

# **DON'T BE YOURSELF**

**by**

**Harry J. Gardener**



**Monograph No. 6**







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(MONOGRAPH No. 6)

—By—

HARRY J. GARDENER

## SPECIAL ATTENTION

"DON'T BE YOURSELF" is an Educational and Inspirational Course of Study, especially written and intended for INDIVIDUALS.

The beneficial results that you will gain from this Monograph will, of course, be in exact proportion to the enthusiasm and GOOD JUDGMENT with which you employ this information in your daily life and affairs.

Get started first in a small way, never over-exert. Regarding this, you are, of course, your own physician, meta-physician, and counsellor.

The time in which to get started on this marvelous undertaking -- your self-improvement and self-expansion in all the Departments of Life -- is very short; therefore, a very wise individual is he who starts this wonderful work at once, regardless of whatever his present conditions may be.

Continue to increase GRADUALLY -- a little every day. Do this and you will be amazed at the marvels that you will accomplish in a short period of time.

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## P R E F A C E

People can hardly believe that we are living in the "last days", or, in reality, "the time of the end." But in the ending of one age, time, condition or dispensation lies the beginning of another. Therefore, to all those who are awake, this particular point in the world's history is the beginning of a new dispensation, a brand-new age, that is prodigiously laden with marvelous joy, health, wealth, life.

The Children of Israel wandered forty years in the Wilderness on their journey from dark Egypt to the "land flowing with milk and honey." This journey could have been made easily in forty days, if they had not wandered off their course, but had instead made a direct trip.

You have been wandering in the Wilderness for many a long year now; but the information I am going to give you brings you quite suddenly to the end of your wandering and places your feet within the borders of a New Land--a condition and environment that will become brighter and more glorious as each day passes!

I want you to step out of the old self and become a New Self, a self that will be so different from the other that you will actually be, in a few glorious months, another being! I want you to drop the shrouded garments of routine and habit which now envelop you and stand before the world in the beautiful robes of your New Self. It is a comparatively simple thing to do, and it must be done!

Men and women from every walk of life are starting this very week--this very day, to do just this! You will not be alone, so cheer up, have a wonderful time, and forevermore cease being your old-time self!

Much success to you,

The Author.

MDCDXXXV  
Los Angeles, California



## DON'T BE YOURSELF

### Part 1

Several thousand years ago during the time of Eternal Summer, the gods and goddesses were giving a festival on Mount Olympus to celebrate the pressing out of the first grape juice in an original wine press invented by Bacchus, one of the high, mighty and celebrated gods.

The truth of the affair was that Bacchus had made this press exclusively for the beautiful goddess of fruit, Pomona, to show his love for her, but the whole colony of immortals decided on a formal demonstration. And so, because Bacchus was both the god of the juice of the fruit and besides quite a show-off, he had agreed, with considerable coaxing, to initiate his wine press before the assembled group. But in the hurry and excitement of the moment, something happened to the adjustments on the contraption. So when Bacchus contracted his mighty muscles and applied enormous pressure, instead of a steady stream of juice trickling into the container, the liquid squirted out of every perforation in the press and over the snowy garments of everyone in the entire assemblage. Gasps, consternation and peals of laughter followed this colored shower of liquid. Bacchus was terribly humiliated and turned to leave. Opportunus, another admirer of Pomona, saw his chance to annoy his competitor and uttered a witty remark about the situation loudly enough so that everyone could hear him. The motley crowd again broke into laughter, only this time they were panicked with merriment. Bacchus turned back to the group, with his huge fists clenched and his face the color of royal purple and singled out Opportunus.

"You insolent young pup!" thundered the enraged god. "I'll teach you the penalty of making sport of a lofty superior! I'll show you you can't treat me as a mortal! And for your malicious attempt, I hereby damn you to mortality!"

Opportunus made a witty retort that caused several titters, tenderly took Pomona by the arm and led her away. And at the same time the assemblage broke up. No one at the moment realized the extreme seriousness of the curse except Bacchus, standing alone and dripping with grape juice, his eyes still flashing with hatred, as he watched the departing immortals, knowing there was one less among them.

Life among the Olympians paraded on, and Opportunus went about, as usual, in his happy, carefree, youthful way. Everyone, with the exception of Bacchus, had forgotten about the curse.

Opportunus returned one bright morning from a trip of a few weeks' duration in the sidereal realms. Of course, Pomona was the first immortal he visited. As the young god approached her, she looked surprised, and as she started to greet him, she stepped back, shocked and startled, for there were deep lines of mortal age in his handsome face!



Opportunus read her look and asked, "What's the matter, dear? Don't you know me?"

"Of course, I do," Pomona murmured, "But you've changed so! There are lines in your face! Come quickly! Look at yourself in my mirror!"

Over the placid quicksilver pool Opportunus leaned, viewing the reflection of his own face. His temples and his golden hair were flecked with grey, while there were deep lines etched around his mouth and eyes and on his forehead. He turned sorrowfully to the compassionate goddess beside him.

"I am no longer fit to be in love with you, my beloved Pomona! The curse of Bacchus that I once laughed at has come true! I am a mortal now, and I must go down to the earth to live--and to die!"

Naturally, Pomona felt responsible for this calamity, because, after all, was she not the object of two god's affections and the cause of their animosity? And, for the moment, she was at a loss as to just what she should do. Then suddenly she thought of Zeus, king of the gods and arbitrator of all matters among the immortals and decided to counsel him about the matter immediately.

In the inner court of the solemn temple of the king, Zeus sat on his golden throne and pondered the question. As he thought, he stroked his silver white beard and drew his silken robe closer about him. At last, he arose and turned to the worried Pomona and the frightened Opportunus standing before him. "Even I cannot lift this curse, my children," he told them. "I can only tell you how it may be counter-acted."

As Zeus paused, Pomona looked at Opportunus, on the point of urging him to ask Zeus for the remedy. But Opportunus was too overcome with grief to even care. So Pomona said, "Tell us, we implore thee, mighty Zeus. My beloved will do anything to regain his lost place on Olympus!"

Zeus gazed into Pomona's white, worried face with a kindly expression and spoke. "Very well," he nodded, "I shall tell you. If Opportunus will go to the earth and inhabit successively a thousand male bodies, each for the period of one year, the curse will be lifted. It must be fully understood, however, that before he returns a body to its original owner, he must have improved it in a hundred different ways."

Opportunus wearily trekked the immeasurable miles of the earth looking for a body, with much the same attitude that a disinherited son of wealth would look for a job. But the thoughts of his lost glory and of the possible eternal separation from his lovely Pomona stirred him to action. Opportunus, in desperation, finally chose a group of a dozen young men whom he thought would surely be overwhelmed with joy to have him even condescend to inhabit their bodies for the one-year period.

And one by one, as these mortals passed out of their bodies and into the other world, Opportunus approached them and spoke with them. He explained his proposition to each of them in turn, but his offer was definitely rejected by all.



One said: "Positively not! I'm a money lender, and I have great opportunities for wealth, power and fame. At the end of one year with an inexperienced person like yourself managing my affairs, I would be a pauper!"

Another answered: "I wouldn't think of doing such a thing. I just recently married me a wife, a most beautiful maiden. . ."

A third exclaimed: "Trade with you? I'm about to become a proud father--of a son, I pray. Do you suppose I would want to be far away on Mount Olympus with a stranger occupying my body and my house at a moment like that?"

Poor Opportunus was extremely sorrowful over such treatment. It was the very first time in all his centuries of existence that he had ever experienced humiliation. Here he had come to mankind condescendingly, with a proposition he had felt certain they would all clamour for and fight to obtain, but instead they had coolly and nochalantly rejected it, some insulting him openly for even daring to suggest such a plan to them.

And so he took his problem to middle-aged men. At least they were civil and courteous to him. They didn't treat him with the same brutal frankness which is so often a characteristic of youth, but were friendly and kind in hearing what he had to say. After listening to his plan, one said to him, "Son, I would be delighted to help you, but I cannot consistently do it. You see, my aged father is about to pass out of the earth life and leave behind his great wealth, which shall be mine. I must be prepared to accept the tremendous responsibility and pleasure when the day comes. And I must be on earth when it occurs."

Another said to Opportunus: "You honor me greatly with your thrilling offer, my friend. But I am a great soldier and warrior of this land. Soon I am needed to lead my army against our enemies and gloriously defeat and annihilate them. I would gladly change with you, but you know nothing about military tactics, and the war would be lost."

Another, when questioned, replied: "I am essentially a man who loves the quietude of peace and the stability of my own home. And after a lifetime of travel, my years have at last become tranquil and smooth. Therefore, I would prefer the red and golden wines of mortality that stand in the wine jars on my own shelves, to the very nectar of the gods wrung from the buoyant, billowing clouds of Olympus."

After this last interview, Opportunus sensed, through his tragic despair, a last remaining vestige of hope. His heart felt relieved of the heavy burden of discouragement it had been forced to carry for some time now. And this was in spite of being neglected again, for he learned that Time, whom he had often sported and jested with as friend to friend on Mount Olympus, was a great remolder of attitudes among men, and there was yet chance for his success.

On the whole face of the earth, there was only one group of men left for Opportunus to contact. It was the old men. He found them sitting and standing around the astral realms, with their robes thrown



loosely about their withered bodies and their thin raised in rapid conversation. They were spinning yarns of their early youth when they had been splendid and proud, and when their lives were glorious realities instead of vapid dreams. These men were far different from the younger men. Their time seemed their own. Hurrying back to the earth life before sunrise held not the slightest interest for them. It was so much more beautiful to remain in the astral world and dream of the wonderful past, instead of waking in a faded, painful material world. And they were one and all happy to escape from themselves and their own thoughts also. They gathered closely about Opportunus and listened eagerly to his story and his problem. At every turn of the tale, they would whisper and nod among one another, as if to confirm details or to argue the effectiveness of certain points.

But when the story was over and they had satisfied their ancient curiosities with exhaustive questions, they drifted away through the mist, one by one, to their sleeping earth bodies, for day was breaking. As the group grew smaller, Opportunus began to experience anxiety and bitter discouragement for the first time in the entire span of his existence. Supposing no one would accept his plan? Then his entire chances for regaining his immortality would be gone, and he would have to wither and grow old like these mortals with whom he had been associating. The thought almost terrified him, and he resumed his pleas for consideration with great vigor. But only one old man remained to hear him. And it was when Opportunus smiled at him subserviently that he spoke. Hesitantly he said, "Young man, I have less than nothing to offer you in the way of a body. I am very old, and my body is decrepit with the afflictions of old age. My brain is like immobile and passionless clay. To be perfectly honest, the physicians say that I cannot last longer than the next festival at Athens. However, if you are willing to take the risk, my body is yours for that time."

Opportunus embraced the old man. His enthusiasm was boundless, and he hardly gave a thought to the actual condition of the old man's body. It was the fact that at last he had a subject for his redemption. That was what thrilled him!

The old man went on at great length to relate his pains, aches, his afflictions and unpleasant environment. Opportunus listened without even daring to draw a breath, sure of the old man's promise, but hoping every moment that the ancient would not suddenly be called back to the earth life by a neighbor or friend coming in to visit him early and awakening him from the night's rest. So, Opportunus cut the old man short and asked to be led to the body.

"You haven't a thing in the world to lose, my friend," he told the ancient, "and I have everything to gain. Let's make the change immediately before the sun lights the portals of the Parthenon and gilds the clouds over Olympus!"

So the old man led Opportunus to a dingy hut where lay an old, decrepit body, sleeping in dirty rags. "Here is my body, Opportunus. It is yours for the year." And so saying, he directed Opportunus to slip into the body, while he, in spirit form, hastened off to distant Olympus to feast with the gods and be happy.

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Opportunus awakened. The hut was damp, and the foggy morning



that drifted through the slits in the walls and through the cloth covering over the entrance door was misty grey. Opportunus moved cautiously and great burning pains shot through his arms and legs, up his spine and centered in his head. His back muscles ached horribly, and his lips were forced shut in an effort to keep from crying out in agony. He remained deathly quiet, and the pain subsided. Then he decided to try moving again, but the second movement was only a more painful repetition of the first, and he rent the dank atmosphere of the tiny hut with long agonized groans and lamentations.

Now not more than thirty yards from where the old man--Patroklus, by name--lived, there resided a family of neighbors. They had been out of bed for some time when they heard Opportunus' groans, and several of them dropped their work and ran to see what was the matter. As Patroklus had never before groaned when they were about, they imagined he might be dying, and they entered the hut in much consternation. When Opportunus turned his head toward the door and viewed the white face of these strangers (strangers to him), he knew he had forgotten himself.

"Is there anything wrong, Patroklus?" one of them asked anxiously.

"I'm dying!" Opportunus cried, as another fierce pain swept through his being. "Help me! Help me!"

One of the neighbors solemnly explained, "If it had been at all possible, brother Patroklus, we would have made you well and strong years ago. But you have been seriously and hopelessly ill nigh onto four decades now!"

Opportunus then realized his dangerous mistake and cleverly covered the stupid blunder. With a great effort, he turned the old body toward the group at the door and smiled. "I'm sorry to have let myself go, friends, but I had such a strange dream. I was terrified. Forgive my outburst of emotion, will you?"

"Of course, we will, sire!" While to themselves, when they got outside the hut, they decided the old man had little longer to live. "Let's help him all we can," they agreed, "and make his last days pleasant ones." So one of the large family was delegated to spend all day with him and help him to arrange his belongings.

However, back in the hut death was the furthestest thing from the mind of Opportunus. At the moment, he was doing anything but dying. In fact, he was just beginning to realize that life was a very important and difficult issue, and he was preparing to meet it the very best was possible. If it weren't for the fact that he had chosen a body old and dulled, diseased and miserably afflicted with all sorts of handicaps, his first incarnation into the flesh might have been much more pleasant.

The youthful son of his next door neighbor arrived a few minutes later, prepared water for Opportunus, dried his hands and arranged his breakfast. The ragged cloths were thrown back from the windows, and the sickly sunlight crept in. Gradually, as the neighbor assembled the disarranged objects, the room assumed an air of orderliness and cleanliness it had seldom seen before. When it was all over, Oppor-



tunus thanked the young man and requested that he be left alone.

"All right, but I'll just be outside the door if you should need me," he answered.

"Why is that?" Opportunus queried.

"Because my family has instructed me to make you happy during your last few days of this life."

"Last few days! Well! they all rather expect me to die!" thought Opportunus. He even laughed quietly to himself. It was amusing, when he had come to earth expressly for the purpose of improving lives and reclaiming them from death.

When the young man had left, Opportunus, with much pain and exertion, rose from his couch and walked about the room, acquainting himself with the various objects that belonged to Patroklos. The room was dingy from years of accumulated dust. The walls needed cleaning, and the cobwebs of decades hung from the ceiling.

But necessary as were improvements on the hut itself, even more requisite were improvements on the body Opportunus was inhabiting. It must have been years since Patroklos had cleaned his mouth, and Opportunus could hardly bear the terrible taste. The garments on the body were none too clean either, and they had irritated a rash which had been brought about by poor diet. In brief, the entire physical being needed immediate and exhaustive attention.

As Opportunus lay on his couch that day, feigning sleep so he would be undisturbed, he decided upon the things he would ask Patroklos that very evening when he left the body in sleep and returned to Olympus. Things were so unattractive to him here on earth that he prayed for the night to hurry. Outside, it seemed to Opportunus, the sunshine was like moonlight in comparison with the sun on Olympus. Everything seemed dull in contrast to the Utopia in which he had been living. So he continued with his plans, determined to succeed gloriously.

At last, the long day was over, and the sun crept along the Western rim of the sky, turning orange as it touched the land and melted beneath it. Opportunus was aroused from his deep reverie by the young neighbor man arriving with his supper which consisted of goat's milk, cheese, coarse bread.

"It's kind of you to do this," Opportunus said, thanking him.

"But sire," the youth replied, "truly it is nothing. I am proud to help you and be able to make your last days happy ones."

Again Opportunus was vastly irritated over this suggestion of impending death. He had no intention whatsoever of dying while inhabiting the body of Patroklos, or at any other time. And the sooner these people knew it, the easier he would rest.

When evening had settled and the neighbors had all said good night, Opportunus snuffed out the guttering candle, pulled the covers about him, and attempted to go back to sleep. He was nervous with anxiety to slip into the other world and hurry to Olympus for a serious consultation with Patroklos, but since he had never tried to



sleep before, he knew nothing of the secret of completely relaxing the body and holding the mind a perfect blank.

While he was thus struggling for sleep, he held the thought and desire to remove all pain from his body so that he could proceed unhampered with his process of rebuilding. He visualized the permanent elimination of pain and the glorious results of a successful year. And while concentrating intensely on the program of elimination, Oppertunus became so tired that he fell asleep and slipped into the other world. Once there, he borrowed the winged sandals of Mercury, wrapped his dazzling white astral robe about him, and flew like a bolt of lightening to Patroklus. He did not even attempt to see Pomona or a single other immortal but went straight to his own dwelling where his guest was housed.

"So you're back already?" the old man greeted him cheerfully as he entered. "I've lost all account of time up here. Is your year up yet, and have you come for me?"

"No," Oppertunus muttered grimly. "My year is only just beginning. Today I discovered the real agony humans can experience-- that real and terrible force, pain. In fact, as you know, I had no conception of pain before today.

"And say," the excited god continued, "I had no idea your body was going to be like that! I knew I had assumed an old body, but I had no idea disease and pain were part of it."

"I told you all about it beforehand, Oppertunus," the old man insisted, "but you paid no attention to me. And besides, I thought since you were once an immortal, you would be able to bear pain."

"I suppose I should have been able to," Oppertunus shamefacedly remarked, blushing within himself at the thought of his scene enacted that previous morning. "But how is it you could put up with such a condition?"

"When a person's been ill for forty years as I have, he gets rather used to it. Of course, I've often wished I knew what I could do for myself, but even when I sought the advice of physicians, they could offer no solution. So many years ago, like all sensible people, I resigned myself to my condition."

"Surely there's a remedy somewhere in the world," thought Oppertunus, "for the elimination and rejuvenation of a broken, ailing physical body. And I'm going to find it!" he added in sudden determination.

So saying, he left Patroklus feasting in the elaborate dwelling on a soft couch. Wandering out in the astral world, he meditated on where he could turn for help. And suddenly, he remembered hearing of a great wise man who had died some decades before and who had been the sole possessor of great secrets for eternal health and life. He would seek him out and learn a remedy. So that same evening, Oppertunus found Androcles, the learned teacher, in the other world and bowed before him, telling him his story and asking for advice. . . .



As the first filtered ray of sunlight shot over the low line of eastern hills and settled in the little Grecian valley near the spot where the hut of Patroklos stood, Opportunus slipped back into the old body and awoke. What a glorious day ahead of him! He had learned new secrets and now he could apply them. He would rebuild this body into a splendid example of re-youthified age, so that everyone in the community would be dumbfounded with astonishment...

Days passed, and the year drew to a close. Every day Opportunus had made new improvements on the old body and brain. The family nearby was amazed at the progress and could hardly believe their eyes, for he had seemed to be on death's door only a few short months before. And now he, Patroklos, was getting well!

The news of Opportunus' remarkable recovery reached distant Athens and brought daily a great host of learned pilgrims to visit the little hut and view the re-youthified Patroklos. Thousands of questions were asked Opportunus, and to everyone he would tell the truth and give them the key to his rejuvenation, which could easily be theirs by mere application. But they all went away disappointed, saying, "He has done marvelous things for himself, but he eludes our questions and answers us with old wives' tales instead of truths!"

As they shook their heads, muttered to themselves and turned away disappointed and bewildered, Opportunus remembered Androkles had told him that earth-people have no faith in simple truths. They always seek the complex instead, and thus lose themselves in a network of conflicting ideas and influences.

Every evening, after passing out of the body, Opportunus went directly to see the old man and report, then to Androkles for more counsel and guidance.

Finally the year was up. Just before dawn, Opportunus relinquished the renewed, healthy, energetic and youthified body and brain to Patroklos. Words are inadequate to express the old man's delight at this miraculous change. His whole being had been made wonderful, so wonderful that he resolved to do all in his power to maintain its present condition. He was very impatient for evening to come, so that he could travel to the other world, seek out Opportunus and fall before him in grateful thanksgiving.

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Since Opportunus' first passage into the flesh, nine hundred and ninety nine years passed, and at last he found himself on the threshold of the last thousandth of his great task. During all these ten centuries the great mind of Androkles had been his constant source of guidance and information, his contact with earth-wisdom and earth-culture. All sorts of ominous barriers had been surmounted with the aid of Androkles, which might otherwise have caused Opportunus to fail during the process of his great task. Behind the god who had nearly restored himself to immortality lay a vast host of human beings whose lives he had remolded. Some of them already had their names written in stone for eternity. Others left their impression in the arts and literature, impressions which are even today still potent forces in culture.



And now Opportunus was reaching his final year on earth. In the morning he was to inhabit the body of a one-hundred year old man. He had planned it to be his greatest feat, for the ancient was to be made the most famous of his "pupils." Opportunus had decided to have him expound a sensational new philosophy--compiled from the various unpublicized thoughts of Androcles--a philosophy that would become famous and spread over all the world. The young god-mortal was a little saddened by the thought of his work ending, for he had really enjoyed it. But then, too, he was gladdened by the thought that with each passing year one wrinkle had vanished from his handsome face and one silver lock on his head had turned back to gold.

In the morning when Opportunus awoke with his thousandth and last human body, he lay in bed awhile and began planning his method of attack. His keen mind made a schedule for every day of the following year, and with it complete and clear in his mind, he arose.

Opportunus began at once preaching his philosophy, first to the neighbors whom he inveigled into coming over and chatting with him in the mornings or whenever they had free time, and then with the neighbors' friends. His plans succeeded, and they showed tremendous interest in his words, calling again and again for a repetition of certain interesting ideas they wished to use in their own lives. His fame gradually increased, in relation to the rejuvenation of his body, day by day. In fact, his friends came to him in a group finally and asked him if he would be averse to founding a school so that his ideas might be generally taught and perpetuated, and in which he could teach his philosophy to great multitudes.

Opportunus was intensely happy with this suggestion. He had been hoping for quite awhile that someone would ask for the school. "I shall be happy, my friends," he smiled. "And we shall call it the school of Opportunists."

"Why, master?" a peasant asked. "Why do you choose such a name?"

"Oh," Opportunus mused smilingly, thinking of his own name, "because you will be men and women who are taking advantage of your opportunities. Hence, you will be Opportunists!"

And so the school was opened. And even before the year had ended, a rich patron donated to the foundation a beautiful stone building for its permanent use. Daily lectures were given in the great lecture hall, and the elements of the simple philosophy were delivered to the eager students. The teachings were simplicity itself, but after a few centuries they were choked in the weeds of intricate sophistry. In short, their truths were so obvious and apparent that people overlooked them, and the teachings became obscure.

The year closed. The original inhabitant of the body took up the threads of existence where Opportunus left off, having the young god first, in the other world, so deftly instruct him in leading class and giving lectures, that the students never for a moment suspected two distinct and separate beings had inhabited a single body at successive times. The school went on, never realizing the change had been made. The old man lived to be a hundred and forty years old, and his mind never once lost its clarity.

Opportunus returned to Mount Olympus and was the celebrated



guest at a lavish feast given in his honor. All the gods and goddesses brought him each a present, as a token of their admiration for his courage and achievement. Old King Zeus had a cloak of gold fashioned for him that would carry its wearer wherever he wished to go instantaneously, even faster than Mercury's winged sandals. Vulcan forged him an exquisite breastplate with a legend of his achievement inscribed on it in tiny jewels. Mars presented him with a magnificent sword, as blue as steel yet as transparent as crystal. And Pomona made him a special paradisaal ambrosia, carrying it into the banquet hall herself on a sparkling sea shell--a gift from Neptune.

Opportunus was not only the guest of honor at this sumptuous feast given to celebrate his triumphant return from earth, but was appointed by the mighty monarch himself as his right hand of power. Zeus led him, amid much pomp and ceremony, to the seat on the right of the monarch's throne, crowned him with a crown of prosperity, studded with the jewels of opportunity, touched him with his sceptre of strength and appointed him second in command over all Olympus--because of his wisdom and achievement in the earth life.

All the guest at last had arrived except Bacchus, who finally hurried in and begged Zeus' forgiveness for his tardy arrival.

"I have finally completed my quintessential achievement, O mighty Zeus!" he cried. "And both as a tribute to the ruler of our Olympus and its new hero, Opportunus, I open my choicest vessel of vintage wrung from the first wine-press, hoping this humble contribution to the feast will add immeasurable merriment!"

So saying, he commanded a legion of the lesser Olympian forces to bring in a huge earthen vessel. Every chalice was filled with the brilliant ruby liquid. Zeus uttered a toast to Opportunus, whereon the entire assemblage responded with shouts and applause to the words of their celestial monarch. The immortals cheered young Opportunus until the very foundations of eternal Olympus vibrated and the clouds below it shed great tears of joy.

Down on the face of the earth, mortals ran for shelter, and with bated breath, said one to another; "The gods are angry, and they have combined water and earthquake to show us their fury." However, in a distant town beyond Athens, one man, reputedly the founder of the now famous school of Opportunists, smiled calmly and said to himself, "They are feasting Opportunus now on Mount Olympus, and their applause is so great that it reaches mortal ears and makes the earth tremble!"

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## Part Two

### WHAT OPPORTUNUS DID, YOU CAN DO

The first section of this monograph was devoted to the telling of the narrative of Opportunus, what he accomplished and how he accomplished it. Now, in the second section, we are going into detail to show you how you can do exactly what Opportunus did and become an Opportunist, too.

Of course, the very first requirement in becoming an Opportunist is to no longer be your old-time self. You ask, why is this? Well, simply because all your present afflictions, whether mental, physical, financial, social or spiritual, are caused entirely by being your present self! There is only one path to follow--be no longer your present self.

Now we must proceed as rapidly as possible. The first thing the candidate for admittance to the School of Opportunity must do, is to take a complete inventory of himself. And the inventory must be a secret one. Not even your most intimate associate, friend, relative, husband or wife must know a single thing about it.

As you know, there are five departments in our present day earth-life--mental, physical, financial, social spiritual. You are to take one of these departments at a time and put down in writing all the negative things concerning that department that are a part of your personality. Then, just below these, write the good, positive qualities you will possess once you become a full-fledged member in the School of Opportunity. In order to do this correctly and with no waste of time, I am going to give an outline for each of the five departments. Remember, this is just general. In fact, it isn't meant for your particular case at all, but only to illustrate how you are to proceed.

There is one more thing I wish to mention before you proceed with your list of what you are and what you really want to be; it is this: Take at least one complete day for the composing of the negative and positive ideas for each department. By that I mean, spend a day on the mental, one day on the social, a day on each of the other three departments. In fact, two days on each department would be even better, for in this way you would have plenty of time to re-do and improve your list greatly. Remember, you must catalog all the negative qualities you wish to eliminate. And still more important, you must write down all the positive qualities you shall possess when once you are no longer your present self.

Let us start with our listing--

1st Day--MENTAL

Things I am and no longer want to be mentally

I have a very poor mentality. It is tremendously hard work for me even to think. My brain just doesn't seem to function at all well. My memory is faulty and practically sieve-like. I am most forgetful, painfully slow in thinking. My reasoning ability is poor, and my judgment is often distorted and entirely wrong. I am sluggish in manner of speech and wield an extremely ill-managed temper. The least little things sets me off into a rage.



## What I want to be mentally

I desire to no longer be myself mentally. I want a fine mentality, one that will make thinking a simple process, a joy and a pleasure. I want my brain to function easily and quickly. I want a perfect memory, one that can remember with surprising accuracy, dates, names, faces, etc. I want to be able to think quickly and effectively. I want to be able to reason with such success that my judgment in all matters will be correct and above reproach from any angle of thought. I want my speech to be swift and my diction clear, so that when I talk I command interest and attention, instead of repelling them. I want to control my temper, so that I can manage any situation which might prove unpleasant with finesse. I desire a mind so clever and subtle, that if I don't know the answer to a query directed at me, I can reply in such a satisfying yet completely non-committal manner that my inquisitor won't know whether or not I know the answer. I will want a mind so clear, agile, quick and interesting that I will be the nucleus of every social affair I attend, drawing admiration and envy from all sides. I will want a mind so rapid and clever that when someone makes a cutting remark to me, I can retaliate with lightning speed and completely put him in his place once and for all, with the laugh on him.

## 2nd Day--PHYSICAL

### Things I am and no longer want to be physically

I am old, tired, weary, weak, grey-haired and more or less bald. I am sick and afflicted with many ailments. I no longer want to be myself physically. And I know that every affliction I have was caused by wrong living. I know that a complete physical change over a few month's time would remove the majority of causes for my infirmities, and they would disappear. I am unattractive in figure and face, and my friends neglect me because they are not proud of my physical condition. I have little to offer anyone in the way of physical perfection.

### What I want to be physically

I desire to no longer be myself--physically. Of course, I realize we're living in "the last days", and nothing is impossible. I want to be young, energetic, buoyant, strong, golden-haired and radiantly youthful. I want to be absolutely healed of my ailments and afflictions. I want to be a beautiful physical specimen with attractive physical attributes that will draw people to me. I want to live correctly and preserve my new body. I want an attractive face, so that the first impression I give to people will be one of ruggedness and cleanliness instead of sickness and ill-health. I will demand a young body, for the purpose of emancipation rather than dissipation, and for greater work rather than greater play. I want my bodily functions to become normal once more; my eyes to become bright again; my teeth to shine; my hair to be restored to its natural thickness and color; my rusty old joints to be made new, pliable and youthful. Regardless of my age, I want to be able to do all the things any other healthy person would and should do.



### 3rd Day--FINANCIAL

Things I am and no longer want to be financially

I am poor, impoverished, in debt and in good stead of losing the little I have left. I miss the friends I should have and associate with because I cannot travel with them in my present pinched condition. I miss the intellectual entertainment and food for thought money can offer. I cannot take the vacation I need and have been planning for such a long time, because my family needs all the support I can possibly give them. I have worried myself sick over the constant depression my business suffers, and it has been weeks since I have been able to put away a single dollar of clear profit after paying bills. I need a new building, and I have no money with which to build it and no one to loan it to me.

What I want to be financially

I most emphatically want to be someone else--financially. I want money for everything, so that I can re-create my life and help my immediate family. I visualise myself in my new surroundings, a wonderful human being, indeed. I have fine clothes. I attend the first nights of all plays. I have riches, influential friends whose taste in art, dress, music, entertainment of all sorts, is absolutely of the very highest quality. I am surrounded by all kinds of luxury in varying forms--money--great business houses; spacious dwellings with crowds of perfectly trained servants; a whole fleet of the most luxurious automobiles money can buy, designed by the foremost designers in the world today and manufactured by the most exclusive companies; summer palaces with inlaid swimming pools, cocktail lounges, sunrooms with arc lamps, ballrooms for dancing, a theatre and a gymnasium, etc.; immense landscaped gardens replete with tropical fish gathered at fabulous expense from southern waters; greenhouses with every known variety of rare orchid; and as many yachts as one could desire!

### 4th Day-----SOCIAL

Things I am and no longer want to be socially

Socially, I am a total flop. I have absolutely nothing at all to offer which might put me in the social limelight. Physically, I am unattractive. Mentally, I have nothing of consequence to say and thus, nothing to offer. Financially, I am a negative being, and people who have really position and influence cannot bother themselves with me. Therefore, I am a social fiasco. I never have anything to say, and I cannot even say the simple things that are on my mind with any degree of fluent self-expression. And being a social failure, no one, no matter how philanthropic he may be, cares to associate with a failure, even though he be another one himself.

What I want to be socially

I desire to no longer be myself socially. With the departure of my physical, mental and financial handicaps, I shall be a new human being, and a most delightful one. People of all classes will seek me out for friendship, aid and comfort. I shall be strictly independent about my social life. I shall do only the things I feel I really want to do. I shall pick the group I wish to be with,



and I shall travel where and when I please. I shall gather those people about me with whom I am most happy and congenial. In brief, I shall become the talented, clever, poised, sought-after, admired and gracious being I have always wanted to be!

#### 5th Day--SPIRITUAL

Things I am and no longer want to be spiritually

Spiritually, I am no one; I am among the millions who consider a weekly trip to church on Sundays as sufficient and adequate attention for the spiritual life. I have given my spiritual life no chance whatsoever for growth and individuality. I believe in a lot of antiquated doctrines, dogmas, cliches. There is nothing great or wonderful in my spiritual existence. I am a dried up soul, drifting aimlessly along, not seeming to know or care about knowing the direction or the right pathway. In brief, I am misguided and blindly ignorant of the correct philosophy and the right attitude.

What I want to be spiritually

I desire to no longer be myself spiritually. I want to be a complete new personality. I want to discover absolutely, completely for myself that God is omnipresent at all times; that He is always within and about us; that nowhere in the Universe can He ever be closer than He is right now--within me! All I have to do is to be quiet and still enough so that God can make the contact and enrichen my being with His power and strength. Then I will know God for a certainty, a fact and a reality. I have let Him vaguely mean spirit and growth to me in the past, but now He is going to mean reality and promise of fulfillment! When once I know and realize this, then anything in the whole world is mine if I desire it, regardless of what it may be!

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Now, after you have written down what you are and what you want to become in all these five departments of life, then you are ready to enter the School of Opportunus and become an Opportunist. The initiation takes place at night. In fact, you retire at night knowing that the old-time self is gone and will never come back. You relax, go to sleep, knowing that in the morning when the body awakes, the "god or fair goddess" who will inhabit it will be an Opportunist.

#### In The Morning

The first thought you will have on awakening in the morning is that you are now a god (or goddess) entering physical earth-life for the first time. You remember how strangely terrifying and odd an experience it was for Opportunus, don't you? Well, the same goes for yourself. Let things be strange, odd and new. If you have no pains, then just attribute that to the fact that you were a lot luckier than Opportunus was. You got hold of a body that was in much better condition than his first one.

I want you to act exactly as you think Opportunus would under the same circumstances. He didn't want people to know that there had been a change of spirits, so he just acted "natural", letting



the big, tremendous changes continue on inside the loaned body. After awhile, of course, people began to notice an external change in Opportunus, or his borrowed body. The same will apply to you, too, naturally. Once you get the "hang" of no longer being your old self, you will delight in surprising people with your new self.

The first big change is going to be mentally. Remember, even if it is foolish, it isn't half as foolish as the life you have been living! And furthermore, don't hesitate to be foolish if it will make a genius out of you and offer you plenty of health, wealth, happiness and a host of friends--in the bargain!

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Opportunus occupied each body for only one year. I want you to do likewise. Imagine yourself as having to make tremendous strides and changes with only one year in which to accomplish them. That means you have but sixteen hours out of twenty four for your great work. Every hour, minute and moment of those sixteen must be filled to overflowing with activity. Remember, you are a great "greek god," and when a god assumes a human body as Opportunus did, he accomplishes mighty things!

At the end of one year you are to pause, look back, and see what wonders you have accomplished, then start out again in your "second body" for another year of wonderful accomplishment and success.

It is a wise idea to make up another list of "Things I am and no longer want to be," and a new list of "Things I want to Be." I am confident that the negative list will be very much smaller the second year, and the positive list will be even much longer than the first year. In this new, unlimited age, get the habit of selecting the finest and the golden best in abundance.

#### Live Moment by Moment

It is true that you make plans for a whole year, but you do not at any time live in the future. Your plans are only a chart to guide you. You live only one day at a time, and you live that, moment by moment. Every thought, every deed, every action of yours must be divided up into segments small enough so that you may perform each from beginning to end with complete and sustained enthusiasm.

To be bored by your work or surroundings means that Time is making an old person out of you, sapping your vitality, your enthusiasm, your wit and humor, your talent and your will to live. But when you "work in short shifts" and do it with zeal, Time reverses his processes, and you actually grow younger.

As I have repeatedly told you, we are never more than seven years old physically. Most of our body (except the bones which reach the age of seven years) is changed completely in eighteen months. Even your brain, where the memory of events that took place seventy five or eighty years ago is retained, changes completely in less than eighteen months. I am telling you all this so that you will stop that stupid procedure of continuing to grow old.



## Spare Moments

While we are talking about time, I want to add, before continuing on with our studies, that we make our greatest improvement in short shifts. Regardless of who we are, all of us have periods of from five to ten minutes during the forenoon, the afternoon, or the evening when we are unoccupied. These spare moments must be utilized to the fullest extent, for they are pure helpful gold.

To concentrate absolutely and completely for five minutes is about all the average brain is capable of doing at one time. But you may so indelibly etch a fact, idea, or thought in the human mind in that length of time that it is yours for eternity.

Here is an interesting case concerning an old negro woman who worked in a department of the cotton goods industry. She could hardly read or write, and couldn't spell a dozen words correctly at the opening of our story. But she got the idea of utilizing the spare moments she had during the day at the mill. Each day she would take a brief list of words to the factory with her and learn to spell and use them during her free time. In fact, she practised with them and learned them so thoroughly, that in a year's time she had learned to use and to spell correctly more than a thousand words. In one year's time she jumped her correct-spelling capacity from a possible twelve words to over a thousand, which could be better than a 10,000% improvement!

The next year she had an even greater enthusiasm for including more new words in her vocabulary, and so she mastered still more. In a few years, she had not only a splendid vocabulary, but she was able to write material the magazines fought to purchase. Her ideas had always been good ones, but previously she had never known how to express herself. Her income from her writings was often as much in a single month as it had been for a whole year in "cotton work."

I relate all this to you, because you are very anxious to no longer be yourself. You are very desirous of being that new person, with new work to be accomplished by a new mind and new body in a new environment. It doesn't matter at all what your work is now, start studying for your new work at once; use your spare moments on it and success will be yours in far less time than you now think possible, for spare moments are the shortest shortcuts for making your most cherished dreams and ambitions become realities.

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## The Other World Exercise

Let us go back now to our work. You will recall how Opportunus, the moment he fell asleep at night, would pass out of the old body and hurry to Androcles with his problems. I want you to do the same thing exactly.

But you say, "I thought it was just a story about Opportunus passing out of the body and going places at night gathering information to help him in his work on earth the next day." Of course, you thought it was a good story. But I'm going to have you prove to



yourself that you too can do the very same thing that Opportunus did so successfully. Once you do it, then you will have no cause to doubt, and where doubt has been completely eliminated, great success and progress are yours eternally.

Here's how you proceed. You first decide on one of the five departments in which you specifically wish to make a great change. Let us say that the mind is fairly good (for the present, at least); say the body doesn't need immediate attention; but say your finances are in a deplorable condition. You must have money, and you must get right into the flow of money. Now here's what to do. During the evening you think over a lot of different ways it would be reasonably possible for money to come to you. Now when I say "money coming to you", I don't mean money donated as a gift or inherited, etc., but money for which you could "render service."

Think of all the ways you could render various kinds of service for cash. Then retire and hold the idea in mind that the moment you fall asleep you will pass out of the body just like Opportunus did and hasten to "Androcles" with your problem. "Androcles" will then discuss your problem with you and will give you precisely the information you desire. Then, when you come back into the body in the morning, you will bring back the information with you.

Go to sleep with your problem in mind, and the first thing in the morning listen for the answer--if you have done each part well, the answer will flash into your mind 100% complete, either as a picture, as a sentence, or simply as a spontaneous thought.

All sorts of splendid ideas and information may be secured in this manner. The nice part of it is that the information secured fits your purpose exactly. Of course, you may experience a little difficulty at first, but the difficulty will not be with the plan, but only with you. You may not have fixed your problem definitely in mind when you went to sleep, or it may have been so hazy when you took it to "Androcles" that he was unable to comprehend what you were trying to explain.

Then again, your problem may be very clear indeed, but you may not be enthusiastic enough about it to carry it into the other world, present it to "Androcles" and bring back the answer. Or you may start back to earth with the complete answer, but as you pass into the physical brain and body, you may lose part of the answer in the process of entering, then awakening in this world.

Remember, if you do not have complete success at any time, it is for one or two simple reasons. You either didn't start out with a good, sound, intelligible question, or else you began without enthusiasm enough to carry you all the way through to the other world and back again with a vividly clear answer.

If you will cease being yourself and assume the attitude that you really are a citizen of the other world, as much or even more than you are one of this sphere, then you will be helped tremendously. It will be possible for you to become much less earthbound and more free to act as you desire.

Visualize the other world as you would expect a perfect world to



be. Imagine it exactly as you would like to have it, according to your own ideas and opinions about life and living. This bit of visualization is for the purpose of making it more real, and naturally, the more real it is for you, the better results you will obtain.

Again, before going to sleep, visualize "Androcles". Of course, it isn't absolutely requisite that you visualize an ancient Greek. You might just visualize an Androcles after your own liking, one that completely suits your own taste. You could imagine him as being exactly as you would like to appear when you are perfect. Imagine him as the antithetical part of yourself. Imagine him as possessing all the positive qualities you want to possess. If you are weak, imagine him as being strong, athletic, etc. Now this is really quite an important point, for you no longer care to be your old-time self. Gradually you will assume the characteristics of your new "ideal", especially if you follow the visualization carefully and build toward the "other world here."

The very same holds true if you are a woman. Picture the other world helper as a most beautiful and radiant woman, intelligent, talented, poised--one you would desire to copy in every aspect and detail.

On the other hand, if you are already a handsome young man or a beautiful young lady and do not desire these characteristics of physical beauty, then you may choose your "Androcles" from the opposite sex. For men, however, this practise is not highly recommended, as it is very liable to make one slightly "effeminate." That is, after a few months of practise-visualization. However, the major aim is to get your questions answered by "Androcles" whether he is male or female.

At first you will remember nothing of the other world. You will retire at night with a problem and awaken in the morning with a complete answer. But as to just why, you will be completely in the dark. Later on you may come back with a complete remembrance of all you did during your sojourn in the other world, but such memory of the other world of "Androcles" doesn't matter at all, as long as you bring back your problems completely solved.

If you start in on financial problems, then continue on with them until you have worked them out to a satisfactory degree. After that you take up other departments of life in the very same manner, exhausting their possibilities first before going on to another. Carry the same questions or question every night to your Androcles, until you receive the answer. After some practise, you will get your complete answer in just one night. In fact, every evening you will then be able to make a different query. One problem per night with a complete answer in the morning will be yours in a very brief space of time, if you will work faithfully and enthusiastically toward that end.

#### Awakening the Brain

In taking up new work like this, the physical brain is very often the cause of our answers not coming back clear and distinct when we return to the body in the morning. In one of my other



courses which some of you possess but others do not, I have offered a little exercise for awakening millions of additional brain cells, thus making it so much easier for one to think and act.

In the process of developing your brain, always remember that the mind may be compared with water and the brain with the water pipe. The brain is the medium through which the mind works. The mind is the action and the brain is the instrument.

Did you know that the more brain cells you awaken, the more you become a different being? You see, at the present time you are actually using only a small portion of your marvelous brain, but when you really begin to awaken more brain cells that differ from those you are already using, you become a different personality.

This exercise, which was taken from one of my other courses, now unattainable, may be practised successfully during any time of the day, but it is more advisable to apply it in the morning. Science has proven that the brain reaches its maximum point of efficiency between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. That is, it is keenest and most alert at that hour. So, by applying this stimulating exercise in the morning, when the brain is on the awakening curve, we find that we receive the greatest amount of efficiency and good results. In fact, the action of the treatment will so stimulate and arouse these lethargic, sleeping brain cells, that after the first week or so, you will feel alert and alive, ready for the most difficult problem, confident that you will conquer it.

This treatment is actually an Oriental practise which has been translated into terms of Occidental intelligence. Not being used to such intense mental exercise, if we were to practise this as seriously as the Himalayan monks do, we would probably burn out our brains in a week's time. However, if one follows instructions accurately, the most beneficial results will occur.

The exercise is as follows: Stand erect. Place the right-hand thumb against the right nostril, allowing the fingers of the same hand to extend upward in line with the forehead. Now fill the lungs completely with air by breathing through the left nostril. Then close the left nostril with the index finger of the same hand.

With the lungs filled, the nose held at the nostrils with a thumb and forefinger, and the lips partly open, so that there will be no pressure in the mouth, bend over from the waist, lowering the head as far as is conveniently possible. Then, still holding the nostrils, let a portion of the air from the lungs come back gently into the nose, in order to create just a very slight pressure there. This position enables the blood to flow into every part of the brain which, along with the air in the lungs, has a very energizing effect upon the entire organism, and especially on the sensitive nerve centers of the brain.

Then, when the desire to resume breathing is quite strong, rise to the erect position as in the beginning of the exercise, keeping the left nostril closed and allowing the breath to escape through the right nostril by the removal of your thumb from the nose. However, do not force the breath out speedily, or the effect of the treatment will be ruined. And do not retard it either. Just let it



flow out freely until the lungs are naturally empty.

Remember, never use this treatment more than once a day. And when you do perform it, do it in a cycle of three repetitions. In other words, repeat the complete exercise three successive times, which should take you from two to three minutes. And then, do not repeat it again for twenty four hours.

As you repeat the exercise from day to day, you will find that you are able to hold the breath longer each time. However, never sustain it so long that you become red in the face. That is very easily liable to ruin the good effect of the exercise.

No matter whether or not you choose the mental department as the beginning place for your work, you should practise this exercise consistently. Newly-awakened brain cells are an asset in any one of the five fields of endeavor.

### Quickly Ridding One's Self of Malicious Personalities

Regardless of the intensity of one's adverse personalities, they may be greatly lessened by a simple little practise that I gave some of my advance students some time ago. For your convenience and for the sake of those who were not fortunate enough to secure it when previously published, I am offering the "treatment" again here.

You understand now that we are composed of dozens of "personalities", some multiple and complex, others simple and clear. These personalities range from the most noble sort right down to the brutal and fiendish variety. Some of these personalities of ours are poverty personalities, some bring out our ill health and keep us in that condition. Others affect us mentally, socially and spiritually. Now we want to get rid of our bad ones and in their place allow new, good ones to spring up and thrive.

This is all very simply and easily accomplished if you can spare fifteen (15) minutes a day, even twice a week, for this treatment. Once a day for the exercise I am about to give you naturally brings you the quickest and most satisfying results, and results are what you want. You have lived among enough misery and sorrow! You have seen enough of failure, sickness and disaster! You have had your fill of such things, not only for the time being, but for ever!

And so, here is a simple yet most marvelous exercise for killing out an adverse personality: Once each day, for fifteen minutes only, you are to write with pen and ink on your worst personality. Work up feeling, emotion and write freely any word, phrase or sensation that may come to your mind about the matter. Pay no attention to how you are writing it. If you just scribble illegibly, that will serve as adequately as if you wrote plainly. But you must get each word down, in some form or another, plainly, if you want it eliminated from the collective personality--or character.

Of course, you must expect that when you write about the ugly personalities there will be a great abundance of vile words, words that are liable to shock you, no doubt. But they are there, and if you want to clean out that personality definitely and permanently from your consciousness, you must continue writing and see that they



get on paper.

Just as soon as the fifteen minutes are up, stop short. No matter where you are with the mood, stop immediately. Then remember, do not ever read what you have written, but burn the paper at once to avoid such a temptation. The reason for this is that if you were to read what you had written, it would go right back into your collective personality again and you would be back where you started from. But once you have it written out and safely burned it, then there is nothing to worry about. And after you have written long enough about this personality, over a period of a good many days, nothing more will come forth when you sit down to write. Of course, that means you must have exhausted the supply of malignant forces, and that you are free from the evil personality once and for all! Then you may go on, step by step, eliminating other personalities in other departments of your life, until finally you have sifted the gold from the dross. As that point is reached, you become another human being, the new self you have so long been working toward.

Now we are going to show you how a poverty personality may be written out. As follows: "All my life I have been a failure--miserable, unhappy. Despicable! All my family are failures. Never once during my whole existence have I had enough money at once to feel independent. I'm an easy mark mark for borrowers, and they never pay me back. When I ask for my money, they get offended. If I try to borrow from anyone, they laugh at me, and sometimes they humiliate me with their supercilious attitudes. . .

"I'm always losing money in one way or another! Often I'm sick and have to lay off work. My family's extravagant and my nose is always on the grindstone. They never seem to understand that I work like a slave for the little money I get. They even laugh when I talk about finances. Then, when I did take a vacation three years ago, I nearly drowned when I went on my first swim for years, caught pneumonia and nearly died. The doctor bills were so high that just this last month I finished paying them off!"

Write on like this for fifteen (15) minutes. Do all the "raving" you can, for the meaner the things you say are, the quicker the malicious poverty personality will be eliminated. Say anything you like; no one, not even your own self, will ever read it. Don't make the mistake, however, of working in two separate departments at once. If you are seeking wealth-creating advice at night from your "Androcles", then write out your corresponding and opposite poverty personality at the same time. Later when you go on to health, seek advice at night regarding the quickest way to eradicate your afflictions, and at the same time write out the ill-health personality

Stick to a problem until you have it solved and eradicated, then go on quickly to other things. In this way you will be constantly eliminating old "personalities" and rebuilding in new ones. When you get over on to the physical, then you do the same kind of writing, only this time it is about your "sickly personality." Regardless of what your sickness or affliction is, write it out. Don't forget, there are also three other departments--mental, social and spiritual. They are also in need of some spring cleaning, so do not neglect any of them in the process of renovation.



Now that we have given you such a wealth of valuable ideas and information concerning the remodeling of your old personality into a new one through elimination and the glorification of your hidden assets, we want to show you that other people, too, have created magnificently successful new personalities for themselves.

After you have eliminated the sides to your Self that tend to drag you down and make the boat lop-sided, then half the battle is won, for you may go ahead by leaps and bounds from that point. You may spend the rest of your life and energy in discovering, then perfecting that personality-part of your collective personality that will make you famous, wealthy, admired, beloved and intensely happy.

Now as a final proof of our ideas, let us turn to the stars of Hollywood. Consider their success. The majority of them were once drab, commonplace individuals, much like every man and woman in the street today. But they had enough foresight and intuition to realize that a complete change of personality corresponded to a complete change of environment and living. It would mean the difference between obscurity and fame, poverty and fortune. So they sought out into the astral world, communing with their "Androcles" for a solution to each of their various problems. They discovered where the weak points in their characters were, and they corrected them. Then they turned the many-faceted diamond that was their collective-self, and they chose the side that gleamed most brightly. That became their permanent personality.

It is strange that so few people realize a change of personality within a human being means a complete external change also. Such was the case with these movie stars. When they became different people within themselves, they began to shed the skin of their former environments. They sought desperately to raise themselves to where they felt they should be. They became conscious of their clothes, their hair, their features, their whole personal appearances. And with this new consciousness came their actual visible growth. They began to change. People noticed their individuality. They threw off their drab colors, and they began to get places in the world of cinema.

Of course, the above is an old, old story in any business or profession, or even for the housewife whose hours are spent in the privacy of her own home. Anyone on earth, who is willing to take the trouble and time to make such a change--can do it! There are absolutely no limitations! Every member of society, from the lowliest to the mightiest, may positively become a completely new, re-molded and re-youthified personality by simply following certain ideas and by expending a certain amount of energy and enthusiasm on those ideas.

Without mentioning familiar names, let us give you a few case histories of the cinema stars who have re-made their personalities from ordinary, uninteresting people into fascinating, brilliant idols of the world of make-believe.

Almost five years ago a young man came across the continent from New York with the express purpose of crashing into motion pictures. Of course, millions before and after him had the same idea, but not many of them were as persistent as was this man. After weeks of discouragement and not even the remotest possibility of



work from any studio, he decided to begin a period of self-analysis in order to discover just what he lacked. He knew he could act; for he had been very successful the previous season in an eastern stock company. But he was not so sure about some of his other qualities, and he determined to find out.

Night after night, when he had dragged his weary body into bed, he would meditate on what he could do to help himself. He plagued his inner being with questions, and suddenly one morning he woke up with an idea. It was so complete and useful that he put it to work for himself immediately. In less than a week's time he could notice results, and in a fortnight his associates noticed the change...

A year later he had his first important role in pictures and was a sensation. Here is what really happened. The man had discovered that the main cause of his failure was because he radiated discouragement. As soon as that was eliminated, he could capitalize on his appearance, his manner of speech, his wit and his charm. In short, he had been possessed of everything an actor could wish for, but he had hidden his talent under a mask of drab failure. It is much like having a beautiful, frosted glass window in the salon of a house on a mountain top. There may be one of the earth's most breath-taking scenes behind that translucent pane, but there might as well be a stone wall. No one can get a glimpse of the wonder beyond it.

The reason we make special mention of actors is because in that profession a person stands one of the best opportunities for discovering and testing his new personalities on other people. An actor spends most of his working hours before an audience, and in each new role he offers another side to his character, or another interpretation, to the world. But you too can discover your best personality as quickly as stagefolk.

A famous actress who was once an obscure shop girl in a foreign city, was just an ordinary gay, simple maiden. She worked in a cheap department store by day and studied dramatics at night. It was after a long siege of work one day that she returned home tired and exhausted to her room, too weary to eat, too weary even to even keep up her everyday personality. She opened a script for the play she was soon to play in and began to read her role aloud. Suddenly, because she had weakened the resistance of her outer personality and made way for a wonderful new inner personality to express itself, she realized she was reading the lines with more power and more dramatic force than she had ever previously known she possessed. She went back over the part and conscientiously re-read her lines. All that evening she memorized this new side to herself, and determined that with the morning she would become this other personality. She did, and as she grew she eliminated the poor points in her being, finally blossoming into a clearly-defined individual. Of course, the rest of the story is theatrical history. Today she is known to countless millions and offers them the soul-food they desire. And her success was quite accidentally based upon the simple discovery of a hidden personality.

We want you to remold your personality along the lines of your new discoveries. Re-youthify your brain and awaken sleeping cells; seek out your "Androcles" in the other world and present your various problems to him for solution. Become the person you've always wanted to be--reveal the most brilliant facet in your diamond of Self. Be magnificent! Be rich! Be worshipped! Be famous! BUT don't be yourself!







