects Heathendom is better off, for it is not yet thoroughly "civilized."

The Swamis live a very simple life. They wear a long coat and use the priestly collar. When they lecture, they use their yellow robe of renunciation and a turban of the same color. They speak beautiful English, and the beauty is all the more enhanced when emphasized with the oriental accent.

If I remember aright, there are three hundred and three different denominations in the Christian's Church. So in the Hindu Church, too, there are a hundred and one different denominations. Each one is eager to make others believe as it does itself. So we find in this country besides the Vedantic teachers, teachers of other schools, too. As for example the Vaishnava sect is very strong in California. The founder of the Church at Los Angeles, which is called Vaishnava Temple, is Baba Premananda Bharati. He gained considerable attention in this country. He started a magazine, "The Light of India," for the propagation of Indian philosophy. He traveled all over the country teaching Karma (or the law of adjustment), concentration and meditation. He has now returned to India.

Some of the Hindus have opened up a school in Chicago for teaching Oriental Spiritualism and Hindu psychology. In many other places Hindu teachers are working to introduce some of the Hindu ideas and ideals with considerable success.

Besides those that are permanently settled here, or those that belong to any organized society, there come almost every year many itinerant Swamis, who go from city to city, lecture, hold classes,

and after a period of time return home—such as Swami Rama, Dharmapal, Pandit Lallan, Virchand R. Gandhi, and a host of others. It is just a few years ago that Swami Rama died, and his death has been mourned by countless of his devoted American friends. His childlike simplicity could not but command admiration and respect. He was devotedly loved by many. I have seen tears in the eyes of Americans, something one seldom sees, while talking about the passing of Swami Rama. And I felt sure that he was really loved. Swami Rama was a profound scholar and a linguist. He was a poet, too. He was a college professor and left his profession, his home and hearth, for self-development and to work for the world. He was a patriot, and realizing the backward condition of India in scientific and industrial education, he lectured before large audiences in this country to create sympathy in the heart of the American to help the Hindu students to an education in this country. He realized that if America could do nothing else, she could help by giving the Hindus modern education, which the British government so studiously strives to deprive them of. He thought that America was suffering from a plethora of money, so that it was easy for her to take charge of a certain amount of her educational responsibility.

One of the boons of the exchange of missionaries between Hindustan and

Christian lands is this,—that the gloom of religious bitterness, supported by irrational bigotry and narrowness, unpardonable in the Twentieth Century, is fast fading away before the searching light of modern research and knowledge. To-day that Hindu must be either a fool or a knave who would not open his eyes to the beauties of the Gospels; and at the same time that Christian must be either a fool or a knave who would fain shut his eyes to the beauties of the Gita and the Vedanta.

The latter inspired many of the Western philosophers of the type of Schopenhauer, F. Schlegel, Max Müller, Ralph Waldo Emerson and others.

The beauties of the Gospels have inspired many of India's modern philosophers and thinkers.

There are absurd things in both the religions. Not even a child would believe to-day that the sun is moving around the earth, as the Bible would lead us to believe.

Nor would even a child believe to-day that the earth is supported on the head of a serpent, as some of the Hindu Scriptures would try to convince us.

This is the age of reason, this is the age of truth. Bigotry is out of date.

Let us sing with the poet:

*"Let knowledge grow
from more to
more,
But more of reverence
in us dwell."*



SWAMI RAMA.

The Science and Art of Salesmanship

VI. ACQUIRING THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION

By Henry Frank



Many persons fail to entertain a clear idea of a matter because they seem incapable of sufficient concentration. How, then, is concentration acquired, and how can the salesman improve his ability in this regard? If he wanders in conversation or in mental perception, he will speedily lose his grip on his subject and miss the mark.

Concentration depends on attention. Attention depends on repetition. Habit follows repetition.

The salesman must remember that the subject which is very familiar to him has not yet been lodged in the mind of his hearer. It is not only vague but scarcely exists. Do not be afraid to repeat an idea or a description which you wish to become an idea in another's mind. It is well known that the hypnotist depends not so much on a discourse or lecture as on one or two ideas which he keeps hammering away at until at last he fastens them into the mind of the subject. Once there, the desired act instantly follows.

You have perhaps listened to "barkers. Yesterday in "Dreamland" I was sitting on a bench in the open, resting; a "barker" began urging the people to enter his show. His verbal stock in trade consisted of about three sentences. But each sentence described very clearly a single idea. This he constantly repeated without variation and with excellent results.

"Greatest show on earth. Nothing like it ever seen before. No waits; no delays. Show is going on now. Hurry!

hurry! hurry! or you'll miss the best part!"

This was all he said. But that he said a thousand times; always with increasing emphasis till he reached the final word. I studied the effect on the people; indeed, ere I knew it, I found myself caught in the snare and going with the rest into the show, which at first I had not the slightest idea of doing. His hammer-like, snapping, persistent repetition had accomplished its purpose. First, he caught my attention; then he fastened it on a special picture in his mind; and he repeated that till I myself acquired the habit of holding in my mind the same idea. As soon as that idea was vividly fixed, I was forced to yield and enter. Of course I did not at the time think of or analyze this process. If I had, the effect would have been different, as the idea of entering would have been contravened by another idea of its ridiculousness and the certainty that I would be defrauded.

Here, however, the law was beautifully and truthfully illustrated. I recall an experience a gentleman gave me who was once a law book seller and a very successful one. He entered a large office where many lawyers were seated at different desks and singled out a gentleman whom he determined to approach. The gentleman paid no attention at all to him but continued writing at his desk with his eyes bent on his papers. The agent was nonplussed and saw no possibility of success, yet resolved to go through the process, albeit apparently a hopeless task. He had but few words to express. There were only two or three features of his work on which he could dwell; and his effort was merely a process of verbal repetitions. This process he executed; going over and over

again and again the same statements, each time a little more emphatically, the lawyer never lifting his head—till the agent almost despaired. But he determined not to quit till the lawyer either kicked him out or showed him some civility.

After he had been repeating this process for fully half an hour, the lawyer slowly lifted his head, as in a daze, and said, "How much did you say the price was?" The trembling agent stated the price with doleful misgivings, and nearly collapsed with amazement when the lawyer said to his clerk, "Make out a check for this gentleman." The check amounted to several hundred dol-

lars. Apparently nothing but repetition and the consequent attention which ensued in the mind of the seemingly listless lawyer accomplished the result. Had the agent despaired, and not again and again gone over and over the few sentences which vividly pictured an idea to the lawyer, he doubtless would have failed.

Mind is the supreme actor in the universe. We perform only as the mind directs, and it directs only as its motors—namely, the ideas which it entertains,—command.

In later chapters we shall undertake to show the precise laws of the mind that operate in the efficiency of the salesman's work.

(To be continued.)



The One Thing; or the Search for Happiness

By Felicia Blake



I had paused, weary; for I had traveled far since I began to seek the One Thing which meant happiness to me. And I had not found it.

I looked back. There in the dim past was where I

had lingered carelessly, satisfied with what was at hand. Light or shade, I was content. Thoughtlessly I had tossed a pebble to one side, broken an obstructing branch or strolled around a boulder.

The land was level, the air was full of laughter.

One day the wing of a bird brushed my eyes. There was a change, the aimless content was gone, and on my breast I bore a gleaming drop in which was the image of the One Thing which meant happiness to me. I held the jewel close; and, restless, spurred by desire, I moved forward.

At times the jewel burned, and I would find the semblance of what I sought. There I tarried and gathered to myself all the sweetness, all the joy, that experience held, until, surfeited with what it yielded, I would come to

The One Thing

know that this was but semblance and would toss it aside to seek again.

And now I would think my search was ended; I would drink deep only to find the tang of falseness at the last. Again and again I turned away. At last something breathed across my eyes, and a Voice spoke these words:

"You cannot find, while you seek; you cannot keep what you would try to hold; and naught can be yours while you work for yourself alone."

Something different awoke in me and I dropped some of the treasures I had gathered. The way became hard. I dug boulders out of the path, sometimes with bleeding hands, and though it tore my flesh, I uprooted thorny brush that the path might be clear. There was no sunshine; joy was far behind, but sometimes I caught the echo of distant laughter and marveled to hear that sound.

My path had been leading upward. And it was there, as I paused, weary, that I saw something had been done for others. I had left the path free, if any cared to walk that way.

The Voice spoke once more:

"Would you have your search and your labor rewarded? Then give me the treasures you still hold."

"But," I faltered, "I have brought them so far, and they have not stopped my work. They are dear to me. May I have them some time again?"

"You must not question, and you may not know. Whether or not they are to be yours again, can be nothing to you; you must give them freely. Have you ever thought that perhaps it is because you gave so much care to these that you could not find the One Thing you have sought?"

I stood awhile in silence, then put forth my hands and spoke: "Here are my treasures. I will give them to you; do with them as you will."

"What is that shining on your breast?" The Voice cut sharply and left me quivering.

"Oh, this is so small, it can be of no value to you and surely it cannot keep

me from what I should do. I will hide it deep where no one can see. It has been mine so long.

"You are not willing to give it up?"

"No, I am not willing."

"Now, listen! You feel that you have given much and that you have kept but little. Yet all that you have yielded is less than that one speck which you hold to yourself. Heed these words: your gift avails nothing—keep your jewel and learn whether it will lead you on or will blight you."

The Voice ceased, it became midnight dark. And when I could move again, some of that darkness moved with me. Not an echo of laughter reached me, nor did I see a semblance of what I had always sought. There was not even a sense of accomplishment. Only a dull weight pressed upon me.

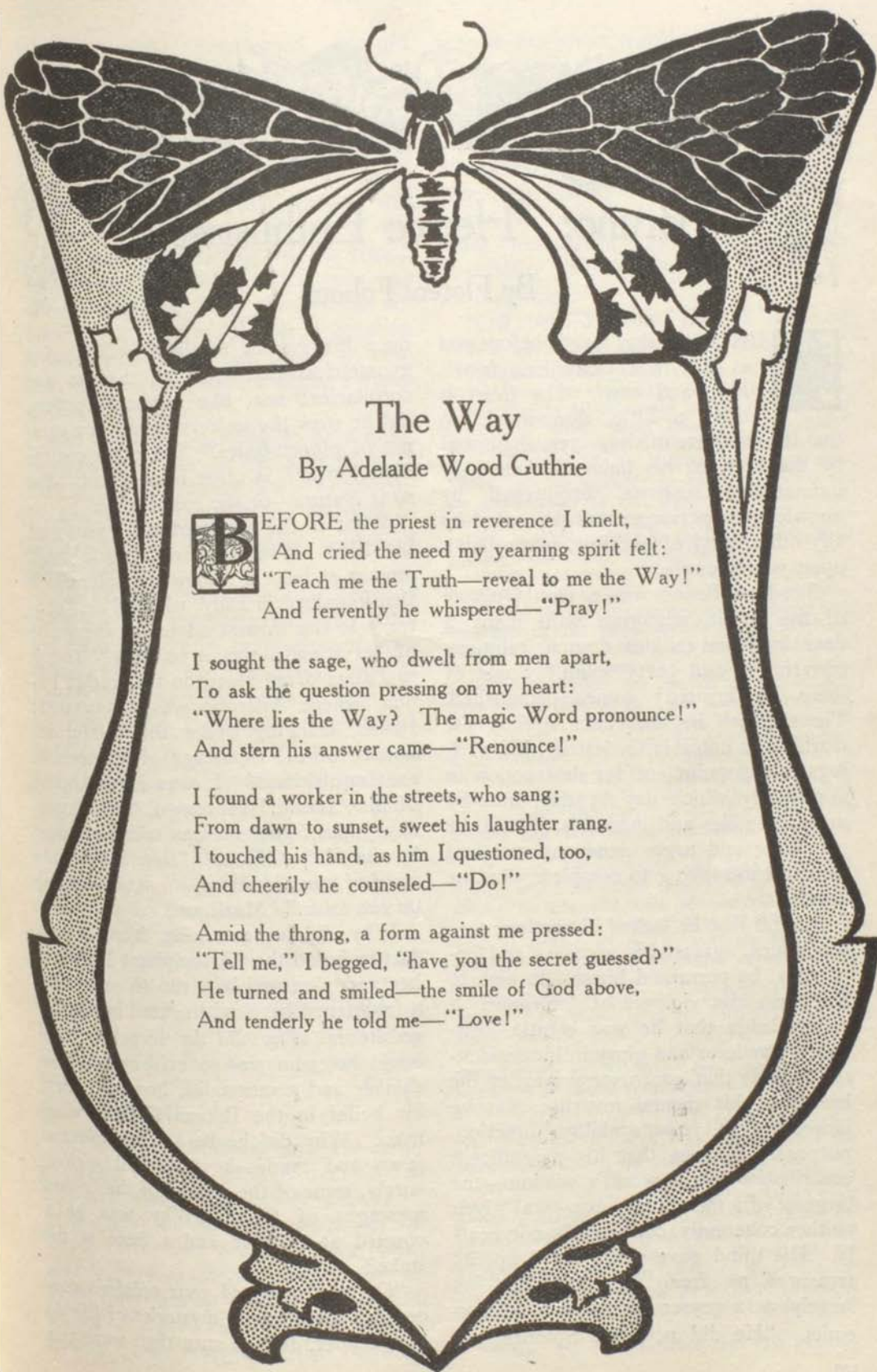
A bird's wing brushed my eyes and light came. Then I saw that the jewel I had held so close had blinded me and had dulled my senses to aught else. I plucked the gleaming thing from my breast, I tore its beauty from my heart, and I breathed in the dawn of a new day.

Joy tingled in every vein, laughter stole across my senses, and a Voice came softly: "You have but one thing more to do—*search not!*"

I obeyed. I laughed with the laughter of today, and would not look beyond. I played or I worked with what was in the present hour and asked nothing further. I accepted what was laid in my hand and did not look for more. When some semblance came at times to tempt me away, I turned aside and lived in what was with me for the day. Time passed; I was content and I hoarded no treasures.

Then one day something was beside me, and in me, and around me; I was part of it, and it was part of me. I did not need to hold to it and it could not be torn from me—because we were one.

And it was the One Thing which meant happiness to me!



The Way

By Adelaide Wood Guthrie

BEFORE the priest in reverence I knelt,
And cried the need my yearning spirit felt:
"Teach me the Truth—reveal to me the Way!"
And fervently he whispered—"Pray!"

I sought the sage, who dwelt from men apart,
To ask the question pressing on my heart:
"Where lies the Way? The magic Word pronounce!"
And stern his answer came—"Renounce!"

I found a worker in the streets, who sang;
From dawn to sunset, sweet his laughter rang.
I touched his hand, as him I questioned, too,
And cheerily he counseled—"Do!"

Amid the throng, a form against me pressed:
"Tell me," I begged, "have you the secret guessed?"
He turned and smiled—the smile of God above,
And tenderly he told me—"Love!"



Bruno: "Heroic Enthusiast"

By Florens Folsom



HE figure that stands before you is clad in a Dominican friar's robe and cowl. The head is tilted a little, downward, so that the full gaze of deep eyes, shadowed by the hood of his habit, darkened by innumerable sorrows, brightened by knowledge superior to that possessed by any other mind of his time, pours down upon you strongly.

Giordano Bruno was a Don Quixote of the Spirit, engaging with many a flaunting wind-mill of dogma, religious convention, and party sham. Some of these he injured; some, demolished. Those which he, one man against the world, was not able to destroy, his writings to-day point out for destruction to a posterity which day by day, unit by unit, assembles and increases. Dead, he yet lives; and urges generous zeal and sincere truth-loving to complete what he began.

I admit that he lacked discretion; that sometimes, against his accusers and opponents, he permitted himself to sink to harshness and violence of demeanor. I acknowledge that he was erratic, restless, a wanderer and gipsy in his residential habits; that controversy was as the breath of his mental nostrils; that he lacked repose, poise, stability, direction, purpose. I agree that his magnificent contribution to the world's wisdom—the largesse of a mental emperor—was given neither coherently, consistently nor neatly. His mind gave out, poured up, its treasures as freely, as naturally, as largely, as a geyser spouts or a volcano emits. "He did not, like Spinoza, re-

duce his system to the precision of a geometrical text-book, all theories and corollaries; nor, like Herbert Spencer, did he stow the universe away in a cabinet of pigeon-holes." He often contradicts himself, is often inconsistent. But so is Nature—or she seems to be.

What is the secret of the mystery of his life? When he was safe abroad, among at least a somewhat wider spirit than obtained in Italy, why did he, "contrary to the earnest advice of every one of his friends, return to Italy? Going to Padua of all places in the world; Padua, where Aristotle was consecrated; Padua, cringing under the baleful influence of the espionage of Venice and the Inquisition?" It was in the house of his "friend," Mocenigo, "that latter-day Judas," that he was taken prisoner by the Holy Office. (*"But, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table."* Mark xv.)

Why did he, returning from Frankfurt to beard the "Triumphant Beast" in her very den and lair, run to earth, like a frightened hare, when faced by the Inquisitor? *Why did he recant?* How could he, who was so evidently a free-thinker and a rationalist, honestly affirm his belief in the Roman Catholic dogmas? Why did he lie and quibble and fawn and evade—he who had spoken, surely, some of the noblest of the "naked messages of God"? Why was he a coward at the bar and a hero at the stake?

"Of how many of your opinions concerning the ultimate mysteries of life do you, reader, feel so sure that, were you

suddenly seized, imprisoned, brought face to face with a pitiless tribunal, and confronted by torture and burning, you—one man against the world—would boldly, without hesitation, publish and maintain them? Galileo, one of mankind's noblest, could not endure this ordeal, although the evidence of his senses and the testimony of his reason contradicted the denial which pain and dread wrung from him. Savonarola, another great spirit, flinched likewise. These are points we are bound to consider before we pronounce Bruno a hypocrite or a coward."

And oh! it is wearying to be always, throughout a life which one honestly feels is spent in the enrichment of humanity by Truth, "despised and rejected of men." It saps the vigor of a man, it breaks his will.

Yet, after six years spent in Venetian dungeons, "in agonizing solitude, without books, without a suggestion of sympathy, without the slenderest ray of hope", ("the same six years of Galileo's teaching in the University of Padua"), *he did not die*. Yet, he lived! And at last, after these six "pinning and tormented years!"—his prison doors swung open, and once more this intrepid soldier of conviction beheld the light of the beautiful free day. He beheld it, but to him it brought not freedom. He was carried to Rome for trial and ordered to "recant." Frantic, he parried, dodged, fell to self-denial, self-reversion. Yet here and there, beneath the filthy tatters of his disguise of Fear, the gold and ermine of his mind's true robes shine out. This is his *Credo*, his *Confiteor*, his *I-DECLARE-BELIEF-IN*:

"I believe in an infinite universe as the necessary effect of divine potency. The reason of this is that I have always regarded it as something unworthy of the divine power and goodness, that, being able to produce another world, nay, infinite other worlds besides this one, it should produce only a finite world; whence I have maintained that there are

infinite particular worlds, similar to this of the earth, which, in accordance with Pythagoras, I consider to be an orb, similar to the moon, to other planets and other stars, which are infinite, and that all these bodies are worlds, and innumerable, constituting the infinite universe. Moreover, in this universe I place an infinite providence, by virtue whereof everything lives, grows, and remains in its perfection."

Now behold Bruno on the witness-stand, shrinking, cowering, cringing!

"Regarding the world as caused and produced"—he is answering the Inquisitor—"I meant that as all depended on the First Cause, I did not shrink from the term 'Creation,' which I believe even Aristotle expressed, saying that GOD IS, on WHOM the world and Nature are dependent; so that, according to the explanation of St. Thomas, be the world either eternal or temporal according to its nature, it is dependent on the First Cause, and nothing exists in it independently.

"Next, concerning that which belongs to faith—not speaking in the manner of philosophy about the divine persons,—that wisdom and that son of the mind, called by philosophers *Intellect* and by theologians the *Word*, which we are to believe took upon itself human flesh, I, standing within the bounds of philosophy, have not understood it." (O, naive Seer! Who has?) "And then, concerning the divine spirit in a third person, I have been able to comprehend nothing—but in the Pythagorean way I have understood IT to be the soul of the universe, according to that saying in the Wisdom of Solomon, '*The Spirit of the Lord filleth the world; and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the Voice.*'"

"I teach in my philosophy that from this Spirit, which is called *The Life of the Universe*, the life and soul of everything which hath life and soul springs; that IT is immortal, just as bodies, so far as concerns their substance, are all immortal, *death being nothing else than—coming together.*"

Inquisitor: "Having doubted the Incarnation of the Word, what has been your opinion about Christ?"

Giordano Bruno:: "I have thought that the divinity of the Word was present in the humanity of Christ individually—a presence of such kind that we could truly say of this Man that HE WAS GOD; and of this Divinity, that HE WAS MAN. I have maintained that the miracles of Christ were divine, true, *real*—"

Inquisitor: "Did you ever say that Christ was not God, but a good-for-nothing, and that, doing wretched works, he ought to have expected to be put to death, although he showed that he died unwillingly?" (Here we see Mocenigo's 'fine Italian hand.' Read his letter, accusing Bruno, his guest—and prisoner; read his letter to the Father Inquisitor of Venice!)

Bruno: "I am astonished that this question

Bruno: "Heroic Enthusiast"

is put to me, for I have never had such opinions, nor said such a thing." (He had not.) "I know not how such things are imputed to me."

"And as he spoke," says the faithful record of his trial, "he grew exceeding sorrowful, marvelling at the malice and the ingenuity of his accusers."

And from then on, knowing himself lost, not now fearing and faintly hoping, "he bore himself so nobly that he wrung from his cruel persecutors admiration for his unfaltering courage. All the flippancies and pranks of his past career were then laid aside. A lofty majesty entered into his port, and a calm dignity, far exceeding the dignity of kings, shone in his handsome face. No false accusation, no mean innuendo, no cowardly insult longer ruffled him; and when he heard his doom, he said those memorable words which still resound ominously in the ears of the Romish hierarchy: '*Peradventure you pronounce this sentence against me with greater fear than I receive it.*'"

Stern, virile man at last, O Bruno, as thou shouldst have been always!

"The stake was his doom; and he went to it as a lover goes to his love. When the flames flashed about him he was not seen to wince. His eye was luminous, and his face was radiant as the morning. He uttered no scream nor sigh nor murmur, as Huss and Servetus had done; even that last mortal agony of the flesh could not overcome his indomitable spirit."

I have not been endeavoring to hold a brief for Bruno's virtues. I do not offer an apologia for his faults. Crusader against the rotten old; iconoclast of the established false; roamer, adventurer, lover of fights for fighting's sake,—take him as he was. (He is greater, better, now!) I have placed his "wormy apples" on top. I have shown you his weakness, double-dealing and cowardice. Why hide, conceal, cover or excuse? The man is great enough, with all his faults, for wealths of eulogy and pæan. He was, like all the so-far Leaders, the Light-bearers—except Jesus the Christ

and Siddartha-Buddha—an Imperfect Instrument; flawed, faulty, marring with occasional discords the full harmony of God, who is their Speech, their Voice. But let us love him for what he did. Let us honor him for what he was, while we grieve for what he was not, what he could not yet, then, be. Listen to his sonnet, "Immensity":

*'Tis thou, O Spirit, dost within my soul
This weakly thought with thine own life
amend;
Rejoicing dost thy rapid pinions lend
Me, and dost wing me to that lofty goal
Where secret portals ope and fetters break;
And thou dost grant me, by thy grace complete,
Fortune to spurn, and Death. O high retreat
Which few attain and fewer yet forsake!*

*Girdled with gates of brass in every part,
Prisoned and bound in vain, 'tis mine to rise
Through sparkling fields of air, to pierce the
skies,
Sped and accoutred by no doubting heart;
Till, raised on clouds of contemplation vast,
LIGHT, LEADER, LAW, CREATOR, I attain at last!*

Is there not the ring of sun-smitten steel, of a flashed blade waved above a dauntless head, in these words?

Listen to this: "*In its aspiration the soul need not go beyond itself, need only enter into the depths of its own mind; for this, it is unnecessary to open the eyes wide upon the heavens, to raise aloft the hands, to wend one's way to the temple, to intone to the ears of idols, that one may best be heard. Rather we would enter into the innermost heart of ourselves, for GOD IS NEAR TO US, WITHIN US, more truly than we are in ourselves; being soul of souls, life of lives, ESSENCE OF ESSENCES.*"

Said I not truly, that he, a "reed shaken by the wind," indeed, of worldly passion, cried aloud in the wilderness of materialism, proclaiming the coming of New Thought?

Brothers, Sisters!—whose faces I cannot see, whose hands I cannot press, whose names and states I know not; yet who join with me in that electrically-thrilling ring of co-belief, one-knowledge, which loops amid the worlds; are not

these words of Giordano Bruno, Scholar-adventurer, poor Io - of - the - Intellect, driven by the gadfly of Hera-vanity over medieval Europe; Heretic; CHOOSER—are not these words of his true, *true* for us, TODAY?

Was not Bruno prophet and precursor of our knowledge of the Vedanta? Is not he soul-brother to Carlyle, Emerson, Shelley?

"Thou hast broken the Crucifix. Now trust thine own soul . . . trust thine own heart and the god in thee . . . grapple God unto thy soul . . . scorn mere words. Trample CUSTOM into the dust."

"I know no god, save THE GOD OF MY OWN SOUL."

"Hitherto I have served a God. Now—I will serve my own soul!"

I quote these words from a recent novel, "Uther and Igraine," by Warwick Deeping, because they belong to Bruno's death-scene, to his regaining of that "high retreat" which his one great cardinal weakness caused him at times to waver from and forsake. What was that essential, that central weakness? "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Bruno split upon the rock of desire-for-approbation. The Man-Woman of his soul had not acquired proper balance of its sex-proportion. There was "too much Ego in his Cosmos," too much matter in his spirit, too much Woman in his Man. We see evidence of this morbidezza of his at Oxford, among the dons who entertained him; in his extravagant lyrics to Elizabeth the Avid, in which he apostrophises fulsomely her parrot-nose and flaring hair; the gnaw of his own vanity, greedy for gratification, obliged, compelled, forced him to glut her insatiate vanity and lust-for-praise. Yet it is Bruno's statue, says Ingersoll, which shall one day crown the ruins of the Vatican!

This vanity-itch of his turned, at times and on occasions, the greatest, the most original, daring and vital mind which has yet blazed upon the world, into a slaving fool and a hypocritical knave.

For he is a fool when he calls Ugliness, Spite, and Greed—Beauty and Charity and Lavishness. He was a knave when he said "I KNOW HIM NOT" to his own Godhood—when he played Peter to the Inquisitor's Maid-of-the-High-Priest.

O most piteous of human destinies! to voice, in clarion tones, the noblest thought of his time; to suffer himself to be so pressed upon, to yield to the crowding upon him of hostile littleness to such a degree that flesh-weakness mastered spirit-strength and glorious Truth, his own truth, the truth of himself, was denied by him—RECANTED! He "relapsed," shamefully, abjectly, from his great Confiteor: "I AM, BECAUSE GOD IS." Shrinking, cowering, cringing, needing, desiring Bruno!

So social, sensitive and loving, within his poor robe and cowl, which shut him out from free joy and love and kindness; yet so uncertain of himself, so uninsistent upon his own self-majesty and worth, that all his attempts toward friendship, love, society, reacted upon him to his own dire injury; bringing him dismay, disillusion, bitterness of spirit. He was the peer of Plato and Socrates, of Shakespeare, Bacon, Galileo. He should not have stooped to curry favor from the highest. For he WAS the highest—as were they.

If only Bruno had been strong enough, big enough, fearless enough, to LIVE OUT, to practise, his own sublime beliefs! If he had made his LIFE the echo of his faith, the shadow and mirror of it, he would not have gone outside his own nature for friend or love or disciple.

*I hear God speaking, in my deepest I;
Why should I trudge to hear Man
speechify?*

Bruno said the equivalent of this: "Rather we should enter into the innermost heart of ourselves." He said this, and he knew it, and he believed it. But he did not act upon it. And that is what he should have done. He could have been his own host, his own lover, his own friend. Accused, he should have

heard only the voice of his own soul, trumpeting—STAND FIRM! Betrayed, given over to incarnate Malice, Convention, and Expediency by his treacherous host, he should have sat unshaken, entrenched in his soul's fortress, impregnable, apart:

—above the brooms and pots,
The needles and the wash-tubs, of
BELOW.

But—and thank the ONE for this!—when the long wrenching fight was over; when at last Death grinned in his face, gaunt, fleshless; then the true mettle of the man reasserted itself; then, at last and forever, he dared to be—dared to be HIMSELF!

Ho, Bruno, gallant shipwrecked "Captain of your Soul," erstwhile bruised apostate of Yourself, traitor to your True, you yet are not forgotten. The work that you began shall be completed. The paths you pointed shall be followed. The seed you left shall grow.

Out of your Hell of disappointment and defeat and self-reversion, you shall arise, O Latin paradox—vast, little; mighty, trivial—and with all your Latin ardor and splendor of devotion, of zeal, of *enthusiasm*, you shall lead the awakened of the new world towards what is no longer a forlorn hope—UNIVERSAL UNITY of sect, cult, class and caste. You shall bear forward, joyously, exultantly, the royally-flaming torch of BROTHERHOOD.

For you were not a lover of Nature, like Spinoza. You loved men so passionately, you so naturally and spontaneously desired and needed and depended upon their kindness, their sympathy, their applause, that ostracism embittered you and broke you. You were not strong enough to create your own world complete, entire, within yourself. You knew how, you felt it could be done; but you did not do it. You could not make yourself stop reaching out, needing, entreating favor and support from others, outsiders to your Self. And so your life was in many aspects a failure.

"*I, if I be lifted up,*" says the Christ of Nazareth, "*will draw all men unto me.*" If you, Giordano Bruno, had walked nobly and self-sufficiently apart, in the glory and the splendor of your Way—the greatest, the highest, the *widest* Way which any so-far thinker had ever hewn for himself out of the trap-rock of ignorance and the heart-breaking rubble of false theses; if you had not continually been craning backward to see if any were following you; if you had been but content to create, to give out, to send back encouraging and joyous shouts, without looking for, waiting for, needing, or expecting applause, agreement, ratification; if you could have joyed in your work "just for the joy of the working," you would have made a larger and a sweeter and a wiser "end."

"But *I, if I be lifted up,* will draw all men unto me." O Brothers! lift yourselves up! Rear yourselves, nobly and freely, from the clinging drags and weights of criticism, slander, opposition. Render yourselves *independent* of all others; need nothing from ANY soul. Give, *give, GIVE* of your best, and set no price upon your gifts!

Lift your SELVES up. Be sufficient unto yourselves. The irresistible magnetism of self-enoughness will, truly and certainly, *draw all men unto you*, bringing gifts; bringing, as joyous freewill offerings, all, all, ALL that you have ever wanted, all that you think you need; bringing the friendship, comradeship and love of your best dreams; bringing those most glorious of chances, opportunities for helping others; bringing LIFE!

But so long as you reach out toward, need from, depend on, others—any others—you will be disappointed, bitter, weak, shaken, miserable; like Bruno, when he cried, "*I am citizen and servant of the world, son of Father Sol and Mother Earth; who, because he loves the world too much, must be hated, cursed, persecuted and rejected by it!*"

No, Bruno,—a thousand times no! You loved *yourself* too much. If you had loved the world *enough*, you would

have had no time to bother to collect dues—or to try to collect dues—of appreciation from others. Flattery-collectors are the most wretched and the illest-paid of all industrials. Bruno, who above all men then living knew of what freedom, what self-dependence, the soul of man is capable, was "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in his own vanity. He was a mental Gulliver, chained down and roped in by the idle or malicious breath-puffs of other men.

But yet he says, elsewhere: "*I have fought; that is much. Although it may not be possible to come so far as to gain the prize, run your race nevertheless, do your hardest in what is of so great importance; strive to your last breath. It is not only he who arrives at the goal that is praised.* (There, again! What does praise matter? Such a fuss about a few lung-fumes, a few greasy caps tossed up, as Cæsar says! Bruno should have said, and thought, 'that is worthy'), *but also whoever dies no coward's or poltroon's death.*"

Always that neck-crooking of Bruno's toward his contemporaries' grand-stand! Always mindful, in the grandest wing-stretches of his oratory, the farthest soarings of his spirit toward Central Unity, of the cat-calls or the hand-claps of his Gallery!

O Bruno! Wheresoever now thou dwellest; in whichever of "those other worlds of thy fancy" as deridingly said thy lewd scoffer, Gaspard Schopp, that danced on thy ashes for Rome's chuckling; in whatever richer-world-for-thee, among those great MANY which, thou didst quaintly declare, moved "in infinite space, sisters of the earth, like it in heart and will, living and life-producing"; whether thou now, in beauteous woman-shape, invitest and enjoyest that human love thou didst so piteously long for; whether thou now seemest as virile man, philosopher, seer, laborer; engirt by children, friends and Love; whether thou now appearest as a little child, pouring forth, like Christ, thy luminance among

the doctors of thy orb and sphere; wheresoever thou now art, O spirit that was Bruno, understand me and forgive me when I say that the great lesson of thy great life is *each individual's need of solitary, self-sufficing INDEPENDENCE.*

Greed, avarice, avidness in one form or another, is what has made the priest-hoods of the world the sport of Rabelais, Voltaire and Volney; what has lifted them to be right target for Bruno's spear-thrusts, Ingersoll's broad-axe, Paine's huge bludgeon.

Resolve, I implore of you, O my brethren! ye Teachers of the New Word, Dispensers of Health, Light, Wisdom!—resolve to steer clear of this taint! You are the priests of To-morrow—almost, of To-day. Let not future generations accuse us of this mean evil. Let the Church of Humanity send out no missionaries—she needs none; pass out no collection-box; drum up no fussy, gossip-breeding, unwanted and reluctant church fairs and salary-assemblers; let the NEW CHURCH, for God's sake, for our own true sakes, be FREE!

Let us be burly, brawnily independent, like stout Luther; like doughty Stevenson when he wrote, defending Damien, the Flemish Father of Compassion, against a clerical cur who complained that Damien did not employ a manicure—"there was never a dirty dish or cup washed clean for the dying lepers"—storms champion R. L. S.—"but dirty Damien washed it!"

Fear not, ye who work for others' good, lest you go unrewarded. Be content for awhile—for as long as God pleases—to be alone, apparently, unobserved, unnoticed. Be content, though your work be unappreciated, misapprehended, rejected, fined, punished. Justice, utter and minute, has you continually in mind. I WILL REPAY, saith the Lord thy God.

Says Emerson of this Principle—unerring Justice: "Settles, forevermore, the ponderous Equator to its bar; and man

Shining Away

and mote, and star and sun, must range to it or be pulverized by its recoil." Bruno did not trust himself to this Principle. He did not dare to. He was not strong enough. And so, he subterfuged; and ate his words; and was bitter; and was afraid! Do not you be so! *There is no need!*

I subjoin a list of authorities on the life of Bruno. Read for yourselves, I beg of you. This spirit, this nature, who

was called Bruno, is so intimately dear to me, so personally close, that I could not bring myself to speak of him pedantically, with data and ready-reference at point of pen.

Bear with me, dear long-beloved comrade Bruno, that I have but so ill borne witness for thee. Thou knowest, Heroic Enthusiast, tireless scourger of the Triumphant Beast, that my fallings-short spring from no root of lack-of-love!

The attached list of Bruno's REFERENCES is taken from a book called MORAL LEADERS, by Edward Howard Griggs.

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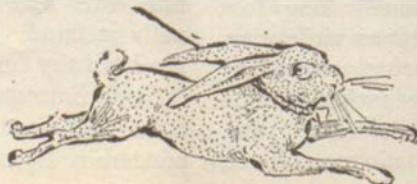
Shining Away

By Ethel Ruby Farnham



S I was a-walking out today,
Old Sol, he winked at me,
And said, "A jollier face than mine,
Now where would you wish to see?
I'm shining away on things below,
Making the grass and the daisies grow,—
Now what are you doing, I'd like to know,
At shining away?"

Then I winked right back at Old Man Sol,
And I said to him, "See here!
You needn't think you're the only one
That shines on this green old sphere!
We're shining away down here below,
Making the smiles and the dimples grow—
That's what we're doing, I'd have you know,
Just shining away!"





The Law of Chemical Equilibrium

XII. HOW IT WORKS OUT IN PRACTICE

By Paul F. Case

LEADERS who have followed the rather irregular course of this series will remember that its primary purpose was to furnish a ground-work for mental healing that would harmonize with physiology, so as to bridge the gap between physicians and healers by something more tangible than mere theorizing as to the relation between mind and body.

The first thing I brought to your attention was the undeniable fact that people are all the time receiving about the same degree of relief from two systems of treatment which to all appearances have nothing in common except the fact that both make cures. Searching about for the fact which should explain this apparent contradiction, we were led to the discovery that when we are well there is a balance between the destructive and constructive elements in the blood. We therefore came to the conclusion that what is called in these articles "the chemical equilibrium of the blood" is the unfailing symptom of health.

That medical treatment sometimes restores this equilibrium is not to be denied. But that this sort of treatment has any claim to the dignity of the title "Medical Science," nobody who knows

the facts believes. Even the remarkable discoveries of Dr. Sajous, who found that drugs cure by stimulating the pituitary body and the system of glands governed by it, were not enough to make of medicine anything more certain than a system of "practice."

For a drug that will affect *your* pituitary body may have no influence whatever on mine. And the same drug may not influence you tomorrow in the way that it does today. Furthermore, the use of drugs is a practice that weakens the will, because it causes physical results which are quite independent of the voluntary choice of the patient. For these, and other reasons, it seems necessary to conclude that while medical treatment is *one* way of getting well, it is a very uncertain, not to say dangerous, one.

None of these objections can be used against mental healing, as it stands today, freed from the charlatanism and mystery of the past.

In the first place, mental healing is a science in the hands of those who understand its laws. In saying this I do not mean to say that all people are affected alike by the same suggestions. But I do say that the degree and kind of suggestibility of every patient can be

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accurately determined by means of the scientific diagnosis made possible by the instruments with which every well-appointed psychological laboratory is now equipped. This being true, it is possible to determine just what suggestive methods to use in giving treatment.

Now that we know the symptom of health, it is comparatively easy to determine which one of the two things that upset the chemical balance of the blood is responsible for the conditions to be overcome in the work of restoring health. Examination of the blood will show us whether the trouble is caused by a surplus of the products of the pituitary-thyroid-adrenal system, or whether the opposite state of affairs is to blame. Indeed, many physicians are now using this method in their diagnoses.

What does this mean to the mental healer? Simply this: that in addition to general treatment designed to improve the mental condition, the actual chemical state of the blood can be directly influenced by suggestions designed to control the action of the pituitary body. And even without the careful diagnosis here described, especially in cases of self-treatment, a marked improvement will be noted as a result of suggestions that the pituitary body and the glands it especially governs will act in a proper manner so as to restore normal conditions.

With the special application of suggestion we have nothing to do in these articles. I have purposely refrained from giving specific directions because I know of no system of affirmations or denials which will fit all cases alike. Each individual case has its own peculiarities that make it entirely different from any other. We may have a science of healing, but we have no universal panacea.

Nor have I said very much about the pernicious uses of suggestion, because I do not think that any particular good can come from speaking of them in a

popular magazine. All that needs emphasis in this direction is the obvious fact that to be free from pain is not necessarily to be well. Wise healers, like wise physicians, will resort to *palliative* treatment only when it is necessary to save the life of the patient.

This brings us to the final point, which seems to me to be the most important of all. Why should anyone ever be sick? Theoretically there is no excuse for illness. Practically, the careless habits, both of thought and action, which have driven thousands to early graves will probably not be eradicated for some time to come. But we who know can begin to work a change in the desired direction.

The first step must be a mental one. We must stop thinking about disease. We must fix our minds on health. There is no profit in "muck-raking," mental or physical. It turns the mind downwards, and leads to destruction.

Let us begin now to think health, talk health, and act health. Let us improve our mental picture of it, dwelling on the idea a few minutes every day for the sake of working up the details.

And then let us compare our ideas with those of other people, never allowing one thought of imperfection to sully the purity of our ideal. If we don't like the other fellow's portrait of health, let's not try to argue him into a belief that ours is better. Let the comparison be free from any taint of bigotry or self-conceit. Let it be made simply and solely for the sake of the interchange of ideas.

Finally, let us begin now to do the things that lead to health. If the world would begin to use its knowledge, every man for himself, according to the best of his information, instead of talking so much about the matter, disease would soon become so rare that even the healers would have to find some other means of livelihood.

God speed the day!

(THE END.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

SIDNEY A. WELTMER

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

ERNEST WELTMER

"Orange Blossoms?" Alas, No!

By Louise Radford Wells.

BEHOLD Louise Radford Wells—aghast, bewildered, subdued of spirit—confronting with fascinated gaze an ever-mounting mass of white envelopes, letters and notes, of all shapes and sizes!

What does it all mean? you ask.

Why, *congratulations*, of all things in the world!

Everybody thinks I am going to be MARRIED!

Who ever would have dreamed that the innocuous little paragraph so trustfully tucked away in the editorial columns last month, quite guilelessly hinting at some unexpected news to be imparted in this number, could have brought any such fateful consequences in its train?

Certainly not Louise Radford Wells! I assure you I am the most surprised woman in the United States. *But nobody else is*—that's the joke! Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Si Weltmer and Mr. Everybody-else all sit around and chortle in their glee and have the best time imaginable, and every time a new note of congratulation comes whizzing through the mail, they gather about and shout and hold their sides, and make weak jokes, and persist in pretending that it's all really so!

And that's why I've had to select such a very personal title for this column this month—"Orange Blossoms? Alas, No!"

Dear Everybody, I'm NOT going to be married—and haven't even a premonitory symptom of the state which precedes such happy events. I'm terribly sorry to disappoint you all—as from the letters received it's quite evident I shall be doing by not living up to these expectations. I'm sure I'd be very happy, indeed, cosily presiding over—

"A little house with an upstairs,

And cups and saucers all in pairs"—

but, dear me! where's that house to come from? I don't know, I'm sure. There's not even a sign as big as a man's hand, upon the horizon! No, I'm afraid you'll have to be satisfied with

me—or tolerant of me—just as I am; Louise Radford Wells to the end of the chapter.

Well, at any rate, I've felt personally thankful for every delightful, warm-hearted note; and the knowledge that so many good friends joyed in what they thought was *my* joy has made a *real* joy for me that is all my own.

To think, though, that some of you even picked out the Man! "Not mentioning no names to nobody," there *are* Men who are quite as successfully immune as I am generally credited with being, and you've hit on the very most immune of all. It would take a master hand to stir up any romance between Louise Radford Wells and the Certain-Gentleman-who-shall-be-nameless (alas, I fear he is, in all innocence, hopelessly compromised already!), who are such *extremely* good friends as to leave Cupid not even standing room on the same reservation.

This innocent partner in my congratulations is bearing up as bravely as could be expected under the embarrassing circumstances, and is developing a sense of humor which is almost as trying to a chagrined—albeit amused—Spinster Lady as that exhibited by the masculine cohorts of our office, heretofore referred to!

Well, "here endeth the first lesson!" I hope I've successfully convinced you that I'm NOT married—not going to be—and that I haven't even a suspicion of a love affair concealed up my sleeve. The orange blossoms being thus effectually disposed of, forever and a day, let me tell you what the *real* news was to which my over-mysterious hints referred.

This is it—and I'm sorry, sorry, sorry, now that the time has really come—March NEW THOUGHT is the very last number of the magazine with Louise Radford Wells as editor! These words—these few pages, this month—are my goodbye to you, friends of so many years. No, not goodbye—I couldn't say it—or do it—if I thought it meant that; but only goodbye to you, as editor; only goodbye to NEW THOUGHT and my connection with it. I shall hope to keep in as close touch with you as always—closer touch, even, because of more time to make it personal; and I should feel very sad indeed, and very empty of heart tonight, if I thought that the mere erasing of my name from the editorial page of NEW THOUGHT meant or could

mean the erasing of close and permanent personal relations between us. Each of you is to me a friend—and I hold your friendship as close to me now in the moment, not of parting, but of readjustment, as at any time in the years of association. The chain won't break, *unless you let go your end!* I'm hoping you'll give an extra twist to your hold, from now on, as *I shall to mine.*

How did it all come about?

Well, the whole fault of the matter lies, in the beginning, with L. Papirius Cursor, or whoever the ingenious Roman was who first divided the days into hours. He didn't give us hours *enough!* I don't know just how many I would need, to keep me satisfied, but I think it would be somewhere about sixty hours a day—and he only grants a stingy twenty-four for day *and* night. And right there is where my trouble began. I've been trying to work *sixty* hours a day, with only twelve (plus the candle-burning extras) at my disposal. It hasn't hurt me—that's the marvel of it. I'm well—and *strong*—and happy; and glad of every minute of every day and all the minutes of the night, though I use a good half of them for hard, engrossing, *hurrying* work. Yet that isn't the way to live. *You* know it and *I* know it, and I've been telling myself so for years, while all the time my hands have kept reaching out for more things to do. There's no use in the world in preaching (though I do mighty little of that) if one won't practice; and there's no use in *believing* unless one transmutes that belief into action.

So, as I believe that life is meant to have some leisure in it; some time to stop and look around and marvel that the world is so bright and beautiful; some time to gather up and hold some forgotten child of the alleyways, who needs a bit of love and of remembering; some time to grow silently; some time to enjoy; some time to *BE*—I'm opening my hands and letting fall, little by little, all that prevents me from realizing and living that belief. I'm practicing what, if I ever preached, would be the burden of my message; and I'm saying to myself—what I say to you—“Life is beautiful and big and wonderful. Give yourself space to view it *in proportion.*” That's the trouble with us busy people—things get warped. Business absorbs us, obliterates us as social entities, making of us mere willing servants of the hours. It's very fascinating, of course—very satisfying, at times; and the thrill of a new ambition or a revived energy is as sweet to its possessor as love to a lover. *But it's not the natural existence!* The natural existence has room for friends, for family, for largess of love and friendship; is balanced, sane, broad—*inclusive*, not exclusive.

Claim that natural existence, every one of you—and never stop claiming until you have made it yours. That's what I mean to do, and

I've been taking slow steps in that direction for the last two years. *I haven't got very far yet*, but, just the same, I'm like the man in the song, “I'm on my way!”

I had thought the last year, with the subscription office at Nevada, that my magazine work would be infinitely lessened, and that I could easily take care of it, the growing business of *The Library Shelf*, and one or two less important interests, and still find time to be an ordinary Human Being. But, alas, no! I think I have been even busier during 1909 than I ever was before. While the subscription office was at Nevada, yet many of the subscription letters passed through the Chicago office, with the work of forwarding, explaining, etc.; while there were many details of the *general* work which had to be attended to at Chicago, because of my longer knowledge of the magazine, and for other reasons; my editorial duties proving really the least of my work for the magazine!

As the year progressed, I found the work did, too, in size and pressure; and I began to feel permanently overtaxed—a new sensation to me—not from things done, but from things *perforce* left *undone*. That's a truth I've discovered all for myself—that what tires us, nine times out of ten, and exhausts us, physically, is not the work we have been doing, but the work ahead of us, not done. Think over your own case, and see if I'm not right. I can work till midnight—and even *all* night, if necessary; and feel none the worse for it, *if I get through*. But I've noticed, this last summer, when I did this, night after night, and night after night, and still *didn't get through*, that I began to get the *habit* of being tired. A bad habit!

So it was then I sat down and sized up the situation and began to plan to remedy it. The longer I planned and the further it got along in the year, I began to see what the *real* solution was. But I didn't *want* to see that solution—I wasn't inclined to decapitate my own editorial head, and cut off at the same time so many things which meant much to me.

But it *HAD* to be. I thought and planned, and planned and thought, but in no other way could I bring to pass that dear Dream of mine I was seeking to realize. So long as I was part of *NEW THOUGHT* it was evident that I would be working forty-eight hours a day. *History proved it!* And all the good intentions of everybody else connected with the magazine couldn't alter it, because *I* was the magazine's Past, as it were, and questions and correspondence and policies and circulation plans *AND* prize contests and other things, just naturally *did* and would get shunted in my direction.

So finally I shut my eyes and said the words which led up to this goodbye, and the Weltmers just refused to take me seriously and wouldn't even give me the satisfaction of *talking* about it. That was discouraging, don't you think? to a Lady with an Ideal she wanted

to realize! Well, I finally got around that by getting Mr. Si Weltmer up to Chicago, all alone and unprotected, and then began several months of argument. The end was a foregone conclusion, because if there had been any other way in the whole world to solve my problem, I'd have found it long before—I had wanted to, so much.

Of course the big difficulty that loomed up before us was finding somebody to take my place who would be just the very one person in the world we wanted and you wanted. But I knew the answer to that difficulty from the outset. There was just one person in the whole wide world who had everything to give that New THOUGHT wanted, one person who was broad enough and big enough and powerful enough and practical enough and wise enough and loved enough to be the instant choice of every reader of New THOUGHT if we could have asked them, "Who shall it be?" You can shut your eyes and give the answer, I know.

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON, of course!

William Walker Atkinson! who christened the magazine—"named the baby"—when first it branched out into distinctly New Thought fields back in 1901; whose forceful writings and vital lessons, whose help and counsel through the printed page, meant so much to the readers of New THOUGHT that their numbers mounted up by thousands; whose powerful, practical books are read in even the obscurest corners of all the continents; and whose stirring, constant, and authoritative declarations and demonstrations of the Power of the Individual have roused thousands into determined self-expression and achievement.

There was the man!

You've read the recipe about cooking a hare, haven't you?—"First, catch your hare!" Well, that's what confronted us—we had to catch our hare, and a very wise and wary one, at that. I'm going to tell you a secret—I don't believe any writer really likes being an editor. Writers—the born ones—the "temperamental" ones—are creatures of impulse and mood. When the divine fire burns they want to feed the flame. Then, you understand—that exalted moment—not later. And an editor is apt to be confronted at such crises with the make-up of a dummy, or a printer's boy crying for "copy," or proof for which the linotype machines are waiting. Then he chafes! Then he vows long and loud that they'll never again "make an editor outen o' him." You see?

And Mr. Atkinson knows all about the "grind" that goes with an editorial chair—the "behind the scenes" machinery—so for years has been stepping warily and circumspectly lest he be caught and snared and tied down, Promethean-like, to the editorial rock. But he hasn't the slightest excuse for any such discrimination, for his "divine fire" burns all

has to wait for an idea or see a cherished inspiration fade into irreclaimable oblivion because a bundle of proof holds him ten minutes past "burning" time. No, indeed! his ideas live at home—right in his brain. They're acclimated, domesticated and subject to his will and command.

That's the advantage of being a genius!

I don't know whether you've noticed or not, but when I want a thing very much, I just have to have it. I wanted Mr. Atkinson for Editor, I had to have him—and I got him! Didn't I know the heart of him underneath, full of fire and enthusiasm and the urge to give—couldn't I sense the tug of the ties of friendship and understanding, comradeship and mutual aims, which have always bound him in spirit to New THOUGHT, the child of his own uprearing? Of course I could, so I just looked past all of his protests which had to do with being tied down to regularly recurring tasks (all "writer-folk" are "free souls" and like to career around as the spirit moves them, superior to times and places), and touched the real wish and interest, the real live vital human urge underneath. And I won! I knew what he wanted, all the time, although he kept telling himself from habit (the habit of shunning an editorial chair) that he didn't. He wanted New THOUGHT—he wanted you—he wanted himself at his best and fullest and broadest.

And it was just that combination I was offering him. Of course he took it! What else was there to do?

So it's all settled. Mr. Atkinson comes back to his own, and I who have been foster mother to the magazine for some six happy, hard-working years, yield it back gratefully and hopefully into his strong hands. I couldn't have planned for it any happier destiny.

Of course I'm feeling a little sad, too—how could I help it? Quite a little sad! Quite a good deal sad! Mr. Atkinson is more than welcome to my editorial chair and all the tasks that cling about it—naturally I'm breathing a sigh of relief over that part of the transaction being successfully accomplished—but it's You I keep hanging on to and grudging him. I told him quite frankly and forcefully that I expected to be just as Jealous of him as jealous could be, and that my very eyes were turning green even thinking about it. I don't want to be forgotten—I don't want to be superseded—I don't want to be entirely submerged in William's rising tide of popular acclaim. Now, isn't that a shameful confession? In other words, when I think of drifting away from you. I'm not like the "small servant named Kate, who sat on the stairs very late"—

"When asked how she fared,

She said she was scared,

But otherwise doing first rate."

of parting with NEW THOUGHT, and I find that it means the possibility of parting with you, too, I'm "scared."

Well, never mind—I feel in my heart I am doing the wise thing for my own usefulness in the world; and, knowing it, it follows unerringly that all the rest will come right or be right. That's my faith, always.

What am I going to do now? *Live-grow—* give forth. Strive for balanced days, and a right mingling of work and leisure, dreams and deeds. I shall be busy, of course—I can't conceive of a happy world in which I might not be that—and all the work-a-day hours will be filled to the brim with active labor; but I'm going to try to keep them from spilling over past daylight time. The major part of my time will be given to THE LIBRARY SHELF, about which you all know. I love books, I like to handle them, and live among them, and create them. THE LIBRARY SHELF has a constantly increasing business—handles all New Thought books and books of every other character and description—and fills orders for any book ever published. I shall be personally behind all of its work hereafter, give my time and thought and direction to making THE LIBRARY SHELF a radiating center of usefulness, influence and helpful direction. The pretty rooms in the McClurg building, of which one was my editorial office [rented from THE LIBRARY SHELF by NEW THOUGHT], are THE LIBRARY SHELF rooms, so I shall be right where I have been for the past year, glad to see you as always, when you can drop in, and now with plenty of time for a pleasant chat or a "visity" half hour. Every day, hereafter, will be my "day at home" to friends and callers. So consider yourself invited.

Of course there has to be room in my re-organized life for some writing—to make that room, and be able to fan the "divine fire" when it burns, is one of my strongest reasons for letting go of the surplus duties which have hedged me 'round in my connection with NEW THOUGHT. I'm not like Mr. Atkinson—thoughts and visions wing through my head and away forever, if I do not clasp at once and hold them to me. I'm leaving myself free of hand, now, to catch and hold them all. There is a book or two I want to write, as I have time; I will write occasional articles for different magazines just as time permits and the spirit moves; and always I shall save one place where I can sit down and chat regularly with my old friends—*The Inner Circle*. You perhaps remember this little ten cent magazine "that used to was," but which I discontinued as NEW THOUGHT grew to claim all my time? All about books and things—people we hear about—things we would like to know. Well, it can come back to life now, for I have made room for it—in my new existence. You see it only comes out every three months. It's not big—

and it's not burdensome—and to write it is just like sitting down for a delightful chat. It will be my link with all my friends—my means of keeping in personal touch with each and all.

So those are the things I mean to do—there are others which fit smoothly into the general plan, and have to do with little ragged children whom I may help, and burdens I may lighten. But of these I will tell you from time to time.

And while I am doing all this, NEW THOUGHT under Mr. Atkinson's leadership will be growing daily in helpfulness and power. He has gifts to give which will mean much. I have been your friend—he will be as warmly your friend, but your teacher and leader, also. You and I have walked our ways together, stumbled over the same stones; suffered, at times, the same undoing. We have been comrades, and between us there has been no high nor low. He will be your comrade, too, but he has won to smoother walking and can point the way, save you many hard knocks and futile wanderings. He can't care for you more than I have—or feel a better friend; but he has an experience, a knowledge, a broad understanding, and a balanced judgment to offer you, which are peculiarly his own and which have a value it would be difficult to match in any other one person in the New Thought world. In giving you William Walker Atkinson I am making you a gracious gift indeed!

He is flinging himself into this new-old work with the enthusiasm and energy which are characteristic of him. It had been planned that hereafter my name should appear as the sole editor of NEW THOUGHT, since the magnitude of the work which claims the time of Professor Weltmer and Mr. Ernest Weltmer has prevented them the past year from taking any part in the editorial management of the magazine. Naturally, in such case, they were only too glad to shake off the empty honor of the editorial "name without the game."

This plan will be carried out in Mr. Atkinson's case, as contemplated in mine. With the April number of NEW THOUGHT you will once more see his familiar name as the sole editor of NEW THOUGHT. Like old times, isn't it?

There's one thing about it, as Mr. Atkinson says, I have the satisfaction of being like President Roosevelt in one particular—I've selected my own successor! And I can assure you, when you can find just the right one, as I know I have, it leaves a very comfortable feeling indeed!

The past year has proved the inconvenience of having a subscription office in one city and an editorial office in another. In November, Mr. Si Weltmer came up to Chicago and remained long enough to see the necessity which was so evident to us at this end of the line, of returning the business and subscription offices

to this city. This change also goes into effect, and with this number Mr. Si Weltmer becomes a permanent resident of Chicago and the head of the business offices of The New Thought Publishing Company. His presence in Chicago means that Mr. Atkinson will be relieved of all care or oversight of any matters not strictly pertaining to his editorial work, and my conscience is therefore clear of handing on to him duties which overburdened me. All this assistance, now his, was offered to me at the time of my final decision, but I knew from past experience that because of my *immediate* past connection with NEW THOUGHT it would be impossible to keep the tide of "extra work" from setting in my direction. And it was just this *extra* work—not my purely editorial duties—which proved the straw which broke my camel's back and made the present action imperative.

As now arranged, all of the activities of the magazine the coming year will be intensified in efficiency. Every convenience is being provided to handle the rapidly increasing subscription list—all arrangements consummated, at the printer's and in the NEW THOUGHT offices, to insure the earliest possible appearance of the magazine each month. The past year wrappers were addressed at Nevada, shipped to Chicago and mailed out from here—a big delay, of course, and only one of many causes which made rapid action difficult and at times impossible. Our February magazine was ready for mailing January 16th, but the wrappers got sidetracked somewhere en route and we couldn't mail until ten days later. Any such possibility is now done away. It is planned to issue the magazine between the 15th and the 20th of each month, and there is every possible indication that this plan will be carried out.

The advertising pages are going to be "censored" in the future with even greater care. NEW THOUGHT, the last year, has been carrying some ads that Louise Radford Wells used to refuse when she was Chief-Goldstick-in-Waiting, and *did* refuse month after month, even though the checks which accompanied the orders had a peculiar attraction! This last year, with offices at two ends of the line, and each office trying to do what it thought the other office wanted, our deference to each other's possible opinions has resulted in a few ads "slipping past," in one office and the other, which *neither* would have accepted on their individual judgment. Now, with just one set of offices, nothing of this kind can happen, and beginning with April you may look for some changes in the advertising pages—not the least of which will be, I am sure, a constantly increasing volume of good business—attractive ads which will interest you. *Read* the ads, *answer* the ads, and, when you want anything, *buy* it of an advertiser, if possible. That's one form

of loyalty to NEW THOUGHT which will be duly appreciated by those who are responsible for making its "wheels go round."

You will have a brand-new cover beginning with the April number, on which Si has been working energetically for some time. Each line and letter is of his own making—and indeed our two attractive "next month" announcement pages are the product of his artistic pencil. He himself is one of NEW THOUGHT's biggest acquisitions. Drop in and get acquainted with him when you come to town. He's an artist—clever with his pen, besides—a good speaker—a sane, judicious business man—a "never give up" fountain of physical energy—and the embodiment of active ambition. He means to have 100,000 subscribers by the end of 1910—and I'm convinced he's going to have them! If you like *him*—and Mr. Atkinson—and NEW THOUGHT—and *ME*—and see any of that 100,000 straying around in your part of the country, *just send them along!*

Mr. Atkinson says he would be glad to hear from you as to what you would like in the magazine, and I know Mr. Weltmer would be glad to hear from you as to what features or people you *have* liked in the magazine and what you *have not*. A frank opinion of this kind is worth a great deal to a new management, so "take your pen in hand," if you feel particularly kindly toward NEW THOUGHT, and write Mr. Silas W. Weltmer, 975 McClurg Building, Chicago, a letter, telling him just what you have liked or not liked in NEW THOUGHT the past twelve months. He'll be glad to know, and grateful for your interest. I'd be "sorter" glad to hear from you myself! It's somewhat unsatisfactory saying goodbye and not hearing goodbye back! When I leave NEW THOUGHT (dear me, it does sound forlorn), I leave, of course, all your names and addresses behind me, and I *won't* know where you *are*! I guess, as the little boy said, that under these circumstances it's "up to you to write first."

Some of the old familiar features of NEW THOUGHT will of course be dropped—among these will be "Kettledom" and "Ways to Earn Money" and "The Current Topics Club"—but Mr. Atkinson has new features and departments of his own devising which *can't be beat*. I've heard all his plans, and they're *all right*. NEW THOUGHT for 1910 will be better worth reading than ever before—and I'm fairly proud of it as it was!

My heart and hopes go with it!

So, it's—*goodbye*. But only in a limited sense. Not goodbye between "me and thee," but goodbye only to the link which till now has been the *visible* sign of our relation. I *can't* forget—I hope you will not. And, as I step out into a less arduous life, wherever you are and wherever I may be hereafter, if we

lose sight or track of each other in any way [here's hoping we never may], just remember I carry with me a gift I prize and which nothing can take away—the memory of the friendship you have given me, the indulgence, the quick and generous understanding, the loyalty and co-operation which have smoothed my way—and “*memory of things previous, keepeth warm the heart which once did hold them!*”

Louise Radford Wells

Postscript:

By the way, just here let me say that no doubt within the two or three weeks subsequent to the writing of this “farewell” of mine, and preceding the receipt of the March magazine by you, a number of letters may be received at the NEW THOUGHT office from you, addressed to me, referring to subscriptions, or perhaps to other matters. These, of course, I will not now see, but they will be answered promptly by the NEW THOUGHT office. I mention this, so that you may not think a “Company” reply to your letter any indifference or oversight on my or anybody’s else part. It will simply mean that, no longer being in the offices of The New Thought Publishing Company, letters which are addressed to me on business of that company must of course be answered by it.

Right here let me say that mail about any of THE LIBRARY SHELF books or business, or intended for me personally should be addressed to “*Louise Radford Wells, care The Library Shelf, 850 McClurg Building, Chicago.*” I suppose it is unnecessary to caution you about not writing about NEW THOUGHT business in Library Shelf letters, or about Library Shelf business in NEW THOUGHT letters, and not enclosing one letter for each company in the same envelope. Yet, as a precaution, I will emphasize this point: SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NEW THOUGHT SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY. LETTERS YOU WANT TO REACH ME SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO ME, CARE THE LIBRARY SHELF, 850-854 MCCLURG BUILDING, CHICAGO. ORDERS FOR THE LIBRARY SHELF BOOKS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO ME OR TO THE LIBRARY SHELF.

Please note, will you not?

A Word from Mr. Atkinson



SOME five years ago, when I retired from the editorial chair of NEW THOUGHT and turned over the duties connected therewith to Louise Radford Wells, I felt that I had forever severed my active connection with this magazine. I looked forward to a long-sought opportunity to get away from office work in order to conduct a series of experimental work, together with the writing of several books. I conducted the experimental

work, and I wrote the books—and then I engaged in a number of other lines of work which have kept me busy ever since. I have dabbled some little in magazine work since that time, having written series of articles for this and other magazines, but I have carefully kept out of the regular grind of active editorial work. And, indeed, until a few weeks ago, I have looked forward to many more years of such a life of freedom from editorial cares, and to a general “free-lance,” come-and-go career. I have moved all over the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and back again, several times, always making of Chicago a pivotal center for work. In fact, I may say that I have *thought* all over the country, and then returned to Chicago’s bracing mental atmosphere in order to express in writing the thoughts that I had evolved elsewhere. I liked this way of working—liked it too well to have changed it except under severe pressure. But man proposes and Miss Wells disposes—in this case, at least. That good lady has applied the “severe pressure,” and I have yielded!

Miss Wells, as you know, has carried on her small but strong shoulders the work of conducting this magazine for the last five years. Many are the difficulties and obstacles that she has met—and overcome. She is one of the most concentrated, dynamic human forces I have ever met. She has carried along tasks usually deemed the average load for about five men, during several years past. For NEW THOUGHT was but one of her mental children—she had a whole brood of other chicks (which she refuses to have me mention), and, besides, she has been actively engaged in charitable work, assisting poor people, nursing sick animals, and several other kinds of time-taking and mind-using occupations. She has been too busy to eat at the proper times, and half of the hours which should have been devoted to her “beauty-sleep” have been spent in active work. She has increased the dividends of the Standard Oil Company by her liberal use of the midnight oil. She has been too busy to even get married—I know of at least three “good men and true” who can testify to this fact, and to their sorrow!

Well, to get back to my story, Miss Wells, a few months ago, came to the conclusion that she must cut in two her daily tasks, leaving to some other head and hand the task of directing the activities of this magazine. Her next step was that of picking out her successor—the publishers to whom she had transferred the ownership of the magazine refused to release her otherwise. Some two or three weeks ago she telephoned me to come to her office, and there calmly informed me that she had “picked me” to fill her place. I protested, refused, shook my head, rapped on the desk, and in sundry other ways said, “Nay, nay!” But this little

feminine dynamo simply smiled and said, "Oh, you'll feel better over it in a day or so. You really want to edit this magazine again, and are only saying 'No!' just from habit. I've simply got to let go, and you're the logical person to take up the task. You know that it would hurt you as much as it would me to see a stranger editing NEW THOUGHT—the magazine which you edited from its first number, and with which your name and work have always been connected. You had better go right into Mr. Weltmer's office and fix up your contract for the coming year!" I went!

And so it is now settled that I am to again occupy the old editorial chair of NEW THOUGHT, beginning with the April number. Miss Wells will remain with the magazine in spirit, and no doubt will give us the benefit of her experience and advice concerning the details of the business for some time to come. Like the fragrance of the rose, which long lingers around the room in which it has rested, so will the bright, hopeful, optimistic, energetic spirit of Louise Radford Wells remain with us for many a day. And I need scarcely add that I will do all that a mere man can to preserve that spirit in this work. I think that Miss Wells realizes this. She certainly knows that the publishers would not have willingly parted with her, and that I would not have accepted the office had there been any possibility left of her remaining in charge. Moreover, she has paid me the compliment of selecting me as her successor—and as her chariot ascends, she drops down to me her well-worn editorial cloak, with her blessing. I shall always feel that she will be here in spirit, looking carefully over my shoulder as I "make up" the magazine each month.

To the old readers of the magazine, I feel I need no introduction. Having been the editor of the first number of NEW THOUGHT, and continuing in its editorial chair for the first few years of its existence, and also having been a steady contributor to its columns ever since, I feel that the older readers know me fairly well. The newer readers, those whom Miss Wells has brought into the fold, will get well acquainted with me as time goes on—perhaps Miss Wells' selection of me as her successor will help along a bit. I shall endeavor to make NEW THOUGHT conform to the best ideals of a magazine representing such an important movement. Nothing but the best shall be admitted to its columns—and the best shall and will be found there. I have formed a high ideal for the magazine for the coming year, and I shall use every particle of my energy, power and thought to make it realize its ideal.

Beginning with the April issue, the magazine will bear as a sub-title these words: "A Journal of Practical Idealism," and its keynote will be "Realize your Ideals!" I consider this to be the true keynote of the New Thought Movement. One's ideal should be placed on the high-

est peak of thought, and then one should bend every energy of spirit, mind and body toward realizing that ideal. Ideals can be made Real—they are Real, potentially, and need only Faith and Works to cause them to manifest objectively. In every Ideal earnestly felt by the Ego, there rests the seed of its own Realization. And so I feel that in the word "Idealism" we have a symbol of the Highest Truth. And likewise, as the realization of the ideal must proceed from practical work, I have placed the word "practical" before the term just mentioned. Idealism is not a dreamy, fanciful, unreal thing—it is the essence of the Real. It is not impractical, but is the most practical thing we have. All attainment, in any plane of line and field of endeavor, is due to Practical Idealism, and so I have chosen this term, "PRACTICAL IDEALISM," as symbolic of the field of work of this magazine; and the motto, "REALIZE YOUR IDEALS!" as its rallying-cry.

The magazine under my management will contain all of my writings for the coming year, including several series of lessons. It will also have the cream of the cream of other writers along this line. I shall at once re-establish my old "Chips from the Old Block," as well as the old "Letter Box" department, in which the questions of readers will be considered and answered by me. I shall also at once establish an "Experience Meeting" department, conducted by myself, in which we will be glad to relate the interesting experiences which have fallen to the lot of our readers along the lines of New Thought. These answers and experiences will prove of greatest interest and value to other readers, and will always be important as showing the "human interest" and practical results of the New Thought teachings. I will also give the "New Thought News" of the day, relating to other publications, teachers, meetings, etc. I invite correspondence relating to the "Letter Box," "Experience Meeting" and "New Thought News" departments.

Personally, I shall be grateful to any of the readers of this magazine who will take the time and trouble to write me regarding "the things I would like to see in the magazine," as well as any criticism, favorable or unfavorable, written in the spirit of friendly co-operation. This magazine belongs to its readers, remember, and I shall always recognize that fact. I shall always be glad to hear from our family of readers upon any subject connected with the magazine. Direct such letters to me, marked "Personal," please. It will be a physical impossibility for me to answer these letters by mail—but I shall appreciate them just the same, and will notice them in the columns of the magazine whenever possible.

And, now, readers of NEW THOUGHT, old and new: I ask you to rally around me in this work which I have again taken up—I ask you to

hold up my hands, that again I may be a Witness of the Spirit of Truth in this great movement. While re-entering the work with a feeling of the greatest energy, and the most confident expectation of great success, nevertheless I feel the sobered spirit of one upon whose shoulders has fallen the burden of a great task. I realize fully the great responsibilities which I have again assumed, and I now call upon you all, friends, for the mental, moral and spiritual support without which no task of this kind can be carried to a successful conclusion.

As I sit here at my desk, writing these words, I feel very deeply the close relation which exists between the editor of a magazine of this kind and its family of readers. There is a family of over thirty-five thousand patrons of this journal, to whom I am about to assume a very close human relation—between whom and myself is *even now* being built up connecting links of mental and spiritual harmony and unity. I feel keenly my responsibility to this family of earnest seekers after truth and active workers in the field of high ideals. With your help and understanding, I feel that I can do great things in this work—without these, I can do nothing. Let me have your best thought and strongest co-operation, friends, and then see what comes of it. To each of our readers, old and new, I send across the miles the Word of Realization—to each, across the intervening miles, I extend the warm hand-clasp of appreciation, sympathy and understanding.

Sit down, today, please, and drop me a few lines telling me that you are with me in spirit in this work. And, at the same time, give me the co-operation of your earnest thought, for "thoughts are things," indeed. And at the same time, do not let us forget our good friend Miss Wells, who also needs your thought and good-wishes in her own field of work. She has fought the fight and borne the burden and heat of the day—let us all send her "Godspeed!" and the message of "Mizpah."

Yours, as in "auld lang syne,"

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

After Thoughts.

Louise Radford Wells.



HAVE had some letters from subscribers advising me that they were receiving letters from a collection agency in regard to amounts due on back subscriptions. And I want to say again, *most emphatically*, that I knew nothing of any accounts being placed in the hands of a collection agency, would most decidedly have disapproved of any such action, and that the whole affair is a mistake of the subscription office at Nevada, which they are now trying to remedy. Of course, with the subscription

office at Nevada, any oversight or direction of the subscription department has been impossible on my part. Any subscription letters received at Chicago have been promptly forwarded to Nevada, for attention, but there my connection with the subscriptions necessarily ended. With the subscription office back at Chicago, as it now is, all delay will be eliminated and I could not leave you in any more capable hands than those of Mr. Si Weltmer, the present business head of NEW THOUGHT.

* * *

By the way, old subscribers who became "special privilege" holders when the subscription price of NEW THOUGHT was changed from fifty cents to one dollar, write in to ask me whether their "special privilege" holds good under the present conditions. *Yes, indeed, it holds good under any and all conditions. It is a permanent privilege*, which can never be taken away from you; and you will always be entitled to send in the subscriptions of yourself and friends under its special terms. The present managers of NEW THOUGHT are very glad of your permanent connection with them and will carry out to the letter every agreement and undertaking ever entered into by NEW THOUGHT.

* * *

Have you noticed the size of this issue of NEW THOUGHT? *Sixteen pages more than usual!* Our advertising section is growing so rapidly that this month it ran up to forty-five pages. And that would have cut down our reading matter—which would *never* do—so we just added an extra sixteen pages, and *increased* the reading matter. You get a number of extra articles this month! Some of them had been promised you—and some had not. Of course, when Mr. Atkinson starts in, with the April number, he will want to do his own selecting of writers and subjects, so I have tried to give you in this issue several specially good things I had on hand; prepared for future numbers. As it was, I had to leave out an article by Henry Harrison Brown and one by L. M. Hughes (both of which Mr. Atkinson will give you in April) and my own article on "The Little Girl that Made the Fire"—Ida Fuller. I was rather sorry about this latter, because Miss Fuller is a brave, charming and clever woman and I wanted not only to tell you about her achievements and her success in the face of heavy odds, but to print a couple of her pictures in the costumes and poses of her symbolic dances. But either I had to stay out this month, or somebody else would have had to, and when I ran over the list of the other articles there wasn't one that could be spared. *So I stayed out myself!* You won't miss the article, there are so many extra fine ones in this issue.

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.)



We have been receiving from members of the Telepathy Experiment a great many accounts of interesting psychic experiments which are worth passing on to the other members. I only wish I had space to give them all in this number, but I shall be obliged to

save some for later issues.

The first of these letters from which I shall quote comes from Seattle, Wash., signed Mrs. R. A. M. (I withhold the name, for obvious reasons, but shall, of course, keep the signed letter on file for reference. I shall be glad to send to her the names and requests for acquaintance from anyone who for any adequate reason wishes to communicate with Mrs. M.)

"We have a Swedish girl as a maid. She has been in this country but a short time. She is large and healthy and in no way different from an ordinary woman in looks or actions. One day while setting the table for lunch, she put her hand to her head and said, 'O! I am so sick; so dizzy.' I told her to sit down on a chair and rest her head on her arms at the table. She had no more than done so when she burst into tears, crying, 'Oh! oh! oh!'

"I said, 'What is it? What is the matter? Speak, and tell me.'

"Finally, in a queer voice, like one asleep, she said, 'My mother is dead. I see them kneeling all about her. She is dead!'

"A few moments later she cried out, 'Oh! My aunt Hilda's house is on fire! She is burning up. They are carrying her out of the house. Her shoulders and neck are all burned. They have gone back into the house. They are bringing out the baby. It is dead!'

"She cried bitterly and finally stirred about and looked up with a scared look on her face and asked if she had fainted. She said that she felt as if she had either been very sick or had been 'way off.' I asked her if she could remember what she had told me, and found that she remembered nothing at all. I told her what she had said. She looked bewildered and said, 'Then my mother must be dead.'

"I asked her if she had ever had anything like this happen to her before. She said that nothing had ever before happened to her, but that her mother always knew of anything of importance that had happened or would happen soon.

"I wrote down the time that this happened—ten minutes of twelve—and asked her to write home and inquire about them all, but to say nothing about what had occurred.

"Yesterday she received a long letter from her faraway home saying that her mother had

died at ten minutes to twelve—just as they were about to have their midday meal, and that they were so excited that in trying to heat water at the aunt's house, hoping to revive the mother, the house was set on fire, the aunt badly burned, and the baby smothered and carried out dead.

"Thus all came out just as it had appeared during her trance-like condition to this Swedish girl, who was a stranger in our home, who did not know what ailed her at the time, nor had had any previous experience in anything of the kind. It was all perfectly plain and accurate in all the details."

Mrs. R. A. M.

This is a remarkable case of clairvoyance and telepathy. In commenting upon it I should say that the death of the mother had resulted in a strong thought wave being sent out, from some source, which affected the girl so strongly as to dominate her consciousness. In the resulting trance she made a clairvoyant visit to the distant home and witnessed what had occurred and was even then taking place. Of course it is possible that the "spirit" explanation is as true as this. According to this view, the mother's spirit carried the news to the daughter and then conducted her spirit to the scene of the disaster. I have not space to present the arguments in favor of and against each view.

There is an omission in the account of the incident which rather weakens its force in some ways. The writer failed to tell where the girl's home was and whether ten minutes of twelve o'clock in Seattle would also be the same time by the clock at the point where the disaster happened. Did the girl's experience and the deaths happen on the same day and at the same actual time?

I should be glad to hear from Mrs. M. further on this subject. And I would also call the attention of others who have similar reports to make to the importance of verifying details of coincident time.

The only other account which I shall use this month is a long one sent in by Mrs. N. C. J., of Austin, Texas. I shall give only part of it because of limited space.

"Maybe some of our experiences will be interesting to you.

"My daughter has a friend, May, who is psychic. One Saturday evening, Sarah, my daughter, was at home, cooking supper. She suddenly stopped her work and hurried to the front door. No one was there. As she came back she sheepishly toward my room, so I called to her.

"What did you hear?" I asked her.

"I thought I heard May call me," she replied.

"You did," I said. "I heard her, too. Now, look at the clock, and when she comes ask her what she was doing at that time."

"In a few minutes May drove up to the gate

and called Sarah. I asked her what she was doing at fifteen minutes of five. She thought a moment and said: 'Miss Emma and I were talking about you.'

"Then Sarah told her why she had asked her the question.

"May stayed all night with us. When we went to bed I said to the children, 'Your uncle Joe is with us.' I told him, mentally, to make himself at home. So he (thought-form) went through the children's room into my dining room and sat down at one of the chairs at the table.

"About that time May called to me. 'Mrs. J—, come here, quick.'

"What's the matter, May?" I asked. "Don't be frightened" (her tone told me that she was scared).

"O, there's a man sitting at your table," she replied.

"Yes, that's my brother," I said. "Describe him." This she did. "Now, watch him while I talk to him," I continued.

"He then looked up and said to me, 'Nell, I'm dog tired.'

"Yes," I said, "I know you are, but if you will turn around and write me a letter and tell me all, tell me everything that is weighing you down, you will feel better."

"He did so, and in two days I received the letter. This brother lives in Fort Worth. He was in trouble at that time, and I could always know when he yearned for me.

"My daughter saw the big fire Fort Worth had—saw it several nights, three weeks before it happened."

I would call Mrs. J—'s attention to the fact that she omitted to state whether there was any evidence that her brother wrote the letter, which she received two days later, at the same time that she and her daughter's visitor saw him write it in the dining room of her home in Austin. I am taking for granted that the visitor saw the apparition writing the letter, since she could see it sitting at the table. I would also point out the importance of stating whether "Sarah" also saw the apparition. I take for granted the ignorance of the visitor as to the personal appearance of the brother, since Mrs. J— asked her to describe him.

These points are of importance and I would like to hear from Mrs. J— with reference to them.

There is much of Mrs. J—'s letter which I find exceedingly interesting, but which I would not care to publish without making extensive comments upon it. Here are a few extracts, however, which I shall publish for the sake of their mystic interest, even though, for lack of space, I shall have to leave unanswered their tendency to the conclusion that some of them are evidence of the truth of reincarnation,

a theory with which I cannot agree to any marked extent.

"I never have to tell my children what to do. I think it and they carry out my thought. My boy sees the picture of my thought. He gets every thought I have, even if he is out in the yard. Not long ago when he came from work he said: 'Mama, Mrs. B. has been thinking of us all day long, for she's been in my mind all day.'

"All right," I said; "I guess we'll get a letter."

"In about five minutes Mr. B. walked in. They were our neighbors in Waco. Mr. B. said, 'I did not know whether I would have time to come to see you, but Mrs. B. told me to be sure to make time for it; so here I am.'

"My oldest girl says that she is never or very seldom herself. She feels like a child, then she feels like a little man, or a big man, or a woman."

(Very likely just an "idea" of hers, but, whether it is only this or something more, I would not encourage her in it; at the same time being careful not to take such an attitude towards her that she will be afraid to talk freely with you about the subject.)

"When my boy was a little chap we were looking at the stars, when I said, 'Son, they say stars are worlds.'

"Of course they are," he said, "and no telling how many lives we've lived before we came to this world."

"Honestly, I nearly fell off the steps, for he spoke 'as one having authority.'

"I feel like I was blue-eyed and light-haired before I came to this earth," he presently continued."

While it is always hard to know just what might be the unnoticed but perfectly simple sources of the sayings and the thoughts of children, and for that reason it is well to pause before we make any conclusions of far-reaching significance based upon what they say, it is still worth while remarking that, properly studied, we perhaps have more to learn from the study of the ingenuous utterances of childhood than most people would think. In the present state of our knowledge—at least in the present state of my own knowledge on the subject—I would not attempt to say what is the underlying significance of the childish ideas and remarks just recorded, but I would call the attention of the mother to the fact that her children have very likely heard and been impressed by a great many remarks not intended for their ears, thought to be beyond their comprehension. I believe that it often happens that when we think we are talking over the heads of our children we are really talking to half-awakened understandings and that children gather all sorts of seed-thoughts from the remarks of their elders. Such seed-thoughts are also likely to bring forth very fantastic fruits at times.

Still, I think it hardly wise to attempt to dismiss with such an explanation what we

GET POWER

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can? That is only possible by use of skilfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain, disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days trial will show anyone some facts about food.

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

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

The Telepathy Department

might feel would be otherwise a puzzling question.

MESSAGES AND REPORTS.

December 16.

The message: "RIGHT WILL WIN."

Reported results: None was correct, and only two showed marked sensitiveness. Their numbers are: 9731 B, Pa.; 9856 B, Ills.

On this night all receivers faced the north, and the sender faced the south.

December 23.

The message: "I CAN AND WILL."

Reported results: None was correct, but the bearers of the following numbers show considerable sensitiveness in the reports they make: 4247 B, Mich.; 3500, Ala.; 3563 B, Tex.; 2761 B, Mass.; 1794, Calif.; 4391 B, Ore.; J. T. C., Mo.

For this test all the receivers and the sender as well faced the north.

December 30.

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

Reported results: None was correct, and only two show sensitiveness. Their numbers are: 8434 B, Conn.; Mrs. J. B. F., Ind.

For this test all receivers faced west, while the sender faced the east.

January 6.

The message: "CONFIDENCE LEADS TO SUCCESS."

Reported results: None was correct, but quite a number showed sensitiveness. Their numbers follow: 8235 B, Ills.; 9923 B, Md.; Mrs. P. G., Mo.; 9936 B, Calif.; 4382 B, Tex.; 1796, Calif.; 2653 B, Mich.; 1010 B, Mich.; Mrs. L. F., Mass.; 8492 B, Mich.; 4007, Mass.; Mrs. J. B. F., Ind.

For this test all receivers and the sender faced the west. This was the last of the series of experiments to determine whether the orientation of the senders and receivers had anything to do with the power of sending and receiving. While these tests have not been by any means conclusive nor complete, they still do not show any marked results, and I think that we shall find that if there is any influence of this kind it is a slight one. It may be that there should be a certain orientation for the sender and another for the receivers, which we have not as yet tried in combination. I shall make some private experiments to determine this point. However, I do not look for much results in that line. I rather think that the important factors are the personal factors.

The message: "MY OWN POWERS ARE SUFFICIENT."

Reported results: None was correct, but a good number showed sensitiveness of a sort. Their numbers are as follows: 1018 B, Calif.; 1796, Calif.; J. T. H., Ohio; 2918 B, Ills.; 1054 B, Wash.; 1794, Calif.; 9944 B, Ills.; 4007, Mass.; 9922, Iowa.

January 13.

The reports bring the usual number of health testimonials. I am also glad to see that many have made good use of the Success Lessons. These are, of course, just as good and as applicable to everyday affairs as they ever were.

I do not know why we have not been more successful in the sending and receiving of messages. Our first tests gave much better returns than the last ones have been able to show, and so far as I can see we should be making an improvement with every test. I should think that there was a full lack at this end of the line, if it were not that the same percentage of health and success reports keep coming in all the time, and, what is more convincing to me, every week brings reports of the message having been received at some later time, when it was not expected.

Of course, the health and success results are to be credited almost entirely to suggestion and individual effort and expectation, and these belated reports may be in some degree accounted for by coincidence, but such "explanations" do not quite explain to one who sees all of the accounts received. I think we may be sure that a message is being sent and received from here each Thursday night. At the same time, it is quite possible that the weekly sending of the message has come to be so much a matter of routine with the sender that he does not give it the strength of thought vibration which he did when it was more novel, and his interest in it fresher. We shall have made experiments to determine whether this is so before these lines are able to reach the reader's eyes. In the meantime, I urge upon members close adherence to the rules governing the experiment and to the directions given in the lessons which accompany our Telepathy Calendar.

January 20.

The Message: "THE LIGHT OF LIGHTS IS LOVE."

January 27.

The Message: "ALL IS WELL, I AM CONTENT."

February 3.

The Message: "THREE-SIDED PYRAMID WITH THE SUN ABOVE."



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.)

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A HUNDRED FOR SWEET PEAS.

First Prize, \$3.00.

MRS. P. C. BUTTERFIELD.

Noticing the letter of H. M. B. asking for information regarding the culture of sweet peas, I would enjoy giving my experience, though the conditions in Connecticut might not apply to conditions "in a western city."

I first found the market for them, applying to a local florist. He told me what colors they used, and I purchased my seeds of him. White, light pink and lavender are more salable here than the darker colors, as they are used a great deal for funerals.

They bought them in lots of from one to five hundred, tied in small bunches of about a dozen blossoms, 'phoning me in the morning the number they wanted each day.

Now in regard to their culture. The thing is to get them in the ground *as early as possible* in the spring. The middle of March is not too early. If the ground is not workable in one's climate as early as that, prepare the soil and plant the seed in the fall, covering well with leaves. Remove the covering in March. Plant in drills running east and west.

The soil should be very rich. They need plenty of moisture, good drainage, and thorough weeding. By that I mean do not allow them to become choked with weeds in the midst of their blooming.

Plant each color by itself. Do not use the same spot twice in succession.

The price varies as the season advances. As I did it for fun, I did not get my seeds in early

enough to procure the highest price. But I did well, receiving 25 cents a hundred, and earning about \$15 for the season. It is delightful work.

* * *

STENCILING BRINGS MONEY.

ELLA S. BOWLES.

Second prize, \$1.00.

"A friend of mine living in a mountain summer resort earns more than pin-money by stenciling curtains, table-covers, couch pillows and bags for the guests. She charges ten cents apiece for each large figure and five cents apiece for the small ones. Many of her customers furnish their own materials, while she buys fabrics suitable for the work for others. Th' particular worker is very fortunate in that she is able to design and make her own stencils. A person lacking this ability, however, can purchase the cut stencils at an art-supply house where the stenciling dyes are also sold. Explicit directions for this art are given in a number of the women's magazines, and it is easy and fascinating work. In a large town or small city, stenciled goods might be exhibited and sold in an art or even milliner's shop. Probably ten per cent would be asked on a sale by the proprietor."

* * *

WEAVING RUGS AND CARPETS.

MRS. L. S. PERKINS.

Third prize, \$1.00.

In the autumn of 1903 I felt the need of earning a little money all my very own. I live on a farm, so it was necessary for me to be at home most of the time. I hardly knew what to do. Well, I had had a little experience in

Ways to Earn Money

weaving rag carpets, so I procured an old-fashioned loom (couldn't dream of purchasing a new fly shuttle). I set up my loom with my husband's help, (only one beam fell on his head; but he stood the hurt quite well, for a man helping his wife!). Then it was necessary for me to learn how to warp. (I could weave and thread the loom already.)

I was fortunate in having a dear old lady friend who knew how, and was willing to teach me, and by and by the carpets began to come—more than I could possibly do. I also weave fancy rugs, and get more per yard for weaving them.

I have done real well at the weaving, besides doing my housework; some days weaving five yards of striped carpet, for which I receive 14 cents per yard; for hit or miss I get 12 cents per yard.

It takes time and strength. A good many pleasures have to be given up so I can have time to finish a carpet or some rugs for some lady who is in a hurry for them. I have earned money for clothes for myself and children, bought a bedroom set, and built an addition on my henhouse.

There is a pleasure in it. I enjoy seeing the stripes come and am always in a hurry to see how it will look when done. I used to hang a lantern near my loom and weave evenings for a couple of hours. But I wouldn't advise any one to do that unless their eyesight is real good, because it is difficult to distinguish the colors.

TRY FARMING.

LAURA HICKS.

I will tell you what I have done to earn money. I was left a widow at the age of thirty-four, with three daughters and a comfortable home I had helped to build up, with one hundred acres of land with it, and still another piece of land containing forty acres of poorer quality, with an old house that had not been occupied for some time, and a fair barn.

There was no will; the law gave me the use of one-third of the real estate. I said to the judge, "Give me what will be *absolutely mine*"—which was less than the portion of one child! (Something wrong about that law, don't you think so? I'll have something to say about that when I help to make the laws.) I stepped out of my home, took the small, poor piece of land and started in to make another home.

About that time the farm across the road from it was offered for sale. Some people lived in the house; the farm contained sixty-six acres. I purchased it for one thousand and eighty-five dollars. I had about four hundred dollars—my share of the personal property. Later thirty acres more—a part of the first farm—was offered for sale; it was so connected with mine that it was for my advantage to get it, which I

did for three hundred and seventy-five dollars. I now had a farm of one hundred and thirty-six acres.

I have repaired and enlarged my barns—they were in much worse condition than I realized when I bought the farm—and they are now comfortable and convenient. I have also very extensively repaired my house, until it is pleasant and pretty, I think, and it was all paid for several years ago. I will say I am fifty-seven now, so you can see how long I was about it. This was how I did it: I raised a dairy of cows, buying a few. I have kept, until within two or three years, from twelve to fifteen head of milch cows and from thirty to eighty hens.

I hired help for a number of years by the day, doing what I could myself. Then for several years I hired through the summer months—hiring my stables cleaned and manure taken out in the winter; but that left a lot for me to do. One of the hard things was to harness my horse, take my milk to a factory about two miles away, sometimes take my shovel along to make my own road part of the way through the snowdrifts, and many other things equally as strenuous.

A woman that tries to run a farm alone is up against a great many hard propositions, but I have kept from being swamped so far. There is money to be made in farming, even for a woman, if she will go into it heart and hand.

THE COW AS A MONEY-MAKER.

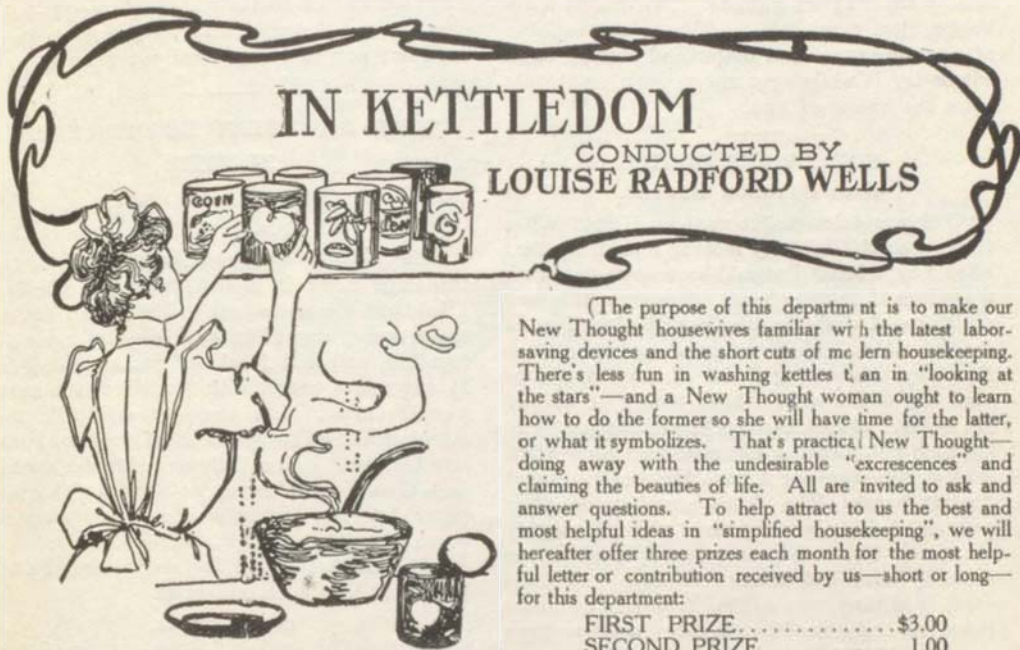
MRS. C. HARPER.

I have found a cow or cows the surest way to make a little pin money. All you have to do is to send to Washington, D. C., to the Agricultural Department for free pamphlets on dairy questions. Bulletins Nos. 22, 29, 42, 55, 63, 74, 106, 241, 242, 348 and 337 are all useful. Before buying a cow see her milked morning and evening, to make sure you know what she is like. A good cow ought to give from 16 to 20 quarts of milk per day and her food will cost about \$6 a month, so any one in a situation where milk can be sold, and *willing or able to do the work her or himself*, ought to average at least \$15 per month per cow.

This may not be fancy work, but it is safe, and a housewife with no other way of making pin money should try it. Any one can get used to it—at least I have, after living for over thirty years without even seeing it done. A person is not spoiled by her work *unless she spoils the work*, and as a means to an end everything is justified. Anyway, the best way is to look around and about one's present environment and find the thing that can be done at once just where you are without wishing to change to some other place or community. Find the thing to sell that people *need and must have*, then get that thing, make it the very best you know how, offer it for sale and then *keep a-going*.

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.)

TO CLEAN CARPETS ON FLOOR.

SUTTON ALTIMAS COTTON.

First Prize, \$3.00.

Here is a valuable recipe for cleaning carpets, which is worth its weight in gold: 8 ounces of ammonia; ½ ounce ether; ½ ounce chloroform; ½ teaspoonful carbonate of soda; ½ teaspoonful pulverized alum; ½ tablespoonful table salt; 3 bars of Ivory soap, large size, dissolved in two gallons of boiling water. Turn the fire out, add other ingredients, stirring as you add each one. Bottle, or put in jars; use three cups of this mixture to a half pail of warm water, shake up and use the foam. With a scrubbing brush—the broom kind—go over the rug, a small space at time, wiping immediately with a dry cloth. Your carpets will look like new, bringing out the colors fresh, and raising the nap. Judgment must be used regarding the scrubbing, regulating the vigor of it according to the texture of the rug or carpet.

HELPFUL HINTS.

MRS. MAUD COADY.

Second Prize, \$1.00.

"Have learned that by burning up my potato peelings I keep my stovepipes nice and clean. Put the peelings under one lid, while wet, and the steam removes the soot. Isn't that a dirty job easily done!"

Here is a good cake recipe I think you will like:

POTATO CAKE.

¾ cup butter; 2 cups sugar; 2 cups flour; ½ cup milk; 1 cup mashed potatoes; ¾ cup chocolate; 1 cup walnuts chopped; 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves and mace; 2 teaspoons vanilla; whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff; 2 teaspoons baking powder. Bake in loaf."

NO EGG-BEATING; NO "CREAMING"!

MRS. F. E. YALEY.

Third Prize, \$1.00.

A NEW THOUGHT CAKE.

Put into the sieve 1½ cups of flour, 1 cup of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder; sift five times and put into a stirring bowl, making a hole in the flour as for bread. Put into a measuring cup the whites of two eggs, add enough soft butter to make the cup half full, then fill the cup level with milk or water, and pour into stirring bowl; add flavoring, and beat vigorously for three minutes. Bake in moderate oven, either in one layer, two layers, or loaf.

FILLING FOR NEW THOUGHT CAKE.

Take 1½ cups of powdered sugar, pour onto it 1½ tablespoonfuls of boiling water and beat. To this add ½ cup cocoanut (I get the whole cocoanut and run through the meat chopper),

and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup English walnuts. This makes a delicious, rich, moist cake, and saves all the labor of creaming sugar and butter and beating eggs. Please try it while eggs are so dear, as it only takes the whites of two.

HOW I WASH DISHES.

ELLA SHANNON BOWLES.

"I always did so dislike washing dishes! When I was a child I told my mother repeatedly that when I kept house I should have some one wash my dishes if nothing more. However, this was not to be—I wash my own dishes! But I use a method which I believe saves me more time than any other thing I do. I never begin to wash my dishes until I have plenty of boiling hot water. Then I arrange the dishes neatly in the pan, cover with a hot suds and wash them with a dish mop—as I have the water too hot for my hands. The dishes are then put in a pan, and boiling water poured very thoroughly over each dish, when they are placed in an ordinary wire dish-drainer to dry. No time spent in wiping, you notice. The tins are done the same, and placed on the stove shelf to dry; and the glass and silver are washed in the pan where the dishes were scalded. These, of course, are wiped. This method of washing dishes is certainly sanitary and a great many precious minutes are saved thereby."

SEND THE ODORS OUTDOORS.

CARRIE BAGGS.

"A discarded large phonograph horn served as an inexpensive but handy ventilator over a gas-stove that was under a window. A tinner soldered a tin elbow to the small end and this projected out the top of window when the window was lowered from the top. Hooks and chains fastened it so it would not tumble down, and chains at the side drew it aside when necessary. When cooking was going on, this was placed over the stove so the loud odor

could be wafted to the wide, wide world—inidentally to the next door neighbors, so they need not pop in to see what you were doing."

SOME SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED RECIPES.

SADIE C. BROWNELL.

SQUASH BISCUIT.

Bake a piece of squash large enough to fill two cups after it is put through a colander. (Hubbard squash is best.) Then add 1 cup of sugar and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of butter. Mix thoroughly all together, and add 1 cake of yeast dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, with flour enough to make a stiff batter. Let rise over night. In the morning add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda and make into biscuits. Rub a little melted butter around each biscuit, sprinkle the top of each with white sugar, let rise, and bake in *moderately heated oven*.

This will keep good for several days before baking if kept in a cool place.

BROWN BREAD.

Sift together, twice, 2 cups cornmeal; 1 cup rye flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white flour; 1 teaspoonful salt; 1 dessertspoonful soda; then add two cups sweet milk and 1 cup of sour milk. Mix and steam three hours, then bake forty minutes.

SWEET PUDDING.

1 cup raisins; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped suet; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; 1 cup sweet milk; 1 teaspoon soda; flour enough to make a solid batter. Steam two hours.

Transparent sauce for same: 1 teaspoon butter; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; 1 tablespoonful corn starch; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

FRIED CAKES.

1 cup of sugar; 3 tablespoonfuls melted butter; 1 cup sweet milk; 2 eggs; 3 teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder. Mix soft, roll three-quarters inch thick.

