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WELTMER'S MAGAZINE



"I CAN"

S. A. WELTMER

"STUDY OF ATTRACTION"

GRACE M. BROWN

"Mind The Perfect Instrument"

NONA L. BROOKS

"LIFE"

GRACE M. BROWN

"The Unanswerable Question"

THEODO G. REVERSE

"THE OPEN LETTER BOX"

MONTHLY METAPHYSICAL
REVIEW



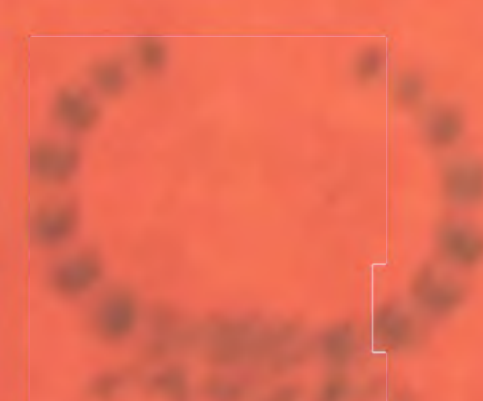
THE CONSOLIDATION OF FULFILLMENT AND WELTMER'S JOURNAL

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THE MAN WHO DOES THE BEST HE CAN MAKES GOOD



REGENERATION



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Thought Vibration

OR

The Law of Attraction in the Thought World

BY

William Walker Atkinson

PREFACE BY FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

"The Law of Attraction is a real thing, and many are using it consciously or unconsciously, some having learned to make use of it by observation and reason, while others have stumbled on it or have had it unfolded from the depths of the sub-conscious or super-conscious.

"I BELIEVE that the mind of man contains the greatest of all forces, that Thought is one of the greatest manifestations of energy.

"I BELIEVE that the man who understands this law, can make of himself practically what he will.

"I BELIEVE that not only is one's BODY subject to the control of the mind, but that, also, one may change environment, 'luck,' circumstances.

"When we think, we set into motion vibrations of a very high degree, but just as real as the vibrations of light, heat, sound, electricity, etc. And when we understand the law governing the production and transmission of these vibrations, we will be able to use them in our daily life just as we do the better known forms of energy."

WHAT IS IT ABOUT?

IT'S about the "mighty law that draws to us the things we desire or fear, that makes or mars our lives"; about "positive" and "negative" thought, and how to "rise to the upper chamber of your mental dwelling"; about Active and Passive Mentation, and "the attraction of THE ABSOLUTE"; about mind-building and the conquest of the lesser self by the Real Self; about Will Power; about Forethought and how the man who fears, calls into operation the wonderful Law of Attraction to his own disaster; about Worry, the offshoot of Fear, and how to transmute it into golden metal; about asserting the Life Force, and the laws of Mental Control; about our Sub-conscious Mentality and how to set it to work; about Emotions and what to do with them; about eradicating undesirable states of feeling and how to develop new brain cells that will manifest along desirable lines; about Desire, that "Manifestation of the Universal Life Love"; about Energy and Invincible Determination, the two qualities "which sweep away mighty barriers and surmount the greatest obstacles"; about the great people of the world and why they ARE great; about the Law of Attraction and how it "takes you in earnest"; about the difference between the Slave of Circumstances and the Master of Circumstances; about Failure and how to bring it to you, IF YOU WANT IT; about Chance—which never was - and Law, which ever is; about The Causeless Cause, which is back of all Law; and about the Create and the Uncreate.

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SPRING

When the snows break their white expanse with patches of black on the sunny side of the clods and the banks begin to drip heavy globules of mud; when the tiny stream in the back pasture, finds its voice again as the ice gives away to the heat of the returning sun and the warm south wind; when the dull gray, high hung clouds of winter give place to the snowy piles and blue sky of warmer days, and the gaudy red bird perched on a long swinging maple limb, drooping with swelling buds, begins monotonously "calling his horses" and the little gray bird you never did know a name for, answers him in a tone that makes you wonder how you can hear a bird note so far, until you see he is directly overhead; when these things and a thousand others occur, that prove that that the "back-bone of winter" is broken for good, you feel the blood of a soil-tilling ancestry surge in your veins and you understand then something of the claim old mother earth has on you.

Perhaps for you this call of spring is a call from afar. Perhaps you are one of those unfortunates, exiled in punishment for the grasping aspirations of ambition to live in the city, far from the old maple in the back pasture, far from the ice-bound streams and the white blanketed fields, but even in your exile the sight of a gutter running brim full of muddy yellow water with its herring-bone stripe in the center and its patches of lacey yellow foam will suggest to your mind

Which Is It?

LUCK or PLUCK

Read that quaint and charming story

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By Maria Edgeworth

And Learn The Sultan's Opinion

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all of the changes that are taking place in those now remote scenes.

You know just how oozy is the sod in the lower meadow and just exactly how spotty appears the corn field back of the barn, you can hear the trickle of the water in the ruts of the road and the musical drip drip under the eaves. You remember how you used to feel sad at the sight of the melting snows because that meant the end of winter joys, and at the same time glad at the prospect of coming spring; you know just the feel of the air that blows so warm and yet so cold it forces you to cover your red chapped hands, with your thick mittens. You know also how in a week or so after the snow is all gone, the green coming back into the grass, the maple buds all bursting into yellow-green bloom and the intricate tracery of the birches thickening into dark smudges against the sky will tell you of the thousand and one clumsy young sprouting things shoving their red stems out of the

Sensible Co-Operation

BY PAUL TYNER.

In the Fraternal Homemakers Society, we have an institution that unites Brotherhood and Business in a way that raises the efficiency of the spirit of brotherhood and makes good its dreams, while imparting to the realm of business a redemptive purpose and a noble enthusiasm for noble ends. "Soldiers of the Common Good," indeed, are those who have come into this splendid work, marching forward steadily under the motto "All for each and each for all," to the redemption of the waste places of the earth, the enhancement in quality and quantity of the world's production. "Produce great persons, the rest follows." Always with the Homemakers the production of wealth is incidental to the production of grander men and women. The primary object then, of the Fraternal Homemakers is to apply the mighty cumulative power of a multitude of small savings accounts, combined in a common fund, to the purchase and development of productive lands, the establishment of members in comfortable and income-producing homes thereupon and the development of supplementary industries in which the raw material, worked up without the costly interposition of the middleman, will be distributed in finished products to the members at cost.

The Society has already enrolled over 400 members with an average holding of three shares or total matured valuation of \$1,200,000, and its membership is increasing steadily. We have secured contracts on 2500 acres on Mobile Bay adjoining the Single Tax City of Fairhope. Much of this land is already planted in Irish potatoes, tomatoes, okra, asparagus, lettuce, celery, egg-plant and strawberries, which we shall probably market along in February and March and on into May, getting the best prices for early fruits and vegetables on the Chicago, New York and Boston markets. As to the possibilities of truck-farming on these favored Gulf Coast lands, it must suffice to point out that these lands were acquired by the Society only after careful investigation by experts of the capability of the soil, its adaptation to these crops and the climatic conditions. Individual farmers in this section, working under all the disadvantages of small capital and small scale of operations, net from \$75 to \$100 an acre for sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, costing for all expense of cultivation less than \$50 an acre. One of our neighbors cleared

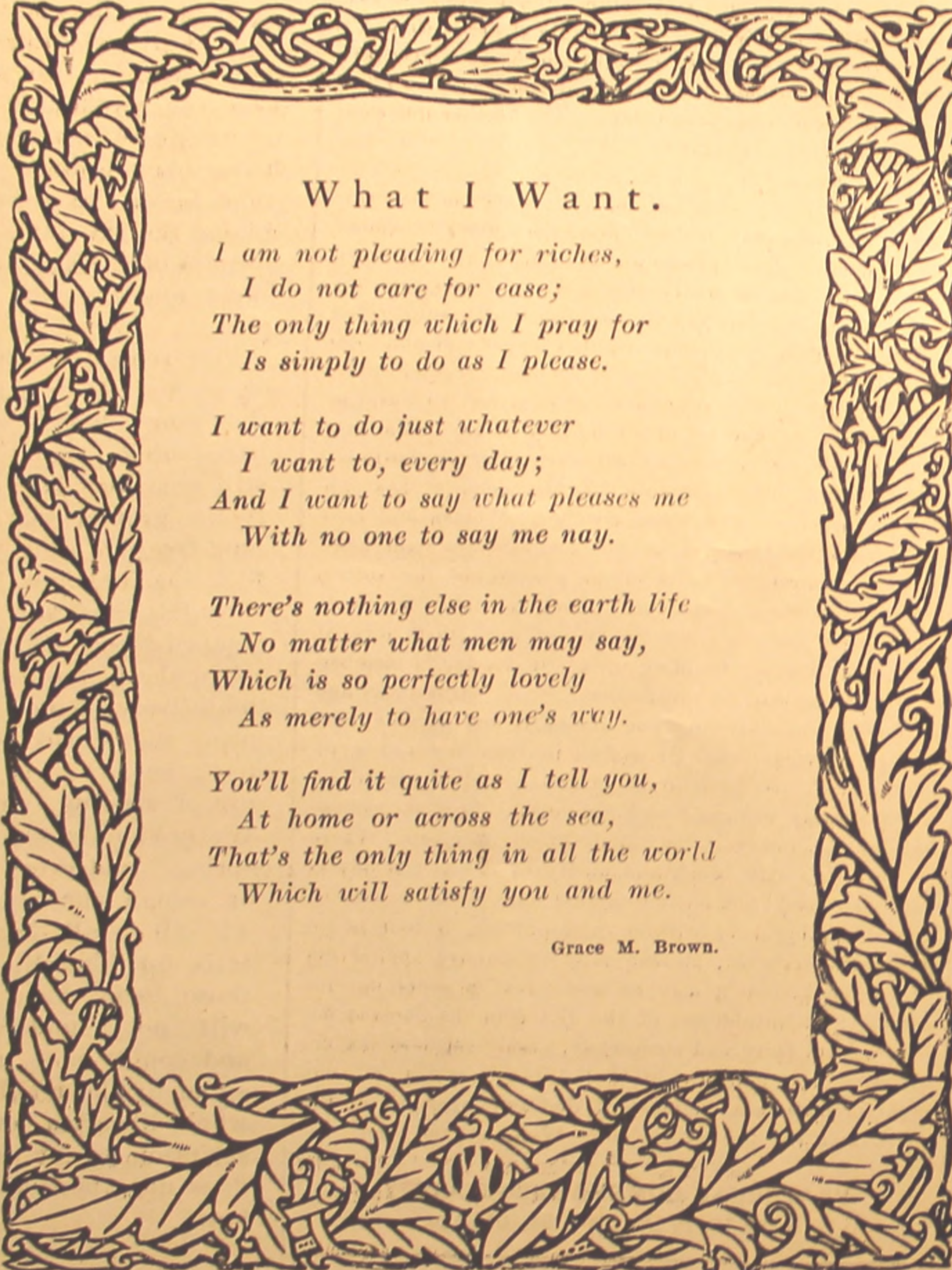
nearly \$1,000 an acre from five acres of strawberries marketed along in February last year. We can certainly do as well for our members, utilizing the most approved methods of intensive cultivation and securing the economies of operating on a large scale. That means **doubling our money—your money** if you come in—with every crop. And in this favored climate two crops a year are the regular thing and three crops not unusual. Figure out for yourself what that means. The Law is not stingy; Nature does not stint us. Why should we stint ourselves any longer?

There isn't any way for anyone connected with this Society to make any money except as **every** member makes money. No "promotion shares," no "ground floor." The managers are chosen by the members for their proved capability, and are constantly responsible to the members, being required to furnish full and detailed reports of what's doing at frequent regular intervals. If any of the officers doesn't attend to business to the entire satisfaction of all, he may be recalled at any time. While he is satisfactorily attending to business, his tenure of office is secure. Every member has an equal vote with every other member. Women and men count—not dollars. As no one member can hold more than ten shares, no little clique can corner the voting power. It does not cost very much to make a start. Even those who have no money can work their way, if they will; for the building up of the Society's membership must depend on the full conviction, earnestness and enthusiasm of those to whom its spirit and purpose, plan and program appeal. Of course, it costs to enroll membership. People have to be informed and convinced by those already informed and convinced. But we propose to keep the money in the family of our members. There is work, beautiful work and plenty of it and the pay is good—so good that any intelligent and energetic man or woman taking hold with us and putting in four hours daily of persistent, pleasant and productive application of personal energy, may be assured of a generous income. Full unfoldment of the divine in the human; being oneself fully and completely, surely includes the realization here and now of that Affluence which is our rightful portion as children of God and inheritors of the earth and the fulness thereof. Write us and get acquainted.

**FRATERNAL HOMEMAKERS SOCIETY,
Room 12, 70 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

warm earth and you know that if you were in the back pasture on such a morning no matter how remote your boyhood might be you would still feel an insatiable curiosity to witness the awakening of nature-life which would bring you down on your knees to scratch among the leaf piles for sprouts of the dog-tooth violet and the may apple.

You remember how, on such a day a long time ago you first went bare-footed. You can still remember how chilly the ground was and how free and big your feet felt, and how light they felt, and how you jumped fences and pawed in the leaf piles and tentatively tested the pools with curled white toes; but what is the use of wasting words? We need only say "tis spring," and every man or woman who has lived will fill in all these details for himself, and those who have not, will not understand and could not understand by the reading of whole libraries of description, so for them it does not matter anyhow.



What I Want.

*I am not pleading for riches,
I do not care for ease;
The only thing which I pray for
Is simply to do as I please.*

*I want to do just whatever
I want to, every day;
And I want to say what pleases me
With no one to say me nay.*

*There's nothing else in the earth life
No matter what men may say,
Which is so perfectly lovely
As merely to have one's way.*

*You'll find it quite as I tell you,
At home or across the sea,
That's the only thing in all the world
Which will satisfy you and me.*

Grace M. Brown.

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“ I C a n ”

B. A. WELTMER.



IN all of our educational and governmental systems we have been taught that duty is the most important rule of life, that when a man learns to recognize and perform all his duties socially, politically and in his home relations, he has proven himself a good citizen and an upright man. We are taught from infancy to regard every period of life as having its peculiar duties; that every changed relation with our environment or with other men produces a new train of duties which we are obliged to see and perform. Notwithstanding the fact that this has been the general teaching, we might almost say the only teaching that man has received, there have always been those who seek to break away from the sense of obligation, searching for a larger freedom than it would permit them to enjoy. There is that in man which makes him want to believe himself a creature of choice and not of circumstances; a free agent, not a cog in the endless grind of the wheel of change. Man wants to feel

that the power he uses is his own power, that its direction is left to his own choice. He wants to feel that he is free to do what his fancy dictates.

Duty, to the free man is not what it is to the slave, but all men are slaves to the extent that they do things because they must. With the conscientious man duty may become a stronger slave master than could any man or body of men; a master from which he can never escape.

There is a story told of one of our great religious reformers, that when he was a young man he carelessly fell into bad habits, which increased in strength with the passing years. At the time when he should have reached the age of the full power of manhood, he was a drunken out-cast; a creature of the saloons; his only pleasure drinking; his home the gutter. His family and friends, men and women of high standing made every effort to turn him back to the paths of uprightness, by telling him of his duty to his mother and father; of his duty to other men as a member of his station in society, but without effect. Finally one



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friend came to him and appealed to his manhood, to his own strength; asked him to leave his loathsome paths and seek the better way, not because it was his duty to do so, but because he would enjoy it more, because he wanted to and because he had in him the power to do so. This friend believed in him and made him believe in himself and instead of presenting the reason that it was his duty, awakened in the outcast's mind a desire for reformation and faith in his ability to reform. The result was that the renegade came up out of the gutter, cleaned his hands of their stains and then set about the task of reclaiming other men who were making the same mistakes that he had been making.

Men should be taught to do things because they want to and because they can, not because they have to. The man obeying a sense of duty deserves no more praise for that than the man who answers the beck and call of a more corporeal task master. The highest aspiration a man can have is to do a thing because he can, not because he must. When we do things because we must we acknowledge servitude, obligation and debt. When we do things because we can we are proving our manhood, our power and our divinity. The man who obeys any task master is ruled first or last by fear, the man who acts as

a free will agent is expressing his energies in love.

Love is the one thing which man cannot give because he has to. It is the one thing which can have no connection with duty. It must give itself freely without any thought of why or to what end. Man does not owe a debt of love to humanity, to God or to nature, but it is in his power to love all men and all things and if undisturbed by the attempt of his teachers to fasten on his shoulders a debt of love, he will love all things, giving freely of this divinest essence of life and receiving freely the same thing in return. But try to fasten a bond of duty on to a man's heart, teach him he *must* love all things and the result will be very different. Instead of teaching a man that he must love all things, teach him that he can, then in the natural outpouring of himself to the things which become instantly dear to him, with all idea of obligation removed, he will realize all the strength of individual unfoldment and of human associations that arise from the development of a strong love-nature.

Love is inexhaustible. The more one gives the more one has to give; the more one gives the more one is sure to receive and it is that part of the nature of man which develops and expresses itself freely only in freedom from all sense of duty



or obligation. This is really the basis of the advantage which is gained by the freedom from sense of duty.

I have noticed in my experience with sick people that men overcome their physical ailments not because they feel a necessity for it, but because they have come to believe that they can do so and because they wish to. They may endeavor to spur the mind to healthful activity by pointing out to themselves that they owe it to themselves or to their family or friends to have perfect health, but this only increases their trouble by adding to their burden the feeling that they are delinquent in their duties. They may trace up every influence that their parentage has bestowed on them. They may point to every inspiration they have received from their environment which has assisted them to progress, and they may search out every effort made by their advisors and physicians, but they will find when they are through, that the first stage toward complete recovery was attained when they conceived the idea of their ability to be well, backed up by the simple wish to again know the joys of health. A man can do many things far greater than he has done if he can put in the place of the dwarfing or restraining code of duty the self-confident gospel of ability.

We learn in studying the

mind, that a man cannot desire a thing which does not exist, he cannot conceive of a thing which he cannot construct, he cannot criticize a thing that he cannot comprehend. His capacity for desiring things, for thinking of things and picturing them in his mind, proves his capacity for reducing these things to reality. He cannot ask a question he cannot solve; he cannot conceive of a problem that he is not

capable of untangling and setting straight. The man who does things because he can has no other limit upon his powers than the limit of his desires, while the man who does things because he must is limited to the narrow confines of what he has been taught and what other men have many times done. There is just the difference between these two that there is between the clerk who only and always obeys orders and the business manager who issues them. One man accepts a code of duty and questions it for permission to do what he desires, and only refrains from the things it forbids, but does not try to do things which his code does not command him to do, while the other man consults his own desires and realizing his independence and his ability, hews out for himself and builds into the real all his dearest air-castles.

Man binds himself only by his beliefs about himself



and when he believes he is bound down in ability and principle to a narrow line of duty he can never be more than a representative of this his master. We are easily convinced by looking around us at the things man has accomplished in the different lines of his activities and especially along mechanical and scientific lines in late years, that man has not yet accomplished one millionth part of what he is capable.

The men who have done great things in the world have been great believers in themselves. They have not accepted the history of the past as their rule of conduct and the measure of their possibilities, but have taken rather their own aspirations which have counselled them to try new things and have so proven their own ability and realized their dreams. The man who is ruled by aspiration and self confidence is a believer in the present and the future. The man who rules his life by duty thinks he is obliged to repeat the actions of the past. The one measures his effort by a standard based on the failures of the past, the other measures himself by a standard based on his hopes for the future. One believes in the disgrace of mistakes; the other believes in the glory of success. One lives in constant fear of the prison; the other lives in constant hope of the throne. One follows the path of duty, dodging

difficulties, the other wades into the bramble thickets and amid the thorns and the sharp pointed, leaf hidden stones, carves out a new path, because he believes he can and refuses to be limited by restraining fear, declaring his right to express himself in his love. Love always gives, fear always with-holds and it is our love in a thing which measures the degree of our activity in it.

Men are too ready to limit their possibilities, too ready to see a discrepancy between what they have and what somebody else has which they think they would like to have, and to see that only. And they are too ready to accept this discrepancy as evidence that they cannot achieve. They often say, "I can't" and then refrain from even trying, because they do not seem to be exactly constructed to attain the thing they want, and accepting defeat before they try; sit down and envy others whom they think are luckier than themselves.

One's belief about himself determines his attitude toward himself and determines the nature of his expressions. To say "I can't" is to say "I won't," for if one will, one can. One closes the door of opportunity when he refuses to try and he turns the key in the lock when he says "I can't."

He who would make a success in life must first assume that he can do things.



He must not be discouraged by failures. There is really no such thing as failure of honest effort. While the toiler may fail to achieve the particular results for which he is striving, trying always brings him knowledge, at least, and experiences which repay him for his effort, sometimes more richly than would have been the case had he succeeded in obtaining that for which he sought. Every success is achieved by the overcoming of failures. The successful man is the one who has refused to be limited by discouraging history and sets about to make history for himself; the man who refuses the counsels of fear and listens only to the call of hope.

Jesus taught that "to him that believeth, all things are possible;" and in what did He want man to believe? He wanted him to believe in himself; believe in his own powers and possibilities. It is not the man who believes in someone else to whom things are possible. It is not the man who believes in some dissociated power to which he is denied access, who removes mountains, but it is the man who believes in himself, who looks to himself to carve out of the grim mountains of difficulty the glorious palaces of his successes.

The successes of the world, the world's cities, her machines, her arts and sciences, her flying railroad

trains and majestic steamships, everything that man has done, every success he has achieved, the results of all his efforts stand as monuments to the statement "I can." These are not monuments to "he can," "you can," or "God can;" there are none built to these. The only monument that was ever raised to one of these statements was composed of the wasted hopes and the cold ashes of unused, abused and

lost opportunities. The world's failures are recruited from the ranks of those of little faith, in themselves; those who weakly are ever ready to enthrone "Luck" and blindly trust to her for all they have of good and ill.

Men need not lose faith in other men in order to have faith in themselves. They need rather to increase it; to believe more in all men for men are all connected so closely in their associations with each other that for a man to lose faith in the race is to lose faith in himself, and how is a man to believe in one individual if he does not believe in the race of which that one is a part?

And men may well believe in themselves for they are the highest form of life in their universe—"not even the Gods are higher than they" and all its riches in power and privilege are theirs to use when they make the keynote of their efforts the magic-working charm, "I Can."



Study of Attraction

GRACE M. BROWN.



No matter how fair and smooth the road may be; no matter how fresh and sweet the air; no matter how freely the abundance of a universe may open itself before us—unless we have within ourselves the power of perception; the consciousness of appreciation and the ability to assimilate this open abundance, we might just as well be wandering in the desert apart from beauty and freshness and freedom of the all life, because when we are unconscious of our own power we are in truth apart from all of life's glorious fulness.

It is so easy for the weary earth child to close his eyes and complain of the darkness of the way; truly the way is dark to him when he utterly refuses to see the light. The light is always around us, and the darkness is only with us when we ourselves insist upon closing ourselves within its shadowy embrace.

It is so easy for the children of men to grieve because they cannot breathe the breath of free life; because to them the air of earth is stifling and they are slaves. Yet they know if they would admit it, that it takes slaves to make tyrants, and the breath of life is the most abundant and the freest thing in all the world. No man need be in bondage one half minute unless he so desires. Freedom is as radiant as the light and it is man himself

who insists upon being bound with the shackles of convention and opinion.

And again it is so easy for a toiler along the path to weep over his poverty, over his lack of supply because he has not the symbol of exchange that he may provide himself with all that he deems desirable. Oh, foolish and incompetent humanity, when the whole earth is yours and the fulness thereof—if only you will realize it and perceive it and assimilate it.

The abundance of goods and chattels, of food and drink, of gems and gold is appalling. There is twice more than enough for every being on earth, and yet men shrink into their own dark fear and cultivate their ignorance and intolerance when they should strive to understand and appreciate all of that immense supply and then cultivate the power to assimilate that part of it which belongs to them as individuals.

There is never any lack in the universal supply; the abundance is always within our reach and the lack in the individual supply is merely the result of the misunderstanding of the individual as to his relation to the infinite abundance.

The first important thing for a man to do when he decides to understand himself is to recognize his relation to life as a divinely human atom in a divinely universal plan and that he is necessary to the complete expression of that plan. Then

let him realize his right of attraction from the universal abundance on all planes and in that right of attraction let him perceive and recognize his relation to the infinite supply that he may cultivate the power of attraction.

The power of attraction depends upon three qualities, each a power in itself. First the power of perception; unless one perceives the value of a thing and perceives his relation to it—he does not desire it or make the effort to attain it.

Secondly the power of recognition; even if the man perceives something and perceives its usefulness, unless he recognizes it, he has no appreciation of it in the relation of its usefulness to himself. When a man understands a force he is in a fair way to become master of it and this recognition leads him to the third essential quality of attraction.

The power of assimilation. There would be no use in attracting anything unless one had the power of assimilating it and of making it a part of himself when it was once obtained—in fact he could not attract it otherwise because the force of attraction would be lacking without that intention.

No man can live for his friend, if he is true to himself and to his friend, any more than a man can attract life or death for another if he is just to himself. But he may attract all phases of life and death for himself and through his own power of attraction he may inspire others in their work of attraction.

Each individual is the center of his world. Without him, in his

world, there is nothing because to him there can be nothing unless he is conscious of it. So my world with its conditions and quality depends upon my perception, my recognition and my power of assimilation—and I am that which I attract to myself. Therefore if I do not perceive if I fail to recognize and refuse to assimilate, I alone am responsible for that which I lack and from which I suffer.

There can be no lack of God but there can be a lack of consciousness of God.

There can be no lack of health, but there can be such a lack of consciousness of health that the body shivers into disintegration under its devitalizing void.

There can be no lack of abundance anywhere, but there can be such a fearful lack of consciousness of it that our world, yours and mine, may almost disappear under its appearance of dim icy nothingness.

Lack of anything in one place disorganizes the whole because it causes an uneven distribution of force. A vacuum draws upon the outside force and demands a reinforcement which becomes painful unless the demand is fulfilled. Therefore when a lack of anything comes into our own lives, we feel the necessity through pain, of filling the vacuum and bringing ourselves into normal conditions by supplying the demand.

This lack of things—lack of health, of wealth and of joy is all unnecessary and all contrary to law. The very soul of us rejoices and responds with the cheer of the fulness

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of things; that is proof enough that it is lawful for men to abide in "the midst of plenty" on all planes.

Fortunately for the men of the present day, the old idea of the virtue in poverty and sickness has long ago disappeared. The words "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" have received their newer and more reasonable interpretation and men are rising in their might and declaring for the fulness of life.

Ignorance in all ages has worshipped its own fallacies, with the result that humanity has passed under the yoke of many varieties of idols, but none have been more cruel and more utterly false than the idol of the spirit of martyrdom with its pernicious proclamation that by the agony of one man another might be saved.

Intelligence worships ideals—God ideals of love and hope and mighty works. Intelligence teaches men to love each other, to cheer each other; to inspire each to carry his especial burden and not to weaken him by carrying it for him. Intelligence teaches men to be true to themselves as individuals that all may be free to attract the abundance of the universe which is the fulness of God.



Sometimes it seems that one man has a greater power of attraction than another; some people seem to have so much more of everything than others, but no man has greater innate power than another and each man has the privilege of cultivating his force to its limit, and up to the present time no one has ever discov-

ered the limitation of human capacity.

So if one man seems greater, stronger and freer than another, you will find by investigation that he himself is responsible. He has measured himself by his own mind, and while he may not be conscious of his method, he has utilized his force according to his own measurement.

We must respond to our desire and supply the demands of our bodies and of our souls. If men insist upon ignoring the demands of their own beings, of putting aside their desires and suppressing their longings they must expect their faculties to become atrophied and themselves to become weaklings.

We must pay attention to present demands; to the longing for little things and to the desires of today. If we decline to investigate and respond to present conditions and demands we may find ourselves unequal to meet the greater demand of tomorrow.

The working of the human mind is the most marvelous activity known; the human mind is part of the one and infinite mind which is supreme in its activity and in its mastery of every atom of spirit substance, and this part of the human mind which we represent partakes of every quality and of every power of the infinite life.

Therefore the human atom in its unlimited and vivid completeness is in absolute at-one-ment with the all life and is perfectly free to assimilate in its fulness or to reject in degree the glorious manifesting power of a supremely infinite intelligence.

And because men are free, it is not only possible but necessary to cultivate the power of attraction. If a man feels that life is unjust to him, that he has not his share of health and wealth and love, let him analyze himself and see who is to blame and when he discovers that he alone is at fault, let him again analyze himself and see what barriers he has placed between himself and the fulness of his expression.

There is nothing in all the universe that a man cannot have if he really wants it and is willing to pay for it by assuming its responsibilities. The only price a man can possibly pay for anything is to assume its responsibility and to make himself servant of the law by being master of his possessions.

All possessions imply a responsibility and it is well to cultivate our capacity to meet our desires and to strengthen our ability to respond to the demands which necessarily follow when one attracts the great gifts of life.

We live according to our faith because faith is the active force which follows belief and knowledge. If a man wishes to cultivate his power of attraction let him first concentrate his attention until he can perceive and know what he wants; then let him recognize the force in himself which corresponds to his desire; then by understanding himself and his relation to what he desires, he will be able to assimilate and so attract the force or the quality or the substance, which his faith attracts to him.

The surprising part of it is that under existing conditions men are

as successful as most of them are. They are so mistaken in their conception of their own power and all battered and bruised by the opinions and condemnation of each other to say nothing of the suppressing and dwarfing influence of custom which does not permit a man to eat or wear or say or do that which is natural to him, because he must follow the lines and the laws already passed by a generation whose requirements were different from his own.

But the real of men, the God of them is such a marvelous magnet and such a wonderful force in itself that its divine spark is his life force and so long as that pure spark of truth vitalizes a man, he has the innate power to make of himself whatsoever he will whether his present condition is that of prince or beggar or whether his relation to men is that of master or slave.



It is not alone the conscious desire which causes men to attract what belongs to them because many times we attract sorrowful things and no one would consciously demand sorrow; the sorrowful things are merely the result of the absence of vital force which consciousness would immediately supply, because consciousness always results in a fulness of vital force which clears away sorrow and replaces it with the light of understanding.

Every condition which comes to an individual whether it is one of ease or one of dis-ease whether of joy or of grief responds to an innate quality in the man whether he is

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consciously aware of it or not. He recognizes the condition and is willing (or resigned) to assimilate it, otherwise it would be impossible for it to abide with him.

Men are free whether they realize it or not and in no way do they manifest their freedom more than in the quality of the life force which they attract and in the manner of their treatment of it after they attract it.

And yet it is a most pitiful wail which goes up all over the world for freedom. If we could or would only realize that all we need do to be perfectly free is to be aware of our great privilege of choice. My soul cannot be bound unless I forge the chains of its bondage and just as soon as I release my own chains then shall I be master of myself and of my life.

The free soul has absolutely no fear. Death itself is welcomed as a friend, for death may be the great deliverer. We are living for the all time and while today is a part of the all time and we are giving our best to today—there are many todays.

More and more as the completeness of life unfolds in the experiences of the individual does he perceive his own responsibility for all that is, of his own. He may have what he wills to have; he may do what he wills to do, but he must be ready to meet the demands of what

he has and what he wills, lest through the weakness of his own lack it may crush him by the strength of its fulness.

The normal man only makes normal demands. He recognizes his privilege of having of this world's goods as much as he can assimilate. He perceives no lack in himself and as he develops normally and completely he attracts life's blessings according to his increasing capacity and we find him healthy and comfortable and happy in his own way.

The abnormal man is inclined to perceive flaws in everything and in everybody because he is full of them himself. He may be overwhelmed with possessions on one plane and starving to death on another, and starvation in some form is the only cause of bodily disintegration. He may recognize and assimilate too much money and be actually dying for human love; but if there is a lack anywhere the condition is abnormal and should be remedied.

The law of life is a law of perfect expression; it recognizes no flaws and no inharmony.

The law of life gives to men exactly what it receives from them and it is their great privilege to meet it in its own free opulence and strength;

Because the divinely human being may select for himself his part in the infinite activity.



Mind the Perfect Instrument

NONA L. BROOKS



WHILE in one sense of the word, every student of truth recognizes that potentially the mind is perfect, in another sense he realizes that he may not have developed the power to manifest in their fulness the great powers of his own mind.

Man is realizing more and more the value of the higher mental unfoldment and on every hand we see greater effort and consequently greater accomplishment in the direction of mind unfoldment and mastery.

In his effort to attain mind power, man has wasted time, money and energy, by attempting to cram his mind with facts and by loading his memory with unnecessary data, instead of developing his mind in the consciousness of its own powers.

To develop the mental faculties, one must not confine himself to any one line of study or to any one phase of thought such as mathematics or music or any other one of the fine arts; they are useful in their own way but it is only one way. Even to be efficient in several directions is not the whole of the ideal. Many people have gained many material accomplishments and still feel that they lack in the essential qualities of true mental attainment.

The ideal of complete mental power necessitates having the thought clear and definite, the in-

sight good, the imagination vivid, the memory accurate, the creative faculty active and the judgment correct; and with all this one must have strong sympathy and the ability to express himself through these attainments in the right way and at the right time.

Now let us see if we have the basis for the attainment of these qualities: All phases of natural science and psychology teach the omnipresence of infinite power, and omnipresence in its relation to the individual and carried to its logical conclusion means the full endowment of the individual with the attributes of the universal qualities and among these attributes is the power in man to develop his inherent potentialities in perfect expression.

It is the privilege as well as the duty of man to develop these powers and there are many methods in the process of such development. A method is merely the means or the process, not at all the end, but a certain faith or belief in the process is necessary for the accomplishment of any purpose.

The knowledge of this omnipresence in all of life gives us the recognition of the full endowment in each one of us of every God-like quality, and it naturally follows that such faith gives us a consequent faith in the process which will steadily unfold and develop these inherent qualities.

Before one can come into a full

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recognition of the omnipresence of good he must free himself from all self condemnation and regard himself as perfectly endowed; there are many forms of self limitation but none more weakening than that which convinces a man that he is defective in any way.

Then the student must realize that he is in no way affected by past conditions or by any form of hereditary weakness any more than he is affected by future failures or the condition which men regard as age. The man who is master of his mental faculties is master of all time limitations, and strengthens with his appreciation of the value of time rather than weakens by his former attitude of dread toward it.

Also he must give no consideration to the thought which would make him feel that any seeming lack of education or memory or of power to concentrate can in any way limit him, because man is far greater and stronger than any of those conditions and as soon as he recognizes his strength he will easily master them.

Having come into the realization of his potential power and also determined to overcome what he has considered his weakness, let the student devote a few moments each day to clear and definite thinking and in that daily thought let him take for the basis of his contemplation, the thought of omnipresence.

It is not necessary to make any effort or to attempt to strenuously control the mind's action but simply and easily let the glorious conception of omnipresence enfold every passing thought which enters the mind and in its radiance everything will present itself in the light of truth.

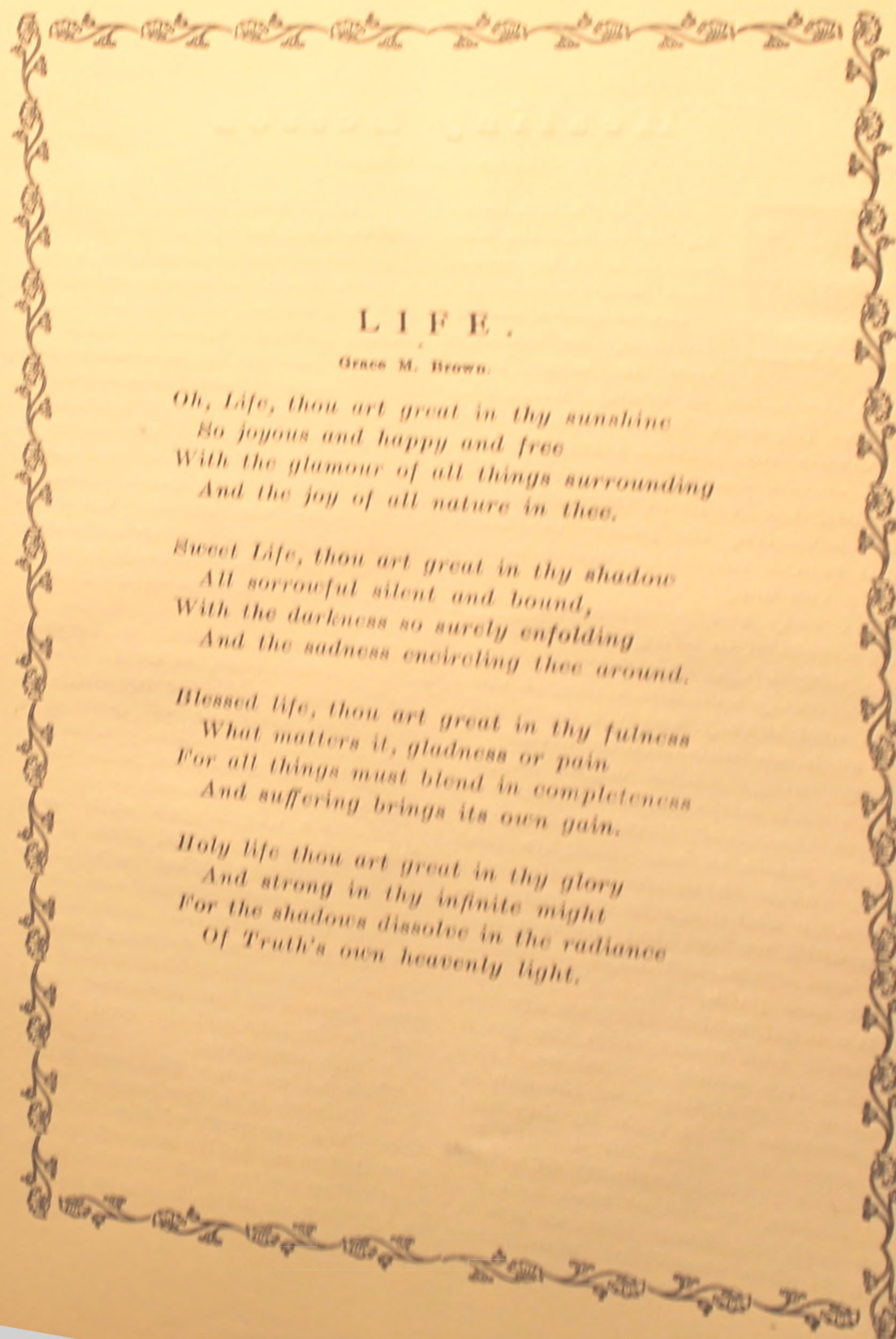
In the cultivation of insight, it is a good plan to affirm the oneness with all forms of life and in picturing any idea one will always give the imagination recognition, but he should do so by holding the idea of the good, the pure and the beautiful in his consciousness of oneness with the infinite mind.

It takes very little practice before one is convinced that all his faculties are strengthening, the memory is manifesting power and the judgment is developing in the light of justice and sympathy.

Correct judgment is of the utmost value to the man who desires to help others and as one advances along the pathway of power he realizes that the great purpose of life is to help others and to use his faculties for the good of all men.

There is no consciousness which comes to mankind which gives him greater power than the knowledge of himself in his position of usefulness; for the love of use gives men the power of true action, the strength of mighty endurance and the joy of pure love.



A decorative border of small, stylized flowers and leaves runs along the top, bottom, and sides of the page.

L I F E .

Grace M. Brown.

*Oh, Life, thou art great in thy sunshine
So joyous and happy and free
With the glamour of all things surrounding
And the joy of all nature in thee.*

*Sweet Life, thou art great in thy shadow
All sorrowful silent and bound,
With the darkness so surely enfolding
And the sadness encircling thee around.*

*Blessed life, thou art great in thy fulness
What matters it, gladness or pain
For all things must blend in completeness
And suffering brings its own gain.*

*Holy life thou art great in thy glory
And strong in thy infinite might
For the shadows dissolve in the radiance
Of Truth's own heavenly light.*

Healing Lesson

EMMA J. HOLLISTER.



HERE is no wealth equal to health, and health is of the heart and understanding.

The cause of all in-harmony is obstruction in some form and the cause of bodily disease is some physical obstruction which prevents the perfect circulation of the blood; and this interference is usually the result of fear or anxiety which destroy the peace of mind and reflect their destructive action upon the body.

We may not be conscious of being afraid or of being anxious about any one thing. We may in reality be perfectly well and living in comfort and luxury and yet there may be such an unconscious dread of many things which might happen and such a mistaken idea of our own errors that fear, dread and worry fill so much of our thoughts that their subtle influence impairs our digestion and disturbs our heart action until we feel that life is a failure and spend our days in resentment and pain.

We must realize that we are not separate and apart from the great intelligence which created us. The infinite force that placed the sun in the heavens for a light by day and the moon and stars for a light by night, in perfect harmony of order and action, created us also, and we may feel and know that we are a part of this wonderful manifestation and must recognize our rela-

tion to it that we may grow and evolve with it.

Growth is a natural process and must have free action. Even a plant cannot grow if you place a stone or a clod of earth upon it too heavy for it to push aside; how much more important that men should not interfere with their own growth by placing obstructions and clods in their way which require such great effort for them to push aside.

Suppose we release ourselves from all physical tension for a time and use some of our force in analyzing our conditions both of mind and body.

The present moment is the only time which is ours, let us fill it with the realization of our blessings, of our great privileges of possession and association. Think what it means to be associated with those who are dearest on earth to us, how our hearts would glow with love and tenderness toward them if we should consider what separation from them would mean and how blessed we are in that association.

We can fill the seeming dreary waste of life until it blossoms as the rose if we will but recognize and radiate the love and the good which is within ourselves.

Then let us know that our place of usefulness is in our present position. We are part of the infinite plan and must fulfil our work in our particular realm and it rests with us whether we do so in the sunshine or in the shadow.

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If we would unfold in grace and perfection as does the lily of the field, we must abide in the sunlight of love and recognize it as the great constructive force. By our attitude of mind we manifest our bodies. To think well is to build well and no thing limits us save our thought concerning ourselves.

Breathe deeply of the fresh pure air, with the consciousness that all our wants are supplied from the universal reservoir of the all life, so when you breathe let it be, not only with the action of the lungs and uplifting of the chest, but with the inner understanding that God first breathed into us the breath of life and that we thus made in His image, may inbreathe His fulness and perfection for all time.

Remember that the body is the temple of the living God and that living means active doing, and we should live in the spirit of love and joy. It is through conscious living

that we express the fulness of health and that we radiate the life that abounds within us.

All the good of life is ours for the asking and we may be assured that whatsoever we ask with faith is already ours; so let us be glad of our privileges and kind and loving in our action, with the consciousness that we are children of the King, creatures of power, who carry the healing force with us wherever we go.

And finally let us fill the hours with useful work and let us do with loving thoughts whatever comes to us to do; then nothing but forces of life and strength can enter our bodies because we add to ourselves according to the quality of our thought.

In the light of love there is no fear and fear has no place in the realm of truth and its perfect expression.

"O God, I pray that not too much of calm be mine, but one day let the maddened waters break against my soul.

O God, I pray for not too much of joy, but let me also weep alone in life's great night of woe.

O God, I pray for not too much of loving but let my breast know bitterness, and let my heart know an unanswered cry."

Muriel Strode.

God give us MEN. That is the prayer of a groping and waiting world. We want men who will stand for the good of the race, rather than seem to be what they are not, that thereby they may advance their private interests. Give us men who will lead us out of the quagmire of selfishness onto the fair and sunlit plain of brotherhood. We need simple, upright, God-filled souls who dare to stand for humanity and for the Truth.

J. A. Edgerton.

WELTMER'S MAGAZINE

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Editorial

MEDICAL LEGISLATION

THIS year there is the usual number of medical bills proposed in the various state legislatures, ostensibly for the regulation of the practice of medicine, but in reality with the purpose of limiting the practice of healing the sick to the members of the regular medical schools.

These bills are all proposed by doctors of the regular schools, never by advocates of reform systems and never by the people themselves, who are most affected except in a financial sense.

If the people need protection from medical fakers it is rather strange that they never ask for it but have it forced on them by the orthodox regulars, who forget that they one time had to fight for their own right to heal the sick.

It has not been many years since the osteopaths had no legal right to practice healing and the legal departments of the Medical Associations were kept busy writing bills and conducting lobbies intended to choke out osteopathy. The homeopathist had very much the

same experience and now the psycho-theraputists are going through the mill.

All medical legislation is class legislation and usually overreaches its original purpose. However, when legislative enactments become statutes, regardless of their justice or injustice, whether constitutional or not, they are the laws of the state in which they exist.

In Missouri, the pending bill would deprive the individual citizen of any choice in securing relief from sickness, through other than the regular medical channels, and from this view-point, is not in harmony with the Constitution of the United States. But this will not deter our law makers from passing it, nor will it deter boards of health from attempting to enforce it.

The spirit of the measure is commercial pure and simple, as the penalty clause is based upon whether or not the person rendering service receives compensation for such service. The evident idea of the framers of this bill, and of those who wish to have it passed (which is confined exclusively to the medical profession, who do not feel that they can make a living prac-

ticing their profession upon the merit it contains), is to deprive all other practitioners of the privilege of making a living by any other method, regardless of the fact that it may contain all the merit necessary to heal disease.

Waiving the injustice to the healer whose system is not in accord with the established laws of regular medicine, is it justice to that person who, having no faith in medicine, desires another method of treatment? This, of course, has never been considered by the legislators, nor is there a record anywhere to show that the person who receives treatment other than medical treatment, has ever demanded protection or asked for the passage of such a law.

No one is deceived by the cry of the doctors that medical legislation is for the purpose of protecting the sick or for the purpose of protecting the people at large. This is plainly a pretense to hide the real reason for medical laws which is the protection of The Infant Industry of Medicine. The orthodox system of medicine is only a few thousand years old and is still so much of an experiment, (an experiment that is falling into bad repute) that stringent laws are needed to keep the populace from trying too freely other systems of healing.

What would the doctors of the country say if the psycho-therapists were to endeavor to get laws passed prohibiting anybody to heal under any other system? Would they not raise up with an intense howl of "Class legislation" and an

indignant protest against the law-making bodies taking under their protection healing systems which should have to fight their own way and prove their merits. Not that there is any danger of the mental healers calling for any such legislation. No indeed. They know that they are able to hold their own in competition with other systems of healing and they need no protection of laws against their competitors. They can produce results, as they are doing all the time in fields where the ordinary physicians have failed. The mental healer of today has never a chance to treat an ordinary acute disease, but practices entirely on chronic cases which have been pronounced hopeless by the regular physician. Even with this drawback the mental healer has no difficulty in keeping busy. The proper thing for the Medical Associations to do is to spend their money educating their members in the new systems thus enabling them to successfully compete with the new healers. The doctor would act wiser should he incorporate into his work all that is discovered along therapeutic lines instead of fighting it until he is forced to take it up in self defense.

A man has as much right to say what medicine he shall take as to select his food. If the doctors want to protect the people why do they not ask for a board of mental healers to examine applicants for license to practice that form of therapeutics? No sane mental healer would object to this but all would rather welcome it.

The Unanswerable Question

THEOLO G. REVERSE



I'd been grubbin' sprouts all afternoon, not a very pleasant task, but one that doesn't take much thinkin' after you once get started. Sprouts has an aggervatin' way of slappin' you in the face when you don't hit 'em right that keeps you from forgettin' what you're doin', but there's lots of time when you have a chance to think an' still do your work. An' that's what I was doin' that day, grubbin' an' thinkin' an' thinkin' an' grubbin'.

The pasture where I was workin' was a way up the side almost to the top of a high rocky hill, where the timber had been cleared the winter before for the wood, an' nothin' had been planted there durin' the summer.

When I stopped to stand up an' straighten my back after bendin' over those tough second-growths for a while (grubbin' sprouts sure makes a man feel his age), I could look out over one of the prettiest scenes that has ever met my eye. On the hill above me was the tufts of red leaved sprouts standin' in irregular bunches an' rows, an' down hill, where I'd finished grubbin', was piles like haystacks with the green bark on the slim stems an' the whitish scars that my ax had made, showin' in the midst of their colored leaves. An' on down towards the valley my eye could wander over a big meadow with gray stacks of hay in one cor-

ner, an' yellow an' green stubble all over the ground, down to the corn field where I could see my cows an' calves eatin' the standin' fodder. There was the creek, runnin', crooked between its rows of sycamore, an' stragglin' thickets of wild plum, scattered, promiscuous like, along its banks, an' over on the other hill, was Jones's, Brown's, Jacobs's an' Willetts's farms lyin' all spread out there like part of a big map.

But the best of all was the top of my own house, just showin' its roof an' chimneys above the side hill. Lookin' at this, I could see in my mind's eye, the yard an' the chickens, an' dog, an' the ghosts of last summer's garden, an' of course, Mary in the kitchen door, an' as I stood there lookin' at all this, I got to thinkin' of the summer just gone, an' the spring before, an' then I thought of how a man's life is like a year, with its birthtime an' its childhood spring, its manhood summer an' autumn age, then its long winter sleep and oblivion. An' I thought of how different it used to be at the old home, how a few years ago, I wouldn't 've been sproutin' that pasture by myself, but John an' Jim an' Max would 'ave been there helpin' me, an' when we'd gone home of evenin's as the sun went down over the top of Jackson's woods, there wouldn't 'ave been just Mary to meet us at the door, but Milly an' little Mary would 'ave been there too, helpin' their mother about the supper.

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While its kind o' lonesome for Mary an' me, still, our boys an' girls have to have their lives the same as we had ours. They have to sow their own seeds of efforts an' harvest their own crops of experiences.

All these things an' more, passed through my mind while I was standin' there watchin' the sun play on the leaves of the sprout patch an' the ripples in the creek; watchin' the smoke curl up lazy like from the chimney at home, an' the crows wing their slow flight to'ard the bluffs on The Knob. An' when I was rested an' at my work again, I still thought about these things an' mused an' mused an' got wound up an' tangled in the woof of my own weavin', until I was so puzzled I could hardly tell what I was thinkin' about.

'Twas nothin' more than natural that I should go from thinkin' about the course of life to the problem of what the hereafter may be. Now there is a subject that a person can think on years an' years an' never get it settled, never get to the end of it, never be real sure of where he is, an' I was more than glad when Bill Wilkins, whose farm joins mine on the east, come over an' perched himself on the dividin' fence an' give me "Good day." I stuck my ax in a black oak stump an' walked over through the rustlin' leaves to where Bill sat, glad of the chance to pull somebody else into my difficulties, not that I thought Bill could give me any particular light on the subject, but it give me a chance to express my own ideas to somebody. A fellow thinkin' by 'imself all the time don't seem to get very far 'cause he can't see anything

but the inside of his own house, while if he's talkin' to somebody else, it's like lookin' out of the windows an' seein' the house of your neighbor, it gives you new ideas, unless you are one of that sort that never look at another fellow's house except to find fault with it.

After Bill an' I had discussed the weather an' had decided that we was to have a late, hard winter, an' we'd kinda run out of somethin' to say an' fell into a sort of waitin' silence, like we often do, I thought of what I had been puzzlin' over, an' said to Bill: "Say Bill, how do we know anything about what heaven is like; how do we know that we even want to go there, an' that it will be what we call nice if we do get there?"

Bill looked at me kinda surprised an' pityin' like, like he thought I was losin' my mind or somethin'.

"Why! you idiot! read your Bible; don't that tell you what Heaven is like?" says he.

"Yes, it pretends to," I says, "but how do I know that the feller that wrote the Bible knew any more about it than I do? Just 'cause he lived two or three thousand years ago is no sign that he was so very wise."

Did you ever notice how unreasonably mad most people get when you seem to question the authority of their Bible. Bill just got mad that way when I said this. He couldn't 'ave told what he was mad about 'f he 'd been asked, but he lit in cussin' me, sayin' I was a fool, an' that he was goin' to have me "churched" for not believin' the Bible. I let him go on an' blow off for a while; I used

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to be just that way myself an' I knew how he felt.

When he'd kinda calmed down so he could talk decent, he asked me, "Don't you believe your Bible, don't you believe it was a revelation from God?"

I answered, "I don't know whether I believe it or not, Bill, it don't look fair to me that God would give a Bible to the Jews an' let the Devil 'tend to the makin' of Bibles for the rest o' humanity." This come pretty near makin' Bill mad again, but he'd about used up his surplus energy over my other remark, an' didn't get so very riled up over this. "What do you mean?" says he, in a restrained voice.

"Well," says I, "There's a whole lot of books in the world that some folks believe in just like we believe in our Bible, each one thinkin' his is the Sacred Revelation of God's law, an' each one callin' 'imself God's chosen people, an' these Bibles don't teach the same thing. Every one is different, and it seems to me if God had been makin' all of these, he would 'ave made 'em all alike. He wouldn't 'ave made men enemies by givin' 'em different Bibles, tellin' each gang that they was his chosen people. Now here, the way I figure this out is that if God made our Bible, he didn't make the others, an' if he made any of theirs, he didn't make ours."

"That does look sorter reasonable," says Bill, "but then you know, or if you don't, I do, that just as sure as anything, all the others are only imitations an' ours is the only true one."

Well, I couldn't agree with Bill on any such statement as that, 'cause I can't see the reason for believin' one Bible any more than another, except that one's folks do, but I knew we couldn't get any place on that track, so I just brought the question back to the subject of heaven, that I'd started out on.

I says to Bill, "I can't prove which Bible is true an' which is false, or that either of them is one or the other, but it seems to me that one stands about as good a show of bein' true as another; but that isn't botherin' me now. What I'm puzzlin' about is the hereafter. I'm gettin' old an' one o' these days I'm goin' to die an' I want to know where I'm likely to go on the other side o' the grave. I've just been studyin' over this idea of heaven, an' I can't see any reason for thinkin' its goin' to be like we want it to." Here Bill cut in half mad again.

"Why, don't the Bible say"—
"Now here, Bill," I interrupted him, "there's no use goin' over that last argument about Bibles, let's just look at the question from an unprejudiced view-point, supposin' we don't believe in one Bible more'n another." Here he tried to interrupt me again, but I wouldn't be interrupted. I was goin' to say what I started out to, so I just kept right on. "Now, let's just suppose that God is a lovin' Father who created all men, an' all things, an' who loves one part of His creation as much as another. Don't that seem to you like a reasonable idea of God?"

"Yes, that's all right," says Bill, "but"—

"An' wait a minute," I interrupted him, 'cause I saw where he was headin' for, "wait 'til I get through. Then if God was a just Father, lovin' an' kind the same to every one of his people, he would give 'em all an equal chance in the world. He wouldn't pick out one lot as favorites. You wouldn't even do that yourself Bill, with your own boys, at least, you wouldn't aim to. So then, we'll take it for granted that God has created all men alike an' that all Bibles are true in the sense of any of 'em bein' true. Now, don't that seem reasonable from an unprejudiced point of view?"

"Yes that does seem reasonable," Bill admitted, "'cause I know if all my boys wanted somethin' particular, an' Mark came to me an' tried to get me to give it to him alone an' slight all the other boys, I'd not only not give it to him, but I'd give him a thrashin' besides, an' it seems that we oughtn't to accuse God of doin' somethin' that one of us wouldn't do, but then, we can't account for the ways of God, He works by mysterious means."

"Now say, Bill," I objected, "don't spring that old chestnut. If His ways are so mysterious in some things, how do you know you understand anything He does?"

"Well, I always was ashamed of that way of slippin' out of things, but that's what I hear the preacher say when I get him up a stump, an' I thought if God's ways was mysterious to him, they wouldn't be much chance for me to understand 'em, nor you either, for all you pretend to be so wise with your talk about heathen Bibles an' such stuff no de-

cent man ever heard of," says he.

I saw Bill was gettin' mad again, which kinda tickled me, as it showed he was beginnin' to appreciate his ignorance. It's funny how easy men get mad about somethin' they don't know anything about. You can make a man mad a whole lot quicker by exposin' his ignorance than you can by callin' him bad names, an' this same man you could never get to admit that he don't know it all, unless you admit the same about yourself, an' even then, he would have a mental reservation to the effect that he was the less ignorant of the two of you. So I just let Bill's remark about my pretension to wisdom, which I didn't make, go by, an' got back to the subject, 'cause I'd begun to get a little light on it now that I was puttin' my ideas into words. We can't always tell what is in our minds until we get to talkin' an' at times we'll be surprised at the things we'll say. I says to Bill.

"It looks reasonable to me that God put into each man, a spark of life, made all men equal, gave 'em minds an' bodies to work with, an' the wish to do things; gave 'em upliftin' tendencies an' desires an' then let them work out their own fate themselves, very much like you an' I did with our children. An' I think He let each people write its own Bible out of the goodness an' greatness He put into 'em, kinda as you might say, revealed Himself to 'em through their own expressions."

Bill sat there on the fence gazin' away out at the distance he didn't see, sometimes wrinkl'n his brow in

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a puzzled way, an' lookin' like he was havin' a battle as you might call it, inside of 'imself, between his desire to be fair an' his tendency to get mad at what he thought was an attack on his religion. I'd had the same sort of experience myself an' could understand just exactly what his feelin's was. After while, he managed to say:

"Well, it does seem unfair like that one people would be chosen an' be given the only true Bible an' all others be left to get their Bibles any place they could, an' besides, I guess the Jews are about the only ones that ever said that the Jews were God's chosen people, anyhow, but I can't help believin' like I was always taught and there's no use for me to try."

Well, I was that surprised to see Bill so reasonable on this subject that I almost fell off the fence. I've known him a long time, but that's the first time I ever saw him consider a question on its merits. Bill is one of these men that'd use a mowin' blade 'cause his grandfather did, 'til his neighbors got to laughin' at 'im an' he sees that he's losin' money too fast. He never questions an authority no matter how contradictory it may be, if it's old enough. I could hardly understand what was the matter with him that day that he should get so reasonable like. I didn't care anything about convincin' 'im for that matter, but I did want to show him an unprejudiced view of the question if possible. I didn't give 'im a chance to go back on what he'd said, but spoke right up just as soon as he'd finished.

"Now grantin' this is true," says I, "how am I goin' to know what to believe about heaven? How can I pretend to know anything about it? How am I goin' to know that what God thinks is a reward for good behavior is goin' to be the same as what I'd call a reward. A good many people have an idea that heaven is a place where you can sit around an' take it easy an' never have to do work like grubbin' sprouts or plowin' an' women don't have to get meals an' keep the house clean. They think all we have to do is just sit around in shiney white nighties and play on harps an' things. Now this may not be God's idea of heaven at all. For all I know, God may think that heaven would be a nice place if He made us work when we get there." I could see this was rilin' Bill up again, so I didn't give him a chance to say anything for a minute, an' just told him to keep cool an' look at the question on all sides. Pretty soon, he said:

"How is a feller to keep cool when you come trampin' on ev'ry belief he's cherished since childhood? Of course, heaven is a place of ease, don't we have enough work here on this earth without havin' to work hereafter, if we behave ourselves, an' don't it stand to reason that if God made minds an' men in His image, our minds produce ideas something like the ideas in God's mind?"

I admitted that it did seem reasonable enough, although I hadn't thought about it in just that way, but then, as I sat there musin', I happened to think of somethin' else, an' I says to Bill:

"That does seem reasonable all right, but how do you account for the fact that different people make different kinds of heavens, an' that their heavens are all filled with those things that those particular men want here on earth? Now if we're goin' to change after we die and throw off our earthly natures, don't it stand to reason that things that seem desirable to us now would not be so when we do get to heaven? An' if the ideas of heaven that the different men make are expressions of God's ideas of heaven, how is it that there are so many different ideas an' only one God, an' these ideas so contradictory, too? There is the Buddhist whose heaven is the end of personality, annihilation of all that he knows of himself, the Mohammedan's heaven, a place filled with dissolute women, an' the

Christian's heaven, a place of lazy ease, not to mention all the other different kinds. How can these ideas of the same thing be so different if any of 'em are anything like right an' spring from the likeness of man's mind to the mind of the Father who has created man in His own image?"

Well, as I said at the start, you could think about this subject forever an' never settle anything. Bill's wife called him about this time, an' I went an' got my ax an' started home to do the chores, an' for all our talkin' we weren't any nearer to the settlement than when we began. An' what does it matter anyhow? I guess I've got plenty to do on this side of the grave without worryin' about what's on the other side.

Daily Concentration.

SUNDAY.—I pray that purity of life may strengthen and enfold and give me greater love for all mankind.

MONDAY.—I shall give the very best I know and all the skill I have to this day's work.

TUESDAY.—I shall speak my thought with words of truth and power, but I shall speak with love and gentle courtesy.

WEDNESDAY.—It rests with me to rule supreme in all my life's conditions, and I shall so master them by ruling first myself.

THURSDAY.—I shall breathe no thought or word of condemnation, lest I find myself in some sorrowful bondage.

FRIDAY.—And now I release from every limitation of my thought, each child of God I know that I also may be free.

SATURDAY.—I trust the law with patience, for I know that time is infinite, and all of time and all of space declare the perfect action of the law.

Associate Editors' Corner

COZY CHATS

Grace M. Brown



Did you read in the paper this morning about the woman who heard the call of her dying children, whom she had left in their home a few hours before, while she was several blocks away from them at work?

This devoted mother has three children, almost babies, whom she is obliged to leave in the care of her invalid father each day while she does the work of janitress in a school building in the neighborhood. Think of that! Some of you mothers who feel that you are bored with the demanding claim of baby insistencies, and tired with the clinging grasp of baby fingers—think of what it means to be obliged to leave those precious little treasure burdens and toil the blessed sunlight time that you might supply them with bread and butter and most of the time with the butter and jam left out.

While this brave little mother was away at her work, she heard her children call her. Her inner senses were awakened and she rushed to her home just in time to save the entire family from asphyxiation. One of the mischievous toddlers had, with childish curiosity, turned the knob of the tiny gas range to see what was inside and the subtle substance inside, so useful in its proper place and so deadly apart from it, treach-

erously attacked those human lives and but for the mother's recognition of that soul cry she would indeed have known the tragic woe of life.

Suppose the humble little mother had not listened and responded to what would seem to the ordinary mind a foolish freak of imagination, her treasures would have slipped out of her life as the pearls of great price always slip away from us when we are not true to the soul cry.

Suppose men would always hearken to the inner demand; suppose they would give attention to the soul cry, we would not read of so many horrible tragedies and so many frightful disasters, because it is always man's utter failure to be true to himself which brings him into relation with all the tragic phases of life.

Of course on the surface of things it would seem as though we are creatures of circumstance and victims of life's freaks but a very little analysis in the light of truth will convince us that all unfortunate circumstances are the result of misdirected human energy and that there are no chance circumstances.

Even when men have been so unreal that in national as well as individual affairs they find themselves in meshes of seeming uncontrollable misfortune—there is always the inner voice and always the consciousness of the divine spark of hope which insists that it

is never too late to dissolve present negative conditions by changing their basis of action to the platform of reality.

The real things.

The truly genuine.

Isn't it restful just to think about them?

And yet how easy it is to hide them in the shadow of conventional nothingness and cover them with tottering shams because we are ashamed of our true impulses and afraid to say or do what we really want to because of what some one might think.

Maybe geniuses are cranks, perhaps the divine light of inspiration comes to people who are *queer* and *different* but whether it be the inspiration which called the toiling mother to her suffering babies or whether it be the inspiration which stimulates a world to action, it is God-given and divinely real.

Sometimes it takes a hard jolt to compel a man to realize that there is anything besides husks in all the universe, he is satisfied with husks and what is the use of looking further. People may be so loaded with material possessions that they leave the real possession and the soul of things out of their consideration, they become so crusted with falsities that when the real of them demands expression there is a terrific smash up and fortunes and lives are shattered in the smash.

The only safe place for a man to stand is upon the rock of reality, and when he has his feet firmly upon that rock neither storm nor wind nor bitter blast can shake his

position of power.

The recognition of the genuine in himself forces a man to action. He who understands his own relation to life will not long remain in the stagnation of satisfaction or in the degenerating atmosphere of selfcomplacency. No, he hears the soul cry of the children of men and it calls him on to action, constant, incessant, demanding action and in it he manifests strength and power, in and through the law?

The man of reality, by strength of his own realization is soon shaken out of his physical into his spiritual consciousness but he is true to himself whatever his plane of expression or his field of action.

Who would not rather be a big growing sunflower out in the open sunlight true to itself and utterly without shame than a half hearted sunflower trying to be a lily and artificially housed and surfeited with care in the home of the lily.

Dear Heaven let us be true to our selves and true to one quality, and let not artificiality and the judgment of men overcome us.

*So if thou art a weed,
Live as the weed must live
And therein find thy joy
And if a cabbage
Call the cabbage world thine own.*

*The rose knows its own realm
And graciously shall to itself be true
So all of form
Must breathe the God-life to itself
In its own way
Thus only shall all form
Prove true.*

Walters Magazine

MUSINGS

Ernest Walters

My
Position

By the expression of my opinions on certain questions I have raised for myself several critics as I naturally expected I would. One of them takes me to task for criticising the President for killing beasts and perhaps in common with a good many others entirely confuses my meaning with something far different. I do not object to killing things where such an act is in any sense necessary to the self preservation or the advancement of a man (or of a beast either, for that matter), for we find in all of nature a constant conflict between things from the lowest in the scale to the highest and we find that one individual advances always over the dead bodies or the head hopes of his fellows. All of life shows us this constant warfare, makes every thing a killer in one sense or another. All other things but man kill only when necessity demands and not because they find pleasure in it. I do not object to taking life but do object to man finding pleasure in doing so. Suffering is necessary it seems, but that is no reason, and there is no reason, for man finding pleasure in the sufferings of anything else, and the boy who tortures a fly impaled on a pin is not as savage and is much more excusable than the man, who, arrived at the years of discretion, takes his gun and his dog and goes out in the woods or the open fields and finds pleasure in the destruction of its denizens. President Roosevelt

did not go to Colorado and endure the hardships of the camp because he was hungry for bear meat, he went hunting because he enjoyed it and he enjoyed killing the bears because he has no feeling for them and is not effected by their suffering.

It is entirely beside the point as to whether an animal has a soul or not (for that matter I have yet to see the man who can prove that he has anything that he does not possess in common with all other animals except in degree.) He can convince himself that he is something that animals are not, he can soothe a natural repugnance he may suffer at causing pain by telling himself that he is lord of all creation and that everything is made for him, but he constitutes the whole of the audience to which his reasons are proofs and even he will find it difficult to subdue all of the promptings of his better nature to listen to the voice of the divine within himself which tells him that this blood-thirsty, bigoted attitude towards all other things is false.

Why cannot man be content to live in brotherhood with man, with animals with all things and be at least as decent as the animals themselves? I do not criticise President Roosevelt because I think it is going to do him any good, but because the papers have been full of one side of his barbarous expeditions and his case presents a good illustration of this practice. My whole reason for taking up the matter at all is to call peoples' attention to this, believing that if they once think of it they can never feel just right to go on killing things for pleasure.

"If men would look into the eyes of the animals they are killing, as they breathe their last gasps I think there would be less killing done," is a remark I once heard made by a hunter. I think that some of those who criticise me so severely for presuming to think that an animal has some right to life and happiness besides those granted by man, would find it difficult to believe animals lacking in the divine spark if they would watch the eyes of a dying animal. As I said before, my contention is not that man cease killing but that man cease seeking pleasure in pain and death, that man kill only from necessity; that he grant to everything else on earth the same right to life, liberty and happiness that he claims for himself; that he give this to other men and to all animals. And I think that I am right in saying that so long as a man does not hold this attitude toward all things he cannot hold it towards one thing; that so long as a man can find pleasure in the destruction of any of God's creatures he is not fit for the office of a preacher of any of God's Gospels, has no business posing as a moral teacher of man.

I write this not in defense of anything I have said and not in reply to my critics; their letters I enjoy as much as any letters I receive, but merely in explanation of my position, feeling that some may have misunderstood me.

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Mental Laziness

How few lives are guided by the rules reason and knowledge have laid down for the smoothing of the paths of existence!

And not alone is this true of hot headed irresponsible youth; people of experience-ripe maturity are as often ruled by caprice and carelessly formed habits, as by the wisdom they may have acquired in attendance upon "Nature's hardest school." Especially is this so if their youth has been entirely unruled or at best only temporarily and fitfully restrained from following the currents met with in their environments.

As a rule men do so little towards the intelligent controlling of their lives that their attitudes toward life in its various phases are often the result of the influence of the most trivial circumstances, or even of chance over-heard remarks. Their opinions are as unstable as the weather-cock mounted high on the cupalo of the barn which veers uncertainly even when the air seems still and shifts dizzily in the slightest breeze, and, lacking the least form of self controlling mechanism, is at the mercy of every current, and so unsteady that it is hardly to be depended upon to tell the direction of the prevailing wind. By exercising no initiative whatever, men can put themselves in very much the same relation to the currents of their environment which would bias their opinions, as the unsteady weather cock bears to the currents of the air. While this is an extreme illustration and it would perhaps be difficult to cite an example which would not make it seem overdrawn, it still gives only an extreme of a condition that really exists.

As a rule men are not given to weighing carefully the statements

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they hear, but either accept them on account of plausibility or because they run parallel to some prejudice of their own, or refuse them notice because they do not, with as little thought of their real merit. It would sometimes be difficult for a man who has espoused some new cause or adopted some new idea to tell just why he has taken that step. The plausibility of its expression is more often a cause for the adoption of the new idea than is the strength of its logic or the reasonableness of its claims. Few men stop to consider whether a thing is reasonable and logical, whether it will bear the tests of experience; but if it agrees in some measure with their preconceived opinions or happens to strike them just right, they, like the weather-cock will turn their faces toward it and then unlike that unsteady creature of tin, stick there with the tenacity of prejudice, waiting to test the strength of their position until they are called upon to defend it.

This condition is often the result of pure laziness, which is in my judgment, the one chief sin, if we may call it so, of the race. It requires an effort to reason on things and to form opinions for one's self. It is much easier to accept tradition and the opinions of others than to study out things for one's self and make one's own opinions. Such laziness is more or less excusable in the child, for it naturally believes everything that is told it by those it respects and loves, and looks to authority as its only source of knowledge, but there is no reason why these habits begun in childhood

should last through the whole of one's life. The child has not the capacities for reasoning as it has not the materials, furnished only by experience, with which to work, but the normal man has both reasoning capacity and experience. It is his privilege and even his duty to think for himself; to express in fullest measure the God-like power of judgment he may develop through the proper use of imagination and reason.

Opinions would not be so important or deserve so much attention if they did not make our attitudes. There is no more important factor in the sum of human happiness than one's attitude towards the people, the conditions and relations with which he comes in contact. We do not touch things themselves, (and by things we mean not only objects, but as well relations and conditions) we only interpret them and upon our interpretations base our actions. The nature of these interpretations also determines whether we are affected pleasantly or unpleasantly by our contact with them. Our attitude towards a thing exercises, we might say, almost a controlling influence upon our interpretation of its phases.

Which does not dispose of the question but which at least, opens it.



The Questions and Answers Department is omitted this month on account of a lack of questions. When we receive no questions there will be no answers for we will not both ask and answer them. The W. N. T. F. Department is also omitted because of a lack of news.

The Open Letter Box

A LIFE STUDY

"Life is a very funny proposition after all," were the words handed to me a few days ago, and a few verses written upon the subject described life as looked upon by many people of earth today. Birth, trials and tribulations, with a few pleasures now and then, and death. Is this all of life? If so, then it must be a failure, for who of all the people of earth can say they understand and enjoy it?

The majority of people have remained in ignorance too long already, on the greatest subject in existence—Life, but now they are being awakened by many events, and the cry going out from the hearts and minds is for a greater knowledge and understanding of life.

First of all, every individual possesses all there is to it. One has no more than another, only a few have a greater understanding of it, having studied the question more. We must all acknowledge that some power greater, and more highly developed than we, exists, and holds in obeisance this great universe of which we are not able to conceive at our present stage of development. We must next admit that we are a part of that universe, and a germ of the great power ruling over all things. Being an emanation, or part of this great life principle, surely we are able to place ourselves in communication with it, and learn how to live and grow into the high-

est stage of development.

This we cannot learn from the outside, but must enter into our closets, and there in the quiet commune with ourselves (the germ of life) and draw from the great fountain of life and knowledge what we are ready to receive, and each day we will find ourselves growing in wisdom, and soon understood all things that now perplex us.

When once understood, life will be so beautiful, and all mistakes and errors pass away, but before the world enters into a state of harmony, peace and happiness, every individual must know himself and his relationship to the principle of life.

Each man must be his own redeemer. Too long have people been taught to cast their burdens upon some one else, and by so doing have been weakening their own characters.

Have faith in yourself, and the power from which you came, and there is nothing in all the universe that you cannot accomplish and understand.

Nellie Hupp Gibson.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Mrs. Eddy, the Mother(?) of Christian Science, seems to have the lion's share of attention just now. However the investigations may end, the fact remains that she has done the world an incalculable good. If Mrs. Eddy has done no more than

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deliver to us the product of another as claimed by Mark Twain, she deserves credit for seeing the crying needs of the present time. "God is not dumb that he should speak no more." Sects, like individuals should be analyzed not criticised. Christian Science is the natural consequence of a *too materialistic orthodoxy*; and if the pendulum has swung too far, who's to blame? "Truth, you will find a golden mean." While we can't ignore matter, we cannot like the orthodox world grovel in materialism.

Just think of the intelligence of today, being asked to accept the doctrines of the atonement, and of the *literal resurrection and ascension of the Christ*. Away with such stuff! We'll have none of it.

"We are spirits clad in veils,

Man by man was never seen;

All our deep communing fails

To remove the shadowy screen."

The swaddling bands of orthodoxy have served their time; and the disciples of the broader faith are looking for something to feed upon in order to grow; and the philosophers' stone they have found within their own bosoms. "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string." Christian Science will have to stand the light of investigation and the fire of analysis; and it is right that it should. It will have to be willing to be added to, and taken from, or it will suffer the fate of all crystallized beliefs. *Growing* man must necessarily have a *growing* religion. In the *great fall* man fell upward, and his steps have had that tendency

ever since.

If Christian Science can hoist the orthodox world as many notches as did Robert Ingersoll, it will show powerful leverage to say the least, and will not have lived in vain. However it may seem to others, to us, it were far better to be lost on the high seas of liberal investigation than to rot in the docks of orthodoxy. God speed the day when all can say: "I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold, in every creed and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul."—M. S. Wainscott.



DRUGLESS HEALING:

TWO MORE OPINIONS

Prof. Ernest Weltner,

Dear Sir:—I'll try and notice a few of the questions in the "Open Letter Box" in the February number. Ans. I.—The Seventy Disciples sent out by Christ and given power to heal the sick. We have no account of where the Apostles laid their hands on them. See Luke 10:17. Through the name of Christ they did this. Mark 9:49. The Apostles seemed to oppose this and this seemed more difficult than other healing from Luke 10:17, Mark 9:18. Philip was one of the twelve, Matt. 10:3. There was another Philip who was a deacon, Act. 6:5, but not an Apostle, Act 6:20. This Philip was chosen from among the other disciples. Paul healed the

sick Act. 28: 8,9. Ananias laid his hands on Paul, Act. 9:17, 18 that he might receive his sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost and not to heal the sick. The Apostles and the seventy healed long before Pentecost and Paul healed after that time, but Ananias was not an Apostle. Others could confer the gift of healing through the name of Jesus. It was not confined to the Apostles to confer the gift. God does that by his spirit, John 14:10, 1 Cor. 12:9, 10, 11. Paul wrote some things of his own accord, the wine recommended to Timothy was one of these writings, 1 Tim. 5:23. The Bible teaches that healing the sick should continue until Jesus comes, by laying on of hands, anointing with oil and prayer. This we learn from James 5, for after having told us that "The Coming of the Lord draweth nigh" James 5: 7, 8, he tells us how the sick were to be healed James 5: 14, 15. These are thoughts after having read the scriptures on this subject.

This is not intended as a criticism on the questions asked in the February number, but views as to the meaning of God's word. I am a seeker after the truth and that is what God's word teaches.

T. D. Berry, Orlinda, Tenn.

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Editor Weltmer's Magazine.

It may be that I should hold my thoughts, but in your Magazine of February I notice an article from a Mr. S. C. Pruitt, who disagrees or seems to, with Mr. R. H. Reaves, on healing.

Now, I have not seen Mr. Reaves' article having failed to get my No-

vember and December numbers. Mr. Pruitt says, Jesus only gave the power to heal to the twelve Apostles, all others received their power by laying on of the hands of the Apostles. But we find Jesus sent out "other seventy," giving them the same command He did the twelve. What about it? Thousands or years before Jesus and these Apostles were born into the world, these wonders were being practiced. So there is somewhere else to hunt for these things besides Jesus and his twelve Apostles.

Wonder what power we go to to believe, have faith and steadfastness? Is it God power? What is it? God is all and in all, and without Him is nothing. Mr. Pruitt also asked some questions.

Ans. to 1st question, Where is Elijah and Elisha?

Ans. to 2nd question, God is the power. The Apostles did not give it.

Ans. to 3rd question, "And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils. They shall take up serpents and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Mark Chap 16, Vs. 17-18.

Ans. to 4th question, The law of our being heals, but before we can exercise healing, we must know the law of our being, and the principles that put it into action.

Our Heavenly Father gave us the gift of Healing through his Son. All gifts for the welfare of man come of the Father. The gift of healing

(Concluded at bottom of page 32)

Monthly Metaphysical Review

In the February number of *Eternal Progress* is a rather remarkable article on natal and prenatal causes of human greatness. It is entitled "Why Remarkable Parents do Not Have Remarkable Children," and the author is not content with telling why this is usually the case but also gives some rules whereby it is possible he claims, for very ordinary parents to produce extraordinary offspring. We would like to know of some *results* of the application of these rules, for if their practice will in any degree produce the results promised, the world should know of it, for their general use would make great men so common that they would really be mediocre. This system has had ample time to produce results if it is going to produce them, for it has been published in book form for a long time. The only proof of it will be results not plausibility nor beauty of statement. The following is an interesting extract from the article referred to:

Since like produces like, it may seem impossible for parents to have children greater than themselves, but we discover that your child is not the reproduction of yourself, but the product of the love, the creative energy and the mentality that you were able to give to that child's conception.

We all know that love can be increased far beyond the normal when the conditions for such increase are favorable; and through control of attention, we can turn all the creative energies of the system into the pro-creative functions; and we can also enter states of mind, at times, that are far superior to our every day states. Consequently it is possible to have children that are not like our ordinary selves, but like our extraordinary states of being.

We can temporarily produce these extraordinary states of being, when we are not only at our best, but far beyond our usual best; and it is during these extraordinary states that the prodigy and the genius is conceived. No matter how much creative energy you may daily employ in your work, you can turn the flow of all energy, at the time of your child's conception, and give that child the same kind of a life that is making a genius out of yourself.

You can easily afford to stop your regular work for a few days, and turn all the creative powers of your being towards the pro-creative function, when you know that in this way a genius far greater than yourself will be conceived.

You can easily afford to give several days, preparing your mind for an extraordinary consciousness of superiority, when you know that you will transmit this superiority to the child soon to be conceived.

You can easily afford to forget all other loves, all other attachments and interests for a few days, and give your whole heart and world to your companion, while you know that such a love will become

is not of the Apostles, but the power of the knowledge to put into action the law of our being. When the Presbytery lay their hands on a Deacon, does it give him any

spiritual power he did not already have? There is one God in whom is all power. He constitutes the whole.—Wm. McBrayer, Box 39, Dallas, Ga.

FOUR OF PROF. WELTMER'S BOOKS

Which have never been equaled for their teaching power and the simple strength of their statements. They deal with the most important questions of life in simple language and practical demonstration. They are books that are alive. All live men need to read them.

REGENERATION. (Revised.)

This book teaches the scientific method of regenerating every part of the human body.

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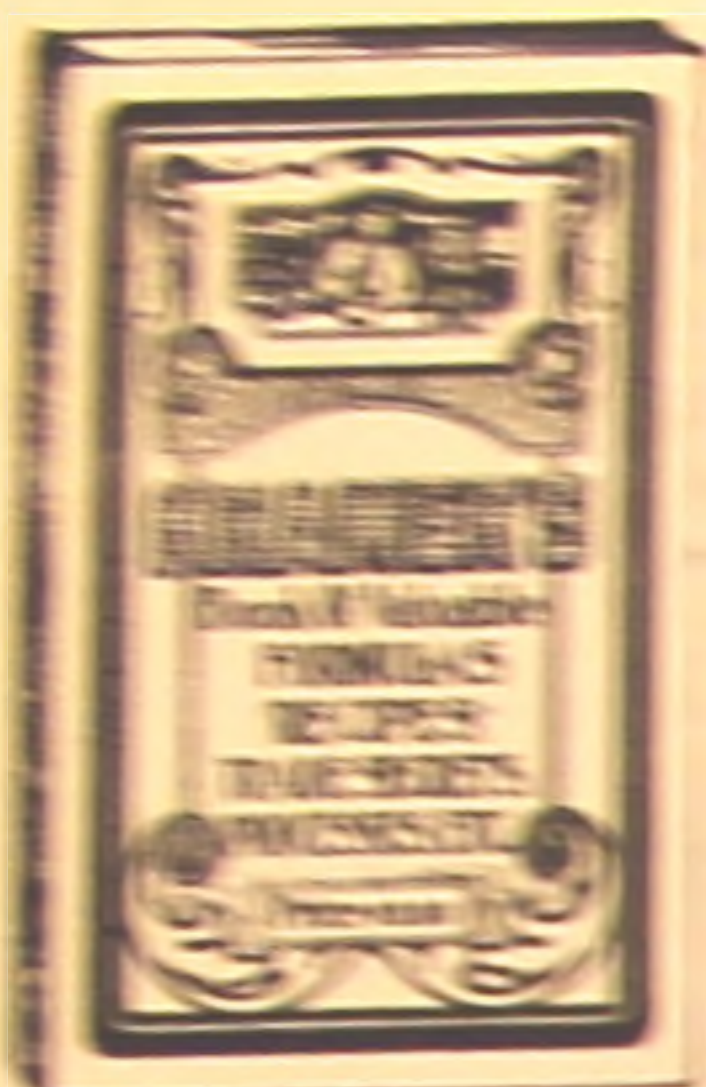
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Here is something from Dr. Sheldon Leavitt's pen that is surely worth reading:

Sometime I shall write an elaborate paper on the Power of Attention, and shall undertake to show that our sickness and health, sorrow and joy, weakness and strength, uselessness and usefulness, are mainly dependent, in one case on destructive, and in the other, on constructive attention.

These truths have long been dawning upon me. In studying my cases I have learned that all who are ill have a strong penchant for study of their various symptoms and sensations. Should the patient be advancing in years, on contemplating himself he is apt to attribute whatever he observes, in the main, to senility, and begins to look for other symptoms consonant with that theory. If of a sensitive temperament,—a temperament commonly denominated "nervous"—it takes but a short time for such an one to become hypochondriacal, and we all know the rest.—Thought.

!



The old ideas of the nature of matter or of atoms have all been abandoned and we have come to the conclusion that matter is not inert but is loaded with energy, that indeed the ether is saturated with it, though it is available to us only through the agency of matter, which acts as a transformer and a distributor of it. Yet we need to know much more of it. There is more to be learned about chemistry in its relation to physics than any seems to have considered hitherto. It is the form of energy which is present in atoms. Thus when hydrogen and oxygen unite they give out a surprising amount of energy in the form of heat. A single pound of this combination, taken at ordinary temperature, will give out an amount of heat equal to seven million foot pounds of work, or sufficient to raise a ton one-half mile high. We know that heat is a vibratory kind of atomic and molecular motion and the rate of this vibratory motion is the measure of the temperature. The question is as to the antecedent of the heat which thus appears. In what form does energy exist in atoms? Up to this time we have been able to trace energy through its various forms until we come to atoms; there it has eluded us. We say "chemical energy," but we have no idea how it differs from heat or from gravitative energy. It is a mystery. What form of motion or stress can be thus embodied? In some way it is related to the ether. It seems as if in some unique manner atoms drew from the ether as from a common reservoir, each particular atom capable of holding so much of that kind and no more, like pint cups and quart cups, and this is at once transformed into heat at the instant of combination. When combinations of atoms such as water are decomposed, they again absorb the energy spent to separate them, and an atom therefore possesses more available energy than any combination of atoms. It seems as if atoms acted as transformers of ether energy into the ordinary and familiar forms, such as heat and electricity, and vice versa, transforming the latter into ether energy. When we learn this secret

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we may likely enough be able to artificially extract from the ether as much energy as we need for any purpose, for as has been said, it is inexhaustible, and every cubic inch of space has enough for all the needs of a man for many days. This seems fairly probable and when the source of atomic energy is discovered, it will rank with the greatest scientific achievements of all time. We shall know more of the ether, of the structure of matter, of the antecedents of most of the energy we are familiar with, as this phenomenon underlies most if not all of the phenomena in all the sciences.—Scientific American Supplement.

The foregoing clipping from the Scientific American agrees very nicely in its statements with some of the statements made by new thought teachers of the present day, as for instance the one that we hear so often, "there is an infinite reservoir of strength and power with which man can place himself in contact by coming into harmony with the laws of being." The reader can draw his own conclusions on this subject.

There is no real conflict between metaphysics and physics, even though there is a constant conflict between pseudo-metaphysics and pseudo-physics. I have long been convinced that Tyndall was using very loose language or else he had a misunderstanding of the substances with which he was working when he spoke of "dead matter." Everything with which man can establish a relation is alive and even those substances which are seemingly most inert may be possessed of a wonderful degree of intelligence and power. The metaphysician of the future who really accomplishes any good results will be he who

studies both physics and metaphysics, who is a scientist as well as a philosopher. I sometimes think that the scientist many call materialist, meaning to be uncomplimentary thereby, is the only man who is not purely a materialist. His "forces," "energies," "laws," "strains" and whatever he may call that behind the physical phenomena he studies are much more immaterial than the "infinities," "Gods" etc., of the man who has not studied nature so intimately. The "God" of the ordinary orthodox Christian is a thing material, purely; his heaven is material although he may disclaim such an imputation. Everything he talks about, even the spirit in its significance to him is but a finer material, but he is not capable of making an analysis which will show him the component parts of his ideas, and he will never discover that this is the case. Men are much too ready to shout names after those who take some other road than they, to condemn all who do not call themselves by the same name.



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Our social and economic system creates liars, grafters, ignoramuses and smug hypocrites and we pass laws supposed to make them behave like saints, but the law corrects no one and only makes more hypocrites.

Did we but have Good Characters the machinery of the law would stand idle—We know how to develop good character, but strange to say, there is not yet a single institution in all the land, scientifically organized for this purpose.—Tomorrow.



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