

# The Radiant Centre

A JOURNAL OF SUCCESS

"WE STAND BEFORE THE SECRET OF THE WORLD, THERE WHERE BEING  
PASSES INTO APPEARANCE AND UNITY INTO VARIETY."—Emerson.

SEPTEMBER, 1901

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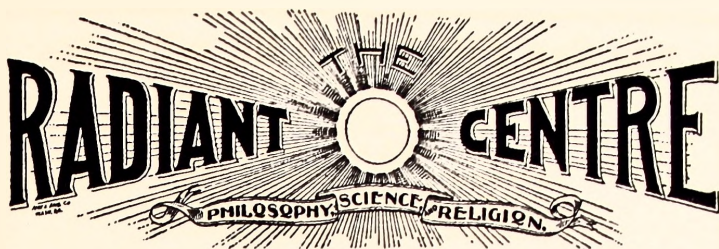
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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

**I**T is an old trick of human nature, that of vilifying some one else with the idea of exalting yourself. I believe it dates back to Adam, at least I heard that he tried it. History does not state whether Eve tried it, too, but I have no doubt she did, especially when Adam was attempting to make her feel small. Very few women could stand that, you know, especially women in the "Old Thought."

---

But, dear me, I don't see much difference between the "Old" and the "New Thought" in that respect, for, look where you will, there is nowhere to be found a greater scramble for power, for supremacy, for the sole right of dictum, than among these same "New Thought" people.

---

They started out with the idea that "All is Good," but somehow it didn't work. It was all right in principle, and sounded just lovely, but upon observation, there proved to be so many degrees of goodness, and some of it so far down the scale as to seem very much like badness. Even the terms "unevolved" or "unripe" did not seem quite forceful enough to express one's opinion of certain exaggerated forms of meanness, treachery, dishonesty, and the whole long category of the things one had considered "bad."

---

And, then, too, the unripe seemed to show no signs of ripening. It was more like the windfall, which drops from the tree and falls into degeneration and decay. And after all, what was the difference between badness and that sort of unripeness?

And so it finally led to this sort of a compromise—That, while “All” considered as “The Whole” might be good, still the details going to make up that whole, were, many of them, decidedly bad, irrevocably bad.

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Then some, not all, of the New Thought people woke up with a start and found themselves back again, just where they started. There was lots of badness in the world so they said, and why not call it by its right name, and have done with it.

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Then, of course, the next thing to do was to uncover this badness, wherever lurking, and hold it up for public contempt and derision. The whipping-post had been abolished, but not so the lash of public opinion. That whipped as cruelly as ever, and it stung where the other lash could not reach.

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Standing in the Old Thought and peering into the new, people could not see much difference. There were the same schisms, the same clashing opinions and the same contention for leadership. Who in the “New Thought” was right and who wrong? What should they believe, and why? Who had the truth, and to whom should they go to learn it?

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And so the “Old Thought” seems good enough to many seekers after Truth, and they will have none of the “New.”

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Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity in any thought, either old or new.

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That is what’s the matter, friends—Love’s face is hidden. Let us unite in one desire and in one work—To uncover Love’s face in all our dealings with each other.

---

Let us love more and argue less, for the good of ourselves and all the world.

---

I may speak a sentence in English, and you may speak in German, but it will mean the same thing.

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When a statement of Truth differs from mine, I say—In my language that means thus and so. I understand it, and the speaker, thoroughly.

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A message of Love and a message of Joy is good enough for the sick and sorrowing ones of earth, let it come in what language it will.

---

Who is going down to the Convention at Sea Breeze in November? Let us all go, friends. Let us make it a mammoth gathering in honor

of the woman who has been such a wonderful pioneer in the work of mental healing, and who has, like all leaders in a new departure, been subjected to much persecution. I know Helen Wilmans well. I have lived right in the house with her for months at a time, and no one can convince me that she is not one of the grandest women on earth. I know perfectly well that she does attend to her patients. I know that her great heart goes out to all humanity. I know, too, that while she loves money, she loves it not to hoard or to use for her own enjoyment, but to make others happy.

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And I do not care whether she is fishing, or what she is doing, her mind is always on this one thought, and she is sending out great waves of healing to her patients, so that anyone who turns to her in mind catches the vibration and is healed.

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One day we were driving together through the Florida pines, when we overtook a forlorn, pale woman who was walking beside the road. She drew back to let us pass, and as she did so she seemed to shrink in a pitiful way as though she would almost efface herself. Helen called out to her kindly and then, turning to me, she said: "Kate, did you see that woman? Isn't it awful what a hold fear has on the race. Just look at that poor creature. See what she suffers. Is it any wonder that I teach the dignity and true value of the self?"

---

The only wonder is that she does it so gloriously, lifting thousands out of the depths of self-depreciation and uselessness to the heights of self-esteem and achievement.

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Helen Wilmans is noble. Helen Wilmans is great. Take my word for it until you know her as well as I do, and then tell me I am right.

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But don't forget to meet me at the Convention. I'll be there on one condition, and that is—If I catch up with my date of publication.

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Most of my subscribers are delightfully patient and assure me that while they long for the next issue they are willing to wait my convenience. But now and then somebody gets wrathful and says something of this sort: "I don't see how it is that you can claim any power over your affairs and be so lacking in business ability. Can't you treat yourself to get the paper out on time?"

---

Why, no, that's just it. If I could get time to treat myself I could get time to write my paper. And why do I not get the time? Well, I will tell you. I have a great many patients, and I attend to them all personally, not only treating them, but writing them as well. My day is a long one, beginning at 7 A. M. and ending at about midnight.



I never have a vacation and never an hour off, but with the long day and the vacation time thrown in there is always so much to claim my attention, it is a matter of surprise to me that I edit the paper at all. I started it supposing that it would obviate the necessity for long letters, and because in it I could meet many personal needs in an impersonal manner, so that in helping one I might help many. But even so, every few days a letter will come from some one who has a particularly individual trouble and who wants a particularly individual letter of advice. Then the heart in me reaches out and I want to answer that letter. Apparently there is not a moment to lose, the writer is breathless with expectation and suspense. What am I to do? Shall I put the appeal sternly aside while I attend to the business of getting my paper out? No, I can not do it. I am not a woman of business, and I do not propose to be. I consider business a necessary evil. "All is Good" except business, and that is evil, and money is its root; no, the love of money is its root, so the good book tells us, and it must be true.

---

But do you suppose that a woman with a heart is going to put aside a pathetic appeal for help which she can give, and go about her business? A man might, but a woman? Never! Not if every subscriber to The Radiant Centre declined to renew the subscription on account of its irregularity.

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But, honestly, friends, I do not want you to wait so long for the paper, and I am quite determined to take fewer patients, so as to gain more time for the paper and issue it regularly.

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The other day a little woman wrote to me for treatment and mentioned incidentally that she cured herself of a terrible pain by singing, "When all thy mercies, O my God, my rising soul surveys." Pretty soon she felt her soul rising and her pain going, until finally her soul got so high that the pain dropped out of sight.

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Now that is the sort of patient I can decline. I only wish there were more just like her, whose rising souls would get above their pain. But just think, with such power within herself that woman thought she needed me. I hastened to assure her that she did not.

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You know there are mental or spiritual ethers above our ordinary thinking level, and when we learn how to rise into them we lose the pain, the worry and the weariness that besets us in the lower atmosphere. It is a mystical thing, the learning how. Sometimes one just seems to chance on it, and again it is caught by thought vibration,

passing from healer to patient. No words can express it definitely and yet words can convey it, if those words are alive and full of the power of the Spirit.

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Some of my readers know just what I mean, for they have learned the happy secret. Others have not, and they say to me—Oh, do be more definite. Put it down in black and white.

---

I would if I could. That is what I am trying to do all the while. I am letting you see this side of it and that until by and by the whole thing will appear to you full rounded and clearly defined. I am trusting, too, in that subtle spirit of the thing, the spirit of realization, for it is "catching."

---

Now, can you catch it? I am going to throw it to you.

Look out!

Here it goes!

Ah, you have caught it!

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## Special Notices.

### Join Our Success Centre and Become "A Radiant Success."

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Since the new ruling of the Post Office Department which forbids the offering of premiums with subscriptions, the mere fact of your subscription to The Radiant Centre will not admit you, as it has formerly done, to the Success Centre. The fee of membership is now placed at \$1. But it is well worth it, so the members say. The dollar entitles you to a personal letter from the editor, which is worth a dollar (so the editor says).

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If the Post Office writes to ask if you are a subscriber to The Radiant Centre, please say so, if you are, and do us a favor. It only means that the Department is looking up the record of all the papers to see if they are sending out more samples than the law allows. As we have strictly kept within the limit, we are all right, but if some of our subscribers did not respond, it would look as though something was wrong.

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Many letters are addressed to 216 O street, instead of 2016. Will our correspondents please take note. It should be 2016.

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Let us all go to the Mental Science Convention at Sea Breeze in November. Particulars in next issue.

# Mental Healing Made Plain.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

## LESSON V.

**T**HERE is a vast storehouse from which we draw our thoughts. It is vast as humanity itself and open to every one of us. This storehouse was called by Emerson the Over Soul, and perhaps no better term could be applied to it, but for purposes of distinction I shall call it the Super-Conscious Mind. I call it this because I wish to show you what I understand to be the difference between the Super-Conscious and the Sub-Conscious Mind.

This is a somewhat difficult undertaking, especially as no one knows exactly what the Super-Conscious Mind is. But, for that matter, we are almost as much in the dark concerning the Conscious and Sub-Conscious Mind, although by observation and experience we do know something of their modes of action.

But we do not even know that the Super-Conscious Mind has action. Some occultists say that it has not, for it is the world of the potential or the unexpressed in contradistinction to that which is actual (act-ual) or expressed.

I shall not, however, sidetrack into any field of speculation, because I have found that a matter of this sort may be argued forever without getting at any practical result.

What we want to get at is this—Is there a Super-Conscious Mind? If so—How are we related to it? If it is a storehouse and we can draw from it—What can we draw, and how?

A thought comes into your mind. Where does it come from? Some other mind? Yes, possibly. But where did it come from in the beginning? A coin may pass from hand to hand in the course of its circulation, but originally it came from the mint. Still further back it came from a mine, and at one stage it may have been in the form of an ether; but, at any rate, here it is in circulation. I hold a coin in my hand. It has come to me from another hand, and yet that other hand did not make it. It simply passed it along. Our thoughts pass from one to another in similar manner, but that does not account for their source. Where do they come from in the beginning?

Why, they come from the Super-Conscious Mind. What they are like before they are born into the Conscious Mind we know not, and it matters not. It only matters that we get these thoughts and that they prove to be the right sort of thoughts to work out our health and happiness.

We want something which shall feed the machinery of life and make it speed on merrily, singing as it goes, instead of creaking, groaning, and finally stopping entirely.

We have reached a place in intelligence where we know quite well what we want from the storehouse, but we doubt if we can get it. The doubt paralyzes our effort and we do not try to get what we want. We know that thought pours in upon the mind in a steady stream, but



it seems to come in "hit or miss" fashion. There does not seem to be any law about it.

Ah, there is just the mistake we have made, for there is a law about it. Every thought that comes to us is drawn as unerringly as one chemical atom is drawn to another.

A thought is drawn to the mind by the presence of something in that mind to which it is related and which attracts it. We will not go away back to a possible beginning and ask how the first something came there to attract the second something, for that would be getting too metaphysical. That would be asking why you are you and not somebody else, and, as Sothern would say—That is one of the things no fellow can find out.

No, we will just start where we find ourselves, with the mind just as it is, and see what it does with the Super-Conscious storehouse and its contents.

It draws on this storehouse and it draws that which is attracted to it by law.

If the thought is on art then it draws that which relates to art. If it is on music then that which relates to music, and so on. Whatever one undertakes to do and lets his thought dwell upon, to that is he continually drawing fresh stores from the Super-Conscious Mind.

The old idea was that each person had a certain amount of talent or genius, and that beyond that limit he could not go.

The new idea, and a blessed idea it is, too, is that there is no such grudging stint given out, while the balance is forever held away from him who desires it. No, the limit is swept away and man is coming to know that he stands at the open door of an Infinite Supply.

When I hear anyone saying—The desire of my life is to become an artist, but I am too old now to begin—I think of my mother, who began the study when she was about fifty, and became a very fine artist at the age of sixty.

If you desire intensely to do anything in the way of achievement, know that you can do it, no matter what your age or your drawbacks.

If the desire of your heart is to heal the sick, it shows that somewhere hidden in you is the power to do it. Just open your mind to the Super-Conscious and let that flow in which is allied to you and which will unfold your power.

We are at all times open to the Super-Conscious, but we can increase our receptivity by an act of the will, by desiring to be receptive. We can also by an act of the will exclude from the mind all that is extraneous or foreign to our purpose just as one would weed a flower-bed of all but that which he wished to cultivate.

The healing thought comes down from the Super-Conscious, hence the power of those beautiful words:

"Lo, the healing power descending from within, calming the enfevered brain and spreading peace among the grieving nerves."

If you are suffering intense pain either of mind or body, repeat these lines and desire intensely that the healing power shall descend. Then wait and fully expect that it will. When it comes it will seem like a fine shower falling gently upon your fevered brain, while little rivulets of heavenly peace course their way along the troubled nerves and quiet their grieving.

I know this to be so from actual and repeated experience. My readers have only to prove it for themselves.

The Super-Conscious is, I believe, the realm of the Divine. How then does it happen that thoughts of worry, of hatred, of dishonesty come to us from that source?

They do not. When a bright, new coin comes from the mint it is quite different from that same coin after it has been long in circulation and has become worn and tarnished.

When we get one of these worn thoughts, we may know it has been too long in circulation, perhaps so long that it is worthless. It no longer bears the stamp which gave it value. All that has been worn off or defaced. Then let us stop its circulation right here and now, and go straight to the mint for new coin.

But some people do not seem to know they can go. They have not learned the way, and so they delegate others to do this for them. Well, that is all right enough for a time. It is better than not to get the new coin at all.

But the analogy is imperfect, and I will not follow it further. No material symbol can convey to you what it means to open the mind to the influx of the Super-Conscious. It means freshness and richness and fullness of thought. It means a rush of new purpose. It means a great tide of invigoration. Oh, it means everything good and delightful, my friends.

You can not remain sick if you are thus renewed and regenerated; you can not remain poor; you can not remain unhappy.

Since I discovered for my very self this truth and have made it work in my own life, I have lost my desire for metaphysical argument. I now know that you can discuss metaphysical distinctions forever and not find health and happiness. In fact, it seems to me that you get further from them all the while.

Bring home all your powers. Concentrate them in the one effort to draw from this one source of supply. It is within, and it is also above. At least, so it seems. That is the direction your mind takes when thinking of it. Pray if you will. Why not? For is not prayer the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed.

When you want anything in the material world you reach out your hand for it. This you can not do in the mental world. There you reach out with your desire, and it is just as effective. Yes, it is more so.

You desire only good. If you desire anything else, it is only a mistake of your intelligence, which will soon be corrected. You desire only good and that exists for you in the Super-Conscious Realm. There is an open door from it into your mind. You can go in and out, bringing what you wish. How can you call yourself sick and miserable and poor with all life's richest treasures at your very door?

Don't lie down like a beggar and whine. Get up and clothe yourself in purple and fine linen, for all are princes who enter the Realm of the Super-Conscious Mind.

---

Because the soul is progressive, it never quite repeats itself, but in every act attempts the production of a new and fairer whole.—Emerson.

## The Sub-Conscious Strata.

Kate Atkinson Boehme, in Freedom.

Not long since it was my good fortune to hear the greatest living master of the voice and its production say to a pupil, "Do what you can from day to day with these exercises, and leave the rest to unconscious cerebration."

This teacher is a materialist. He has gained his unparalleled knowledge of the voice from experiments performed upon living physical organisms and cadavers in the dissecting room. He is a physicist, and yet observe his tribute to unconscious cerebration; that most intangible of apperceptive processes, over which the best metaphysicians are engaged in wrangling, as to its nature and field of action.

Perhaps the term sub-conscious strata may be more acceptable to the mental scientist than that of unconscious cerebration; for sub-conscious strata presents an analogy which is at once apparent, strata suggesting the layers of earth constituting the soil, while the mental processes in the sub-conscious strata are analogous to the planting, germinating and growing of the seed. Or, better still, let the sub-conscious strata stand for the mental soil, and unconscious cerebration represent the action of the forces imprisoned within it. In support of this analogy let me quote Emerson in his essay on "Language," as follows: "Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. \* \* \* It is easily seen that there is nothing lucky or capricious in these analogies, but that they are constant, and pervade nature." And again: "The use of the outer creation is to give us language for the beings and changes of the inward creation. Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance."

Thus, Emerson. Herbert Spencer goes still further when he says that between physical and mental states there is more than an analogy. Does he not thereby suggest an identity of substance?

Now, the Mental Scientist recognizes one substance, and calls it mind; therefore, between that portion of it which appears as the soil, and that which it symbolizes, or the sub-conscious strata, there must be, to say the least, a strong analogy. Are we then assuming too much to claim that we may sow in this sub-conscious soil, and confidently expect, as does the husbandman, the fruits of our labor. What a sense of rest is hereby engendered; what respite from toil; what relaxation to tense nerves and weary eyelids which fain would close in slumber.

We have thought that we must not only sow the seed, but continually dig down to watch the germination, thereby only hindering the process; but with an ever increasing knowledge of this partially explored domain of mind, we shall trust more to the life-giving properties of the sub-conscious strata.

A mental effort is the seed; it is imprisoned; it pushes forth; it draws to itself by the Law of Attraction that which it needs from the surrounding soil, and this process is unknown to consciousness, till all

of a sudden there comes forth a glorious result, a desire realized—magnificent in its fulfillment.

The sub-conscious strata can be enriched by the mental agriculturist, whose vocation it is to study the nature of the soil and its possibilities. He learns that a mental effort tainted with doubt is a mildewed seed; that a certain amount of agitation corresponds to ploughing the land; that the recognition of the Law of Attraction sets it in operation; and that delay does not always herald failure; and so, equipped with the implements of knowledge, he will enter into this sub-conscious strata, establish his claim therein, and gloriously dominate the soil.

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## A Boy and a Few Men.

William Walker Atkinson, in "Suggestion."

YES," said the Bowling Fiend, "that South Side chap broke me up completely. Just as I was about to bowl, and saw exactly how I could put the ball in between the 1 and 2 pins, and bring down the whole bunch, that chap spoke up, and, says he: 'Just watch him hit the 4 pin.' That spoiled the whole business for me, for from that moment I was afraid of the 4 pin—couldn't get my mind off of it. I kept on looking where I wanted the ball to go, but my mind was on the 4 pin, and I was so afraid of hitting it that I got rattled, and away went the ball and struck the 4 pin fair and square, and instead of making a ten strike, I only got a 'split.' That South Sider hoodooed me, sure."

"Well, I don't know," said the Medical Student, "I was riding on the Cottage Grove Cable Line the other day, and had a seat on the front bench of the grip car. Just about Thirty-fifth street I heard the gripman break into vigorous speech, and, looking ahead, I saw a colored man, on a bicycle, trying to cross the street on the bias, as the girls would say. Just as he was about half-way across, he seemed to get afraid of the car, and, try as he would, he could not keep his wheel from pointing straight at the front of the grip car, and the next moment 'bang!' he went into the car. Ran square into it, just as if he had actually tried to. I am perfectly satisfied that if he had not seen the car, or had not been scared, he could have crossed its path safely, as he had plenty of time, and was away ahead of us when he lost his head. It was the funniest thing I ever saw—the moment he got scared, the direction of his wheel changed and instead of crossing on the slant, he headed straight toward us with bulging eyes and with skin turned into a sickly gray color. The poor chap escaped injury, but his bike was smashed. Now, what in the world caused that chap to head his machine toward the car?"

"That reminds me of the time when I was learning to ride the wheel," said the Other Fellow. "I was getting along pretty well and could manage to steer half-way straight, although in a somewhat wobbly manner, until I happened to see a telegraph pole. Now, that pole was just a plain, ordinary, everyday affair, but it hypnotized me completely. Try as I would, I could not keep away from that pole. My front wheel seemed to be drawn toward it as a

needle toward the magnet, and 'bump!' I went against it. I remounted, and tried it over and over, with the same result. At last, I made up my mind that I would conquer that pole somehow, and proceeded to invent a number of plans to get the better of it. Nothing seemed to work, however. I even mounted the machine with my back toward the pole, but lo! the front wheel described a semi-circle and back to the pole I went. Then I gave it up. Now, was I hypnotized, or what?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said the Boy, "you're making a big fuss over nothing. Every feller knows that you've got to think about a thing if you want to hit it, and if you think about the wrong thing, why, you'll hit the wrong thing. If I fire a stone at a tin can, why, I just look square at the can and think about the can for all I'm worth, and the can's a dead one, sure. If I happen to let my mind wander to the cat what's on the shed over to the left of the can—well, so much the worse for the cat, that's all. To shoot straight, you've got to aim straight; and to aim straight you've got to look straight; and to look straight you've got to think straight. Every kid knows that, or he couldn't even play marbles. If I get my heart set on a beauty marble in the ring, I just want it the worst way and says I to myself, 'You're my marble.' Then I look at him strong and steady-like and don't think about nothing else in the world but that beauty. Maybe I'm late for school, but I clean forget it. I don't see nothing—nor think nothing—but that there marble what I want. As the piece in my reader says, it's my 'Heart's Desire,' and I don't care whether school keeps or not, just so as I get it. Then I shoot, and the marble's mine. And, at school, when our drawing teacher tells us how to draw a straight line, she makes two dots, several inches away from each other. Then she makes us put our pencils on the first dot and look steady at the other and move our pencil towards it. The more you keep thinking about the far off dot, and the less you think about the starting dot or your hand, the straighter you're going to get your line. Wunst I looked straight at the far off dot with my eyes, but I kept thinking about a red-headed girl on the other side of the room, and what do you think, the line I was drawing slanted away off in her direction, although I had kept my eyes glued on the far-away dot and never even peeped in the kid's direction. That shows, sure, that it's the thinking as well as the looking. See?"

"Well," said the Psychologist, "we have touched upon a very interesting subject. Each and every example which has been shown us affords an excellent illustration of the tendency of thought to take form, or manifest itself, in action, as the result of suggestion or auto-suggestion. It is also an illustration of Unconscious Cerebration. It is a well-known fact that, if we think intently of a certain object, we are almost certain to incline in the direction of that object, or, if we are on our feet, to even move toward the object. The moment our attention is fully given, and our ordinary watchfulness temporarily relaxed, we find our involuntary mentality urging us, and taking us, toward the object of our interest. I might cite you many instances of this, if time permitted. An interesting experiment along these lines may be tried by the use of a lady's watch and chain, or similar object (a piece of metal attached to a string will answer equally well). Grasp the end of the chain between the thumb and the fore-finger, and allow



the watch to swing as a pendulum, on the level of your eyes, the hand being, of course, raised much higher. Fix your eyes and attention fully on the watch, and forget that you have such a thing as an arm or hand. Then will that the watch swing forward and backward, to and fro. In a few moments you will notice a tremulous motion of the watch, followed by a slight swing in the indicated direction. The motion will then increase, until the watch is swinging at a lively rate. You can then will that the watch change the direction and swing from right to left; then, later on, swing in a circle. If you have concentrated your attention properly upon the watch, you will not be conscious of having imparted the motion by means of your arm or hand; in fact, we have seen persons who have insisted that it was the result of Will Power, pure and simple, without the use of their muscles. This phenomenon is caused by what is known as Unconscious Cerebration, which causes the manifestation of Thought, by Involuntary Muscular Motion. It is very simple and easily understood, and fully explains the phenomena mentioned by our several friends this afternoon. There is no mystery, whatsoever, about it."

"Well, all this is highly interesting," said the Crank, "and we have greatly enjoyed and appreciated the explanation and illustration of our friend, the Psychologist, but I do not agree with him, entirely, when he tells us that it is all so very 'simple and easily understood,' and that there is 'no mystery, whatsoever, about it.' To my mind it is anything else but simple and easily understood, and there still remains considerable mystery, for me at least. Our friend has told us the How, but not the Why of it all—he has ticketed it with a name, but the naming of a thing is far different from explaining it; very far from throwing a light upon the Whyness of it. This is a very common fault among our scientific men. They dismiss a subject by giving it a name, and think that they have thus fully explained it. To say that a thing is 'merely' Unconscious Cerebration, and then get rid of it, is a very cheap way of disposing of it. Many of us dispose of extremely interesting phenomena and facts, by shrugging our shoulders and saying it is merely Suggestion; and pitying the ignorance of mortals who feel that the matter is still unexplained and unsettled. What is Suggestion, anyway? What is Unconscious Cerebration? What is Involuntary Muscular Action? What is 'a manifestation of Thought,' or 'Thought taking form in Action?' These phrases and terms are all very well, and they help us to express an idea in a few words, but do they really explain the matter? I think not! Our learned friend the Psychologist has shown us that, when we forget our arm and hand and concentrate on the watch, we cause the watch to oscillate by the movement of the muscles of our arm and hand, although we are not conscious of the muscular movement, nor do we consciously send forth the mental current which causes the muscles to move. All that we are conscious of is the strong Desire that the watch shall move, and the sub-conscious part of us 'does the rest.' So far as our conscious self is concerned, it is as if the watch was moving in obedience to our will-force projected through space without traveling along the channel of nerve and muscle. The nerves and muscles do not exist for our conscious self—to all intents and purposes they are illusions, and yet



they are the media through which the Sub-conscious manifests the Desire of the Conscious. Is this so very 'simple?' I think not.

"But enough of this for the present," continued the Crank, "it looks to me as if the Boy has turned this phenomena to better and more practical use than any of us grown-ups. While we are theorizing about it, and relating incidents illustrating the casual use of this force, the child has shown us that he understands its workings and its practical application to the affairs of his little everyday life. It is not the first time that I have gone to the babe for wisdom. The workings of the mind of the child is worthy of the careful and constant study of the sage—that is, so long as the child is kept free from the fears, follies, illusions and delusions of the grown-ups. Although the child has an imagination beyond our comprehension, he is, at the same time, painfully, and even brutally, matter-of-fact. He wants to know the Why of everything, as well as how things are done. He has an abiding faith in the Goodness of things, until we pollute his mind with Fearthoughts and ideas of Evil. He has an abiding belief in Justice and Truth, until he profits by our example and beats us at our own game. He has Confidence and Trust, until we scare it out of him.

"Now, look at the Boy," shouted the Crank. "He knows by intuition or instinct what we find it hard to get by reason. He knows that in order to get things that we want we must first earnestly Desire them; then we must Will that our Desire will be attained; then we must confidently expect the desired result. As he has told us, we must 'want it the worst way,' and not 'care whether school keeps or not,' just so we get the marble; and we must say confidently, as he did, 'You're my marble;' then we must 'look at him strong and steady-like;' and then act, and lo! the 'beauty' glass marble is ours. If we would only put into our daily tasks the interest and attention that the boy puts into his game, we would see quite a difference in things. Of course it's true that the boy finds his 'beauty' marble to be far less attractive in his hand than it appeared when in the ring, but what of that—so do we. The thing is this: While you are in the Great Game, take a boy's interest in it; play with a zest; play your level best and get the marble. Of course, if you are wise, you will know (and so does the boy) that it's all a childish game, and that the joy is in the playing rather than in the possession of the spoils, but that needn't spoil the game. The boy knows enough to enjoy the playing for a few marbles that he could buy for a penny a-fistful at the corner store. But what of that—he finds a joy in Living, Acting, Doing; in Expressing his Life; in living it out; in Growing and Outgrowing; in the acquiring of experiences. And is it not true that these things (together with Love) yield about all that we may expect to gain from living? And he has sense enough to know the truth of this, instinctively, while we poor grown-ups vainly imagine that our pleasure will come only in the possession of the trophies of the game—the glass marbles of life, and look upon the playing of the game as drudgery and work imposed upon us as a punishment of the sins of our forefathers. The boy lives in the Now and enjoys every moment of his existence—his winnings, his losings, his victories, his defeats, while we, his elders and superiors in wisdom, groan at the heat of the day and the rigor of the game, and are only reconciled to our task by the thought of how we will enjoy

the possession of the marbles—when we get them at the end of the game. The boy sucks his orange and extracts every particle of its sweet contents, while we throw away the juicy meat and aim only to secure the pips. Oh, yes! the boy not only knows how to 'get there,' but he has also a sane philosophy of Life. Many of us grown-ups are now re-learning that which we lost with our youth.

"And then," concluded the Crank, "you will notice that the bowler, the bicyclists and the others, got what they didn't want, because they were afraid of it, and allowed it to distract their thoughts from the object of their Desire. To Fear a thing is akin to Desiring it—in either case you are attracted toward it, or it to you. It's a rule that works both ways. You must think about the Thing you Want—not about the Thing you Don't Want, for the thoughts you are thinking are the ones that are going to 'take form in action,' as our good Psychologist would say. As the Boy said: 'You've got to think about a thing if you want to hit it, and if you think about the wrong thing, why, you're going to hit the wrong thing.' Watch your Ideal, not your Bugbear. Concentrate on your Ideal—fix your thought and gaze upon it, like the boy upon his marble—and don't allow Fearthoughts to sidetrack you. Select the thing you want to be, and then grow steadily into it. Pick out the thing you want, and then go straight and steadily to it. Replace your old song of 'I Fear' with the New Thought anthem, 'I Can, and I Will.' Then you will experience an illustration of our good Psychologist's theory of 'Thought taking form in Action.'"

"Humph," grunted the Psychologist, "that is the way with these transcendentalists. They are always making mysteries, and building up fancy theories about simple things that are readily explained by those of us who understand the first principles of the Science of the Mind."

"What is Mind," queried the Boy, innocently. "Children should be seen and not heard," retorted the Psychologist, rather testily, "run away and play marbles, while your elders discuss matters of importance."

And the Boy departed, and with him the Crank. For they were Brothers.

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## A Splendid Investment.

A great many have written asking all about this investment, to all of whom we gladly made answer. Very many have invested and others are preparing to do so. I recommend it in the spirit of helpfulness, because I desire to see my subscribers prosper and for those with small means this is a fine opportunity in which their money can be multiplied many times. Stock is going up rapidly, so it is advisable to make an early inquiry. Address, as before, Kate A. Boehme, 2016 O St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

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"Manual labor must be lifted and dignified by an admixture of the intellectual element. It can be rendered positively attractive by judicious idealization."

## The Primer of Success.

### A Little Lesson Which Shows How to Succeed in Life.

(From the New York Herald.)

A plodder protested. "For," said he, "here am I, Economical J. Workhorse, broker and business man, arrived at the ripe age of half-past forty, with the Golden Goal as far away as the gates of Never-Never Land. And I'm a good man in the game, so far as actual, practical knowledge goes. I've been the route. I've started as office boy and cleaned the windows and swept the floor and polished up the brasswork till Sir Joseph was a fool to me. And yet, where am I to-day? Not within hailing distance of the society list, and not considered worth regarding by Dun's.

"I'm free to tell myself I don't amount to more than a pint of peanuts, and a mighty shy pint at that. And why don't I? Heaven only knows, and heaven won't tell, not being engaged in understudying the Ouija board. I've saved every penny I've made. I've lived up to my given name. I've patronized the ready-made establishments. I've lived in a flat instead of an apartment. I've walked to the office. I've eaten cheap meals, and I've saved all along the line. And yet I don't seem to make connections with prosperity. And there's Fillemup Q. Spendaway. Look what he's done. Lived in the most riotously extravagant style, and yet got rich. I've a good mind to run over to his office and ask him how he does it."

Which he did. But the boy in uniform said Mr. Spendaway had not yet arrived. And the hands of the clock indicated at this point that the hour of 11 had come. Workhorse shuddered. "And does Mr. Spendaway make it a practice to get to his office at 11 o'clock?" he asked. "Oh, no," returned the uniformed one, politely, "sometimes he doesn't appear till 1." Whereupon Mr. Workhorse sank limply onto an expensively fitted couch and waited.

When the puffing of a noisy gas buggy had abruptly ceased in front of the office it was a sign that Mr. Fillemup Q. Spendaway had arrived. He listened with much attention to the tale of his friend, with whom he had started a brokerage business on equal terms. "E. J.," he said, kindly, "you are off the track, and what you need is to hunt up the third rail of advertising as a steadier."

"But," responded Mr. Workhorse, "I carry as big an advertisement as you do."

"No," returned Mr. Spendaway. "In the papers, yes. In other ways, no. You buy cheap clothes, don't you?"

"I do."

"And you live in a flat which has dark halls and no elevator and a janitor who is once in a while in sight?"

"Something of the kind, but——"

"And you walk to the office?"

"Certainly, but——"

"And you eat a sandwich and a piece of pie and drink a glass of

milk for lunch at a circular counter trimmed with stools and are served by a fresh young woman who flirts with the pretty fellows?"

"I go to a 'Quick Lunch' place, but——"

"Well, Workhorse, I'll tell you—you're hurting your business. You asked me how I succeed, and I'll tell you. I advertise myself. I come to the office late, puffing up in an automobile. People who see me get out and enter this handsome office say: 'Well, that fellow must be turning money away.' That's an ad. for me. I live in an expensive apartment, with an elevator and hall service and decorations that I pay well for, I can tell you. I invite people to my place. When they come there they are treated royally. They go away telling some one else about my cordiality. That's an ad. for me.

"I patronize the best tailors in town, and I'm dressed within an inch of my life about all the time. When I place my hat on a table the mark of the most famous hatter in the city is exposed. That's an ad. for me. I dine at an expensive restaurant where I positively know I will meet men of money and influence. I entertain liberally each day at these lunches. My clerks have orders to send any customer who may call at the office while I am at lunch over to my restaurant. They become my friends. That's an ad. for me.

"And for all these seeming extravagances I get returns many fold. I am advertised in the most alluring way, and my customers pay in the end for my automobile, my time away from the office, my apartments, my clothes—and their own lunches. If you will do these things as I have done them—and I started with you, you will remember—you will succeed. The world accepts a man according to the impressiveness of his appearance."

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## Years Do Not Make Old Age.

Where There is Vigor of Mind and Body There is Youth.

Sir James Crichton-Browne has enumerated instances of long-lived persons possessing all their faculties unimpaired, and opened up a subject full of interest, and which even the large space occupied by his address did not allow him fully to develop. It seems a physiological law that the functions of the body must be kept in exercise in order to maintain their efficiency, and it is as true of the body as of the mill or any other machine that it will rust out from disuse sooner than wear out by employment.

The fact is constantly observed in persons engaged in commercial pursuits who retire at the age of sixty and then fall into rapid decay, while professional men remaining at work preserve their vigor, often for another twenty years. It is a sad thing to see the nerve centres decay, with a corresponding weakness of body and mind, but it is still sadder to witness, with a wrinkling of the skin, a corresponding shrinkage of the brain, allowing vanity and some of the weakly passions which had been kept in suppression to come again to the fore.

How different is the spectacle when the organ is kept in its integrity by constant use, and the mental faculties preserved in all their pristine force. We have only to look around and see our poets, bishops, judges,

Ministers of State, and medical men long-lived and still in mental vigor while working at their respective avocations.

Very remarkable, too, is it that, as Sir James Crichton-Browne observed, the freedom of language will remain as good as ever; an illustration of this was observed but lately in a discussion on the London university questions, when two of the most logical and well-expressed speeches were made by octogenarians.

We can at the present time point to statesmen and lawyers of great age still before the public; as not long ago we could see Lord Palmerston, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst and others. In former times we may remember Newton living to be eighty-five, while Sophocles is said to have lived to be ninety, and Plato not much short of this. It is clear that hard work does not kill. The toil, however, must be genial and diversified. The man of business often has no occupation besides his bread-winning, whereas a medical man has a variety of subjects to interest him.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the treatment of persons with mental trouble or worry the very worst method is to rely too much on what is called rest, meaning thereby leaving the patient without other employment than to brood over his sorrows. True rest to the mind is only to be obtained by the occupation of other faculties roused into action by new surroundings.

There is no reason why old age should not be as happy and as enjoyable as any other period of life. If old persons be asked as to their consciousness of age they will all with one consent declare that there exists nothing of the kind.

An old person has a knowledge of his age the same way as his friends; he sees it by looking in the mirror; by remembrance of past events, or the loss of contemporaries, but he is not constantly carrying about with him the conviction or feeling that he is old; he is thus still able to occupy himself in the business and pleasures of life.

Buffon spoke of his green old life as one of the happiest periods of his life.

Another writer, speaking of old age in reference to the decease of an eminent barrister, also maintained that the highest faculties are kept keen by constant exercise, and the brain vigorous by constant action and renewal.

The understanding has often been in the highest perfection in quite advanced old age; and that has been the best period of human life. In the words of Sir J. Crichton-Browne himself:

"Depend upon it, the best antiseptic against senile decay is an active interest in human affairs, and that those keep young longest who love most."—From *British Medical Journal*.

Perfect correspondence would be perfect life. Were there no changes in the environment, but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficacy with which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge.—Herbert Spencer.



## A Few Words to Show the Power of the Radiant Centre Thought over Disease and Poverty.

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Very respectfully,

.....

**Dear Mrs. Boehme:**

Both Mr. C. and myself are living in awe, wonder and surprise owing to the disappearance of the tumor. It has vanished like the dew before the sun. Where it has gone to in so short a time we know not. Words are too feeble to express our love and gratitude to you.

Yours, in the truth,

.....

**Mrs. Boehme.**

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For some time I had felt symptoms of a severe kidney trouble. Was finally prostrated so that I could not walk a step. While flat on my back, with pencil and tablet, I asked you to treat me, explaining my trouble.

In less than a week after which I was able to walk out over the premises, and in about six weeks every symptom had disappeared. I took no other treatment. You healed me. I am now entirely well.

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.....

**My dear Mrs. Boehme:**

This is to certify that you cured my grandmother, over 70 years of age, of an internal cancer and paralysis, after her life was given up by a council of five physicians. She is now in perfect health.

Very truly yours,

.....

**Mrs. Boehme.**

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**Dear Mrs. Boehme:**

I can not tell you how surprised I was when in your kind letter you mentioned the very thing from which I thought I was suffering. You helped me at once, and I have called upon you many times during the month to connect me with my source and always have experienced relief.

Your grateful friend,

.....



Dear Mrs. Boehme:

When I sent you fifty cents for the R. C. and thought I could not go on with it I was way down the hill, and the upward look seemed greater than I could accomplish. I was like a wilted leaf, but your kindness and sympathy revived my waning courage and gave me strength to make a beginning.

Your cheering words, "Everything is coming out beautifully for you," have come true. We have lived well, paid all bills and have something left. Please accept my heartfelt thanks.

With a great deal of love,  
Yours,

Dear Mrs. Boehme:

I wrote you on the 3d of January, saying you might discontinue the Radiant Centre. I had tried to read the last number and for the life of me I could not grasp anything. But last night, although very tired, I lay down on the couch to read, when lo and behold, the whole paper seemed illuminated. The lesson on Realization seemed so clear, and I could see my subjective self as I never could before. I can not stop the paper now, so enclosed find one dollar.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. Boehme:

My head was entirely relieved after you treated me yesterday. Before your treatment the pain was excruciating. Have been very comfortable ever since.

Very truly,

Extract from letter:

Don't lose sight of the fact that in my husband and myself you have positive proof of the efficacy of your success treatments. Success is booming with us.

Extract:

My attack last night was so sudden and so alarming that my daughter decided to telegraph you for help. The timely help your treatment gave me brought a quiet night's rest, and I am much better this morning. Please continue the treatments until I am well.

Extract:

My son is in excellent health, and has made a grand success of his work, and we feel it has all been accomplished through your vibrations.

Now, I want you to treat my husband. He needs his will power strengthened, and you, if anyone, can do it.

Extract:

Since entering into correspondence with you and receiving your paper things have taken a decided turn for the better. Money, which was very scarce, has come in from three unexpected sources, and doors of usefulness have opened which promise much in the future.

Extract:

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Extract:

Nothing left of the cancer. I am entirely cured. What a heavenly relief! I can lie down at night now and sleep without that dreadful fear of an operation.

Extract:

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