

HOW THE MIND CURES

A CONSIDERATION OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN
YOUR OUTSIDE AND YOUR INSIDE INDIVIDUALITIES
AND THE INFLUENCE THEY EXERCISE UPON EACH
OTHER FOR YOUR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL WELFARE

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NEW YORK
ALFRED : A : KNOPF
MCMXXI

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

O. F. BUTLER
REQUEST
3-23-40

03.26-40 1152

If you are well, read this book and remain so. If you are ill, read this book and consult a good doctor.

**“For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grow wide withal.”**

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INTRODUCTION

A great deal has been said these late years about Suggestive Therapeutics. Some of it has been accepted, some given undue importance, and most of it rejected. Common sense shows a middle way.

Man is an organism. De Quincey defines an organism as a group of parts which act upon the whole, the whole in turn acting upon all the parts. This is simple and true.

It is paradoxical that mind, though a principal and usually a determining part of a human organism's actions and reactions, has by formal medicine been disregarded as a primary cause in pretty much all of those bodily disorders which are not produced by contagion. But of late years "autotoxication" and disturbances of the ductless glands have come into increased consideration. Their operations are being gradually traced to origins beyond the physical body, and definitely located in states of mind. These states are coming within the scope of diagnostics; enlightened medical art brings them under treatment.

If a patient is self-poisoned by imperfect (maybe ignorant) mental functioning, obviously the thing to do is to get at the cause of malfunction first, and then to clean the organism from that point outward

until the whole is free, and interacting healthfully.

This was dimly understood "of old time, that was before us." In Egypt, seven thousand years ago, the priests were the physicians; the power of mind over matter was recognized, but mind as such was confusedly blended with spirit, conformably to a more or less fantastic spiritual concept, and the patient was approached from the wrong side. A similar system, with similar mixtures of benefit and harm, has obtained a wide though not an educated following in our own time. Its error lies in the substitution of the dictum "thy faith hath made thee whole," for the precept "Know thyself."

That precept indicates the course of the enlightened physician. It is the mainspring of his inculcation. In the majority of cases it is worth more than the whole pharmacopoeia. It leads him to new and deeper diagnosis; it enables him in turn to lead his patient into new, easy, rational ways of living. It is implicit in any real understanding or application of psychotherapy, where on the other hand the dogmatic erection of faith as an all-sufficient curative agency is almost certain to induce egoitis, a disorder dangerous to the patient, annoying to others, and never by any chance eventuating in good.

It is quite within the ethics to admit a patient's mentality, as a part of his functional being, to be considered in any treatment of that being. The

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mind is easily directed to beneficial action upon the ponderable, physical parts. Its action in that relation is subtle and sympathetic, but not elusive nor in any way mysterious.

Every physician, consciously or unconsciously, addresses himself to the superphysiology of a patient to the extent of inspiring confidence in his ability to cure. If he does not bring that impression into a sick room, he has left his best power outside. In what follows here I shall endeavour to demonstrate the value and the operation of that power when and where it is intelligently applied.

CHAPTER I: THE SEEKER COMES TO THE HOUSE

THE Doctor had lived long and seen many things, looked into many minds, many hearts, and much of the longings, interplays of joy and sorrow, and bodily suffering that come to men and women. And he had wrought by the light of human learning, had read deeply of things good and bad, had studied and applied the great art of healing as it had been taught to him.

But with years had come questions to which he could find no answers in the books. So he laid the books aside and considered all he had seen, and decided within himself that the answers could be had from reading the minds of those who came to him for cure. True, such minds had been laid open to him many a time, but if any had seemed discrete or unformed or of vague thinking, he passed them by, telling himself he was not an alienist nor a metaphysician; and went on caring for the bodies that contained them—honestly, and with sincere desire to do good in the world.

Then it came to him one day through a phrase

caught by chance as he turned the leaves of a Great Book: "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

And at once there came into full light a mighty truth that day by day had come before him and had passed him by unseen: It was not the form and substance of the men and women who had come to him that in itself had caused their suffering, but the real men and women who inhabited those forms and used or abused that substance.

Out of his knowledge, and remembering the people he had seen, he argued thus:

A man goes to hear an evangelist deliver what he calls a sermon, and having been considerably harrowed up in his emotions by the lurid word pictures of hell and its torments, he returns home in an excited state and sits down to dinner. He has no appetite; his emotions have prevented the flow of gastric fluid; but he thinks he ought to eat, because it is his usual time for dinner. He does so, and soon after rising from the table complains of great pain in his epigastric region, and lies down. The pain increases, and after some time, if it does not diminish but becomes worse, the family doctor is summoned on the telephone. He is not at home. Another is called up; he also is absent. Finally a third is called and comes, but too late. The patient is past remedy.

What caused the man's death?

The lay answer will come at once, "Indigestion."

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The doctor is more deliberate. If he belongs to the materialistic school he will say there were several causes of the result, and if called upon to tabulate them he will do so somewhat as follows:

1. His going to the tabernacle.
2. The arousing in him of an excess of emotion.
3. The action of the emotion on the stomach, preventing digestion.
4. His eating food when in such a condition of emotion.
5. The delay in securing medical aid.

But if the physician be of another school he will answer:

“The quality of his intelligence, which led him to attend such a meeting in the first place, is the sole cause of his death. The attending factors, such as his emotion (which a wiser man would not have felt), his eating while in such a condition, his delay in summoning assistance, the absence of the first two physicians, the state of his bodily health which left him open to the fatal attack, all these were effects and means, not causes.

“Had his intelligence been of a different grade he would have escaped them all by remaining at home. Even if he had attended the meeting he would not have been so wrought up by those mediæval word-pictures, designed in the beginning to frighten the ignorant into compliance with views and customs which would be accepted in no other

way. He would have laughed at them for their crudity, or he would have left the hall in disgust. The state of his intelligence, gentlemen, was the cause of all the rest.”

If we accept the first of these views there seems to be no hope for us. If any little thing, such as attending a meeting, the absence of a doctor, or eating a dinner, has the power to cause effects within us, if it can set in motion a sequent train the end of which is death, we are indeed in the grip of an inexorable, unjust, and monstrous fate, a fate that can play with us as it will, sneering at all our efforts to escape its decree.

In such a case, no matter how great or how little the intelligence of the victim involved, he would be helpless. Once having entered that tabernacle, the results would follow of themselves.

Yet we see at once that such a notion is absurd. All men who go to religious meetings do not die of indigestion, and nothing is more plain than that different persons in the audience will be affected in different ways, each according to his—what? According to the quality of his intelligence, self-evidently. A body without intelligence would feel no effects.

What is it that differentiates a dead body from a live one? Conscious intelligence, certainly. Intelligence must come first, must act as the cause of all conditions over which we may be said to

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have control. Possessed of a proper intelligence, we may break at any moment the chain of events, may step in at any point between our body and disaster. The emotions do not, in an intelligent person, affect the intelligence; the intelligence affects them, restraining them or loosing them at will. Neither do the gastric juices affect the intelligence; on the contrary they are governed by it, or we may learn to govern them by it.

We shall therefore accept the second rather than the first answer of the physician to the question, "What caused the man's death?"

That cause was the state of his personal amount of intelligence, and that amount, being low, caused the effects which followed, no one of which was a real, legitimate cause of anything.

A proper intelligence might have stepped in and broken the chain of effects at any moment—and in this glorious truth lies our salvation.

A low quality of intelligence, such as that possessed by a man who seldom or never reads, who is occupied wholly or even mostly with material desires and things, will be governed by every wind of materiality that blows, whether in the form of his own emotions, the words of any chance ignoramus, or the absence of a doctor from home. But the quality of most men's intelligence can be raised above such a standard so that it can govern

these effects instead of being governed by them. If it were otherwise, this book and all books would be in vain.

I have here given a mere glimpse of the two opposing notions of cause that have come to us from the ancients. Plato was the first writer to put the second one in definite terms, Aristotle the other, though the latter philosopher used the term "cause-co-operative" instead of "effect"—as Plato used it. That the question is of momentous importance becomes plain as soon as we begin to follow its ramifications, scrutinizing and weighing the evidence advanced on both sides; for if the one is correct we are absolute slaves to our liver, our emotions, a word-picture, or anything whatever in the world without or the microcosm within; and this idea humiliates us and is obnoxious both to what we know and what we wish to think.

On the other hand, if it is our intelligence that rules our effects, then if these effects displease us we have our remedy;—we have only to raise the quality of our intelligence and the rest will follow.

This we are always able to do. By reading, by getting at the true interpretations of our experiences, by study of other men and of things and events, we may improve our condition, may create health out of sickness, success out of failure, wisdom out of ignorance itself.

All we need, to begin with, is a grade of intelli-

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gence fine enough to convince us of the necessity of making a start. Once started, we proceed by our natural momentum, with ever increasing rapidity and delight. The direction, always upward, will be toward more and more wisdom, more and more life, better and better understanding and enjoyment of the truth that a Divine Intelligence rules the world; and that (as Emerson puts it) every man's mind is an inlet to and an outlet for that Divine Intelligence. Our little spark of life is struck from the anvil of the Master and partakes of His creative energy.

As our intelligence, so will be our effects. It behooves us therefore to foster that intelligence with care. To the improvement of that intelligence we would most profitably devote our energies, for as it increases, the body and its environment improve, so that in due season we shall find ourselves in such a condition that neither emotion within nor the words of ignorami without, can have any effect upon us. On the contrary, we shall rule these; and much more than these shall we rule.

If we examine our own affairs and look around upon the outer world, upon the people in it and the things that happen, we see so many results arriving to us without apparent volition or even wish on our part that we cannot at first credit this all-important truth of an intelligent supervision of

things, this unity of design and power which moves us all.

If a man walking peacefully along the street is struck down and killed by a brick designedly thrown at him by an enemy, we ascribe that death to the brick-thrower, and the law unhesitatingly convicts him of the crime and metes out what it calls punishment.

No account is taken of the cause within that murdered one which attracted the fatal missile. What he may have done to that brick-thrower plays no part in the judgment of the law; neither do we say that the missile performed the act. No, we say that the thrower did the killing by aid of the brick. Or in case the brick is not intentionally thrown, but falls from a chimney with the same fatal effect, we attempt to place the blame on the householder or the builder; and failing in this we say there was no guilt in the matter, that it was "a visitation of Providence," or "the act of God," though we do not really believe this down in our hearts.

Yet if the death is immediately preceded by a fit of indigestion instead of by a brick, we hold that indigestion did it!

Within this labyrinth of uncertainty and contradiction there is, nevertheless, a clue, which if followed will presently lead us to the light.

Take for example the classic question of who or what breaks the stone? Here is a stone of a given size and density, and we wish to break it up. An engineer, figuring expertly, declares that it can be broken by a body having a certain weight falling upon it from a certain height. There is no such weight at hand. But a husky man with a sledgehammer is there, and the engineer, informing us that here is something just as good, sets him at work on that stone.

The first blow seems to have no effect beyond raising a particle of white dust at the point of contact. The tenth is, to all appearance, equally impotent, and so is the twenty-fifth and even the fiftieth. Long before this an ignorant man would have ceased his apparently futile efforts in discouragement. Indeed he never would have begun the task. But at the fifty-first blow the stone breaks.

What has been the cause of that result?

We cannot say it was the fifty-first blow, for though it was apparently that, we well know it never could have succeeded without the previous blows. Did all the blows, then, working together, one after another, cause the result? We might as well say the brick that was thrown did the killing; for there was the husky chap with the hammer. We cannot forget him.

But we cannot say it was he who caused the result, for if left to himself he never would have thought of attempting it.

He was a mere instrument, a machine, so far as cause was concerned. Beyond and behind him, setting him to the work, was the engineer, and behind the engineer was his science, the science which enabled him not only to figure out the amount of weight necessary to do the job, but also to declare that a man, giving a certain number of blows with a hammer, could equal that weight. Moreover, there was the weight itself, or its equivalent in blows, the employment of which was necessary to the result.

Where did that come from, what is it, and did the weight really cause the breaking of the stone? Self-evidently it did not.

All these agencies were present, but what could any one of them, or all of them together, do without that which combined them in one energy or force, and directed them toward a unified end? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

And what was it that so combined and unified them? Intelligence, surely, that spark from the Godhead which, possessed by the engineer, compelled all these atoms, as well as the mind and muscles of the wielder of the hammer, to mass together into orderly force, and in this form carry out his commands. Intelligence, the engineer's
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intelligence, broke the stone, employing physical force as the means.

Now, there you have an illustration in which lies a clue which, if followed in all directions logically, fearlessly, with only absolute truth in view, no matter what it may cost, will surely lead us from doubt to certainty, from the valley of misgiving and contradiction to the heaven-kissing mountain tops of vision, of light and of power.

In that wonderful region we shall be safe from the attacks of the lower world of appearance, of illusion, of phantoms, whose only life is that bestowed upon them by the observer's own grade of intelligence, but which seems to us, while we inhabit those lower levels, to be the only real life in the world.

And more, much more, than this. No longer having our own safety to look after, standing as we do, firm planted and immovable, we are able to extend an uplifting hand to our brothers who are still in the valley; and this is no mean power. In fact, those who have tried it with success declare it is the greatest of all delights, both in the satisfaction of having conferred benefit and in the pure sense of conscious power in the mind.

But such distinctions need not occupy us here. We wish above all things now to be practical, and to that end we want to know of what advantage it will prove to us, bodily and mentally, to have

learned that the ruler of our states, both mental and physical, is that destined, delegated and God-born power, our own Intelligence.

Thus reasoned the Doctor; and to those who came to him after that time, he gave self-knowledge, and so became a true healer.

Many Seekers came to him. These were of all sorts, but the story of one, not a thinker but a man of commercial affairs, is given here as typical of all: An average man, having the virtues, the failings, the self-confidence and the indifference common to the majority.

CHAPTER II: THE LIGHT AHEAD

THE Seeker, like every other character, must have his beginnings, must feel his way, so to speak. He thinks he governs himself, not caring to learn self-government.

When, therefore, blundering along in his course, with neither a definite goal in view nor any well defined road to follow, he runs against opposing forces over which he seems to have no control, and which hurt him and play with him at will and thwart him at every step, he turns loose the war-dogs of his wrath against them. He wishes hotly to know what in the name of Thersites they are doing there anyway, standing in the path of his desires? Nobody else has any right! He is the king! Stand out of the way, or off goes your head! On the whole, off goes your head anyway.

But to his great astonishment they will not stand out of the way, they will not permit their heads to be sliced off. On the contrary, they assert themselves, and so stout and so successful are these assertions that he soon begins to doubt the absolute supremacy of his rule after all. He has not yet found that we command the sun, and cause it to cure our hay for us, only by learning and obeying

the sun's own laws; and he is very far from even dreaming that in obedience lies the true method of gaining power over ourselves and men and environment, as it is over the elements. Yet in due season he will arrive at this conclusion, if he lives long enough, for every road leads to it.

In the meantime he will have sought in vain to do just what he wants to do, for he does not see that in fact all his troubles begin at home with his own grade of wisdom, which is not yet high enough to command by obeying.

If for example he wishes to eat roast pork, he commands roast pork to be placed before him, never dreaming of first inquiring into the state of his digestion. It is roast pork he wants, and roast pork he will have. Digestion? He never thinks of it,—or if he does think of it, it may go hang. Isn't he his own boss? Of course he is. Therefore he eats.

And behold, his stomach rises in rebellion! Yes, he becomes very sick and miserable.

Has his intelligence anything to do with that rebellion and sickness? Patently it has. It has ruled, and though the result of the ruling is not what he expected, that fact cannot vitiate the fact of his personal sovereignty. Indeed it proves that sovereignty. For had he admitted another to his counsel, had he consulted his stomach, had he before eating learned whether or not his digestive

functions were in proper condition for the reception of roast pork, the outcome would have been very different. The rebellion of the stomach declares, not that it was ungoverned by the intelligence, but that the intelligence was of a low grade.

Or suppose he rises in the morning and finds his head violently throbbing. Surely he did not order a headache. Moreover, though he roar protests until the windows rattle, that insubordinate head continues to ache and will not desist. How, then, can it be said that he rules himself, if even his own head will not obey him?

But we see that it has obeyed him and that it does even now obey. It is his orders that are at fault. Last night he ruled that the windows of his sleeping room should be kept closed, and in so doing commanded that headache to appear in the morning. Even now, in the very height and turmoil of that troublesome ache, he is commanding it to remain, for instead of bathing, eating lightly of some sanely considered food, and going out for exercise or work in the fresh air and sunshine, which would soon send that ache scudding to the limbo of things dead and gone, he refuses to bathe, except his face and hands, eats gluttonously of the things he likes best, takes a pill, and lies around in everybody's way, groaning and growling.

Nobody could make him believe, at this stage

in his growth of mind, that he commands anything in the world. He miserably regards himself as the helpless slave of his environment, of the winds that blow him colds; of the man who fails in business, owing him money; of the winter which freezes him; of the summer which bakes him; of the enemy who slanders and hurts him; of the friends who ask too much of him; and above all, of that rebellious and treacherous body of his, which is filled up with and composed of innumerable organs, nerves, muscles, ligaments, vessels, and the lord knows what more, over not a single one of which he has the slightest control, but every unit of which does, on the contrary, control him and make him wretched! Existence is one long "demnition grind." All is vanity, vexation, ill-health, and failure. Is life worth living? It is not. And the sooner the sickly flame gutters out and vanishes into the great Inane, the better!

He may be thirty years old or he may be forty. It is unlikely that he will have been sat upon hard enough by these external devils of fate, environment, and disease, to be squashed down to so low a point of view as this inside of thirty or forty years, though some arrive there earlier. Most of us know all that can be known at eighteen and absolutely nothing at thirty or more.

At this point, the point at which we admit that we know nothing and declare ourselves and all men

to be merely fools and playthings of the gods, there appears an orifice in our ivory spheres into which some real if slight information may seep, and we may reasonably begin to feel hope.

As this method of squashing appears to be universal and unescapable for us all and is not a special dispensation of grim fate against our own poor selves, we may regard it as a necessary process of nature, a clearing away of the egotistical forests and underbrush, a preparation of the soil for seed. Therefore we may as well grin and face the situation, for face it we must if we are to continue living on.

And we will live on, no fear. That expressed desire for death which has always been so widely prevalent among men at about thirty is really a hunger for visions with which to replace the egotism born of ignorance and youth. Disgusted with life as we have found it because we have permitted ourselves to be led by the senses,—whose paths are always and by nature illusory—we pant for a change, but lack the vision to see that the change should not be to a cessation of life but to a life more intelligently lived. Most of us, though we do not possess the wisdom necessary to the conduct of a full, deep, sane life, have at least a sense of inertia in this direction which prevents us from acting too rashly, and in time the suicidal mania dies of inanition.

So this suffering victim of roast pork and ignorance will go on living, however emphatically and miserably he may declare that he cannot and will not. And then, some day, somehow, a ray of light penetrates the darkness he has unwittingly created around himself by his ignorant rule, and attracts his attention.

This light may be so slight a ray that he never would have noticed it but for the darkness with which he has enveloped himself. In broad daylight it would be invisible—that is, had he been in good health and spirits, confident in his powers and finding his rule working happily in all directions, he would not have attracted to himself that hopeful gleam; and even had he seen or heard of it, it would have made no impression on his mind, except perhaps an ironical one.

“*That* a ray of light!” he would exclaim, scornfully, were it pointed out to him. “Why, that isn’t light; that is darkness. It is blindness, foolishness, a mote in your own eye. Go to! You are laughing at me. I myself have light, the only light there is!”

But being now surrounded by darkness he sees that slender ray as real light, and he cannot help considering it as such, it sets up so strong a contrast to the prevailing character of his self-created scenery. And here, doubtless, is Nature’s reason

for permitting that darkness to accumulate little by little through the years. For now the night is so black that even the tiniest spark of true light must be visible, must be noticed and considered. Perhaps it consists only of a sanely conceived cure for that headache. Long ago, years ago, he had learned that pills, cocktails, and whatsoever medicaments, had no good effect upon his headaches, and for that reason he had lost confidence in them, though he still employs them because he knows of nothing else to do. And now at last comes the ray of light into his suffering, when, having tried in vain all the remedies he knows about, he is not only willing but eager to entertain any suggestion that promises relief.

Usually this hope, this ray of light, is held before him by a friend who has already seen and profited by it. We may suppose a dialogue somewhat like the following:

“Hello, old man! How’s the health this fine morning?”

“Rotten! And I hope yours and everybody’s else is the same.”

“I see. Feeling fine, what? I recognize the symptoms—been there myself, often, but never again for me! Why don’t you buck up?”

“I am bucked up, and that’s what’s the matter. If I were a doctor and hadn’t the brains or skill to cure even a headache, I’d shut up shop.”

"Why do you keep on giving yourself these headaches?"

"Gi—giving myself these—"

"That is what I said. You don't suppose these aches come to you without being called, do you?"

"Would anybody be ass enough to call a headache down on himself, even if he could?"

"Oh, sure! Millions of people do it every day. Of course they don't demand in so many words that the headache come to them, but they act in such a way that it can't help coming of itself. Take your own case. I know by the look of your eyes and skin that your room wasn't properly ventilated last night—"

"Ventilated? At zero? If it had been ventilated I should be needing an undertaker now instead of a headache cure. I would have caught my death of cold."

"Colds don't come from cold air, they come from foul air. And so do headaches. Why don't you learn the truth about these things instead of stumbling around doing the very things that must, by their nature, lead you to misery? It is much easier to learn a few laws of comfort and success and health than it is to go on blundering against them. It is the ignorant man who finds life hardest, not the wise one—and that ought to be self-evident!"

"That sounds fine—only I don't hear."

“Well, take the simplest of all cases. Say that you wish to begin your haying. Do you cut the grass whenever you please, or when the sun is shining?”

“Why, I cut when the sun shines, of course. Any idiot would know enough for that.”

“If you would apply the same principle to health laws that you do to the haying laws, you would never have another headache,—any more than you would cut grass in the rain.”

“But I can’t begin to go to school again at this late day. What I want is health, and that is all I want.”

“What I have to tell you is altogether too good for such a lazy brute, but I am going to let you in for it just the same. The fact is that so far as mere bodily health is concerned you need learn only a very little—no more than any simpleton could acquire in a few hours. A few minutes each day—and there you are! In a month you will know all that is necessary about the body, and then beyond that, far and away beyond and higher—”

“Never mind that higher stuff. My body is enough for me. If you can show me even how to stop this blamed headache, I’ll say you’re a wonder. I’m sick, and I can’t wait!”

Such an imaginary conversation may be re-

garded as typical, in principle, of the manner in which the ordinary man is led to the first indications of a path whose direction is always upward, from darkness to light, from ignorance to wisdom, from slavery to the body and its desires to intelligent control of them.

Probably nine out of every ten disciples of the new order of right living have been driven to it first by some obstinate pathological state of body. About the principles involved, they feel, in the beginning, no concern. All they desire is health. They accept psychic treatment as they have formerly taken a pill, merely for the benefit of the body. They have no inkling of the fact that by so doing they have taken the first step on a road which if followed will lead them to heights where all is power and harmony, and deep, sane, strong life.

There is, of course, another mode of entrance into this beautiful road, a mode inspired not by disease of the body but by certain rays of light already in the mind; results of service performed for its own sake, or of other unselfishness. And this mode leads its travelers into the road at a much higher level than the other.

Indeed, he enters it at that lofty height where the traveler of the first and far more numerous class loses his great anxiety for the body in the

delight of what he sees ahead. Our roast pork friend, however, has no such luck. He wishes only for physical health now, and does not dream that he will ever want wisdom, too.

Wisdom, if he thinks of it at all, he regards as the prerogative of "highbrows," of no use to him and his fellows—something vague, intangible, impractical, good only for dreamers. He wishes merely to live, not to learn how to do so, though he would not put the case in that way. For in fact he thinks he does know how. Doesn't he do as others do? And, like them, when he falls sick and meets other problems that he cannot solve, he has no idea that if he had been a little more intelligent there would have been delight and not a problem before him.

To be sure, he has heard of Plato and Epictetus, and perhaps of Goethe, Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, and some of the others who knew how to govern their respective worlds successfully, but he does not connect them in any practical way with himself. He is far from even imagining that if he knew the things they knew he would at that very moment be able to get good out of the evil which is afflicting him. Yet such is the case.

And having once started on the upward road, being urged thereto by his physical state, he may eventually find himself standing shoulder to shoul-

der with those heroes whom he had thought so far away and so useless to him. He will see that they were indeed just like him.

Fortunately it is not necessary that every man should mount to these heights. A few only are needed as the leaders. A goal far down the mountain side may well content those who lack ambition to scale the summit, for every step from the bottom upward affords a new delight, a new sense of power, a growing ability to surmount lightly the obstacles along the way. And if one arrives eventually only at the halfway house, he will find existence very different from what it seemed before he began the ascent, when he felt himself to be a football of fate.

However, our poor martyr to pork and environment is now only about to take the first step upward; he wishes simply to be cured of that wretched headache, which will not respond to medicinal measures—as he knows, both through his own experience and that of others. Let us join him at this juncture.

While it is true that many such men hesitate long in transition between unconscious and conscious ruling, we will suppose this particular man to make the plunge at once upon learning that it can be done.

That is, many men go again and again to the new-time doctor to be treated for this or that physi-

cal ill, without inquiring into the reasons and methods of the healing. Satisfied with the cure, they do not seek farther for prevention in the future, much less for a fuller, wiser, happier life.

But some of us, struck by the simplicity, success, and completeness of the treatment, desire at once to learn more about it, and we will suppose this roast pork victim to be among these, even though at first, before treatment, he has openly and vehemently declared that all he wants is to be cured of that intolerable headache; for this sudden somersaulting of opinion and wish often occurs in the minds of men, as a psychotherapist knows—perhaps better than most others.

We will suppose, therefore, that our seeker has been sent, by the friend who showed him the first ray of light, to a physician who practises psychotherapy, which means that he employs not only medicine in his practice but also mental suggestion or persuasion, and philosophy or “religion.” And now, with throbbing head, a nausea, and a general sense of misery and coming dissolution in his mind, he occupies a chair in this new-time doctor’s office. He doesn’t realize it as yet, but he has become a seeker after knowledge of himself, and how to govern himself to the best advantage.

CHAPTER III: THE SEEKER FOLLOWS THE LIGHT

“**D**OCTOR,” says our seeker, at once, “my head sounds like a boiler-shop in full blast, and feels as if a hundred devils were banging at my brains with crowbars, and my stomach is turning handspings. Medicine does no good. Nothing helps. A friend of mine sent me to you. Can you give me the answer?”

The doctor, a middle-aged man with a grave face, makes a careful examination of the patient. Then he says:

“You ate heartily last night, sat up late, and then slept in a stuffy room. My examination and your appearance tell me that.”

“Suppose I did. How about the remedy? I’m a sick man and in a hurry.”

Then comes the following dialogue:

Doctor.—What you want is a permanent remedy, I suppose?

Seeker.—Permanent? How do you mean—permanent?

Doctor.—I mean, do you wish merely to have this particular ache stopped, and no more, or do

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you wish to put yourself in such a condition that you will probably never have another?

Seeker.—I want a quick cure. That's what I'm after. My head is so sore I can't think straight.

Doctor.—Very well. (He hands a photograph to the patient.) Do you recognize that?

Seeker.—Of course. It's the President of the United States.

Doctor.—You notice, I suppose, that some of the features, as the nose, ears, eyebrows, appear to stand out from the flat surface?

Seeker.—So they do in all pictures.

Doctor.—Do they? You know, for example, that the nose does not stand out, that it really is as flat as any other part of the surface. Why does it seem to protrude?

Seeker.—Why, because that is the way with pictures.

Doctor.—Yet a Hottentot or any person who had never seen a picture would not say that the nose or any other part stood out. The whole picture would appear to him to be on the same flat surface. He would not even see any resemblance to a human face in it. It would look to him like a mass of light and dark marks on a plain surface.

Seeker.—(Surprised.) Is that a fact, or just theory?

Doctor.—It is simple fact. It has been demonstrated a thousand times by psychologists and even

by ordinary travelers. And anybody may prove it for himself whenever he comes in contact with the properly unsophisticated person. The reason is plain. By the way, is there any piece of music for which you have a special liking—anything light and catchy?

Seeker.—Oh, I don't know! I used to like the Anvil Chorus. Why? Has that anything to do with my headache?

Doctor.—(Inserting the mentioned record in the victrola and starting the machine.) Yes, I'm curing you as fast as I can. Give me your undivided attention. A little music will help at this point.

Seeker.—(Wagging his head appreciatively.) That's good music. It sounds fine.

Doctor.—It does, does it? Do you know why?

Seeker.—Sure! Because it's good music.

Doctor.—Everybody wouldn't think so—that it's good music, I mean.

Seeker.—Wouldn't? Who wouldn't?

Doctor.—A Hottentot. Or anybody else whose education in music had been widely different from your own. Do you like a Scotch bagpipe?

Seeker.—Murder! No! What a question!

Doctor.—Well, you know the Scotch admire it, don't you?

Seeker.—Queer taste, if you ask me!

Doctor.—Your taste is quite as queer to them, isn't it? Ever hear any Chinese music?

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Seeker.—Once—in Chinatown. They said it was music.

Doctor.—But not music to you? Monotonous, meaningless, dreary pounding, wasn't it? But would either a Scotsman or a Chinaman prefer your Chorus to his own kind of music?

Seeker.—I never thought of that—perhaps not.

Doctor.—No, we all of us like the thing we have been brought up on. Moreover, what would you say about the great music masters who have made a life study of our own music? Say Kubelik, now, or Paderewski. Would they enjoy the Anvil Chorus as you do?

Seeker.—Wouldn't they? Well, maybe they wouldn't. Probably they would want to shoot higher.

Doctor.—You are right. And how is it about your own daily friends and acquaintances? Do they all of them regard this Chorus as their favorite piece, as you do?

Seeker.—Very likely they don't. Tastes differ.

Doctor.—Yes, they certainly do. But why?

Seeker.—Search me! We seem to be built that way.

Doctor.—I shall make the reason plain to you presently, and then you will see why those features on the photograph seem to you to stand out—and you will see much more. (He takes several pieces of silver money from his pocket, selects one

and passes it to the patient.) Don't look at it. Just feel of it. What is it?

Seeker.—A quarter.

Doctor.—What makes you think so?

Seeker.—I don't think so, I know so—by the feel.

Doctor.—You probably got at the answer by a process of elimination. You think it's a piece of money, and because it's too small for a half-dollar and too large for a nickel you conclude it's a quarter. Would you say that is the process in your mind?

Seeker.—Maybe. But it's a quarter, anyway.

Doctor.—Look at it.

Seeker.—(Looking.) Well I'll—That's one on me! What is it, then?

Doctor.—It's a piece of silver that I employ sometimes as an aid to healing. It is the same size as a quarter, and feels like one. With only the same sense of feeling as your guide you declared that it *was* a quarter. But now, by aid of another sense, the sense of sight, you correct that impression. Yet even by using both of these senses you cannot tell what the thing is. Why?

Seeker.—That's easy. Because I don't know.

Doctor.—You would know, however, if you'd had any previous experience with it, and learned all about it. That is plain, isn't it?

Seeker.—Nothing could be plainer.

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Doctor.—Yes. What we know, that we see. It is the same with music and with the touch. We hear and feel, not what is there but what we have learned to believe is there. Do you see now why the nose appears to stand out on the photograph?

Seeker.—No.

Doctor.—Yet the principle is the same as that of which we are speaking. That picture is a likeness of a human face. Now, your studies of and acquaintance with human faces have been both with the flesh and blood face and the pictured likeness of it, but the face itself comes first. You see it first and grow well acquainted with it before you have seen a picture of it, and you become acquainted with pictures little by little. On the flesh and blood countenance the nose stands out from the surface, and so thoroughly imbued with this truth is your superconscious mind that you refuse to accept the evidence of your eyes and your touch when you look at and feel the flat surface. You know that the real nose stands out, and you will have it that the likeness of it also stands out, whatever your senses may say. The Hottentot would see only the flat surface because he has no acquaintance with photographs. He is now just where you were when, as a babe, you never had seen a picture.

Seeker.—This is getting interesting. I always supposed that what I saw was all there was to it;

but according to you our eyes are no good, our hearing is worse, and our feeling is only laughing at us. How are we going to tell whether we are seeing anything or not—or hearing or feeling?

Doctor.—No, our eyes are all right, our hearing is true, and our feeling is correct. Where we fail is in the interpretation of the sensations they bring to us. Our senses do not deceive us. We simply have to learn to read properly the messages they bring to us; that is all. We are able to read in these messages only the measure of our own intelligence in the given direction. It is of course the same with smell and taste as with the other senses. (He passes a solution in a glass to the patient.) What does that taste like to you?

Seeker.—(Tasting.) Sugar. Or perhaps maple syrup—

Doctor.—That is because of your degree of education along that line. A physician or perhaps a druggist would get it right at once. It is neither sugar nor maple syrup; it is saccharin. (He hands him a powder in a box.) What does that smell like?

Seeker.—(Smelling.) Smells like a drug clerk.

Doctor.—Yes, but a drug clerk or a doctor would be able to say at once just what it is, though their sense of smell as well as of taste is no better than yours. You see what a difference education makes in all directions—whether with regard to sight,
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sound, smell, taste, or touch. Do you think this strange fact could have any bearing on the state of a man's health?

Seeker.—How do you mean?

Doctor.—Suppose you were for some reason confined to a room and could not be moved, and a Scotch piper should stand under your window and start up "The Campbells are Coming." If he were to keep it up you would feel exasperated, wouldn't you?

Seeker.—(Grimly.) He wouldn't keep it up—

Doctor.—You would at least wear yourself out with irritation and disgust. And if the piping were persisted in day after day, you would become insane, or seriously ill. Yet over this same music a Highlander would feel delight. What has given him this kind of superiority over you? Only a little education in a given line. It is never the thing that counts, but what we think of it, what our education has been, or what we may make it to be in the future.

Seeker.—I see your drift. It is plain sense and could be made to work in some matters, perhaps most matters, but life isn't long enough for me to learn to enjoy a bagpipe.

Doctor.—It wouldn't be as hard as you think. Suggestion, education, afford a wonderfully long pole as an aid to us in vaulting from distaste to liking.

Seeker.—I suppose I know what education is, but suggestion—what's that?

Doctor.—Ah, what is it, indeed? We see its effects, but the thing itself and its reason, its meaning! It is a hydra-headed thing. Suggestion, whatever may be its ultimate nature, is always with us for good or evil, or something above both good and evil, and there is no escaping it. Of course we do not wish to escape it but to employ it for our benefit. A look, a gesture, a word, a face, a flower, a breeze in the trees, a sail on the horizon, a phrase of music, a smell, a taste, a touch, a sight, a sound—and there you are. The thing is done. You are under the influence of suggestion in one degree or another, and you find yourself saying or thinking or doing things you had no idea of saying, thinking or doing an instant before. Wouldn't you think that to learn the laws of this wonderful mystery might give a man mighty power over himself, over his health, his passions, his physical organs, as well as over his circumstances?

Seeker.—It's Greek to me.

Doctor.—I will elucidate. Suppose somebody should offer you a million dollars if you would spend the coming year listening to the bagpipe every day. Would you accept the offer?

Seeker.—(Smiling, though somewhat grimly.) I'd think it over.

Doctor.—Quite so. That offer would act as a
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suggestion which would start you to weighing and considering. You would go over in your mind all that the possession of a million would mean to you, on one side; and on the other you would consider your distaste of the pipes and what it would mean to you to be compelled to listen to them for a solid year. People often worry themselves sick over such problems. But if you had learned the laws of suggestion, that offer would lose all its perplexity and would hold only pleasure. Why? Because you would know that through the use of that power of suggestion you could learn in a very short time to like this music, so that the coming year would be not a terror but a pleasure.

Seeker.—(Dubiously.) Do you think so?

Doctor.—Yes. Things like that occur every day, and many times a day, in this office as well as all over the world. Take a look at the subject from still another angle. Suppose the ship you were in had been sunk at sea in the night and you were floating on a spar in the cold and the dark—with no help near. All is black, silence, desertion. You float for hours, freezing, despairing, going mad. Suddenly you hear something. You strain your senses to the utmost, your heart bounds with hope. Yes, something is out there, not far away, in the night. You shout for help with all the power of your lungs. The sound approaches and you distinguish—what? The strains

of a bagpipe! Somebody with a bagpipe on a vessel is passing near! Would those strains be hateful or welcome to you then?

Seeker.—(With emotion.) Can you ask?

Doctor.—Well, that also is suggestion. I have given you only the merest glimpse of it and its possibilities in these examples, have shown you but a few of its innumerable sides. What is of more practical importance to you at this moment is that your headache left you fifteen minutes ago!

Seeker.—(Looking startled, recovering himself, and then taking the doctor's hand impulsively.) That headache! I had forgotten all about it. But—but how did you do it? What has happened to me?

Doctor.—Suggestion has happened to you.

Seeker.—It has? But how? Not that I wish to pry into your professional secrets—

Doctor.—There is no secret. The method of your cure is the simplest thing in all the world, and nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to show you the principles so that you may employ them yourself in the future—if you feel interested.

Seeker.—Interested! I am interested! And if I can learn it myself—

Doctor.—To teach it is one of the main reasons why I am here. The time will come—a long time in the future, no doubt, but it is on the way—

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when all intelligent men will be their own doctors; or rather, they will have learned to govern their lives in such a way that they will rarely if ever be sick. Will you begin your instruction now?

Seeker.—(Nervously.) Do you think I am up to it—could I get it right?

Doctor.—Why, the whole matter can be stated so simply that a child could grasp it. Interest is the first and only necessary condition in anybody with a common school education—I mean as far as learning the few necessary details of principles is concerned, enough to keep one physically well. To be a teacher or a doctor is of course a far different question. One never can know too much in that case. Neither philosophy nor medicine nor learning nor wisdom can set any bounds to the knowledge required by a psychotherapist. You will see, when you get a little way into the thought, how lack of proper preparation has befooled and befuddled men and led them into all sorts of extravagant and even crazy byways of pseudoscience. But we need not go into that now.

Have you noticed the kind of chair I gave you to occupy? You couldn't sit in any but an erect position in it without trying rather hard, could you? Observe also that there is free circulation of air all through the office. We have the best oxygen here. The chair and the air are two of the adjuncts I employ in healing—two of my pills, as it

were. But these matters I will defer until I have explained the theory of the constitution of the mind.

Seeker.—That sounds pretty well up in the air for me.

Doctor.—It will seem simple enough in a minute. Any subject appears difficult to a mind that has not been accustomed to thinking on it. Now, what the mind is we do not know. It is only through its effects that we can judge it, and these lead us to suppose there is a something within us—within us and yet outside of us, too—something intangible, formless, having no dimensions in time or space, yet dominating all our activities. This we call the mind, and after studying its workings for thousands of years we have arrived at certain definite opinions concerning it.

One of these opinions is that the mind has at least two parts, a conscious and an unconscious part. The conscious is that with which you are listening to me now, weighing and considering what I say; the unconscious is the part in which the net results of this thinking go to be stored up for future use.

The earlier psychologists called these parts respectively the supraliminal and the subliminal consciousness or mind. In later days we have decided that there must be a third division, a part that lies between the two just mentioned, and which par-

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takes of the qualities of both, being partly conscious, partly unconscious, and constantly fluctuating between these states. And we now give to these parts the names respectively of the conscious, the subconscious (or middle conscious), and the superconscious. I suppose that is quite plain, is it not?

Seeker.—But how can one mind be two minds?

Doctor.—How can one brain be two lobes with a bridge between? How can one earth be two hemispheres with an ocean between? How can the earth be north and south, hot and cold, at the same time, and how can it have an equator between these two states?

Seeker.—Oh, so that's it! I see.

Doctor.—We divide the imponderable mind as we do the solid earth, into sections, so that we may deal more easily with it. It would not do to say that the earth's surface is hot or that it is cold, for part of it is one and part the other, both states being existent at the same time.

Now this superconscious part of the mind is that which forms our connection with spirituality, and the conscious part is that which forms our connection with materiality, with the things of the senses, the outer world of things and acts. Your conscious mind, for example, is now taking in what I say, and is considering it, passing it on to the subconscious if it finds it reasonable according to

its standards. The subconscious in its turn considers it, and if it is found to be reasonable, it is passed on to the superconscious, which will accept or reject it finally according to whether or not it agrees with the ideas already held there. If I tell you that I am six feet tall, your conscious mind, regarding the statement as reasonable (for I seem to be about that height on casual inspection), passes the statement on as probable truth to the subconscious, to be again considered. If found apparently reasonable by it, it will be passed on in turn to the superconscious, which, being possessed of a higher judgment by reason of its quality and superior maturity, may reject the statement as untrue because it does not agree with the standards of height already set up there.

We often hear people speak of "second thought." They say that on "second thought" they decided to do so-and-so. Usually this means a reversal or modification of some former decision; and there you see the superconscious or the subconscious rejecting what the conscious had accepted.

Seeker.—I see. There's a jury inside of us.

Doctor.—Yes, and a supreme judge who cannot be reversed—the superconscious mind. And the superconscious is vastly more than even that—it is our connection with infinity, the assurance of our continued life hereafter. In it goes on our real being, eternal, capable of infinite expression, a

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being and a life of which our sensual, outer, earthly life is a symbol and earnest. It is the superconscious which keeps up the stream of spirituality, of life, animating our bodies, directing our actions, superintending everything. It is science itself that tells us that mind is life. As long as the channels for its flow remain open and in a normal condition, the flow is unimpeded, and our health; mental and physical, continues normal. But if the obstacles are placed in the channels, the stream is impeded, and ill-health or mental disturbance results. What, in your opinion, could any such obstacle be made up of?

Seeker.—If the superconscious is supreme, I don't see how there can be any obstacle. If there is any, it must come from the superconscious. Am I right?

Doctor.—Well, originally it does, of course. That is, every obstacle exists because it has a use. You have been given the clue to the origin of the obstacle in what has already been said, and in time could follow it up as the psychologists have done. If it is our superconscious mind that governs us by flowing through these channels, and if the superconscious is also that which connects us with spirituality, it must be spirituality that is tapped by that superconscious and is flowing through us. Now, what would naturally be the kind of thing that would prove an obstacle to a flow of spirituality?

Seeker.—Materiality, I should say.

Doctor.—That is obvious. Materiality must be the obstacle. But what is materiality, and where does it come from?

Seeker.—(Eagerly.) I know that. It comes from sensual desires—I've heard that often enough.

Doctor.—You are getting on fast. But what is it that connects our minds with the senses, with the objects of sense?

Seeker.—You said it was the conscious mind.

Doctor.—That is correct, of course. Our super-conscious, as I have said, connects us with spirituality, which is truth, reality, infinity; and our conscious connects us with materiality, something short of the truth—unreality, impermanence, the finite. Does it begin to appear that the obstacles to the flow of the superconscious mind must be placed there by the conscious mind, which connects us with materiality?

Seeker.—It would seem so—but how?

Doctor.—It is simple. Here is your superconscious mind flowing along in perfect form, making you feel strong and happy. All is peace and health and content for you. In fact it is a little too monotonously so to suit the conscious mind, which, being occupied mainly with objects of sense, is fond of change and the gratification of appetites. These changes and appetites are made possible for

THE SEEKER FOLLOWS THE LIGHT

us in order that we may work them up into truth, but when they are followed beyond the truth-producing point and are pursued for their own sake, they lose their spiritual value and we merely make trouble for ourselves by indulging them.

Now we will say that in pursuit of this change which you see, and this gratification of the senses of their own sake, you eat a big dinner, go to the theatre, and sit up late smoking and chatting on unprofitable subjects. Then you go to bed. You are in good condition bodily, and though you have eaten more, much more, than your body needed, your healthy stomach could dispose very well of the load if given a chance to function properly. But the night is cold, and because you have always pampered your sense of temperature and therefore dislike cold air, you sleep with closed windows. In this way you exclude from your body the fresh air necessary to good digestion and free, pure blood circulation, and this stands in the way of the superconscious flow. Also, this same exclusion of fresh air tends to starve the lungs so that breathing loses much of its beneficent character. These are the obstacles which your conscious mind, your sense-desire, has placed in the spiritual channels, and you awake in the morning with a headache and indigestion.

Seeker.—But then—where is the cure?

Doctor.—The cure consists in removing the obstacles so that the spiritual stream may flow unimpeded. These obstacles are your conscious mind and the condition of your body. The body will be taken care of by the superconscious mind if given free channels, and in order to produce this condition, the conscious mind, with its deference to the senses, must be diverted. You see?

Take your headache—my work upon you was to keep your conscious mind away from your physical condition and fill it with pleasant or interesting thoughts, preferably of an instructive character. That gave the life principle freedom of play. I started up the music, and that pleased and attracted the consciousness. Then I talked of matters which were interesting to you and set you to thinking, so that the senses had no room for making an impression on you. But first I put you in a chair that would almost forcibly invite you to sit erect, so that your breath and your blood might flow unhampered. There you are. That is your cure. That is the way it worked on you. Different persons and different diseases or troubles require different and varying kinds of treatment, of course. Your own case was one of the simplest with which we are called upon to deal. But simple or complex, high or low, as the case may be, the object of the physician is always the same, to aid the patient to become more spiritual.

Seeker.—(Surprised.) More spiritual? Why, am I more spiritual than I was when I came in here?

Doctor.—Well, aren't you? What is spirituality?

Seeker.—That's what I'd like to know. I hear a lot about it but nobody ever explains, or if any one does he makes such a mess of it that he would better have said nothing. What is it, anyway?

Doctor.—Spirituality is the possession of truth, a sight of the real spirit of anything as distinguished from the physical body of any act or thing. The conscious intellect sees the appearance; the superconscious sees, when it is given its way, beyond the body to the truth for which that body stands in the outer world.

Take for instance a beautiful painting. The body of it, the picture itself, is visible through the eyes to the conscious mind; the spirit of the picture is beauty, and that is seen or unseen by the observer according to the education his superconscious mind has received in art. The body is a picture, the spirit of that picture is beauty. That is the connection.

Though the example comes very far from declaring the whole truth, it states the principle in its simplest form. Of course the principle is the same with an act or a thought as with an object. It is always only the body that is visible to the

eye. The spirit lies beyond recognition by the physical. The eye never can see it, but we can see it with the eyes of the mind, as Chaucer puts it.

Seeker.—I understand perfectly what you mean. I know the difference between body and spirit now, at least as far as you have explained. But suppose a man robs you or imposes on you. The body of that act I can see, but where is the spirituality of it? How can a man rob you spiritually?

Doctor.—If one man does another an injury, do you think the injurer and the injured regard that act in the same light, that both will see the same spirit behind the act? If the injured one is a materialist—that is, if he is a person who sees only the outside of things—he immediately retaliates, thus dropping to the plane of the aggressor. He is as bad as the injurer, and will by this retaliation invite added injury, which he will again revenge, and so on and on. He will, in fact, by permitting himself to be led by the senses, by appearances, entirely overlook the truth or spirit of his or the other man's actions, remaining all his life on this plane of alternate injury and revenge, not necessarily always fighting this individual injurer, but fighting and being fought by his whole world.

This is the condition of multitudes of men to-day, who ascribe their constant tribulations to oth-

ers, having no idea of the real spirit and cause of their misery.

But now suppose the injured one had studied the difference between an appearance and the spirit behind it. He does not think of revenging himself on that injurer. He has a better way, a way by which he rises above the material level where alone injury resides, and takes the injurer with him if the latter is at all amenable to spirituality.

You see the principle? You should look through the appearance, the mere act, attempting to get at the idea in the injurer's mind when he perpetrated the act; for this will be the spirit of the act, and it is upon this that you will work rather than on the injury itself. That is spirituality, the opposite of materiality. It is truth as distinguished from appearance; intelligence as opposed to ignorance.

Seeker.—I like that talk. I can see big possibilities in it. Give me a lead to its personal application.

Doctor.—The personal point is always to allow your selfishness to be swallowed up by your pursuit or employment of wisdom—not in one way only but in all ways. And this is the reason: It is evident that the law of the superconscious is intelligence, wisdom, as distinguished from selfishness, for it works nothing but wisdom upon everything it touches. It soothes, heals, harmonizes, re-

builds, creates. It never makes a mistake. It is perfectly wise, all its acts being benevolent rather than selfish. It follows that if we wish to succeed in any direction by consciously putting ourselves under full control of this power, we must ourselves become wise, or at least we must wish for wisdom as opposed to selfishness, must be benevolent instead of self-seeking as far as we may. In such case the flow and our desire will work together, will be as one, in fact, and no obstructions can exist between them. In other words, the less you allow *self* to guide you, the pleasanter will be your lot whatever may be the particular things which go to make up that lot.

I can't give you any more time now, but I'll leave you that truth to reflect upon until I see you again. These things can't be done all in a minute; they require time. Come tomorrow at ten and I will see that you get started in the right way.

CHAPTER IV: THE SEEKER HEARS THE HISTORY OF PSYCHOTHERAPY

WE will suppose that our seeker, having gone through the experience detailed in the preceding chapter, finds his interest aroused sufficiently to impel him to go over in his mind that evening the whole conversation, and that this maturer consideration of it opens delectable possibilities which had not appeared at first. Being neither a professedly religious man nor a thinker in the real sense, not even a good reader, he has found the doctor's ideas rather startling; yet he cannot help believing them to be true even though he does not yet know that many people in all ages have held these same ideas and been profited greatly by the use of them.

Nor does he know that the libraries and shops are crammed with new and old books on the subject, which are eagerly devoured by multitudes of readers who are seeking either health or wisdom. He thinks it is all new because it is new to him, and that the doctor stands almost if not quite alone on his singular platform of therapeutics.

But there is a base of strong common sense in his mind, so that when a statement appeals to

him he knows it. He does not have to ask others whether or not it is right; he accepts it for what it may be worth to him. In short, his is the average mind, neither very wise nor stubbornly ignorant, open usually to reason, and willing to see a truth if it does not conflict too strongly with what he supposes to be his self-interest. To accept as truth a point of view that would decrease his material prosperity even a little would be somewhat too much for him as yet, for up to this time in his life self-preservation has been his law, and he is so saturated with its tenets that it is quite a natural process for him to be able to accept as true a principle that would heal his headache and yet to deny or ignore that same principle when it seems to involve a loss of money.

For thus is the human mind constituted. It can be logical if so disposed, but it is not always so disposed. And it can fight as strenuously and persistently for illogic as ever it can for logic, in ludicrous ignorance that it is fighting itself.

In the morning when he again presents himself the first thing the doctor notices about him is an air of dubiety, but he welcomes him cheerfully, invites him to be seated in the hygienic-formed chair and tells an amusing story with an informative point to it, never asking about his health but taking it for granted that all is of the highest harmony in that as in every other respect.

Doctor.—I have been considering what method is best adapted to your case—I mean your instruction in the principles of psychotherapy, so that you may apply them to your affairs and get harmony out of the very circumstances in which most people find only trouble of one kind or another. For each man requires a treatment different from that of every other man. In medicine we treat the person rather than the disease. Did you know that? Every doctor will tell you so. Have you any idea how long ago the practice of mental healing began among men?

Seeker.—Why no, not exactly. But it couldn't have been long, or I would have heard of it before.

Doctor.—When did you first hear of it?

Seeker.—Oh, I've heard of it more or less—I don't know how—well, for several years. But I never thought of it much. It seemed vague to me—far away. It never occurred to me that I could use it. A friend of mine sent me to you, as I told you. I came as a last resort.

Doctor.—The universal law seems to be that each mind shall operate on its own plane, whether mental or physical. We all of us know the matters going on in our sphere, giving little attention to any outside questions unless it be something of allied or general importance, or something of sensational interest which thus gets into the newspapers.

Look at it this way: There are in our country today at least a thousand preachers, each famous in his own sect and set. Members of his set regard him as being very famous; they suppose he is a great man. How many such do you know?

Seeker.—Me? Well, preachers are not much in my line—I believe in the church, but I don't go much, and I know very little about it.

Doctor.—In every good-sized city in the land there are several lawyers who are considered great by their acquaintances. How many do you know?

Seeker.—Well, several. But I see what you mean all right.

Doctor.—You also can see that it is the same in all walks of life. The streets of our cities are dotted with men and women more or less famous in their own orbits, who are regarded as ordinary by everybody outside their orbits, who never heard of them and do not know that they exist as famous persons. Men who in their own lines are famous cross our path every day, totally unknown to us, and are regarded by us as mere units of the common mass. We never have even heard their names spoken, yet they have lived and labored among us a lifetime. You see that, don't you?

Seeker.—I never thought of it before, but you must be right.

Doctor.—Surely! The untrained opinion is that if a man or cult is famous, or he or it is famous,

and that is all there is to it. Which means to the untrained mind that the fame is worldwide, known to everybody. It is very far from being so in all cases. Each moves in his own orbit, knowing and being known there and not much farther away. This universal truth is what makes possible the fact that mental healing has been known and very extensively practised ever since the dawn of history without your ever hearing of it until recently. Yes, it was the first method of healing practiced by mankind. In comparison with its age, the art of physical medicine is a new-born babe.

Seeker.—That's new to me. I should think it would leak into the papers.

Doctor.—It leaks into the papers very often, but it never has attracted your attention because nothing has occurred to arouse your interest in it. From now on you will notice that much is written about it in the papers as well as out of them, for instead of passing uninterestedly over it you will read with interest and will remember. And you will begin to talk more or less about it with the people you meet, and then will come the surprise of finding that many know more about the matter than you do.

For there are many cults among us, differing one from another in various ways, each adapted to the mental calibre of the adherent, but all of them based on the fact of suggestion, or the power

of mind over matter. Those you meet have not talked of their beliefs to you because you have not attracted such talk. But now it will be different. In a short time you will find yourself in the midst of people who talk mental healing so much that you will think the world is full of it. Yet the actual condition will be just as it is today, and much as it always has been.

Now let us begin with the history of the subject. I shall not go much into detail. It will be enough to indicate briefly the paths which psychotherapy has followed from the beginning, accentuating somewhat a few points along the way. This much at least every student should know, for it gives him something to stand on without danger of toppling over when he is called upon to practice or explain his opinions.

Seeker.—Good! Go ahead!

Doctor.—Plato said that man is a plant rooted in heaven, and we can agree to this, though we know that he also is rooted in the earth. In fact men may be said to have two origins, one earthy and physical, the other spiritual, though the former originates in the latter as we shall see, so that ultimately the origin is one.

First comes the spirit, then the body which clothes it, and which the spirit builds; and this is also the history of all things. As a tree cannot

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live without air from the heavens and food from the earth, so neither can we nor any other living thing. We originate, and we continue to exist, as a duality of earth and heaven, partaking of both spirituality and physicality, as all living bodies do. Therefore we shall not be surprised to learn that psychotherapy has not one origin but two origins, one in the minds of the wisest men, the other in the minds of the ignorant. Here, as in every department of life, the unskilled attempt to follow in the steps of the skilled, with results always and necessarily the same—absurdity, density, selfishness, sensuality, in place of wisdom, clarity, altruism, spirituality. In one case the object in view is selfish interest, in the other the only object is truth. Soon we shall see how truth grows even from sensuality itself; or how the two—as far apart as the poles—grow into one.

We will begin with the sensual, the outer history of psychotherapy, which is the one generally recognized to the utter exclusion of the other, the spiritual, though the latter is the soul of the former's body and constitutes the real psychotherapy.

Seeker.—I see. The fake usually comes first. It is more popularly interesting, isn't it?

Doctor.—Yes, it's interesting—until we learn something better; namely, the truth. But a fakir is a fakir only because he is ignorant, does not know

the real thing. He would like it if he did, because it is not only infinitely more interesting but infinitely easier to practice.

What I am going to tell you, however, is very far from being what you call a fake, as you will see. The mind of man, struggling for truth against a world of discouragement, makes many blind moves, naturally; for the constitution of things is such that we cannot enter into comprehension of them at once. We have to learn how. The wise call this process the pursuit of wisdom or learning or knowledge, but the ignorant think every such effort is evil or error, or "a fake."

This is true on all sides, and of course psychotherapy could not escape. It had to be learned, and in the process many things were necessarily tried, many thoughts entertained, many statements made which fell short of truth, and so were regarded as falsehood, either deliberate or intentional, or told in gross ignorance. But the basis of the whole subject is one incontestable fact which was discovered so long ago that we cannot go back far enough in history or even legend to antedate the knowledge of it—the fact, namely, that mind controls matter, whether the matter be of the outer world, the world of earth and stones and trees and water, or whether it is the matter composing the body of man. Wherever there is matter there is

mind which permeates and controls it, but of course in the early days we did not know that. Indeed we did not know it until comparatively recent times, when science informed us of the fact.

When we come to what science has indubitably proved along these lines, you will have something to wonder over and admire; but at first, in the days long before history began, men had only the observation of their naked eyes, unaided by the microscope, to furnish them with data, yet even these sufficed to prove to them that objects of sense, like the body of man, were not fixed quantities as they appeared to be, but were movable, fluid, fluctuating, and were governed more or less by mind—how fully they did not know. But they knew enough to provide them with a working principle, the same principle we now name “suggestion,” and they performed great feats by aid of it, not only in the cure of disease but in multitudinous directions. Among the very earliest pictures of mankind that have come down to us, the healer-priest or medicine man is a prominent figure, seated wrapped in a blanket and mumbling mystical incantations over a sick man.

Seeker.—But did that cure him?

Doctor.—He was cured, often. If his disease was not too deeply seated; and if he had faith enough in his medicine man he could not help re-

covering. The superconscious mind was flowing then as now, and the obstructions to its stream were of the same nature.

Seeker.—I can see that. All the priest had to do was to remove the obstructions. But how could foolish incantations do that?

Doctor.—They were the means used by the healer to give the patient confidence and arouse his interest, distracting his conscious mind from his troubles and filling it with other and more pleasant thoughts. In fact this early healer's principle was the same as that which I employed in healing you—with one difference; but that difference is vital and it should be strongly impressed on your mind, for it forms the line of demarcation between true and ignorant healing, between the methods of the wise and those of the foolish and selfish. It is this:

Whereas in the one case the only object of the healer is a present cure of a special attack of sickness, in the other case the object is not only to heal the present disease but to instruct the patient to true vision, so that he may live a better life in all ways. The one way is superficial, requiring perhaps many repetitions and carrying with it no permanent good or truth nor any future immunity from disease or trouble; the other is educational, permanent, uplifting, spiritual.

Seeker.—I can see by my own case how that difference occurs. But look here! How do we know

the old-time healer was a fake? I can see how he might have believed in that funny work of his, himself.

Doctor.—Some of the healers were honest and some dishonest, of course, as men are now. They had learned from their teachers and from experience that patients recovered under such treatment, though what performed the operation must have been a matter of many varying opinions among them. They knew nothing of the benevolent mind-stream, as we know it now. That was not recognized by men until physicians discovered the natural recuperative power which exists in the body and called it "naturae vis medicatrix." The healing performed on a patient's body by this power would be seen and speculated on, but what chance was there for these early speculators to discover the truth? None whatever, of course. Yet the cause had to be ascribed to something, and the choice would naturally fall upon the mystical words. The fact is that there is probably as much mystery at this day regarding the question as there was then, to those who have not studied the subject. Philosophers understand it and physicians understand it, and scientists, and many modern clergymen; and they are all of them endeavouring to teach the uninstructed. Also there are many unprepared persons who, for one reason or another, usually either to make money or to find a cure,

disease, have entered the field and are doing in it just what the quacks are doing in the field of medicine. They know nothing, and care to know nothing, of the high principles involved, and in a foolish repetition of phrases that they have learned by rote and do not comprehend, prove their relationship to the incantationists of old.

As I have already said, there are records in the earliest histories to show that suggestion, in some form or other, was then known and practised, and that many and singular devices were employed for conveying it.

Crystal gazing, which was used by the early Egyptians, formed one of these devices. The healer, or prophet, gazing intently into a crystal ball, would pretend to see there, and would describe, certain pictures which he wished to impress on the mind of his patient or questioner; and there were other uses to which the crystal was put, acting always as a mode of suggestion.

In Persia dreams were employed in like manner, such laws of interpretation being invented as would impress the dreamer with the ideas desired by the priest.

The Chaldeans were especially famous for their supposed powers of divination by dream-interpretation.

At the Greek temples the oracles and priestesses went into trances, induced sometimes by fumes of

burning drugs, sometimes by working themselves into fits of emotional frenzy, and by these arts of suggestion impressing their questioners.

In Rome the diviners read prophecy in the entrails of slaughtered animals, and omens, interpreted skilfully by the priests in the most trivial occurrences, were highly regarded.

In fact these or allied practices were prevalent throughout the world during its early history. The power of suggestion was known and appreciated everywhere and was in constant operation by healers, politicians, priests, and others, more frequently for the gratification of some selfish end, we may suppose, than for higher purposes. Still, if we know human nature well, we may be sure it was exercised at all periods in its higher as well as in its lower aspects, though this phase we do not hear so much about in everyday affairs. As you said a little while ago, the fake is so much more interesting. Do you know why?

Seeker.—Because we are built that way, I suppose.

Doctor.—Yes, we are built that way, but that doesn't answer the question. We still ask why we were built that way. It is much easier to say that we don't know than it is to explain, yet science has found the reason, and it is this: Life on this earth, as science has shown, began in the form of a cell, a cup-like drop of jelly, which consisted of a body

animated by a mind. This cell multiplied by division; that is, it grew in size until it fell apart by its own weight, thus producing two bodies where only one had been before. This was the earliest method by which species was continued. I need not go into the interesting variations of method practised by living organisms as they advanced in the scale of evolution. It is enough to say that in the beginning and long afterward the animating mind was the one we now call superconscious.

But as the forms grew in complexity and produced organs of sense, the mind threw out an addition, so to say, forming another part, the one we now call the conscious. While at first all living creatures had but one guide, a guide that they must follow in all things, this later addition to mind gave the creature a choice. It might follow the one or the other, or it might so think and act as to make both parts work together as one; and in this truth you can see the origin of the ages-old controversy over free will.

The second or conscious part of the mind was intended as an aid, no doubt, to the first part, yet both parts are so constituted that we may, if we choose to do so, obey the one or the other or the one against the other.

All our sensations pass through the brain to the conscious, along the sensory lines; and here they are first judged, to be rejected or accepted and passed

along to the subconscious, and finally to the super-conscious.

Now the brain, the organ of the mind, and through which all sensations must pass in order to reach the mind, is of different grades of fineness in different persons, according to culture. A mind that has long been occupied with thoughts of wisdom effectuates a brain of finer texture than that effectuated by the mind whose thoughts dwell mostly or largely on things of sense, and the pains and pleasures will be of different kinds in the two minds. A mere idea will give delight to the one man, while the other will not even recognize that any idea has been presented. But the latter will feel pleasure in sensations which to the other would be uninteresting or even distasteful. The pursuit or practice of true ideas interests the one, the pursuit of sensations the other. A lie or a "fake," as you call it, is usually more sensational than a truth, and therein lies its charm for the untrained mind. It stirs the brain pleurably. As Bacon said, "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." You see? It is a scientific fact. A man's standing in culture, in intelligence, may be judged very accurately by the grade of things which he finds interesting.

Seeker.—Well, that's interesting, at least.

Doctor.—I may as well go a little farther. You have already seen that our troubles come from the senses and the conscious part of the mind. Now,

science cannot look at the matter in any other way than this: The senses were given us in order that we might receive impressions from the outer world, and work them up into spiritual truths. The senses are the matrix of the spiritual. In order to put them to a proper use and get the best out of their employment, we can cultivate them only just so far and no farther. The time to halt is when the spiritual good becomes forgotten in the pleasures of the senses themselves. Any sensual pleasure is carried too far, and will have to be dearly paid for, when it is indulged solely for its own sake, with no permanent good to body or mind in view.

For example, we have the sense of taste, which, in its unvitiated state, will undoubtedly indicate to us the different kinds of food that will be good for our system, and these we should eat. They will taste good and they will do the body good, and therefore they will help us spiritually, for a sound body is a better matrix for true ideas than an un-sound one is. But when we cultivate the sense of taste for its own sake, eating food merely because we like the taste of it and keeping on eating long after our bodily requirements are supplied, we surely start trouble for ourselves. Do you see that?

Seeker.—That is perfectly plain. I ought to know. But how about the other senses? Can you

cultivate the sense of touch too much, or the sense of smell, and the rest of them?

Doctor.—It is the same with them, of course. History records more than one person who has cultivated his sense of smell so highly, for the mere sensation produced in his brain by the odors that each one of a great number of natural and sweet and healthy smells is unbearable. He likes only perfumes. Common scents are disagreeable to him. This not only in itself gives him many disagreeable hours, but it unfits his brain for logical thought in other directions. He sees many things and events through a warped medium.

Florists so cultivate their sense of smell that they can detect a hundred different odors in a greenhouse where you or I would distinguish nothing but a sickish moisture and heat. What effect this differentiation may have on florists I don't know, but it must be some kind of a deleterious result, whether small or great, even though their motive in cultivating this sense is not a sensual one—I mean it is not like that of eating, which is overdone for the sake of sensual pleasure. They do it for business reasons, which is perfectly legitimate, but the sense is overburdened by cultivation and there must be payment made in some way, some time. As for the sense of touch, it may be cultivated to such a point of delicacy for the mere sensual pleasure de-

rived from handling soft textures, as silk, velvet, and the like, that the possessor of it becomes acutely susceptible to harsh-feeling things and is made ill by the necessity of handling them.

Of course the principle works in many different directions into which we need not go. What I wished to show is that the senses, all of them, are given to us for our good, and that we shall get only good from them if we employ them in their natural business, which is to turn materiality into spirituality; but that to use them for their own sake, in order that we may get pleasure and nothing else out of them, is to enter at once on a road that leads straight to trouble of all kinds.

Only the selfish will do this, naturally, and here you see how we are so constituted as to get either good or evil as we will. It is not as others will, mind you, but as we ourselves will. The selfish, in his eager desire to feel pleasure, invites suffering for himself; the altruist, by this endeavour to remain moderate in his own pleasures, receives all there is of pleasure, real pleasure, and there is no payment of suffering demanded of him.

Seeker.—That's funny, too, when you come to think of it. It's like what I used to hear at Sunday school—"God is everywhere and sees all you do." I seem to be learning old things in a new way.

Doctor.—All of us ought to learn something every day if we hope ever to get anything worth

having out of life. Life is like a school. We are here to learn, not to get. The more we learn the sounder and stronger we shall be, however little or much we may have, and there is a lot of wisdom ahead for the best of us. We are not likely to catch up with it in a hurry. So let us get on with the outer history of psychotherapy:

Though every nation and probably every tribe in the primitive world knew something about suggestion and practised it in some form, none of them ever developed the idea far enough to make possible a system in which cause and effect might be traced, explained, and formulated. But the Middle Ages, whose whole ignorant length was packed full of every kind of charlatanism, mostly founded on this power of suggestion, finally produced the first faint glimmerings of a coming scientific light. It was not a real light of science. In fact it was very far from being that. But in looking back now we can see that it was the actual beginning of that which has developed into the system we call psychotherapy.

The author of this embryo system was Paracelsus. In 1530 he published a book based on the supposed influence of the stars in man's affairs, and dealt at some length with the question of suggestion in its crudest forms.

Paracelsus was a quack of the first water, a delver in all the supposed hidden devilry of the

time; but he wrote in such a manner that he attracted considerable attention from his contemporaries and made his book a classic in its field. It must be read by every student, up to this day. What he wrote in that book has its chief interest for us in the fact that the teachings, crude and even hideous as they were at times, made a platform from which empiricism might step a little higher. It was two hundred years making that step, and it hesitated, so to say, a great many times, turning now this way and now that, undecided as to the proper direction to take. For the times were full of all kinds of fantasies, of false scientific theories for healing disease, prolonging life, gaining wealth and power, and pilfering immortality.

Cagliostro was one of the leaders of imposture, claiming supernatural powers and working sordid mysteries through tricks made possible by suggestion. Grassner, a priest, had great success in healing, supposedly by supernatural aid. Kircher, Maxwell, Santanelli, Van Helmont, wrote books filled with trash about many things, the properties of the magnet forming a prolific wondermongering among them. But finally the step was taken and it came down hard on Frederick Anton Mesmer and animal magnetism.

Seeker.—Ah! Mesmer! Those others are new to me, but I've heard of Mesmer. Wasn't he a psychotherapy sharp?

Doctor.—No, he did not understand psychotherapy, but he took an important step in upward progress. He was an educated physician, born in Austria in 1734. He took up a theory already voiced by his predecessors, and carried it a little farther under the name of animal magnetism. This, he declared, was a “quality of animal bodies rendering them susceptible to the influence of heaven and earth.” In order to demonstrate it he at first employed the magnet in his healing, but did away with that upon learning that the same results might be obtained by mere use of the hands in making passes before the eyes of his patients; and it was not long before he found that any inanimate thing on which he laid his hands would act apparently with equal power. This led him to believe that the human body contained or generated a fluidic force which had certain properties, and that by touching the patient the doctor established the necessary connection for the flow of the healing fluid. For more than ten years he practised with varying success in Vienna; and then, in 1778, went to Paris, where he jumped into popular favour, his parlours being constantly crowded with patients. In fact his business grew so great that he was unable to attend to it in person, and so, by laying his hands on a tubful of broken glass or other rubbish, he permitted that to act in his place. And it did so act! At least, thousands of patients came

to it sick and departed well. Of course we are able now to see what performed this wholesale healing, but at that time it was supposed to be the "magnetic fluid," for that was the only appearance of suggestion that was visible to the uninstructed eyes of the age.

Mesmer made such a stir that the French government appointed a commission to study the phenomena, and Benjamin Franklin, then our representative at the French court, was a member of it. Besides the governmental inquiry, another was begun by the Royal Society of Medicine. These observers found that no effect was made on the patient unless he knew that he was being treated, which was significant enough but failed of proper interpretation nevertheless. A woman was blindfolded, and being informed that the magnetic force was being directed against her, she began to manifest the usual symptoms accompanying magnetism. But when she was really treated in the usual way, without knowing it, she manifested nothing. After a sufficient number of experiments, every one of them showing similar results, the commission made an unfavorable report, ending with these words:

"Finally, they have demonstrated by decisive experiments that imagination apart from magnetism produces convulsions, and that magnetism without imagination produces nothing." This meant only fakirism to the commission. The members never

dreamed that they were so close to a wonderful truth, and gave up inquiry right there.

It was the beginning of the end for Mesmer in Paris, but he had created a great furor there, the spread of which was world wide. Discredited, he left the city, practising his theories in other places and sure of the truth of them until the day of his death. And he had builded better than he knew, for he gave a fresh impetus to the inquiry into suggestion, which, though he had named it "animal magnetism," began to be called Mesmerism after his death; and out of the study so instituted arose hypnotism. The origin of this practice is generally ascribed to the Marquis de Puységur, who in his experiments with mesmerism found that a certain patient would when "magnetized," fall asleep, and that while in this condition he could be moved by oral suggestion. In that state he could be made to think whatever was wanted—that he was happy, that he was sad, that he was attending a festival, and all that kind of thing. He also could be made to laugh, to cry, and so on.

Even more. It was claimed he could diagnose diseases and prescribe for them, and when he awoke he remembered nothing of what had passed. Incidentally he was healed of his own disease.

The marquis naturally made much of this new train of phenomena, and the wonder of it spread. The practice offered so many opportunities for

quackery and wondermongering and money-getting that it fell as by the force of gravitation into the hands of the same class of minds that had so foolishly juggled with its possibilities in the Middle Ages. Among those that have come down to us are the names of Dr. Pititin, a physician of Lyons; the Abbé Favia; and Deleuze, a naturalist. Deleuze, who is awarded the credit of being among the really honest and sincere workers in this line, declared that faith was the great necessity in the working of the principle, and for this insight he is highly complimented, although Paracelsus had said the same thing long before him and Braid was supposed to have discovered it after him. But even Deleuze was a long way from the truth.

From this time onward for many years the course taken by suggestion was almost exclusively that which is called hypnotism, a kind of sleep induced by suggestion, originating with the experiments of the Marquis de Puysegur. It took this course in France, Switzerland, Russia, Italy, Germany, Denmark, and other countries; but now it was employed a little more respectably, namely, by physicians in the cure of disease. Dr. Bertrand, of Paris, in 1820, delivered a full course of lectures on the subject. Then physicians began hopefully to employ it experimentally on hospital patients, but were thwarted in their endeavors by the patients themselves, who seemed to think it was the finest

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thing in the world to deceive their doctor in this matter, leading him to think that he was commanding them when he was not. But enough success was attained to attract the attention of the Academy of Medicine to the subject of this new form, and in fact five years were given to it, the result of which was the following report:

“The results are negative or insufficient in the majority of cases; in others they are produced by weariness, monotony, or by the imagination. It appears, however, that some results depend solely upon magnetism and cannot be produced without it.” And it set the seal of medical authority on that by adding, “These are physiological phenomena, and well established therapeutically.”

Seeker.—And all this time these doctors were mistaken?

Doctor.—They were mistaken about the cause, not the effects. Still ignorant of the existence of the healing mind-flow, they ascribed its phenomena to whatever seemed to them the most likely cause. You see how persistently we may, even the wise and skilled among us, overlook a thing that is right before our eyes, constantly trying to attract our attention. It is our own education that we see expressed around us, in all things. We cannot see what we have not grown up to. We know, however, that something is there, and we call it what we can.

Mesmerism now became so popular in France that it was practised by all sorts and conditions of men, who invented foolish by-paths for it, such as communication of thought by one person to another without material means, and the ability to see by aid of the back of the neck instead of the eyes. These and other fantasies which were employed for five or six years by the wondermongers aroused the Academy of Medicine to further action and in 1837 it made still another investigation which resulted in its refusal ever to consider the subject again. It did consider it again, however.

In England, James Braid, a surgeon in good standing, interested by some exhibitions given by Lafontaine, a Swiss magnetizer, began experimenting, soon coming to believe that the results of mesmerism were due to psychical and not physical causes. It was he who invented the name "hypnotism." This he did because he believed that the secret of the whole astonishing matter was a kind of induced sleep in the subject. "Hypnos" is the Greek for sleep. It was Braid also who first put the inquiry on a truly scientific basis by directing it along the lines of observation and experiment, with the truth in view. From his time onward the subject becomes hypnotism and enters the field of science, though Braid was himself as fantastic in some of his theories as any of his untrained predecessors had been.

Seeker.—He was? What did he do that was foolish?

Doctor.—(Smiling.) The lower side is still the more interesting, I see. We like excitement better than unexciting truth. But we get over that in time.

Well, Braid stated, and doubtless believed, that he could, by pressure on the different phrenological "bumps" on a hypnotized subject's head, induce in him different mental states corresponding to the bumps pressed. He says that he bound a cork on a man's head over the organ of veneration and then hypnotized him; that the subject then clasped his hands in adoration, took on a look of veneration, and knelt down as if in prayer. Braid moved the cork forward and the patient "manifested active benevolence"; he pushed the cork back and the patient again showed veneration. We know now so much about these phrenological points that we know that Braid was deceived. The thing could not happen as he thought he saw it happening.

Seeker.—I have seen hypnotists do things like that, and worse; but I could tell by the subject's face that he was fooling somebody.

Doctor.—People have queer fancies. However, despite these little fantasies, Braid made much progress, even using hypnotic anaesthesia with success. It was through him, in fact, that hypnotism first assumed a character of legitimacy that per-

mitted distinguished physicians to take it up and study it openly.

But the American, Grimes, of New Orleans, made a discovery that nearly brought the truth to light, for he proved that in some persons hypnosis was not necessary; that the subject was as susceptible to oral suggestion without hypnosis as with it. This really should have put the hunters on the right trail, but did it? Not at all! Instead of going straight ahead from this point, the matter, as always, wandered away from the line of advance into bypaths as foolish as ever. But it persevered, and in time, in 1850, it got a hearing before Congress. The results of this event we hear little about, but it is certain that the practice of suggestion in some form or other spread widely in the United States. At that time it was called Electrobiology, and under this name was carried, by Darling, to England, where it was immediately recognized as the same old hypnotism with which the people there were familiar, and which now, under the name of "Braidism," had become very popular. Ten years later a French doctor, Dr. Gros, published a book which he called "An Outline on the Theory and Practice of Braidism," wherein we are able to see important indications, as it appears from the vantage point that time has given it; but at that date it made no stir. However, a physician by the name of Azam, of Bor-

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deaux, and his friend Broca, who lived in Paris, made many experiments for the purpose of demonstrating the value of hypotism in surgical operations, and achieved some success in the extraction of teeth, lancing abscesses, and the like, inducing anaesthesia by hypnosis. These favorable results attracted the attention of the Academy of Sciences, and many physicians of the best standing examined the subject and wrote on it.

Seeker.—It seems like fiction to me, though I know it's true if you say so. Why, the old earth was reeking with it.

Doctor.—Yes, and always has been. A list of the physicians in good standing who have written favorably of mental control of matter would fill a very large book, to say nothing of others who believe in it. However, to go on:

In 1866 Liebault, founder of what has been one of the most famous schools of suggestion in the world, published his book, "Sleep and the States Analogue to It, Specially Considered in the Action of the Mental on the Physical." In this work the author gave form and authority to the laws of suggestion in healing, which had been so long employed unconsciously and in ignorance of its very existence. Thus he became the founder of mental healing as it is practised today, not only through induced sleep and oral suggestion but through oral suggestion alone. For more than thirty years he

worked at Nancy, treating thousands of patients and making a convert of Bernheim, who joined him in his work, out of which has grown the great clinic now known as the Nancy School of Suggestive Therapeutics.

Seeker.—Why, do you mean to say that all this is history, that all this mental healing has been going on in the world while I knew nothing about it?

Doctor.—Yes, it is history. All who are interested in the subject know it. You knew nothing about it because you did not come to it. You never looked it up. There are still a million or two other matters going on all around you of which you know nothing, for the same reason.

Seeker.—What, for instance?

Doctor.—There are the sciences. Do you know anything about astronomy, for example? Can you figure out the distance to the nearest fixed star? Do you know what a fixed star is, as distinguished from other lights in the heavens? Can you tell the method of determining whether we are moving toward or from a given point in the heavens? Do you know how to analyze the constitution of a star? These are matters that are attracting the earnest attention of thousands of people all around you. They are taught in the schools to children. Did you know even that?

Seeker.—I knew there was such a thing as as-

tronomy, of course; but that is about all. I leave it to the scholars. What good would it do me to know astronomy?

Doctor.—No good, unless you became interested in it. Then it would help you amazingly, and in ways whereof you do not dream.

Seeker.—You are correct, I know that. But it's pretty hard to get it into my head that a movement so important as this could have so long a history while I never dreamed that there was such a thing. When I first heard of the "New Thought" I supposed of course that it *was* new, but according to what you say it is used by everybody but me.

Doctor.—There may be some things older, such as breathing, eating, and sleeping, but the donors of the name "new thought" believed they had found something new because it was new to them. But those among them who were good readers soon discovered their mistake, and began to realize that very often indeed they had come across in their books the same ideas that were called "new"; for all good books, all the real classics, are made up of nothing else, so far as ideas go, but the principles from which psychotherapy springs. When we come to the real psychotherapy you will see this.

Speaker.—The real psychotherapy! Why, what is this that you have been talking about all along? I supposed that was psychotherapy.

Doctor.—I told you, I think, at the beginning,

that psychotherapy had two origins, one low and one high, and that I would give you the low first.

Seeker.—That's right—I remember. The fake comes first.

Doctor.—It isn't a fake. As I pointed out to you, the struggles made by the conscious mind of mankind to arrive at truth are honest as truth itself. They go with our make-up. We do not know truth until we have learned it step by step, and on the way we make many apparent missteps. There is a cult for every grade of mind, a cult adapted to the understanding of each adherent, who naturally thinks he has the true one. And he has. For it is the only one he can comprehend, and it is based on the true principle from which all spring. It will heal most of his diseases, or prevent him from acquiring them; and it is his sole avenue of approach to spirituality.

If you think it strange that a great school of suggestion like that at Nancy should be going on for so many years unknown to you, how does it strike you to learn that a second school has for many years been rivalling the first on the same ground? Yet, in 1878, Charcot, of Paris, who was prominent in the medical profession, began experiments with hypnotism and soon attained wide fame. His methods were very different from those of Liebault, but the basis of them was the same power of suggestion. These two schools grew to great propor-

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tions, patients flocking to them from all parts of the world. They attracted so much attention to the subject that an international congress was held at Paris in 1889 to consider the entire philosophy. The reports were favorable in many respects, the chief object of interest to us being the fact that out of this inquiry arose a better understanding of suggestion and a growing belief in its efficacy without the aid of hypnotism. Charcot himself had declared of hypnotism that "since it is a disease it is dangerous to use."

Seeker.—I shouldn't say it was dangerous. I never saw anybody but a weakling that could be hypnotized.

Doctor.—At least it is unnecessary in the use of suggestion. Some reputable physicians practise it up to this day, and it may have its uses, but most of us dispense with it and our inquiry here takes us in another direction.

I might, before leaving this history, mention a few among the many medical men who have given signs of understanding the principles underlying mind-healing. Hippocrates himself plainly realized that medicine was not all, that there was a psychical element to be reckoned with. Celsus, expressing belief that the physician should be also the friend of the patient and should always present to him a cheerful demeanour and countenance, gave proof that he realized a certain value in suggestion.

Also Galen advises care of the soul by the physician, as well as of the body, recognizing the influence of the moral on the physical. Le Camus, in 1753, published a book to which he gave the significant name, "Medicine of the Mind." De Beauchene declared there was a medicine of the mind and that it was of special worth to women. Tissot described the vacillations of mind in patients and recognized the need of an air of confidence in the doctor, which might operate more effectually than complex remedies. Pomme, in his treatise of 1783, shows knowledge of suggestion in his remarks about the attitude of authority which is necessary to the physician with his patient. Lauret went so far as to advise reasoning with the insane, and he may not have been so far wrong as some seem to think. Lasegne, in 1847, produced a remarkable book in which he ably advocated moral treatment of disease and gives indications of a coming system of "re-education," or suggestion. At about that same time Brachet appeared with his book on hysteria, the treatment of which, he declared, should be mostly of a moral kind. There was also Charpignon, who emphasized the part played by the mind in healing disease. Hack Tuke outdid them all when he produced his book, for it detailed all the known facts regarding the influence of the mind on the body in disease. And there are Professors Bouchard, Ribot, and many others—among whom

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may be named Pierre Janet, who has written a bulky book of much importance; Camus and Pagniez, the "isolation" specialists; Breuer and Freud, with their "Studies in Hysteria"; Dejerine; Oppenheim; Munsterburg; Joseph Jastrow; Gulick, of New York; Welton, of Boston; Cabot, of Harvard University; and even Professor Josiah Boyce, who, among other writers in the volumes of the League of Right Living, treats of psychotherapy with his wellknown mixture in favour and condemnation. Professor Putnam, of Harvard, I am reserving for a special niche in my gallery of pictures, or rather I shall give him not a niche but a monument, for in him the two lines of psychotherapy meet at the top.

This does not by any means complete the list of modern writers on the subject, but I have gone as far as need be. You can see what a vast web of mental healing is woven about the body of mankind for its good, whether mankind knows it or not.

For some time now there has been much discussion and disagreement over the terms "suggestion," "re-education," and "persuasion" among the medical disciples of mental healing. Such physicians as Regnault, Bernheim, Van Eden, Dubois, and Dejerine express diverse convictions on the true meanings of these words, but we need not go into them here. To me, "suggestion" is as good a term as any where no term fully describes. But the kind of suggestion I mean is more nearly what

Dubois insists upon as persuasion, though it appears to me that I do not persuade a man of anything when I educate him. To persuade is to entreat, to plead, to attempt to alter a man's mind about something; my method is merely to set free the flow of the superconscious by removing the obstructions originated by the conscious, and I do this by aid of education. I remove the false from the conscious mind, by showing it the truth.

Seeker.—But what difference does it make what you call it?

Doctor.—The difference is very important in some respects. If we agree with Bernheim that a suggestion is "every process by which an idea is made to enter the mind," then whatever so acts, whether it be true or false, is a suggestion; and as regards external matters it does not matter. A false idea, if received from Nature, and thereby heals, may be accepted as true suggestion. Nobody has lied but the patient's conscious mind, and that could not be helped. But it is a different event in the case of a healer. He should always tell the truth. To tell a falsehood, or even to evade the truth, would be a delicious absurdity for a healer, whose whole philosophy depends on abstract truth for its very foundation and life; and that such a possibility could even be considered seriously shows how simple the human mind can be when it tries.

Moreover, I do not consider that by my method of education I put anything new into the superconscious mind of the patient, for all wisdom is latent there, and has been from the beginning. It needs only to be given the chance to flow freely. Therefore, to me, education seems the setting free of true ideas already in the superconscious mind, to educe them, to draw them forth. Also, while so many healers address themselves, or suppose that they address themselves, to the superconscious and seek to give it a wise idea, I work upon the conscious, which is mortal, a child, and subject to control. It is that which, by its efforts to imitate the real world by building a world of sense of its own, makes the mistakes which bring on the trouble, and it is therefore that which is to be corrected and informed how to join forces with the superconscious, so that there may be no opposition between them.

Seeker.—But still I don't see what difference it makes, if both methods heal. That's what they are for, I suppose?

Doctor.—No, it is not what they are for. Neither Dubois nor Bernheim nor Schofield nor any other good and up-to-date physician would tell you so. The sickness or other trouble is an incident only, a problem to be solved in order that we may learn the principle that governs it; and to solve it we acquire education. We are in fact just like larger children at school. Our troubles are the

problems by learning to solve which we graduate. Education, wisdom, intelligence, these are what the whole science of psychotherapy is devoutly bent upon. It is a method by which the plane of life is to be elevated and made more worth while for us all.

You have learned how psychotherapy began; how crude it was then, and yet that it healed even against the profoundest ignorance; you have seen it making its way down through the ages, never understood but always efficacious when given the right conditions for its flow; you have seen it join hands with medicine of the lower types and rise to the somewhat dubious heights of hypnotism; and you have seen it emerge from hypnotism unharmed and still hand-in-hand with medicine, a medicine now of the higher type.

There is another phase, its history in the church, with accounts of innumerable cures by priests and prelates all through the ages; and there is the most modern phase represented by the Emmanuel movement.

But these roads I need not take. It is unnecessary for our purpose, and anybody interested in those subjects may find them recorded in many different books in the libraries. With the New Thought, also, we have nothing to do, while admitting its marvellous worth to those people who do not base their beliefs on science and reason. And,

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of course, Christian Science does not come in our way, for it has a book of its own wherein all the tenets are contained, to be read and passed upon by the world. Tomorrow, we will take up our train of thought again on another route, a route which is generally overlooked in considering psychotherapy.

Seeker.—If it's generally overlooked I'm ready to believe it's the most important part of the whole matter.

Doctor.—How so?

Seeker.—Why, all through this history, if anything has been overlooked, it is the most important.

Doctor.—You are not far wrong. It is the most important that is overlooked as a general thing. Of course, while we are learning a thing we consider everything but the right thing, for that is and must be only the result. That is the very course we must take in order to arrive at the most important. Well, come tomorrow. I'll give you something to think over then, I promise!

CHAPTER V: THE SEEKER IS AMAZED TO LEARN HOW HE IS MADE UP

BY this time we may assume that our seeker is fully committed to psychotherapy, finds it interesting, and intends to follow it up. Therefore, we may drop all assumptions about him and treat him as a type, such as every physician and teacher meets in his daily work, reserving to ourselves the right to make him universal rather than individual whenever that course may render the subject more clear.

Therefore, when the seeker arrived at the doctor's office the next morning he showed an eagerness that he had not before displayed. He felt that he was about to be admitted to secrets that only the wise have explored.

"Yesterday," said the doctor, after greeting him, "I gave you a general history of psychotherapy in the body, the appearance, the effects, as I may put it. Today we will consider cause. In a very loose sense you already know something about that, for I have referred more or less explicitly to the functions of the superconscious, and it is that which lies as the spirit at the root of all appearance. We

shall begin now by going more fully into detail about it.

Seeker.—What I most want to know is, where did the superconscious come from? Where does the conscious come from? Why do we have to have both? One is good and the other bad for us, as I understand it, and why couldn't we be left with only the good? You said that came first. How about the second?

Doctor.—It is simple enough. The conscious is not bad, it is good. It merely affords us an opportunity for making a choice, of being thinking persons instead of mere automata. But let us begin at the beginning. You know the hypothesis of La Place, I suppose? It assumes that the sun originally occupied the whole space in the heavens now covered by the orbits of the planets; that in the course of millions or billions of years perhaps, the outer or surface part of it grew cooler and cooler until it became so heavy by hardening that it fell away from the central part and formed a body by itself. In this way all the planets were born, and the earth we are on is one of them.

Seeker.—I knew something about that before, but what has it to do with the superconscious mind and the science of living?

Doctor.—Everything. You will begin to see presently. When the body fell from the sun and started on a course of its own, held in place by

the law of what we call gravitation, it circled around the sun as it does to this day, cooling all the time, until in the course of uncounted ages the surface must have taken on the appearance of a rolling-mill yard, littered with slag and other refuse of the kind. And so it continued to look, with little apparent change, for some millions of years.

Seeker.—No life of any kind on it?

Doctor.—Certainly not—nothing like what we call life. Still, what does a pile of earth look like now? It doesn't seem very lively, does it? Yet what happens if you put a seed into it? Life! So something must be in it now, and perhaps that same something was in it then. But the cause of it? From the religious point of view it is God. The scientist, wishing to be more explicit, says it is the superconscious mind.

Seeker.—Ah! There it is at last! But I don't see how the scientist has anything on the religionist there—unless he can explain just what the superconscious is.

Doctor.—Well, he hasn't found that out yet. He knows it is there and that it controls the bodies and functions of men in all their complex parts, but what it is he does not know, though he has not been wanting in guesses about it. Bentham thought a man was like a machine, in fact, that he was a machine, his mind and all, and that he moved and did his work like one. Others hope that chemistry

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will answer the question; that life, mind, may be explained as naturally and inevitably due to properties of matter. A mixture of acid and alkali in water, like tartaric acid and soda, will foam and seem alive when brought together in the right proportion, and the chemists have long been searching along these lines for an insight into the origin of man's life, of all life. But they have not succeeded yet.

Seeker.—Do you mean to say that the greatest of all mysteries is how life first came to appear on earth?

Doctor.—Yes, science considers it so. Certainly, if we could answer that question, the solution of all others would be only a matter of time. We should hold the key in our hand.

All things are knowable, though few are known. Physical scientists have not found the ultimate life principle, because they can trace back no further than its tangible physical manifestation. Loeb and Mathews evoked life artificially from ova of the sea urchin, but they learned nothing whatever about the thing evoked. Science is self-limited to deduction from facts physically ponderable and measurable, and therefore cannot deal with the facts of essential life, which are not mechanistic, nor reachable by any method of science, as such. Yet the evidence of essential and imperishable life is abundant and obvious.

We speak easily of intelligence, which in itself is superphysical, and of conscious intelligence, that is, intelligence which is conscious of and can analyse and even direct itself; but this does not lead us to any scientific knowledge of the source of intelligent motivation. Psychology proclaims itself a science, but is no such thing in the common acceptance, because it is without any data of the supramental from which exact knowledge can be drawn. It has traced and defined the operations of conscious intelligence up to the power of will, but there it stops. The will can direct the mind, but psychology has not told us what directs the will. Evidently, something does, and that something, which is superior to the will, proceeds from a domain not determinable to science. The ordinary phenomena of intelligence proclaim such a domain as being more real than any visible, physical manifestations of nature—which are transitory at best, while the other is not subject to the laws of physical change. The argument discloses a state of eternal vitality, which dogmatists crudely define as spiritual; and on this misunderstood base of truth they build religions.

How much of this, or how much more, it is proper for us of this world to perceive is not for me to say. My own belief is, however, that one who thoroughly understands the subject in all its bearings, who has

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correlated all the facts in his own mind, reducing them to a system, may so state the chief results of these researches, as well as of philosophy, as to form a chain of links so simple that the average mind can comprehend it or enough of it to act as a working basis for a sound life without being compelled to devote years to the study, as always has been thought necessary. This is what I attempt with my patients. It is my system of healing. It consists of education. By my method, which begins at the bottom, eliminates the unnecessary, accents the necessary, and advances step by step from hill-top to hill-top in logical sequence, I endeavour to give in a few days what formerly could be learned only after many years of study.

Seeker.—Then all this has a bearing on mental healing and living a right kind of life?

Doctor.—Yes. It not only heals, it prevents; it not only prevents, it instructs. It is all-round education, expressly adapted to show the student how to live a really healthful, happy, successful life. It teaches him how to work and get all the rich rewards of work; how to play and at the same time to grow wiser; how to eat at the same time material and spiritual food; and it teaches him how to earn a livelihood. In short, this system teaches the student how to live, how to get out of his days all that is in them, much of which has always been thrown

away by the uninstructed. It is conservation, the new law of successful business, applied to the whole of life.

Seeker.—By what you say it looks as if most of us are like a man trying to build a house without knowing how, and with no tools.

Doctor.—That puts the case with considerable accuracy. It is the conscious mind within us that leads us or enables us to act.

Seeker.—How so?

Doctor.—Before the appearance of the conscious part of the mind, as I have said, the animal had no choice. He must obey the superconscious, for there was no other ruler or guide to go by. With the coming of the conscious a new freedom was born. The animal might obey the one or the other, or the one against the other, or he might range the conscious with the superconscious and thus obey them both at the same time and in the same act.

Seeker.—Give me an example.

Doctor.—Very well. Suppose you think it wrong to steal. You also think it is good for you to have money and bad to be without it. Here is a hundred dollars, not yours. To take it would be to steal, which is wrong; not to take it would be bad because you need it. You are pulled two ways—one way by the superconscious, which always and rigorously insists on justice, in the opposite by the conscious, which being always devoted

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to material gain urges taking the money. Therefore you want to take it and you do not want to take it. If you take it you obey the conscious against the superconscious; if you do not take it, but leave it with regret, you obey the conscious against the superconscious; if you do not take it, but leave it with regret, you obey the superconscious against the conscious; but if you leave it willingly, without regret, because you feel that is the only right thing to do, you are making the two parts of mind one, and are obeying both of them in the same act.

Seeker.—But how do we know the superconscious is always all right, always wants to do the proper thing, and the conscious always leans the other way?

Doctor.—It is simple. We must remember that it is the superconscious that has built up the body, given it all its parts, is responsible for all the good that is in us; that its flow through our body is our very life itself. Its action cannot possibly be other than benevolent, just, creative. All its effects show this. But the conscious, so much younger, is like a child. It can be naughty, and it can be honest though misled. Through its organs, the brain, the nervous system, and the senses, it is connected intimately with the outer world, and its judgments are affected by sensual considerations which play no part in the work of the supercon-

scious except as their results are passed on to it by the conscious for examination. Our deepest, highest, broadest, most spiritual thoughts are inspired by that part of our mind which always has been with us and which seems to have been perfect from the beginning; our sensual and selfish thoughts originate in the conscious, that little child which has not yet learned that sensual gain or pleasure is not permitted and that each experience of that nature brings its own punishment.

Seeker.—But what is the conscious part for, then—just to play us tricks?

Doctor.—Not at all. It is in the first place, as I told you, a means by which we have become responsible beings, independent up to a certain point, instead of automata that were able to act only according to one law. Once we were compelled to do right, and right only; that is, we were compelled to take the best way, the easiest way; now we may choose between the easiest and the hardest, that is, the worst. This makes men of us, even if we sometimes get hurt in the process, for pain is the price we pay for knowledge.

Seeker.—As I see it, then, we bring the pain on ourselves. We don't have to be pained, and we never would be so long as we made the conscious co-operate with the superconscious.

Doctor.—You have hit it exactly. It is as if we were walking along a good path in the dark, a
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path which is dry and smooth and easy to follow so long as we keep to it, but to stray from which is to step into swampy places from which an outlet must be sought through all kinds of difficulties. You cannot see the right path ahead plainly, but you know that you are following it as long as your feet remain dry and the going continues smooth. But the instant you feel that you have stepped into water or soft mud, and got your feet wet, you know you are straying from the path, and that the quicker you retrace your steps the better chance you will have to find it. For the more you wander, the more you must.

Seeker.—Then that was the matter with me, was it, when I came in here the first time? You mean that I had wandered from the path of right living by eating too much and sleeping in an unventilated room, and the pain of the stomach and head was my warning? Is that it?

Doctor.—Of course. Everybody's pain means the same thing in principle. It is the voice of warning to us that we are on the wrong track.

Seeker.—But why does the conscious do these things?

Doctor.—The conscious is like other assistants of whom we read in history and some of whom we see around us every day. Being given a certain power, it is not content to stay within its bounds. It aspires to be the whole government. In the ex-

ercise of this desire it mimics, according to its feeble ability, the higher creative power, the super-conscious, by attempting a creation of its own, a world all sensual, to conform with the world all spiritual. As the God of Manu puts it, "The intellect repairs the work of creation." The conscious works through the brain and nerves and senses to communicate with the body and the outer world. It sends and receives messages along these lines. Do you know what takes place in the brain when a sensation arrives there, brought by the nerves from other parts of the body or from the outer world of sense?

Seeker.—How should I?

Doctor.—Every living person should know. It would seem much to him that he does not even dream of now. For it is a very wonderful thing, and of far reaching importance. Let me tell you how the brain cortex is made up. In order to do this properly I must first point out the nature of a cell, as far as we know it, for it is of innumerable cells that the brain is made up.

Seeker.—I thought you said a cell was the first form of life.

Doctor.—I did. And I repeat, it is of cells that the brain is made up.

Seeker.—What? A brain and a body? For that is what you said a cell was.

Doctor.—The brain is, but the mind is not. It

is intermediate to spirit and matter. The mind to the brain is what the player is to the piano, and the player in turn is merely an instrument for transmitting to the piano wholly non-material concepts of the real being behind all three. We need not go back of that being, in this place.

Seeker.—Is that science?

Doctor.—It most surely is. Every scientist would tell you so. It is proved beyond all possibility of doubt. Moreover, the entire body of a man is made up in the same way. He is a mass of minute cells. Cells constitute his flesh, his blood, bones, teeth, and hair—everything. And these cells are connected with each other and all others by little feelers, or tentacles, like those of ants and bees, which each cell has the power of extending or retracting at will. When the feeler is drawn in, the cell is alone. It is cut off from its neighbours like an island in the sea. When the feelers are extended, the cell is in communication with its neighbours, and can convey and receive intelligence through them.

Seeker.—Look here, Doctor! How can you be sure of this wonder? It strikes me as a fairy tale. You know what I mean—but I don't know just how to say it.

Doctor.—I told you, you know, that you would be amazed by what I had to say today. But that which seems so strange to you and so unbelievable,

is so old a story with the scientists and all good readers that they regard it as a matter of course, like bread and butter at table. Long ago they ceased wondering about these well known facts, and have taken them for the unshakable foundations on which to erect many other marvels, both of fact and speculation.

You are not alone in your wonderment. Everybody feels just as you do on learning the strange yet simple truth. For what is this mass of cells but a repetition, with adaptations for us, of that which occurred in the first cell? How else could the body be made up, when you come to think of it? The first cell being premised, all the rest follows. It is only repetition over and over, a countless number of times.

Seeker.—Well, I suppose so. But I want to read these scientists myself, so I can go into it with my eyes open.

Doctor.—There are many books on the subject. All the scientists have a great deal to say about what they call the “unicellular” and the “pluricellular” organism. The subject must come up constantly in their work, though the later writers take the facts so much for granted that they repeat few details. Just listen to these extracts from Metchnikoff, the famous bacteriologist of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. See how casually he refers to that which seems so strange to you:

“They transmit what Haeckel has called the ‘cellular soul’ . . . It is true that our bodies contain elements endowed with immortal souls . . . The psychical phenomena of many of the cells of our body, and the cellular souls of these, . . . the phagocytes, are elements . . . possessing a cellular soul . . . The nervous cells are the highest and most perfectly organized elements of the body.”

These words are taken from “The Nature of Man.” And all scientists write as casually, for they know that those to whom they address themselves will understand. And here is what they will understand, as it is made plain by Haeckel in “The Evolution of Man”:

“As soon as it (the human egg-cell) is fertilized, it multiplies by division and forms a community or colony of many social cells. These differentiate themselves, and by their specialization, by modifications of these cells, the various tissues which compose the various organs are developed. The developed, many-celled organisms of man and of all higher animals resemble, therefore, a social, civil community, the numerous single individuals of which are, indeed, developed in various ways, but were originally only simple cells of one common structure.”

I am going to let you take this book of Haeckel’s, and also Hudson’s “The Law of Mental Medicine.” In this Hudson book, if you will begin on page 200,

you will doubtless find what you want and all you will need for the present; and it won't occupy you more than ten minutes. If you still require more, go through both books. We might as well stop here today. Tomorrow I will begin with the brain cell and end with—what do you think?

Seeker.—Well, I'm looking for almost anything after today.

Doctor.—It will be all of that—don't worry!

CHAPTER VI: THE SEEKER MEETS THE FIRST OF ALL LIFE-CELLS

WHEN our seeker entered the doctor's office the next morning he cordially shook hands with him.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm on the road with the wise ones. I was up nearly all night with those books. They certainly are great. Everybody ought to know what is in them. I can't understand how I let them get by me all these years, thinking all the time that I knew something.

Doctor.—I have felt that way about five thousand times in my life.

Seeker.—What! You have? How's that?

Doctor.—I began the study of philosophy at a very tender age, and when I had got to be about twenty-five I supposed I knew all that could be known, and decided to read no more. Then one day I happened to pick up a book—I think it was Taine's History of English Literature—and when I laid it down after reading it I felt just as you do this morning. I felt that before reading it I had known nothing. Now, however, I indeed knew all. But again I happened to pick up another book—it may have been Buckle, I don't know, and it doesn't

matter—and when I laid it down I said to myself, “What an ass you were to think you knew anything before you read this book. Now, however, you are all right. You have nothing more to learn.” But I was wrong. Again the same thing occurred with Montaigne; and again with Rabelais, and so on and on and on, I don’t know how many times. Nobody can read serious books at the rate of more than six a month and get anything out of them. That would be about seventy-five books a year, seven hundred and fifty in ten years, fifteen hundred in twenty years, say two thousand in twenty-five years, and so on. There are in all about ten thousand. I had read maybe seven or eight hundred by the time I was twenty-five, but they were books in sequent progression, and no man desiring the best need read any but the best. It is in the nature of a very good book to fill you with so much delight that you feel you have no more room for wisdom or knowledge, and indeed that all of both is contained in this one book just now laid down. That is the way Omar felt about the Koran, you know. Well, tell me what you have learned in these books.

Seeker.—Why, I couldn’t tell you in a month.

Doctor.—I am glad of that. But tell me, at any rate, what you learned about the matters of which we were talking, so that we may go on from where we left off.

Seeker.—Well, first, I found that a man has two nervous systems, the cerebrospinal and the sympathetic, and that the mind controls the body through these two sets of nerves. It seems to me like a man sitting at his telephone and giving orders that go out over bundles of nerves to different quarters. How's that?

Doctor.—Just right, as far as you go. But messages come in, you know, as well as go out, over these wires. It isn't all "give."

Seeker.—Of course. It gives orders and receives information, like every boss. The brain, which is the foreman of the conscious mind, bosses the cerebrospinal system, and starts and stops all our voluntary movements, such as reaching out the hand, and all that. The other set of nerves, the sympathetic, gives the orders for our involuntary movements, like breathing, nutrition, walking, and so on. But the brain of this secondary system isn't a brain, and it isn't in the head: it is in the solar plexus, and it is in the stomach. Still it is a sort of a brain too, and can organize, multiply, and divide forces, as Hudson puts it.

In fact this solar plexus is more than a brain, not less, as it seems to me. And this is why: It lets the conscious, with its brain, go about its business and gives it no attention as long as things go right. It even gives it no attention if things go a little wrong. But when the conscious gets gay and slops

over—"That will do, young man," says the super-conscious boss, and then sets things straight again, himself. Isn't that about right?

Doctor.—Hudson clearly states what you have said, thus:

"The facts of psychology teach us that the subjective mind can under certain conditions invade the domain and usurp the functions of the cerebrospinal system." He also put it in this way, referring to a case where the body is in sudden deadly peril: "In such an emergency the objective mind functions too slowly, and the nerve responses are correspondingly sluggish; and hence the subjective mind, alert for the protection of the body, instantly inhibits all brain mentation, seizes upon its mechanism of motion, and wields it with inconceivable rapidity and precision, often snatching the body from the very jaws of death. The difference in the action of the two minds in such cases is the difference between reason, and instinct or intuition. The one requires time for deliberation, with its accompanying doubt and hesitancy; the other is instantaneous in mentation and appropriate action. The mental organism which normally presides over the sympathetic nervous system has assumed temporary control of the cerebrospinal system."

That is about what you said, isn't it? And he continues, accentuating the superiority of the super-conscious, or subjective: "This constitutes one of

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the points of radical difference between the powers and limitations of the two minds: The subjective mind may, and does on occasion, control every nerve and muscle in the physical organism, voluntary and involuntary; but the objective mind cannot directly control one purely involuntary muscle."

Seeker.—Yes, Hudson says something like this: that it proved that the superconscious, or subjective, is the father-intelligence of life, and the conscious is only the child. The two systems are connected by nerves, so that all the cells that make up the body may act as one on command from the superconscious; though the conscious can order only the one system, the cerebrospinal.

Doctor.—He mentions an exception, I think.

Seeker.—Well, yes. He says the conscious can suggest to the superconscious.

Doctor.—I want you to see what has often struck me as strange in all those who address, or suppose they address, their suggestions to the superconscious. I don't think there is a modern writer on the subject, from the free lance Wood to the scientific Schofield, who does not frequently contradict himself here, without seeing the fact. Hudson, as well as most of the others, often states that it is to the subjective mind suggestion is made and enters the inner mind. He says in his book, page 198, in effect, that the two phases of mind have a power of reciprocal action, so that a prompting originating

in the exterior (the conscious) may pass from it to the interior (the superconscious), and by action upon the sympathetic nerve groups produce direct functioning there, independent of the cerebral group. The subjective mind remains supreme, but the objective (the conscious) through its intimate relations with the nervous system, may perceive the necessity for a therapeutic suggestion and pass it along to the subjective mind, which instantly acts by communicating the necessary impulse to those particular cell-intelligences which are affected by the disease or disorder, and stimulates them to that degree of activity which is necessary to correct the trouble. That is Hudson's explanation. What do you think of it?

Seeker.—I think he is running around in circles, if you ask me. If the subjective knows how to do it, and even shoves off the objective when it gets in the way, why does it need any advice from the objective?

Doctor.—You have touched a weak spot. We are first told that all suggestion is addressed to the subjective while the objective is out of the way, and then we are informed that it is the objective which suggests to the subjective. I can show you the same contradictions in some of the writers in the League of Right Living, in Schofield, in Wood, and I don't know how many others. They say in so many words that the superconscious is allwise,

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some of them even name it God outright, so that consequently it must be and in fact is, the sole ruler; then they say that it is to this Allwise One that suggestions are to be made, that it is this which requires education or persuasion, which seems banal to me. But that they really do not think as they say appears often in their works when they describe actual cases, for there it becomes plain that they address the conscious and not the unconscious at all. As in the case of Schofield and the girl with the diseased arm. What do you think he did? He treated the well arm and let the lame one alone. In this way he kept the patient's conscious attention directed upon the well arm, out of the way of the healing flow, which was thus enabled to reach the disease and so cure. Isn't it perfectly plain which mind his suggestion affected? The books afford us quantities of illustrations.

Seeker.—Well, what's the answer? And what difference does it make, anyway, which mind is addressed, as long as the disease is cured?

Doctor.—As far as the special disease is concerned it makes no difference, but in the philosophy of the subject it makes a vast difference and throws a whole lot of light on the real nature of suggestion and hypnotism and double-consciousness, so-called, and several other phenomena of the mind. But, of course, I can't go into these matters here. All you need to know is this: All suggestion is

addressed to the objective (conscious) mind; and all true educational suggestion is for the purpose of educating that conscious mind so that it may rise to the wisdom of the subjective (superconscious), in the direction of the one present disease at least, so that the two may work together. Can anything be more simple, more appealing to the reason?

Seeker.—I don't see how anything could be.

Doctor.—Hear this from the *Christian Science Monitor* of April 8, 1916, which somebody sent me: "Christ Jesus did not beseech God to alter the man's condition, but he commanded human consciousness to awake to the fact that man is governed by God alone." You see how exactly that fits the case? It is the human, the conscious, that is to be educated; not the superconscious that is to be asked to act, for that is always acting. It never ceases acting. If ever it appears to be sluggish it is merely because our conscious mind has dammed up the channel somewhere.

Seeker.—That must be right. It can't be any other way. But listen! If the subjective rules anyhow, whatever the objective may be, why do we get in wrong anywhere? Why doesn't it keep us straight?

Doctor.—In that case we would be mere puppets, having no will of our own. As I have already pointed out, the conscious is for the pur-

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pose of making men of us, giving us a chance to do as we will up to a certain point.

Seeker.—I keep forgetting that. I remember now. The trouble results from some error made by the conscious.

Doctor.—Certainly. How else could it come? Our self gets in the way, leads us to desire *things* or *pleasure* instead of truth, and thus thrusts obstacles into the path of the superconscious flow. In my philosophy, the superconscious never can receive a suggestion *as* a suggestion. It is utterly unconscious of the existence of a world such as the conscious thinks it sees; and for a very good reason.

Seeker.—What reason is that?

Doctor.—That no such world is there.

Seeker.—(Startled.) What!

Doctor.—You must be aware by this time that whatever we see around us in the external world is not there really as we see it, for each of us sees a little different object in the same thing. This office, for example, is an office to both you and me, but I see in it an office very different from the one visible to you, because I have had more experience with it than you have had. You remember about the photograph, the piece of silver, the bagpipe, the powder, and the solution?

Seeker.—Why, yes, of course.

Doctor.—It is the same, naturally, with all things, with the great world and with each object in it. We all see a world or an object a little different from the world or object visible to any other person. How, then, can it be said that the world of the conscious mind exists, since no two conscious minds can agree exactly on what they see there?

Seeker.—Then you mean that the superconscious sees no world at all?

Doctor.—Quite the contrary. It sees a world, the real world, the world of ideas, of truths, of spiritual values, as distinguished from sensation, which is what goes to make up the conscious world, the world seen by the conscious mind. It is the world of which Plato speaks, the world of patterns, from which we fashion our material, conscious, brain-created world. To me it is axiomatic that every sensation that comes to the brain is translated by that organ into thought before it does or can reach the superconscious. The world seen by the superconscious is the real, the eternal, the spiritual, the true; and the conscious sees only that sensual copy which it is able to create itself in imitation of it—as a child sees not the world his father sees, but only that kind of a world he is himself able to see, though the objects which compose it are the same.

In fact, what we see and call a world of *things*,
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of sensations and objects, is in reality the true spiritual world, which our blindness and selfishness and lack of education lead us to regard as material, concrete, solid, immutable, and appearing the same to everybody.

Seeker.—I think I see what you mean. That silver quarter that I thought I saw wasn't there. But something was there?

Doctor.—Of course something was there. But you acknowledge that what you thought was there was not there, really, and it was so with the objects of all the other senses. Now this great truth—that we can see only that which we have educated ourselves to see—is what makes true suggestion so valuable; for in the real sense suggestion is education. By its aid, we become able to see ease where the uneducated see dis-ease.

Seeker.—Ah! I see where we are heading, for disease is like everything else, is like a piece of money, or a bagpipe, or a powder!

Doctor.—Yes, we see in any condition of fact only the sum of our education in that direction, whether it is a powder or a pear. We are, as I have said, like boys at school. Here is, for example, a problem in cube root. The boy will find it hard or easy according to his education in that direction. If he well understands the rule which governs the case, he will find ease in that problem, will enjoy doing it. But another boy, who does

not so well understand the rule, will find dis-ease, trouble, in attempting to deal with that problem—the same problem, mind you—in which the other finds ease. For the fact is, there is no trouble there, and no ease either, but simply a *thing*; and each will find in it just what he has educated himself to find, no more and no less.

Seeker.—Let me apply that personally. Do you mean that if I had understood psychotherapy I would have found ease and not disease, in stuffing myself and sleeping in a hived-up room?

Doctor.—If you had known psychotherapy you would not have stuffed yourself, and you would not have slept without fresh air in the room. But in the broad sense I can answer your question in the affirmative. For your body would have been in so sound a condition, from habitual observance of the laws both of thought and hygiene, that it could have withstood such treatment, not only that time but many times. For the superconscious is very good to us and gives us room in which to disport ourselves. It is not too exacting. As the case stood, you had so weakened your resistance by constant neglect of the rules that you fell an easy victim. Now let's get back to Hudson.

Seeker.—Yes. I want to see what it has to do with my brain today, and how it can have anything to do with my learning to live as I ought to. That's what we're after isn't it?

Doctor.—Surely! That marvelous first burst of life on this earth is being repeated in your brain at this instant, and at every instant of your life—

Seeker.—(Interrupting.) Look here, Doctor,—you—

Doctor.—There is no need to feel excited about it.

Seeker.—(Heaving a sigh.) Well, I suppose not. But I get a new shiver every time I think of it. I'm only a rookie yet, you know.

Doctor.—I think you do very well. The proved facts of science are so much more strange than fiction that they are likely to startle almost any one of us at first. But we soon learn to take them as matters of course and employ them for our benefit. For that is what they are intended to be—means to our education. Now for Doctor Hudson:

In his book called "The Law of Mental Medicine" he says we find the primary forms of life have power to throw out live filaments by which they gather their food, and communicate with each other, and that this power affords the only means by which sensitive tissues form unions, through which the millions of cells composing a living body can exist as an individual animal organism that lives and moves as a personality.

Seeker.—When I read that last night I thought it was the wonder of the world—not only that it

could be so, but that a man could find it out.

Doctor.—It seems at first to be wonderful, but the more we consider it the more it becomes evident that it is the simplest possible explanation of what the body is; for it means only a repetition over and over again of the fact of the first cell. Knowledge had long been moving slowly toward the recognition of the truth, mounting step by step, when finally, by aid of the microscope and a good mind, the mind of Rudolph Virchow, it arrived. Here is what Doctor Crandall says about that in his "How to Keep Well." Would you like to hear it?

Seeker.—(Enthusiastically.) Would I? Who wouldn't?

Doctor.—(Reading.) "One of the most important events of modern medicine was the announcement of the theory of *cellular pathology* of Virchow in 1858—"

Seeker.—What! As long ago as that? I thought it was a new thing.

Doctor.—You thought mind-healing was new too, you know. (Reads.) "By this is meant that all vital processes issue from cells. Vital force is a name given to that essence of life whose nature we do not yet understand, and perhaps never will. By the older theory it was supposed to be distributed through the body or located in the organs as a whole. By Virchow's theory the animal body

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is regarded as an aggregation of cells, each of which has a unity and life of its own. As a nation is a unit composed of individuals, each having his own personality, living his own life, and performing his own part in the work of the whole, so living bodies are composed of individual cells in which the vital force resides. By this theory the understanding of disease has been enormously advanced. At first proposed as an hypothesis, it has been accepted by the scientific world, and is the basis of all modern medical thought."

Seeker.—That's about the same thing Hudson says.

Doctor.—Yes. I am coming to it here in Hudson. (Reads.) "Now, as each cell in the confederation is differentiated with especial reference to its functions, it follows that the nerve cells are more highly specialized as carriers of intelligence than any others. Hence we find that the filaments are more distinctly in evidence in the nerve cells than in others, in that they have apparently assumed a more or less permanent character—in other words, the brain is the organ of the objective mind and the centre of the cerebrospinal nervous system; . . . the group of highly differentiated cells which constitute the organ of intellect is located in the cortex, or outer surface or layer of the brain." I wish you most particularly to note that fact.

Seeker.—What? That the cells of the intellect are located on the surface of the brain?

Doctor.—Well, yes. It will explain to you why men may be very intellectual and yet rascally, since intellect is of the brain, of the conscious and not the superconscious. It depends, you see, on what kind of a bias of thought the man has—whether he is accustomed to thinking of reasons or of things. But that is a little ahead of the story. What I wish you to see is that the organ of the intellect is made up of a group of highly developed cells, situated on the cortex. Where did these cells, each with its own mind and body, come from?

Seeker.—Where does anything come from? I suppose they grew there.

Doctor.—Certainly they grew there, but how? What caused them to grow there? Here is the answer as Hudson puts it. (Reads.) “The universally accepted theory is that the brain cells of the cerebral cortex constitute the storehouse of objective memory. *Every cell, therefore, corresponds to some experience or thought of the individual; that is to say, for each new thought of experience of the individual a new brain cell is developed or an old one modified.*”

Seeker.—Ah! So that’s where the brain comes from, is it?

Doctor.—It grows, you see, as you said; and every thought or experience you have adds a new

cell or modifies an old one. Just remember that for a moment, until we come back to it. Hudson goes on: "This theory is confirmed by the fact that the more highly men or the higher animals are cultivated intellectually, the more numerous are the convolutions of the brain and the deeper are the fissures, thus enlarging the cortical area and providing room for its constantly augmenting number of cells during the active or progressive life of the individual."

Seeker.—I was wondering how there could be room for all those cells.

Doctor.—The cortex, or surface layer of the brain, may be likened to a blanket thrown in deep folds over some object. The cells are marvellously minute, so that there is space enough for them. And once a cell arrives, it stays. It remains as a memory. In this way all that has occurred to us in life is stored up as thought or memory in the intellect. Every thought, when it enters the brain, takes its place as a cell beside similar thought-cells there, or becomes a new part to one of the similar cells already there. In fact, our thoughts live in the brain in groups, just as like-minded people get together in the external world. Now, it is important for you to recollect that the more we think along a given line, the more cells corresponding to that line of thought shall we have in our brain, and the better shall we remember all the ideas af-

fecting that line of thought. This is the explanation of the fact which everybody knows, that the more you study a subject the more you will know about it; also the more powerful will be your mind's action on it. You will have more memories, more thoughts, to back up your position and force their way through opposition or forgetfulness. Now we are ready to advance a theory regarding that greatest of the world's mysteries, the first appearance of life on this earth!

Seeker.—(Excitedly.) Good heavens! How? What has all this to do with that?

Doctor.—To me it appears to have everything to do with it. Consider. Here is a child not yet born into this world, yet on its appearance it is already equipped with a third of its brain.

Seeker.—What, before it is born—?

Doctor.—It is not yet born into this world, but is nevertheless a living being, an embryo, in the parent womb. The head is chaos, as was the earth in its infancy. There is no brain, only silence and night there. Suddenly, in the spot provided by nature for the brain, something happens. What is it? A cell appears. From where? Simple enough. The child's mind has just evolved its first thought.

Seeker.—(Starting up excitedly.) By the—Do I get you? That first cell on earth was like the one in the child! It was a thought on Somebody's
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mind, as the brain-cell was a thought on the child's mind?

Doctor.—It is the constantly repeated story, over and over and over again, of the big and the little, you see. Bishop Fallows says, "The religious side of Aristotle's philosophy has been well summed up in the single sentence: 'The universe is a thought in the mind of God.' He also quotes the Brahmins in the Code of Manu: "Mind is the imperishable cause of all apparent forms. The universe is compacted from divine and active principles—a mutable universe from immutable ideas."

Seeker.—Then I didn't discover that?—Nor you either? Other sharps knew it already?

Doctor.—We are in like case with a world of other fellows. A lot of people have thought they had something new, something all their own, like an essay, an idea, an invention, or a book, and then on asserting the fact have been highly disappointed to find that the same thing had happened somewhere before. However, I think we have done very well, even if we are not wholly new. There is a new element in our idea, I believe, as we have put it, which will be suggestive to thinkers, and we ought to be satisfied with that. Few of us accomplish as much by the work of a lifetime.

Seeker.—But if the thing is already known by

some, why doesn't everybody know it? Why do the wise ones have to keep it so dark?

Doctor.—Bless your innocent heart! Those who know it have been shouting it from the housetops ever since history began, but only a few have cared to listen. It doesn't interest them. They cry, "Hurrah for the Great White Way! Give us things! Who cares for reasons?" Why is this? Because these people are inferior to you and me? Not so. Their lives have not fallen in these pleasant places of thought and reason. That is all. They have other interests that to them are as important to the world as any that we can have. Their brain-cells are of a different character from ours, for they think of different things and have different experiences. And this brings me to something especially important to you and your affairs, something in fact that will lead you to the very source of the fountain of life-conduct.

Seeker.—Ah! You have shown me many things clearly, but none so directly interesting as that. What is it?

Doctor.—The cell correlation carried forward into the correlation of human individuals in the social state, as affecting each one and in the mass reacting upon all—for the social organism is the individual organism on a larger scale. For sane individual life and comfort it is necessary that

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this be understood and the understanding applied in each individual case.

Seeker.—Please elucidate. Begin with cell differences and let's see whether I can follow you.

Doctor.—Picture in your mind how the body of a human being is made up, as Haeckel and the others have put it. First there is the female ovum, or egg-cell. This cell, on being fertilized, multiplies by division and grows into a community of individual cells, each with a mind and body of its own, living there together like the inhabitants of a town or city. After the same manner as human beings, these cells go about their tasks of existence, working, playing, resting, and in so doing produce, unknown to themselves—what? The body of a child!

Seeker.—(With a kind of awed wonder.) Yes?

Doctor.—You see the simplicity of it, the marvellous beauty, the unity of variety? From one organism come many organisms, and from a combination of the many comes one again—a man! Yet these cells can have no idea that they make up such a person, and are doubtless wholly incapable even of conceiving what a man is—the highest organism known to our mortal senses. Does that astounding fact throw any light on what a man in his turn may be, or on what his limitations of comprehension may lean?

Seeker.—Just so. As you have intimated, a man himself must be one of the millions of cells that go to make up some still bigger organism, just as each of his own cells goes to help make up him.

Doctor.—Now then. When the original ovum or cell breaks up, on fertilization, and grows into many cells, each of these units goes to its own work, the especial work for which it is adapted, or for which it becomes adapted. The law which puts some cells to blood-building, others to bone-building, may be the same that rules men in their adoption of a calling. Some men take what first comes to hand in order to earn a living; some feel a strong inclination toward a certain occupation and will take only that; some drift, and go from one thing to another as necessity drives or opportunity serves. Whether this is the law among our body-cells you may judge for yourself. You know as much about it now as I do. What we know is that different cells go, in accomplishing their work, toward making up different parts of the body, and that those which constitute what we call the highest part, the brain, have exactly the same origin as, and were in fact originally one with, those which form the toenail, the intestines, and all the so-called lower parts. Do you think that if, by any possibility, one of your toenail cells should mount to the brain and take a seat

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there, the cultivated cells of the brain would represent its presence?

Seeker.—(Thinking a long time before speaking.) I don't know, but I should think they would. Their work is different from his. They live in a different world. I don't believe they would have him.

Doctor.—Why?

Seeker.—Because this toenail cell couldn't get into brain-cell company; it simply couldn't. It's too far off, and its work is too far away in kind. It would be impossible.

Doctor.—You say that a lower cell cannot get into company with a high cell. If that is so, what must we suppose when we see two such cells actually living next to each other?

Seeker.—How could that be?

Doctor.—Some cells drift, you know, as the phagocytes and leucocytes of the blood. Two may come together only temporarily. If they have work to do together, they stay; if not, they separate.

Seeker.—But the one throws the other out, doesn't it?

Doctor. Certainly not. Only the policemen of the blood, the phagocytes, throw things around in that way and destroy. That is their work. The other cells only help each other, for the system, the superconscious, takes care of that. When a cell is

sent to a spot it has work to do there, and when the work is finished it departs. Other cells in the neighbourhood have only to attend to their own work, which may be to help him if need be. It is true that some cells kill others, as the macrophage the brain-cells on occasion, thus bringing on old age, according to Metchnikoff. But such destroyed cells by their own action attract their fates.

Seeker.—Then you must mean that I have invited an obnoxious, disagreeable neighbour to come and squat down in front of me?

Doctor.—Yes. Otherwise, he would not and could not be there. A quality of belligerence in you has invited and permitted that man to come near you. The superconscious seems to think that you have a lesson to learn in that direction. Did you ever hear of the doctrine of nonresistance?

Seeker.—Nonresistance? Yes. But I've no use for it.

Doctor.—I must give you only the principles. Our fellowmen, like the cells of a body, have one origin, are equal, each in his place, all apparent inequality arising from the judgments of the conscious mind, not the real mind, for to that mind a toenail cell is a part of the body quite as necessary to its perfection as any other cell can be. Doesn't it seem so to you? For how could it be otherwise? Now, which would be the best body—that whose cells should all work together harmon-

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iously for the good of the whole, each contented in its place, or one whose cells would fight with and destroy one another?

Seeker.—You don't have to wait for my answer to that.

Doctor.—That is enough for today, then.

CHAPTER VII: THE SEEKER TAKES OFF HIS COAT TO LOVE

“**N**OW,” said the doctor to his pupil, as the latter took his seat in the hygienic chair the next morning, “now you understand several of the principles on which our science is based. You know that the body of a man is composed of cells, each with a mind and body of its own; that these cells are connected with each other, and indirectly with all others, by feelers or filaments capable of extension and retraction, and that by aid of these feelers the cells can communicate with one another; that the minds of these individual cells are controlled by a single greater mind, the superconscious; that the superconscious has an aid, the conscious, which normally presides over the cerebrospinal system, but whose authority may at any time be set aside temporarily by the superconscious, which then uses the conscious system as it will, but always for the wellbeing of the whole body. You see so much clearly, I suppose?”

Seeker.—Quite.

Doctor.—Good! So much for that. You also understand that we see, in all objects, not what

really is there, for no man can see that, but merely what our education has been in that direction?

Seeker.—Yes, I have got that too.

Doctor.—Do you know what that understanding is called in philosophy?

Seeker.—Is it a philosophy?

Doctor.—It is the highest philosophy the world ever knew. It is the base on which pure Christianity rests, that pure Christianity which the different creeds strive so haltingly to express. It is referred to by the wise as “The Philosophy of Idealism.”

Seeker.—Idealism! I though idealism meant the holding of ideals in the mind.

Doctor.—So the average person seems to think, but in fact it is nothing of the kind. The doctrine of idealism means simply and solely, at bottom, the belief that ideas, not things, are the realities of existence.

Seeker.—What does that mean?

Doctor.—As I have just told you, you understand it already in principle.

Seeker.—Do I though? Really!

Doctor.—You understand for example, that when you look at a photograph you see not what is really there, but merely the sum of your education in that direction?

Seeker.—Of course, I understand that.

Doctor.—Well, that is idealism. You know

that what you see there is an expression of your own idea. The materialist thinks he really sees what he thinks he sees, that nothing but what he sees is there, and that education has nothing to do with the case.

Seeker.—Oh! That's it, is it?

Doctor.—The man who does not understand that principle will never have a sane thought in his life; and he who does understand it, and becomes capable, by practice, of exercising his understanding of it in all matters, holds the key of the universe. There is no mystery beyond his comprehension —ultimately.

The greatness of all the great men the world has ever known, in all ages, has been founded on this understanding. From Kapila to Emerson, all the masterpieces of literature are outgrowths of a comprehension of this truth. It is the secret of Shakespeare's fascination and depth. He was an advanced idealist, and his works radiate that philosophy from every page. Nobody has ever seen more clearly than he into the realities that lie behind appearance, whether of man or nature; and that is the essence of idealism. In clearly grasping what I have told you about that photograph and the other things, you grasp that idealism which the great philosophers have written their abstruse tomes to state. You have its essential self there in a nutshell. You have only to apply the prin-

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ciple to all your affairs, for all the rest is only repetition, explanation, and the extension of the underlying principle in different directions. In short, your feet are now planted on the same rock that forms the pedestal of the ages. And you could not be toppled over and lose that foothold by the very crashing down of the world itself. For what we really understand and know cannot, if it be abstractly true, ever be taken away from us. From now on all you will have to do is to express that belief, applying it in your affairs, governing them by it, instead of permitting them to govern you. The truths of idealism form the sceptre of the superconscious, and in the superconscious is the real *you*, eternal, unchangeable, all powerful, loving, merciful, just. If you obey this high understanding of yours willingly, no matter what your conscious mind fears it will cost you, you will earn and receive all good; and in the degree in which you deny its promptings, accepting those of the fearful and selfish conscious against it, you will find trouble. Do you understand that fully?

Seeker.—(Rather nervous.) I suppose I do, but—but life in the world is life in the world, you know.

Doctor.—What! To do right when you know what right is, instead of doing wrong when you know it is wrong?

Seeker.—I usually know what is right, in most

cases, but I don't always do it. Sometimes I can't.

Doctor.—Now that you are an understanding idealist, you will find it easier to take the right course. You will not see in things now that which you formerly saw in them. Many objects and events will appear to present new features to you. It is wonderful, wonderful, but it is absolutely and always true, that as a person begins to get hold of real idealism his world changes before his very eyes, so that many things which have always seemed desirable are now distasteful or even are forgotten, as in the case of the reformed drinker of alcohol; and some things that formerly held no attraction have become interesting and valuable. No, don't worry over your prospective inability to do the right instead of the wrong thing from now on. Your superconscious will greatly help you in that matter, will help you surprisingly. Nobody who has not been through the experience can begin to realize the wonder of it. It seems as if you were held up and carried forward by some great invincible champion. Trust yourself to that champion. That is all. You will sometimes fail, of course, for that is natural; but laugh at such failures. Do not, above all things, worry over them. They come to test you for your strength, merely, and by exercise with them, how-

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ever awkwardly, you will produce in yourself stronger spiritual muscles.

Seeker.—What! If I make a mistake, shouldn't I feel sorry?

Doctor.—Do you think it ever does the case any good to feel sorry over it?

Seeker.—Maybe not. But I don't feel that way for my good, nor because I want to, but because I've got to!

Doctor.—You have felt that way heretofore, but you will not now. What do you suppose the reason is that we feel, or can feel, sorrow for anything?

Seeker.—That gets me—unless it's because we were made that way—the old excuse.

Doctor.—I am going to tell you a simple method by which you may, through analogy, get at reasons behind things. It is this: When any question comes up to you to be answered, regard yourself as a boy at school and look upon that question as a problem in your school arithmetic. You will be delighted, often, to find how easy the solution of your difficulty will be to you then.

Seeker.—Give me a case.

Doctor.—Take the one you mention—why we feel sorry for anything. Regard it as a problem in your school book. I fancy you failed sometimes in arithmetic when you were going to school, didn't you?

Seeker.—(With conviction.) Full many a time and oft conspicuously.

Doctor.—Did you feel sorry then?

Seeker.—Sorry? Rather.

Doctor.—We need not be cheaply literal. There are various grades of sorrow, and we must take them all as sorrow. Why did you feel sorry when you missed?

Seeker.—For several reasons. It would lower my rank, others would get ahead of me, and if I missed too often I should not go up with my class at the end of the term; and a lot of other reasons, I suppose.

Doctor.—Yes, to the conscious mind. But I am speaking of the real reason, of the superconscious. Why were you able to feel sorry over missing a solution?

Seeker.—Maybe it was so I wouldn't do it again.

Doctor.—Then if you think it was to make you feel that you ought not do it again, you admit that you would want to do it again, or at least wouldn't care whether or not, if it wasn't for feeling sorry over it? Is that it?

Seeker.—It looks that way to me. Probably I wouldn't have cared if it hadn't been for the punishment.

Doctor.—Good! I think you have hit the truth. But now suppose you did not feel that way at all, that you realized that you were really studying in
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order to learn the principles of mathematics, and that you cared all for that learning and not for mere rank in marking, knowing that marks could neither hurt nor aid you? You would not feel sorry then, would you, if you missed?

Seeker.—Ah! You mean that that's what I am really going to school for—to learn principles, and that to fail in learning them is the only real failure; and so if I am learning them all the time, and doing my best, a little thing like a mark in rank now and then would not bother me. In fact, you mean that I couldn't feel sorry so long as I meant well. What?

Doctor.—You have it. Now apply the principle to your failure always to do the right thing in life.

Seeker.—I am here to live my life, you mean, not to do special things; and as I want to live rightly and try to do it, I needn't feel sorry, and I *can't* feel sorry, over making a break now and then, for that is a necessary condition of all learning.

Doctor.—That is exactly true. As long as we can feel sorry over our failures we may be absolutely certain that we do not see things as they are, and are doing less than our best. Our fearful, conscious mind is misleading us. There is nothing in the world for a right minded man to fear, and if there were such a being as a wholly right minded man, he could not fear. But the

conscious mind leads us all to a greater or less degree, and the sorrow or worry we feel over anything is what we need to prod us on into the right way. The sorrow or worry is the mathematical proof of our lack of understanding. If we really meant always to do our best, the worry would not be needed, and we never would feel it.

Seeker.—Wouldn't you think it should depress me instead of pleasing, when it has so often been so hard for me to do the right thing?

Doctor.—Certainly not! You are not the same man you were at all. You have suddenly grown up. What makes you feel so well is this: Your superconscious mind, recognizing this new intelligence of yours as it flows in through the conscious, is flashing the glad tidings like a streak of lightning to every cell in your body, and they are all rejoicing over it, for it means to them that they will henceforth have over them a ruler who knows what he is about, and who will never afflict them again with ignorant commands and poisonous tasks, because his conscious mind is now educated to work as one with the always intelligent superconscious. All the cells in your body are as much interested in your learning how to govern them and in what tasks of assimilation, building, and repairing, you give them as are you yourself. Isn't that natural? They are individuals, with minds and bodies of their own, you know, as you and I are; and their

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governor's wisdom or ignorance must mean much to them. This information that I have given you is educational, is suggestion itself, as I employ it, and you feel the effects, of course. We may fancy that your body cells rejoice now much as the English people rejoiced when they learned that Prince Hal had ceased his foolish ways and was prepared to rule over them as a sagacious king.

Seeker.—If you hadn't proved all this step by step, or given sound reasons for what you think, I would believe I was dreaming. It is, take it all together, the strangest thing I ever heard of. It sounds uncanny.

Doctor.—It is science, proved and warranted, and known by all well read persons, and you have learned only the beginning of that which, possessed by the wise men of the ages, has given them their immense superiority over the rest of us, enabling them to get all they want, and to live sound, full lives. You remember I spoke to you of Professor Putnam, and promised to come back to him again, showing how the two branches of psychotherapy met at the top in him?

Seeker.—Yes.

Doctor.—You have seen how suggestion had its lower origin, how it sprang from ignorance and crudity, mounted slowly through innumerable phases of misunderstanding and quackery, from Paracelsus onward through hypnotism, and

emerged into education with Dubois, Bernheim, and the others, hand in hand now with the highest medicine. I am going to show you, very briefly, its other origin, its higher phase, that of prevention.

That phase began with the earliest books of which we have any knowledge, the Vedas, or religious books of the Hindus. And what do you suppose they taught? That ideas made up the real world, and that each person could see around him only that which he had educated himself to see. Here is the summing up in the Code of Manu: "He who, in his own soul, perceives the Supreme Soul in all beings, and acquires equanimity toward them all, attains the highest states of bliss." In fact, their teaching was exactly what you have learned in simpler terms, idealism; and it means, as I have told you, that all we see around us in the world is the sum of our own ideas. The world does not affect us; we affect it, in fact we make it. Therefore if we can feel equanimity toward all things, that is the proof that we have attained the highest state of bliss. Is that plain?

Seeker.—I see the principle, and it satisfies my reason, but I can't seem to feel it. It is too big, and at the same time too simple, for me to get a strong hold of it.

Doctor.—Naturally. Such an idea has countless ramifications and no conscious mind can grasp

them without deep reflection. But you can see that idealism, which has its root in the superconscious, and forms the oldest of all systems of ideas, is the real origin of true mental healing. One has only to follow its teachings, which are very few and very simple at bottom, to get out of life all there is in it, and will therefore never or rarely need a doctor.

It is prevention as distinguished from cure. And it is an understanding and practice of this true idealism that forms the true psychotherapy. For that is prevention, wisdom, education, health, in place of healing. Into its tenets go both philosophy and medicine, the latter proving, through physiology, biology, and the rest, those facts which the philosophy has already stated in general terms and without proof, except that proof which each reader or hearer feels within himself. And Professor Putnam, among all the physicians who have written of the subject, seems to me to have the firmest hold on the truth and the clearest insight into it. There may be, and probably are, others as far advanced, but I choose him as my type, and the type of man in whom the philosophy of psychotherapy has now, and always has had, its highest origin. Such an understanding as his should make life a very different matter from what it seems to the average person—only through his own at-

tainments, mind you, and not through a difference of environment between him and others. Did you ever hear of him before?

Seeker.—No. Who is he?

Doctor.—He is a physician, Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System, in Harvard Medical School. I am going to quote a few words from his work in the "League of Right Living," Vol. XII:

"It is felt by some persons that to accept the doctrine of idealism and thus to retranslate the solidity and reality of nature into 'states of consciousness' would be to annihilate reality . . . but . . . idealism does little more than state in other terms the facts agreed upon by common sense.

"The solidity of nature is universally admitted to be a system of vibrations, which in themselves have neither warmth nor color, and no form corresponding to the objects with which they place us in connection. Within the brain these vibrations again undergo change and come perhaps to deserve a chemical name. Even with this primary admission we abandon the assumed solidity of nature. It is obviously necessary that any one who would see unity and beauty in the blue sea and sky, the lofty mountains, the far stretching landscape, should seek it, not in any system of soulless and infinitely divisible vibrations, but rather there where alone unity exists—namely,

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within his own indivisible and personal consciousness. There alone resides the power of rational and purposeful interpretation of the purposed and rational hieroglyphs of nature."

Seeker.—That is fine. But what does it mean?

Doctor.—It means just what I have been telling you—that we can see only that which we have educated ourselves to see. It is the philosophy of idealism, and he has given it in terms employed by philosophers. You now have both my way of putting it and his way. Let me show you still another way of putting the same truth, namely, the scientific method. How much do you weigh?

Seeker.—About a hundred sixty.

Doctor.—Then about a hundred and nineteen pounds of your body is water. Did you know that?

Seeker.—I certainly did not—and it seems a pretty big fact for me to swallow.

Doctor.—It is a proved fact of science. Our bodies show a certain and nearly constant quantity of water. You may rely on it. Now, water is made up of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. The remainder of your body is composed of organic substances, which are in their turn composed of four gases, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbonic acid. Thus you see that your visible and apparently solid body is made up of invisible gases, and these in turn are resolvable into force.

So that in reality it is the invisible out of which the visible is made, and your body, which seems so solid and material, is in fact a flow of sensation, always changing, with only one fixed and stable quality about it, and that is your mind, which is invisible, and which governs it all. We might take up the study of other seen forces and find the same truth, but as this fact holds good throughout the universe, in all things, we have no need to do so here. I have said enough to show you that the real world is, from every point of view, the unseen; and that which seems so real to the uneducated mind is the unreal. Does that help any?

Seeker.—Yes, it does. It helps a good deal. But I can understand what you have been saying all along better than I can the great professor.

Doctor.—With a little more education you would like him better. However, I quoted Professor Putnam merely to show you by an example that what I have been telling you is the highest philosophy, constituting the rules by which great men live, and that it is the root in which psychotherapy, in its highest sense, originated. Now that we are thoroughly well grounded in the principle we may begin to apply it to the common affairs of life; for that is what it is for, and all it is for.

The whole gist and aim and end of wisdom is to teach us how to live so as to get the most out of life and to give the most to others, and this
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implies the small as well as the great matters of daily occurrence. It is as necessary to be a philosopher when we eat, or drink, or sit, or walk, or rest, as it is when we deal with momentous events and meet with the larger problems. You realize that, I suppose?

Seeker.—I always thought philosophy was for highbrows. I never supposed you had to have it with your dinner, or when you sawed a stick of wood.

Doctor.—In reality, the philosophical way of sawing wood, or of eating dinner, means merely the best way instead of the worst way, or a bad way.

Seeker.—Of course I see that now. The little, everyday things make the life. They come up oftener than the great ones.

Doctor.—That is what I teach—how to do the little things as well as the greater. What, should you think, is the first or most important of these little things?

Seeker.—Eating?

Doctor.—(Smiling.) No. Breathing. You could live many days without eating, but you must breathe constantly or go out. We will take up that matter after we have considered “suggestion” a little further. Have you any idea why it is called “suggestion” rather than “instruction?”

Seeker.—Why, no.

Doctor.—If a person tells you something, you may believe it or not—isn't that so?

Seeker.—Yes.

Doctor.—Then, if a man tells you something, and you do not believe it, he has not instructed you in that direction, has he?

Seeker.—He certainly has not.

Doctor.—But he has made a suggestion?

Seeker.—Oh! I see. You make a suggestion and I may take it or leave it. You can't *make* me believe it. It's up to me.

Doctor.—That is it. It is up to you. Even if you accept and believe a suggestion, it is up to you just the same and not up to any one else, for you would not have believed it unless you had already made yourself ready and able to believe. Always the result is caused by you. You are the boss, the ruler, the tyrant; and your body cells, as well as your outer world, will respond in kind to your ruling. If the rule is intelligent, good will come to you reflexly; and the reverse. There is one thing more about suggestion that you should understand. Say you have one of your headaches. A runaway horse dashes past you and you follow him excitedly with your eyes until he is out of sight or has thrown himself by colliding with a tree. Then you go about your business with a sound head, even forgetting that you had been

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suffering. This also is suggestion. Do you see why?

Seeker.—It is because my conscious mind has been taken off my ache, so that the superconscious may flow to the right spot and bring the healing. Same as you showed me when first I came to you.

Doctor.—There has been no suggestion to the superconscious?

Seeker.—Of course not. It doesn't need suggestion. All it wants is a free channel.

Doctor.—Good! That is exactly right, and I am glad you are able to see it and put it so clearly. It is the explanation of thousands of apparently miraculous cures. It is a phase of autosuggestion. Do you see anything in the fact which will aid you to cure yourself of any moderate illnesses if you should have such in the future?

Seeker.—I think so. If I had any thing the matter with me I should give it as little attention as possible—if it was of a kind that I couldn't help any other way.

Doctor.—What else would you do?

Seeker.—Oh, yes. I nearly forgot that. I would try to become interested in something, something worth learning. That is how the cure worked on me before.

Doctor.—Yes, always keep the mind occupied as interestingly and profitably as possible. This tends

to make your conscious give way to the superconscious, or to make it work with the superconscious. Explain and reason away the illness if it belongs to the class that can be treated in this way, but if it is of another class, such as that to which the weather belongs, for example, the cure is to take your conscious mind away from it, and occupy it with something interesting. Isn't that it?

Seeker.—That is as I understand it, and it seems just right, too.

Doctor.—It is just right. Now, you remember that the law of the superconscious is love, benevolence, mercy?

Seeker.—Ah, I see! But suppose I have a perfectly sound grouch against another man. Do you think I ought to put my conscious mind in line with my superconscious by loving him?

Doctor.—You will never solve your problem correctly any other way. Any other way would be a palliative merely. You would gain no wisdom by it, and the ignorance being still in your mind, you would find yourself running against the same problem in other forms, and this would keep on until you had learned your lesson.

Seeker.—Do you mean to say that would bring the answer?

Doctor.—Infallibly! And there is no other real answer. You might fight and beat him, but that would only be to shift the problem, not to answer

it and get it out of the way. You would still remain in ignorance of the rule, and that would be constantly confronting you in one form or another. That enemy is, so far as you are concerned, a figment of your own fancy. He does not exist as you see him. He is a different person from what you think him to be, and that is certain. *Something* is there, a person is there, a work of God is there, and your problem is to recognize him as such. This you will be able to do only when you have fitted yourself by education. Consider yourself a boy at school and this enemy a problem in arithmetic. What is the first move you make at school in order to solve a problem? You learn the rule which governs it, don't you?

Seeker.—Yes, I do; but what is the rule here?

Doctor.—Must I tell you again? You must make your conscious mind, your belief, your desire, one with the superconscious, and the law of the superconscious is love, helpfulness, trust, faith.

Seeker.—(With sudden conviction.) Doctor, I am tired of the old, old way of doing things, and I am going to try this way. That old way never got me anywhere. Fifty times I have asked myself what was the good of it all, and got no answer. All my life I have felt more disgust, I think, than anything else, especially at times. What I get from you is that it has been all my own fault; that life is neither good nor bad in itself,

but simply *is*, and that we find it to be the one or the other according to our own intelligence. If we follow the senses too far, we hit the rocks; if we stop at the right point, and try to do our best, try to get at the truth of things instead of trying to get as many things as we can by hook or by crook, as most people seem to do, we shall find life worth living, to say the least. That appeals to me. It sounds like horse sense.

Doctor.—You have the right spirit. You will win easily. Good luck goes with you, and only yourself can shake it off.

CHAPTER VIII: HE COMMANDS THE AIR

DOCTOR.—You now know the principle by which to rule your inner world, your microcosm of thought and body. You will have many details to work out for yourself, but it will prove the pleasantest work you ever did, and the principle which you have assimilated will act as a key to them all.

Now we may begin to consider the macrocosm, the outer world, with special reference to those parts of it which enter your body as aids to its health and comfort. Suppose we first take up the subject of air. You know, air is necessary for us all, of course; but perhaps you do not know just why.

Seeker.—All I know is that I must breathe or stifle.

Doctor.—Yes. Our cells are obliged to breathe, as we ourselves are, and it is our breathing that furnishes them with their necessary air. The most important constituent of air is the oxygen, for breathing purposes, though it is present in so much smaller bulk than nitrogen, which seems to act as a dilution of the oxygen. Oxygen would be

too strong for breathing if not toned down. You have heard of "ozone" of course?

Seeker.—Yes, but I have no notion what it is.

Doctor.—It is free oxygen itself, atoms that have become diffused, separated from one another, as in a thunder storm.

Seeker.—Is that why the air seems so good after a thunder shower?

Doctor.—Yes. That freshness of the air shows that oxygen is present in greater quantity than usual. And how exhilarating it is! Now, you and I and the rest of us live at the bottom of an air-ocean, as some fishes live at the bottom of the water-oceans, and this ocean of air is somewhere about a hundred and fifty miles deep. It presses upon us from all sides, upward as well as downward, and from both sides alike, so that we do not even feel its vast weight. There is plenty of it, you see. There is no fear that we might, by over-breathing, use it up some day. So long as we stay where it is, we may draw upon it as we will.

It is through the nose that we are able to satisfy our bodies in this respect, and it never should be through the mouth any more than we can help. The air, breathed in at the nostrils, passes first through a filter made up of hairs, and then sweeps on over three especially adapted bones, called "turbinates," and in this way, and by aid of other strainers named "cilia," is warmed and cleared of

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its particles of dust so that it may enter through the windpipe into the lungs and arrive there in a breathable condition. This straining and warming are necessary parts of breathing, and to breathe through the mouth would be to miss their beneficent action. It doesn't do us any good to take dust into our lungs, you know, and nature tries to make it easy for us to escape doing so, even in a dusty atmosphere.

The chief muscles of breathing are those of the abdomen, especially the diaphragm, a broad, up-curvish muscle between the abdomen and the upper part of the body, kept in constant action by the superconscious mind. When the diaphragm presses the lungs from below, the air moves out of them, and when the diaphragm moves down, the air is sucked into them. There you have the process of breathing in its simplest terms.

The purpose of breathing is to supply the body, and its innumerable cells, with oxygen—the fuel without which our lives would immediately flutter from our bodies. It is oxygen which transforms our food into energy. We simply must have it or die, and we are in general the better off the more of it we can take in.

Now, it is fresh air that carries the oxygen that we need, and this is at the bottom of the reason why keeping your window closed while you sleep, as you did the other night, may result in headache

and indigestion. With a limitless ocean of the precious oxygen pressing at your door for entrance that night, in order that it might save you from yourself, you turned your back upon it, mistaking it for an enemy because it was accompanied by cold. You will know better in the future.

See what a little education, a little suggestion, may do for a man in this one direction! It means all the difference between health and ill health, even in a small matter like ventilation. However, as you see, I can only suggest that you profit by the learning. It is impossible for me to compel you.

Seeker.—I have read some books on hygiene and if I had to do all the things they say have to be done, I wouldn't have time for anything else. I want to be healthy, but that isn't all I want. I hope you haven't got a lot of rules to keep me in a strait-jacket day and night for the rest of my natural life?

Doctor.—No. I have very few rules. I deal in principles mainly, and in this case the principle is to keep the lungs well supplied with fresh air, by which I mean oxygen.

Seeker.—Anybody could do that.

Doctor.—He could if he had the proper intelligence. I mean, the skill in that direction. Let us see if you have. Suppose, for instance, you

were in a theatre, one person among three thousand. How would you follow out your principle of getting fresh air?

Seeker.—I never smelt any bad air in the class of theatres I go to.

Doctor.—There, you see, is where knowledge becomes necessary to enforce your principle. Always two elements enter into any fact: the cause and the means—the knowledge, and the means by which to carry the knowledge into effect. What you lack here is the knowledge, and the lack of it is so full that you suppose that bad air can always be smelt as such, and that any air can be fresh with three thousand people in a room. I'll cut this error by saying that when you find yourself in such a situation your only safety lies in your own good condition. In order to get breathable air among many people, you must have already stored up in your body enough health and resistance to last until you come away. Otherwise you will find the air unbreathable—or it will be so whether you find it out or not, and will have its effect on you in some way.

Seeker.—So that's it!

Doctor.—Literally so. It is so with oxygen in a crowd. If you have a good quantity of it stored up in the shape of a sound and vigorous body, you may expend some of it now and then by going

where there is bad air. Otherwise, you would much better stay away.

Seeker.—Go on.

Doctor.—In the truth of this lies the reason why so many people, especially women and children, bring upon themselves an illness for which they can't account, or which they mistakenly ascribe to something they have eaten or drunk. Always the air is bad where many persons are congregated, because each individual is constantly exhaling poisons, products of the burning which is going on in his system. Ventilation, of course, helps a great deal if it is properly provided, but wherever there is a crowd, even in the great outdoors, there is danger for the feeble in health. So, you see, something besides the principle is needed, otherwise you would have considered it healthful to breathe the bad air of crowded rooms, and in that way might bring a sickness upon yourself for which you could see no reason, as so many persons are continually doing.

Seeker.—There are certain *things* that I must know, as well as certain principles.

Doctor.—Of course. Wisdom and knowledge, thought and things, ideas and expression, go forever hand in hand on this plane of existence. Wisdom is concerned with ideas, knowledge with *things*. The one treats of cause, the other of effects, of means. You may have the wisdom to
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know that your superconscious mind is governing your intake of fresh air, but you may at the same time lack the knowledge of what fresh air really is, and how to get it. It is this knowledge that I am suggesting to you. We learn the laws that govern a thing, and then, by obeying these laws, we command that thing and are not commanded by it.

Seeker.—I see. But a man might as well make a bolt for down below at once as to work himself to death trying to live, which is what he would do if he practised all the laws laid down for him by some of these books.

Doctor.—I have myself noticed redundancy in the books of which you speak, but each of them fills its place. Though it may not suit you or me, it may just hit the need or tests of others. However, I shall continue to observe the same method I have hitherto used, attempting to strike the essential notes mainly.

To begin with, you should, if possible, arrange for a current of air to move gently from one of your sleeping rooms to the other, or from one side to the other. Usually this would mean that both your window and the transom leading to the hall or the next room should be open while you sleep. If this is inconvenient, you may provide your air by opening your window at both top and bottom, thus forming an inlet and an outlet. A board five

or six inches wide, running across the bottom, an inch or two inside the window frame, will deflect the incoming air upward, so that you will feel no draft. Though a draft will not hurt a sleeping body that is in good condition, especially if it is accustomed to such currents while awake, you may not always be in good condition, even sometimes when you think you are. Therefore, keep away from drafts, though you should see to it that there is plenty of moving air in your room. That is simple enough, isn't it?

Seeker.—Yes. But there is more to it than that, I know.

Doctor.—Yes, the next thing is to know how to breathe. It isn't half enough to put yourself in the midst of plenty of oxygen. That is only the first essential. You must also know how to breathe properly. I am acquainted with many men, fishers by occupation, who live during sixteen hours every day with fresh sea air all around them, and yet get very little benefit from it because they do not use it skilfully. Having cause for little physical exertion in their work, they never are forced to draw deep breaths, and consequently they never do. They employ only the lungs, and only the upper part, in breathing, or perhaps move the abdomen now and then as they sit all hunched up in their boats, the truth being that they should often breathe deeply, employing both the lungs and the

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abdomen. The cells in these parts of their bodies are literally suffocated for lack of fresh air, and their whole organism wants oxygen, so that these fishers, living as they do with an untold wealth of oxygen and energy ready for their taking, are in fact no healthier, no more energetic, than is a city bookkeeper who scarcely knows what fresh air and sunlight are. And it is easy for any man, easy for you, to miss as much. In order to get the benefit of the oxygen around you, you have little to do beyond what every person does, but that little makes the difference between health and sickness, between lassitude and energy, and it may mean the difference between a long life and a short one. These are the rules:

Every morning when you get out of bed, fill your mind first of all, with pleasant thoughts. If there is any matter that bothers you, forget it for the minute or two that will be required for your breathing exercise. (Incidentally, you will be astonished to find how your exercise will change the aspect of that bothersome matter.)

Now stand at the window with your feet on a warm foundation (a rug will do if the floor is not warm) and flex your fingers and toes, bending them in all ways possible, and bend your feet this way and that, moving them from the ankles and in every way you can. Next extend your arms and legs, and indeed your whole body, in a powerful "stretch-

ing." Then you will be ready to begin the breathing exercise.

Now let me impress upon you that perhaps the most necessary part of this process is usually overlooked and left out, and that you should give it especial attention. It is this: Before you have taken in any long breath, the first thing you should do is to expel all the air you can from your lungs. There is considerable foul air in there, and you cannot get it all out, try as you may; but it is essential that you get out as much of it as you can. If you begin your breathing exercise with a deep inbreath, as most people do, a lot of this bad air will remain in the lungs and you will feel its injurious effects, however much or deeply you may breathe.

Standing with your chest well forward, exhale through the nose all the air you can possibly throw out. Start slowly, and when you think it may be all out, keep right on trying to get rid of more, pressing it up from the diaphragm and forcing it out at the nostrils; and stop only when you cannot continue any longer. Then external air will come rushing into your nostrils to fill the space thus vacated. Do not attempt, at the first of it, to breathe deeply in. Let it come in naturally. When it is in, repeat the exhalation, and keep on doing this ten times, or if you feel bad, twenty-five times, beginning at the fifth intake to breathe in as deeply

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as possible. This simple exercise, if properly conducted, and preferably while your body is naked, so that the cells of the skin may get their share easily, is guaranteed to start you properly for the day's breathing. It seems as if every person in the world might do as much very easily, doesn't it?

Seeker.—Yes, and I am going to be one of them. Most people would take the time if they knew what it would do for them—that is, those who are old enough. Young folks don't care for health. I didn't. We have to lose it to appreciate it.

Doctor.—That is human nature. We want what we have not, and do not want, or do not appreciate, what we have. That is our conscious mind, the brain, the intellect, the sensual, the child. After it has led us to ill health, we are glad enough to come back to the rules of the superconscious, though we do not call it that; we call it getting back to health.

Well, to go on about air. Remember there is always dead, foul air in the least used portion of your lungs, and for this reason you should always start your breathing exercise with the act of exhalation, not inhalation. The difference is very great. Impress it upon your memory. That is the answer to more health questions than are dreamed of by the public in general. Then, during the day you can for the most part give your

breathing little attention. The superconscious, by aid of the diaphragm, will carry on the work, and an anxious attention to it on your part would only hamper it. But most of us habitually breathe in such a way that we receive much less benefit from good air than we might by breathing more deeply, and this we can do by cultivating the habit. Start your conscious mind along this line of thought, and if you actually believe in the benefit that will accrue from following it, and earnestly wish for it, you will be delighted to find how soon you will acquire the habit to such an extent that you will do it without effort—automatically. Get the habit. That is it. It will demand attention at first, and for a shorter or longer time afterwards, but if you persist it will come. And you will receive in the meantime a distinct bodily benefit for every deep breath you take, in trying to get the habit. You cannot possibly lose. There is only gain to be had in the effort.

The act of exhaling before inhaling has another advantage besides that of lightening the burden of foul air in the lungs and abdomen. It tends to drive out the dust and germs that are constantly gathered in our nostrils and other air passages. The long, deep inhalation, if it is taken before the exhalation, tends to draw these in where they might easily do serious injury.

Whenever you have an opportunity during the

day you might practise the breathing I have described, but in the downtown district of any city its benefits would arise more from the correct posture and the dis-cramping of the lungs and abdomen, than from the small quantity of good oxygen to be found there. But now and then you should straighten up, throw out your chest a little, and take a proper breath or two. You will often have opportunities to do this inconspicuously, if you try, and in a short time you will have learned to do it automatically, as you use your legs in walking. Every kind of breathing, good or bad, has been established by habit, and there is no good reason why you or anybody else should not contract a good kind. The superconscious is willing to take the task upon itself if you will permit it to do so by removing the obstructions you have placed there through lack of intelligence. Through, in short, your selfish conscious mind.

Seeker.—How do you make out that the conscious is selfish in this case?

Doctor.—It always tends to bodily indulgence, to doing things the quickest or most sensually painless way. It does not see the outcome, as the superconscious does; it sees only finitely, it judges by appearance solely. It lacks what Socrates called the faculty of measurement, and in the face of a present slight gain it cannot see a consequently great loss. Thus it is easier for the body—at first

—to slump forward when in the sitting posture, and it does so; though by so doing it cramps the stomach and abdomen and even the lungs, hindering the circulation of both air and blood; and the consequences are very bad. It requires effort on the part of the conscious mind to keep the body in a proper sitting posture, at least at first, and this effort the conscious, in its uneducated state, is unwilling to make, for it sees no benefit in the act. Therefore the physician's work consists in giving the conscious mind sufficiently good reason for making that effort. You see? Educate the conscious up to the level of the superconscious in this direction, and the superconscious will take the burden off its hands. The effort will become a habit, and habit is no effort.

Seeker.—As I get it, then, the conscious is selfish only because it is ignorant, and when it becomes educated in any given line it sees its mistake and is not selfish in that direction any longer. It leaves it all to the superconscious, and the whole body gets the benefit, conscious included—Is that it?

Doctor.—You express it very well. What the conscious learns and thoroughly understands and believes, it is willing to practise. That is where the power of education or suggestion comes in. That is why I first gave to your conscious mind good reasons for breathing properly, and why I

am now giving it the tools with which to work in accomplishing this breathing. So far the method is simple enough, isn't it? You could follow it so far easily enough?

Seeker.—But how about the rest of it? I suppose you are keeping the real work for the last, so as to spring it on a fellow while he is good natured and willing, aren't you?

Doctor.—You merely should do at night the same thing that you do in the morning—that is all.

Seeker.—Nothing else? Why, in one book I saw were so many instructions that a Philadelphia lawyer couldn't make head or tail of them.

Doctor.—Such a book as you describe may, if it is properly written, form a good one for reference. Many people require explanation of every little detail.

Seeker.—Is it as important as all that?

Doctor.—I need not confuse you with mere details. You will be able to take care of them. Keep the air moving around you, so that it may be constantly renewed. You understand why?

Seeker.—Because there will be more oxygen in it, of course.

Doctor.—Yes, and also less poison. There, that will do for today. You have the essentials now, and if you observe them, simple as they are, you will at once remark a change for the better in your

consciousness of energy. One long, deep, slow breath, in good air, after first exhaling exhaustively, will make any one feel better, even though he already feels well. Remember that, and take a right breath whenever you can. Do this, and bye-and-bye you will have the effortless habit. You could not cultivate a better one.

CHAPTER IX: HE COMMANDS THE FOOD SUPPLY

DOCTOR.—Yesterday we talked about air. Today we will take up food supply. You fully understand by now, no doubt, that all these outside matters, such as food, air, play, rest, all the facts of our external world, are means and effects, not causes; that they are neither good nor evil in themselves, but simply *are*, and that they will appear good or bad for us according as we employ them intelligently or ignorantly?

Seeker.—I think I do. Yes.

Doctor.—Now for the food question: Our diet is of course founded on custom, habit. Through the ages we have been trying all things until now we have settled on a general course of procedure which is in the main good for the nourishment of our bodies. But the food that may be wholesome for one may be the reverse for others, and the same food may be good at one time and bad at another for the same person. The condition of the body at the hour of eating must always be taken into consideration. Therefore, the best that we can do is to speak in general terms when we come to the question of feeding, except in those cases which demand especial attention, and then a physician

must be consulted. Here, of course, I am obliged to confine myself to the straight course that has been found best for the average person, or one like yourself.

Seeker.—Oh, I'm average enough. Don't let that worry you any.

Doctor.—I think you may be somewhat more than you fancy as most people are, as the cells of the body are. Well, the object of eating is to build up the organs and tissues and supply the body with fuel to be burned by the oxygen we take in by breathing; for this combustion is what gives us our energy. And no single fact in the history of our entire bodies has been established with more certainty than that plain food, not luxurious, is best for us, and that we as a rule eat too much rather than too little. If we eat plain food, with moderation, taking only that amount which we have found to be enough to supply us with fuel energy, we receive only good from eating; but if we keep on eating after that point has been reached because we like to indulge our sense of taste, we shall find more or less evil following the act. The sense of taste is good, is necessary, up to that point, for it induces us to eat, the eating produces fuel, and the burning of the fuel produces our energy, keeps the pulse of life active within us. If that is well understood we may proceed to the next step.

Seeker.—Wait a minute, doctor! We don't have any too much enjoyment in life, and if eating is enjoyable, as it is to me, why not let us have all we want of it, especially if it doesn't hurt us?

Doctor.—But it does hurt. Too much food always hurts. Somehow, somewhere, whether you are conscious of it or not. It clogs the blood, making you feel dull all over; it bothers the organs in their functioning; it takes energy out of you instead of putting it in, which is what food is for; and it fills you up with putrid matter that poisons you and interferes with your health in many different ways. But away beyond other results, the fact that a man habitually eats luxuriously is an indication of his spiritual understanding.

A person who loves truth, and realizes its importance and superlative beauty as distinguished from anything that can be got out of sensual enjoyment, will care very little about the mere taste of his food. It is spiritual food, thought, that interests him. It may not be a corollary that no man can be a large eater of both spiritual and material food, but throughout history the fact has recurred with significant regularity that big eaters have cared little for truth, while really wise and spiritual men have given small attention to kinds of food they have put into their mouths. Not infrequently have they gone too far in this direc-

tion, for they have lacked knowledge on the subject; or some, as in the case of Carlyle, have eaten too little and of a wrong kind because of erroneous beliefs held by their physicians on the subject. But real information is now so easily to be had that there is no reason why any one should remain ignorant regarding this important matter. You say life has often seemed scarcely worth while to you. It is certain that your habits of eating, as you have confessed them to me, are responsible in greater or less measure for that fact.

Seeker.—It may be so. I had no idea of it before. I ate chiefly because I liked to eat, and I thought that if food gives energy, the more you took the more energy you would have.

Doctor.—The truth is that just the right amount of food, no more and no less, gives the proper results. If you eat too much, the surplus is not assimilated, and comes away in the waste, or (especially the protein) remains and putrefies, resulting in poisoning—autotoxication.

Seeker.—Oh, I see! So that is what happens to a man when he eats too much?

Doctor.—It is one of the things that happens to him. The amount of food out of which we can get the best results has long since been determined, speaking generally. It must vary with different persons, as well as with different seasons of the year and different conditions of the body, but the
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rules are correct enough for general use and are expressed in terms of calories, or heat units. That is, it has been found that a certain amount of heat is necessary to carry the body along, and that certain amounts of certain foods will produce this best when given plenty of oxygen in the breathing.

Seeker.—So you mean we ought to learn what kinds give the most heat, and then eat them?

Doctor.—Not so. For other factors enter into the problem. One is not really like a furnace. We have living cells within us, you know, and they must be nourished, each must be furnished the element it needs, and all the elements are not contained in a single food, nor in several foods, though milk comes very near to it. It is learned that we thrive best on a mixed diet. Each of those substances which are commonly used as food has its own especial value, and variety is always desirable. But the tendency should always be toward lessening the quantity, rather than increasing it, for experience proves that we are more likely to eat too much than not enough.

Well, the foods are mixtures of animal, vegetable and mineral principles, all of which are needed in proper proportions by our bodies for one purpose or another. Mainly we require the animal and vegetable elements, the proteids, fats, and carbohydrates, with the minerals as auxiliaries, so to say. Proteids, represented chiefly by lean meat,

beans, peas, lentils, and white of egg, are for tissue building. The carbohydrates, those foods which are composed mainly of sugar and starch, and the fats, are for fuel purposes. That is why we should mix our diet, for in this way only can we obtain all the elements we ought to have for good health and energy. The carbohydrates predominate in vegetables, as a general thing. Animal foods contain the proteids and fats, and water and common salt give us minerals.

In general the animal foods are more digestible than the vegetable. There is a tendency to acid fermentation in the stomach from eating vegetables, owing to the large quantity of starch they contain, and one of the first rules of good digestion is to chew your food thoroughly. This not only gives the often overworked stomach less to do, but it supplies a generous quantity of digestive juices, saliva from the mouth and the gastric fluid of the stomach, both of which are necessary to good digestion. You have noticed, no doubt, that your mouth "watered" sometimes at the mere mention of some kind of delectable food?

Seeker.—Yes, I have noticed that. Why is it?

Doctor.—It is both an illustration of the power mind has over matter and a convincing evidence of the intelligence of our cells. You smell a savory or even think of a delicious food, and the mind flashes the news to the mouth and stomach at once,

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so that the proper juices may be prepared for the reception of the tempting morsel. Ah! There are wonderful affairs taking place in our internal economy! The physiologist can hardly credit the evidence of his senses when he comes for the first time upon some unheard of marvel of action in the cells and organs or tissues of the human body. Just think of it. We take a mouthful of food, say a small piece of steak, and a little jelly. We begin to chew the two, and presently the necessary saliva begins to flow in the mouth, shortly afterward the gastric juice begins to arrive in the stomach, ready to act in the process of digestion; the food is swallowed, churned up in the stomach, its different elements find their way into the blood, the blood carries them throughout the system, and as they flow along in the stream each cell which they pass looks them over, so to say, rejects what at present it does not want, and seizes on those it does want, and absorbs them. Thus the beet growing in your garden, or the cow feeding in your field, is utilized by this tiny cell hidden away down in your toe or up in your cranium or elsewhere. As the cow turns the grass into milk and beef, as the beet turns the air and earth into sugar, so the little cell in your body turns both cow and beet into flesh for the making of your body! The relation between us and the animals and the earth seems rather intimate, doesn't it?

Seeker.—I should say so!

Doctor.—It is the mind that gives us our superiority, enabling us to change indifferent things into good in more directions than that of food, though this ability could hardly be of more use to us than in this direction:—learning how to eat so as to get the best results from the act.

Follow the process by which lean meat is digested and becomes a part of us, building the body up instead of breaking it down, as often occurs with the ignorant. First, we chew the meat thoroughly, This is very important. A little meat well chewed, is much more strengthening for us than much meat chewed only to a point of successful swallowing. Such swallowing is pure suicide. It may not mean sudden death—or it may; but it will mean sickness surely, in some degree, and death before our time if done often. When properly chewed meat has passed into the stomach, the fibrous structures which bind it are disintegrated and the food is broken up, so that the elements are liberated and made ready for fuller digestion further on in the digestive tract. From the stomach the food goes to the duodenum, or upper part of the small bowel, where its starch is fully digested and changed to sugar, while the fat is converted into an emulsion, which is readily absorbed into the blood. Being absorbed, it must be acted upon by the liver and other glands known as the organs of assimilation, because the

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liver is near the stomach and duodenum, closely associated with them in their work of digestion and assimilation.

You see how easily one who does not know these facts may be mistaken regarding some illness he feels, and so be led to treat one organ when it is quite another that demands attention. That curse of the American people, "indigestion," which is generally supposed to be a stomach trouble only or solely, and is consequently so treated (in vain), is seldom limited to the stomach but often is a combination of disorders of all the organs, which must therefore all be treated. The symptoms due to some one of these may predominate, but the ill is general among them all—the stomach, the bowels, the liver. And this is but a small part of the error that may spring from ignorance of these matters. Probably, if statistics could be compiled on the subject, it would be found that both "indigestion" and "dyspepsia" are caused by mental states and bad posture more often than by eating improperly, so that we may be treating a physical ill, which is only an effect, when we should be treating the mind, which is the cause. Of course, you see that ultimately all diseases are caused by the mind, by unintelligent rather than intelligent governing of the body and environment.

Seeker.—Why, that would seem to be the gist of the whole matter.

Doctor.—Good! I have repeated the question in order to impress the fact on your memory indelibly. It is necessary that we should always bear in mind the real cause of dis-ease as well as of ease.

Now, I am not going to give you any set system of rules to follow in your diet. All dietitians agree that such a course would be useless on account of the personal equation of which I have spoken. As a general thing your appetite and taste will lead you correctly. Eat what you like, for as a rule that is what you need: but try to eat for the physical good of your whole body rather than to gorge yourself because you like the taste.

Always let your choice tend toward variety, and toward less rather than more food.

Few of us make the proper balance between meat on the one side and grains and vegetables on the other. As for the minerals: Iron, the most important of the class, we may get in sufficient quantities from a little meat, or beans, peas, eggs, raisins, prunes, and whole wheat. Phosphorus, the second in importance among the minerals, we take from yolk of egg, beef, whole wheat, beans, and dried peas. Potassium is furnished us by cabbage, turnips, parsnips, and prunes. Calcium comes from milk, cabbage, celery, parsnips.

What is called a balanced ration is made up of all the principles, each in its right proportion, and no more than that for any one of them. But as I

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said before, no hard and fast line can be drawn in the matter. Each of us must be his own judge. However, you may receive great assistance through a knowledge of the number of calories you need every day and how many of these calories are contained in each of the common foods in certain amounts. Most authorities give the number of calories demanded by a man like you as about twenty-five hundred daily. It would better be less than more. A man who works hard all day with his hands and body could dispose of a greater amount, but it is with him as with you and the rest of us, he would better tend toward less than more, and should bestow careful attention on the manner of his eating. He should take enough, but he should beware of too much. I advise you to get an extended list stating the caloric value of all the known kinds of food, say Doctor Sadler's as he gives it in his very valuable book, "The Science of Living."

Seeker.—I'll get the book and keep it in the kitchen.

Doctor.—Everybody ought to have a knowledge of the caloric values of the common foods, and there are many schedules of them to be had. Nuts, fruit and candy (sugar) have their heat power, so that if you eat any of them between meals you will require less at the table. Ice cream, too, is a food of high power, generating immediate energy. In

hot weather the body cannot dispose of as much food as in the winter, and you should cut down your allowance then, making the cut on meats and fats especially because of their tendency to promote heat. Even in winter you should keep the amount of proteids down to one-tenth or less of the whole number of calories taken. You will feel more rather than less energetic for the fact.

Seeker.—That seems odd to me. I always thought that when I had that hollow feeling in my stomach, or felt weak, it was because I had not eaten enough solid stuff, like meat.

Doctor.—Doctor Cannon has recently given a new reason for that hollow feeling. He shows through experiment that it is caused by contractions of the alimentary canal during fasting, and that it is not enduring and progressive. You think, I fancy, that if you did not at once fill your stomach with food, the pangs would increase and grow intolerable with time, until you should starve?

Seeker.—Would I be wrong in that?

Doctor.—Yes. Cannon's explanation is very interesting. He shows that we must have food in order to live; that the prosperous person is induced to eat by the smell and taste of the good foods that he is able to buy; that the poor do not have this incentive to eat; and therefore, in order to keep them alive, nature must give them some other incentive, and that this has been provided by the con-

tractions of the alimentary canal, which warn the mind that it is time for dinner. But the feeling does not persist. It gives the warning and retires, as if assured that the summons would be heeded. If no food comes in, however, it returns, makes a few movements, giving us that hollow sensation, and again retires; and so on and on, but not indefinitely. At the end of about three days it retires permanently and the body feels the pangs of hunger no more, living for many days without food.

But it must have water. The next time you feel that hollow sensation, just take a little water, or even only think of a *lemon*. This will start the saliva in the mouth, the swallowing of which will bring relief, if only temporary, in the stomach region.

Seeker.—That is worth knowing.

Doctor.—It may tide you over some day. A knowledge of it would remove the need that so many feel for a drink of some form of alcohol. They suppose that a stimulant is what is needed for that vacant spot, and taking one they do the worst thing possible except to take a deadly poison outright. For any liquid, swallowed when the stomach is empty, proceeds directly to the liver, and will then do more harm to that organ in a few minutes than constant drinking would for some time provided it were indulged only when there was food in the stomach, for that neutralizes the effects of alcohol

by mixing with it. By practice of this ignorance many a man's liver has been turned into a fury to give the poor body nothing but misery. A glass of water, by starting the saliva of the mouth, would have filled that hollow place as satisfactorily as the liquor could.

Seeker.—That is something worth knowing, too.

Doctor.—Yes. The hurt is all of it needless. A very little study along these lines would change the entire aspect of many a man's life, giving him health in place of disease, and hope and content in place of discouragement and failure.

Now I have laid before you about all the essentials of diet for a man who is in good health and wishes to keep in that condition. There are many details which might be added, but they are not important and would only serve to confuse you and make the effort to keep healthy seem longer than it really is. You have the main facts, and the principle, which you should be able to apply in all directions. I need add only that Food is Your Servant. Appetite is Your Servant. Taste is Your Servant. Put them in their places. Do not let them Boss You. They would make a bad job of it. They amount to Very Little, after all, in comparison with You and your Whole Good.

CHAPTER X: THE SEEKER LORDS IT OVER EXERCISE

WHEN the seeker came in next morning he had something on his mind.

“I’ve been thinking over your instruction upon food, and it left a question in my mind I want to ask you now. What about exercise? I don’t mean these regulation health exercises you’ve told me about, but just work and ordinary outdoor exercise, you know, and all that. Shouldn’t it come next in importance to food, and help the food effects? Isn’t it necessary?”

Doctor.—I suppose we ought to give air, food, exercise and rest equal importance, since we can’t live rightly without a balance between them all. The human system is so constituted that it must have exercise or it will retrograde. In this respect, also, the case is as with food, for it is so easy to get too much or too little that scientific knowledge of the subject is necessary to strike a balance. Probably there are more people who work too much than there are people who work too little; for “the game,” or necessity, or a false notion of need, or sensuality in various forms, drives most of us too

hotly, so that we are worn out and exhausted at an age which is really young. On the other hand, many do not exercise enough to keep up good blood circulation, usually because they are ill, though they are often regarded as merely "lazy."

Laziness is a disease, and there is as much ignorance about the condition as there well can be about any bodily state. No person who is in good health can be what is called "lazy." It would be impossible, for good health is another name for energy, and energy means activity. The fact that a person seems lazy is proof that he is ill, and needs not condemnation but rational treatment. To ridicule or abuse him is only to indict ourselves of ignorance. Probably the poor fellow would give all he has to be able to feel the fire for work that he sees burning in others around him. He certainly would if he ever had a taste of that fire, and knew the pure joy of work, of creation, of doing something worth while. By the way, what is your work?

Seeker.—Traveling salesman—groceries.

Doctor.—From your appearance I should say you have plenty of exercise, though not of a skilled quality. Knowing how is as necessary in exercise as in breathing or feeding. Your habit is energetic, and I suppose you walk much—one of the best methods of exercise we know, when done rightly. That might carry you through in comparatively good health for many years yet in con-

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junction with these other matters that we have been considering. But it never comes amiss to learn shorter methods in any direction, especially when the result will be better health and life longer.

Seeker.—I believe you. But will proper exercise really prolong life itself? I supposed that a man lived about so long, anyhow, barring accident and disease, and that when he died it was because his time had come. I didn't suppose he could live longer just by taking more care of himself, though he might not have so much illness.

Doctor.—Metchnikoff believes we should be able to live a hundred years in good health and spirits, and I agree with him. The manner in which most people blunder along is calculated to cut down the longevity average to just about what it is, taking off a matter of thirty or forty years. Men of eighty are rare, and when we find a man of that age we usually find him with one foot in the grave and the other slipping, though he ought to be as lively as a cricket; and he would be if he lived properly, hygienically, I mean, according to knowledge properly applied.

What I have told you so far in these talks should extend your life many years, and there will be no failure in that direction if you really take interest enough to follow the rules. I have no doubt you will do this, so you may look upon yourself as practically certain to be healthy and strong at ninety or

even a hundred. It would be nothing new. Well, let us begin on exercise.

Seeker.—Yes, please.

Doctor.—The body of a human being is the finest working machine in the world, with its parts so nicely adapted to act together that it can do more work on an equivalent quantity of fuel than any man-made machine can do, and do it more economically. There is scarcely a known principle of leverage it does not employ, through its muscles and bones and the marvellous tissues which conduct them.

Of the muscular tissues there are two classes, the voluntary and the involuntary, so called, and they produce their effects by means of contraction and relaxation. The voluntary muscles are presided over, you will recollect, by the conscious mind, through the brain and cerebrospinal nervous system; and the involuntary are governed by the superconscious, through the sympathetic nervous system and the solar plexus.

The muscles of the sympathetic nervous system run in all directions throughout the body, though their main branches are devoted to the stomach, intestines, internal organs and blood vessels, for it is in these directions that the superconscious flows most constantly. But the connections are also made in other directions, so that it may go there at any time when needed. And it keeps up its

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work through the main nerve channels, enabling us to sleep while our brain and its system of nerves are resting, and while the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, blood vessels, stomach, and intestines go right on with their functioning. Does it occur to you why it is that our life forces serve us so much better while we sleep than while we are awake?

Seeker.—I didn't even know they did.

Doctor.—You know sleep is recuperation, of course?

Seeker.—Oh! I see what you are getting at. We recuperate while we sleep because the conscious is out of the way then, and the superconscious can flow freely.

Doctor.—That surely is a factor, though it is not the whole reason as we shall see when we come to consider what sleep really is. However, you have put your finger on the point I wish to emphasize. The superconscious always works better when unobstructed by the ignorance and experimental efforts of the conscious. When the conscious obeys the superconscious and works with it instead of against it or aside from it, we find all well within us.

Now, the muscles, of whatever kind, whether they are the voluntary or the involuntary, are not only active users of power; they are reservoirs for the storage of power, and among other beneficent acts they secrete a heat for us to draw upon when we need it, and in cold weather. And this bodily

heat is increased by exercise of the muscles. They contain a substance called exidose, a digestive ferment which burns up the oxygen stored by nature for that purpose. But too much exercise is as harmful as too little, for that means too much contraction of the muscles, which destroys tissue, inviting the accumulation of acids and poisons resulting from tissue waste. This is why your muscles are sore after a prolonged use of them; and the circulation of these poisons in the blood is what makes you feel "all tired out."

Seeker.—It's funny, but I have been all fagged out a lot of times, and I just thought it was because I had worked too hard and let it go at that. I never stopped to ask why work should tire me. We have to work just the same, whatever we may know and work will make us tired even if we are wise as Solomon, won't it?

Doctor.—It certainly will not. If we prepare ourselves, if we learn how to work rightly, we are able to get larger results from a given amount of expended energy, of course. You can see that?

Seeker.—Why yes. That is only reasonable.

Doctor.—Any engine, whether made up of muscles and tissues or of iron and steel, will produce larger and better results when conducted skilfully than when presided over ignorantly. And the first requisite in an engineer is to know his engine. That knowledge is what I am suggesting to you.

Seeker.—I see your point.

Doctor.—The voluntary muscles, as distinguished from the involuntary or sympathetic muscles controlled normally by the conscious mind, comprise a large proportion of the human body, in fact about half of it all, and are provided with nerves which radiate from the spinal column, their contractions being directly set in motion by impulses from the brain. Each of these, as well as the involuntary muscles, is composed of innumerable small fibres, and it is the contraction of these little fibres which forms the contraction of the muscles which they compose.

The voluntary muscles are those through which the conscious mind works in all our conscious actions, such as chewing, speaking, or walking.

There is enormous power in our muscles. If we could bring them all to bear in one given direction we should be able to lift, by their aid, somewhere about three tons, one-quarter of their strength lying in our arms, one-quarter in our body proper, and one-half in our legs.

Seeker.—It looks as if we were intended to work. We are strong enough for a good deal of it, according to what you say.

Doctor.—Yes. But we need rest, too—that is, that part of us controlled by the conscious needs rest. The sympathetic system never rests, its muscles never flag. But the cerebrospinal system is

different. It is a child, you know, tiring easily in comparison, and must have frequent intervals of rest and recuperation. And how to take this rest in a manner which will result in the most good to us is as important as to know how to exercise. But we are speaking of exercise now, and the first thing necessary is to know how to stand.

I notice that you bear yourself very well, your chief fault being a slight stoop in the shoulders. That stoop makes it harder for you to breathe properly. Such breathing calls forth more than the necessary energy, and you constantly inhale less oxygen than you should and you become tired quicker. Before anything else you should learn to stand correctly.

Seeker.—I shouldn't think that would be hard.

Doctor.—It is not hard; it is easy, if you go about it in the right way. The main point is to understand its necessity, so that you will realize and remember how much good it will do you. This knowledge will prove to be an incentive of compelling force. Many of us begin very readily but soon lose interest because there is nothing exciting about the process, and stop trying, not realizing the value of the thing. They fancy it is only a fad, and think it is too hard to keep up. But with a little persistence they would see the benefit. They would not find it hard to keep up if they were receiving a hundred dollars a time for it. Neverthe-
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less, that proper exercise is worth to a man much more than a hundred dollars a time. It stands for the difference that lies between ill health and health, and between a comparatively early death and a vigorous old age.

Seeker.—What shall I do first?

Doctor.—Let me show you. Here, stand up with your back to this wall. There is no base-board, you see, so that your heels can come against the same surface that is touched by your shoulders. Make your heels, head, shoulders, back, and hips lie against the wall. Throw your head up and back a little. There! Now, keeping the hips and heels against the wall, bend the head as far back as you can, keeping it against the wall, mind you! Now your face is turned toward the ceiling. Put your chest forward. Now draw the head forward, chin down, until you are looking directly before you. That's it.

That is the natural standing position. Walk forward and try it. Very good! Still, you allow your head to come forward a little too much.

Seeker.—It looks as if I were going to strut.

Doctor.—Not so at all. It seems to you that you appear stiff and unnatural, but you do not; you look much better than usual, and just as you should look. You are not yet used to the new posture. By practice you soon will be so, and then you will maintain the posture without effort. Habit, you

know, is a great ease-producer, when exercised in the right direction. Make your conscious one with your superconscious by repeated efforts, and soon you will find the superconscious doing it all for you. You will stand straight, as you breathe—by intuition, naturally, easily; and by so doing you will relieve your body of considerable unnecessary muscular exercise, which may then be put to beneficial uses.

Seeker.—That looks reasonable. I'm going to try it.

Doctor.—In order to go into exercise with the proper dash and staying-energy, you should know its purpose, its use to you, why it is better for you to practise it. Now, all the different forms of exercise, whether in work or play, have one grand benefit in common, and that is that the muscles are contracted by it, as I have shown. This contraction promotes an increased supply of blood in the muscles, and the blood-increase results in more of the life-giving oxygen. Not only this, but a large proportion of the blood will be sent to the surface of the body, thus relieving or preventing congestion of the internal organs, a valuable act for these organs, especially for a heart that is not quite up to form. This is where the worth of massage or kneading of the muscles appears.

A man should take his own exercise when he can do so, but there are cases in which another must do

it for him, thus to increase the flow of the energy-producing blood, giving it a wider distribution over the body, with benefit in all directions. You should know, and impress this knowledge upon your memory, that the blood is a great healer, and its constant and free circulation all over the body is of prime importance. And it is through exercise that it is made thus to flow. If the blood becomes in any degree sluggish, we suffer in just that degree in one way or another, and sluggish it will become if we fail to exercise enough to keep it going. Is that plain? Do you see the value, the necessity, of exercise?

Seeker.—I think so, yes. It answers the question I brought in with me.

Doctor.—It does. Now there are two great divisions of exercise, namely, work and play; though there are gradations between these that must enter into our calculations. If, for example, on rising in the morning you go through a prescribed course of gymnastics, you would not call that either work or play, yet it may be as necessary as either of these, and sometimes it may be greater than either, as to take a common instance, when you feel bad and have decided not to go to work that day but to stay at home and rest yourself. Early morning exercise is of especial value then. Why, should you suppose?

Seeker.—Well, on general principles, perhaps.

Doctor.—No, it is because the exercise may brace you up so that you will feel as well as ever and go off to your daily tasks in good form and spirits.

Seeker.—Would it ever do as much as that, doctor?

Doctor.—It certainly would—not always, but sometimes, and perhaps often. You probably feel bad because of the poisons in your system that have not been eliminated during sleep, and properly conducted exercise may be just what is needed to eliminate them. A five minutes' course of skilled and easily performed motion, breathing and muscular contraction, may change your entire outlook on the world.

Seeker.—That's news to me, and it's mighty good news. I always thought that if I felt under the weather in the morning what I needed was rest and plenty of good things to eat.

Doctor.—That would be about the worst course you could think of, in many cases. You can see, now that you understand the principle of suggestion, that the best thing you could do would be to take your conscious mind away from your ailment; yet to stay at home nursing yourself would have the contrary effect. You would be dwelling on the very thought that should be shunned. Also you can see that to get out of bed and occupy your body with exercise, exercise which would set the revivifying blood leaping through your veins to every

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part of your anatomy, could not fail to be beneficial if not downright healing.

Seeker.—It seems clear to me now. I can realize that every time I have stayed in bed, instead of getting up and going to work, I have lost just so much.

Doctor.—Oh, that is not necessarily so. Not every one of our ailments responds so readily to treatment by exercise. But the rule should be to get up and exercise if you can. Now we will consider the mode of that exercise.

First, you should rise from the bed without too much abruptness. Do not jump suddenly from a recumbent posture, in which your blood is flowing evenly and placidly. Make the change to an upright position easily and naturally. Sudden shocks of any kind are not likely to prove beneficial to the system, to say the least. Then, your room being properly ventilated, according to the rule I mentioned regarding breathing, you should go to the window, the one that is acting as the inlet (not the outlet), for the fresh air, and go through the exercises I have already described for you.

Having taken this simple exercise, you should start the course in breathing that I have outlined. Then take your bath and you will be through for the morning. And you have put only ten minutes or so of time into the whole process. Is good health worth that to you, or isn't it?

Seeker.—Do you know what strikes me most forcibly in your method, as you have given it?

Doctor—What is that?

Seeker.—Something I never have seen mentioned before in this connection and which seems to me the most important of all. I mean the beginning the whole matter with thinking pleasant thoughts. From what I have learned of psychotherapy I should think this a necessary commencement of every day, whether with or without exercise. I have noticed that the way I start in the morning often sets the pace for the whole day—at any rate unless something of unusual importance comes up to change the look of things.

Doctor.—It is a very important item, no doubt; and it should be borne in mind and faithfully practised every morning on rising from bed. And the worse you feel, and the harder it seems to hold these pleasant thoughts, the more necessary they are for you and the more good you will receive from them if you persist until you get hold of them. A resolute getting up and exercise will aid the operation powerfully. For though we should be able to control the conscious mind at will, sending it where we please, and though we may, by practice, with right motives in view, attain a certain proficiency in this respect, the great majority of us require material means to assist us in carrying out desired changes of mind. Therefore, let us by all means

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get up in a pleasant frame of mind with a smile on the face, and begin our exercise with that. So much for the intermediate stage of exercise, that between work and play. Tomorrow we will consider work.

CHAPTER XI: THE SEEKER CONSIDERS WORK

NEXT morning the seeker wore an expression which the doctor found difficult to analyse but finally decided to call "deprecatory chagrin." As he seated himself in the hygienic chair he said:

"I don't seem to get any results, doctor. If I didn't feel and know that every word you have told me is absolutely true I would be discouraged. There is a hitch somewhere and I don't know what it is.

Doctor.—Do you like the work you are doing for a living?

Seeker.—Like it? I hate it! Let me tell you, doctor! First I was in the lumber business, and I came to think it was the rottenest business in the world. Then I changed to coal, and that was no better. But I stuck for three years and then went into real estate. That was as bad as the others, but I held my nose to the grindstone for four years and then went on the road for the house I am with now. And this business is worse than all the others put together!

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Doctor.—Probably you are unaware that that is the business history of a whole great class of men?

Seeker.—It is? What class?

Doctor.—The class that takes up with work, whatever it may be, simply for the money profit they think may be in it.

Seeker.—What other class is there? Don't all men work in that way? What does any one work for if not for money?

Doctor.—There's a class that works for the delight of doing.

Seeker.—Oh! There is? How do they live?

Doctor.—On the money and delight their work brings them.

Seeker.—(Looking puzzled.) I don't understand.

Doctor.—I will explain, for there is nothing in the whole world more important for you and every other person to understand than this. Tell me if there is any kind of work with which you occupy your leisure hours, merely for the fun of it?

Seeker.—No, there is no work that I do. I like to fool around a good deal with tools when I am at home, but that isn't work, it's play.

Doctor.—You mean that you like to use tools—what kind?

Seeker.—Oh, I make things in wood—all that sort of thing. I have a kind of workshop in my shed.

Doctor.—Would you like to have nothing else than such play to do?

Seeker.—(Beaming.) Wouldn't I though!

Doctor.—Then why don't you leave this business you hate and go to work on wood exclusively?

Seeker.—Easy enough. I would starve to death. I couldn't make a living at it, or half a living.

Doctor.—You mean that you think you could not earn as much money as you do now?

Seeker.—I know I couldn't.

Doctor.—But you could earn some money in that way?

Seeker.—Of course. I get a little something out of it as it is. I can turn out as good a job as the wood workers do, and I give most of the things I make to my friends. But I have sold some, too, and got good prices.

Doctor.—Then, comparing the two occupations, you get pleasure and a little money out of the one and considerable money and much displeasure out of the other.

Seeker.—That is about the size of it.

Doctor.—Well, the other class of men I referred to a moment ago is the class that leaves the money-paying job for the pleasure-paying one.

Seeker.—How do they live? I ask you again.

Doctor.—They are the only true liverers in the world. Their joy, their life, is in their work. And it is so strongly there that they care very little

indeed for the things that money will buy. But of course they must have some money, and that is always forthcoming. For loving their work as they do they cannot fail to become rare experts at it, and expert work brings good prices. These are the workers who have more money than they need, both because they receive extra good prices and because their needs are few. They spend little though they often earn a good deal, and in the meantime they enjoy life to its fullest and deepest. Work, real work, which is any work that we love, is the greatest joy humanity knows, for it means creation and it is in creation that we attain our nearest approach to Infinity.

Seeker.—(A little awe-struck.) But—but, doctor, you wouldn't advise me to leave my job, where I make three thousand a year, and go to wood working where I couldn't make one-quarter that?

Doctor.—No, I would not advise you to do that. You are not yet strong enough. Only the really great are capable of such action. Our scientists do it, our philosophers do it, often an artist or a writer does it, and sometimes a clergyman refuses a "larger call" out of love for an indigent "flock." But the average man will not learn how to create so much joy for himself for some centuries to come, though the time is on the way. Think what a different world it would be if every man and woman in it had some kind of work that was devotedly

loved, and the doing of which also brought in enough money to live well upon!

Seeker.—We wouldn't know each other. Why, work—work that we hate—is the biggest part of our trouble, isn't it? And it is money that keeps us sticking to it! But to work for love of the work, and then to starve—No, I can't see it!

Doctor.—What is your opinion of those who do it—who work the way I have indicated?

Seeker.—Does ever anybody really do it?

Doctor.—Why, the whole work of the world, the real work, the best work, the only work that counts, is done by devoted people who work in just that way! And it isn't only the scientists and philosophers and clergymen and artists who belong in these happy ranks. I know a locomotive engineer who loved his engine so much that he would not give it up when he was offered the newest and largest engine on the line, at advanced pay.

If you will get out among all kinds of people and will feel really friendly to them all, you will learn some amazing facts about the commonest of them, chief of which is that they closely resemble yourself when you have scraped off the surface accumulation of indifference created by your selfish conscious mind.

Seeker.—That may be so—and I think it is so—but we must have just so much money to live on, anyway. Why, I couldn't make enough at doing

wood work to pay for my groceries, to say nothing of other expenses.

Doctor.—Do you think so? Did you ever hear of Dr. Dio Lewis?

Seeker.—No. Who was he, and what did he do?

Doctor.—He was a practising physician in Massachusetts, who wrote a book on digestion in 1872. Prices are higher now than they were then, but he experimented upon himself and found he could live and thrive on a fraction more than fifty cents a week—equivalent now I should say, to about two dollars a week. On the diet paid for at that rate, he gained slightly in weight; and all through the week he kept up his work which he loved. During that week he wrote forty pages of a book he then had in hand.

Seeker.—Are you joking?

Doctor.—Indeed no. It is a well attested fact. You can find a full account of it in his book, "An Experiment in Cheap Living." He had exact knowledge of food values, and proved by his own example that good, palatable food, of kinds common everywhere and quite inexpensive, furnished his body with nicely balanced, nourishing sustenance, maintained his working power, and kept in admirable order his brain—the instrument through which he used his intellectual faculties and powers.

Consider: The chief object of food is, as I have

shown before, to energize the body, and we are so constructed that we may find that energy on very little food if we know how. Every good physician will tell you that we eat too much, as a rule, rather than too little. In a talk on exercise, however, I could not go into that. My object in telling you about Dr. Dio Lewis is to indicate to you how much easier you might find it to give up your misery-entailing job for the work you like than you had any idea of. You most certainly could make a living at wood-working if you should put your mind to it, and thus in a flash of the eye your problem of expense would be solved. But I do not advise this. You must be your own judge as to the manner in which the principle should be applied.

Seeker.—It staggers me. I always supposed that eating good things was necessary for civilized people.

Doctor.—So it is. But we may say for ourselves what these good things may be. And if you are doing the work you like to do you will find that the exercise necessary to do it will benefit you much more highly than the exercise derived from doing distasteful work.

Seeker.—I shall have to think that over. I can't seem to take it in earnest and realize that it can be done.

Doctor.—Think it over all you want to, and the deeper you think about it the better it will be for

you. Less eating, and more skill in choosing inexpensive foods, make up the joyful answer to many a poor man's worst problems. The idea of exercise is to employ the body in such manner as to give all its parts their necessary activity, regarding the different members as one whole, all of them working together harmoniously for health of both body and mind. It is unhealthy to overdo work or other exercise until you are exhausted in any part or in the whole. The ideal is to keep a proper proportion between work and rest, and nothing better contributes to this end than the doing of work which is enjoyed; for in that case the work itself amounts to a certain degree of rest. All physicians advise useful and pleasant work as one of the best of all tonics, even as they warn against futile employment on the one side and on the other against any work pursued to such a length that it becomes mere drudgery. Be very careful about this drudgery. It does more harm to the body than is dreamed of, and its effect on the mind is often even more baneful. Keep clear of everything that begins to take on the aspect of drudgery, unless you can learn the secret of contentment with your lot. We should realize that we are in a universal guild of toil, and "everything serves."

Drummond wrote, "It is not the monotony of life which destroys man, but its pointlessness; they can bear the weight; meaninglessness crushes

them." "But," as has been well said by my friend, Rev. Roy Edwin Bowers, "Looking up into heaven of God's perfect plan, the soul of the worker trudges blithely on with Pippa while she sings:

"All service ranks the same with God.
There is no last nor first."

If those who toil would honour their task by associating it with the whole, and if those who are in places of mystery and fulfilment would see in every drudge a necessary helper and an actual partner, a large share of our labor difficulties, both industrial and domestic, would be abolished.

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

You should remember always that the object of exercise is not to build up great muscles but to attain physical poise and symmetry of body and furnish activity of the organs and cells, as well as to further the elimination of waste products and body proteins.

In your present work you probably employ certain muscles more than others, and one of the aims of proper exercise is to give activity also to those parts which are not used in your regular work. Your handling of tools in your leisure hours will

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help you considerably in this direction. It is for yourself to say whether or not it helps enough.

Seeker.—I have learned a great deal, doctor, little things and great, I think. The little things will help, and I am very glad to know them, but the staggerer for me is the one that seems the greatest—in fact it seems mighty big to me. I mean what you said about a man's loving his work and his being able to do the work he loves merely by cutting out expensive food. That gives me a regular jolt. I see large possibilities in it if only it could be done. For of course if the way out of the food question is to cut down the needless expense, it must also be the way out of other matters, as house rent, fuel, clothing, in fact, all things that might be called luxuries. If the plainest food is the best, why isn't the plainest house the best, the plainest clothing the best, and all other things as well? If the highest outcome of culture is simplicity, as you have said it was, that must mean all round simplicity, not merely simplicity in food. But can all this be done?

Doctor.—Done? The best workers in the world have always done it. It is the mediocre who strive for show, for externals, for luxuries, for these are all they know of life, the only things that have meaning for them. They are the people, therefore, who should have them. The great have something

better. They have pure simplicity. A man doesn't need much to live under the best conditions. It is surprising what would come to each of us from ordering his life in a spirit of simplicity. In the matter of eating, look at Horace Fletcher, look at Thomas Edison, both of them eating nothing in comparison with the shopgirls who go to the bad because, as they say, they can't get enough to eat any other way! But let me tell you the secret of it all.

Seeker.—Is there a secret to it?

Doctor.—Of course there is. Everything is a secret that is worth while, and that is what education is for, what suggestion is for, to bring that secret to light. The secret of inexpensive and at the same time the best and most nutritious and enjoyable food is this: Become so much in love with your work that your food is quite a trifling matter to you as far as mere taste is concerned. All foods will seem very much the same to you then. You will lose your picayune fretfulness over it if it happens not to be just so, and all of it will seem good, the inexpensive and the expensive alike. You will be able then to choose wisely, and every mouthful you take will prove a blessing and never a dyspeptic or gouty pang. Eating is good and necessary. What we eat, providing it be well cooked and served and contain the necessary amount of calories, is no great matter except to

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little minds. But no man will believe this until he—well, until he does believe it. Then he will understand. But—

Seeker.—Is there a “but” to it as well as a secret?

Doctor.—Yes, and a very important one. It will obviate the necessity of your learning to eat wisely.

Seeker.—Is eating inexpensively the same as eating wisely.

Doctor.—How could it be otherwise? It not only conserves health and money but aids right thinking, which brightens life in all directions.

Seeker.—I see. I should like to know now what the “but” is about, just the same.

Doctor.—Listen, then! Haven’t we found that in all things we see not what really is there, but merely the measure of our own intelligence in that direction?

Seeker.—Yes, and I understand that perfectly.

Doctor.—Is not your job a thing?

Seeker.—It certainly is.

Doctor.—It can’t be bad in the abstract then, can it? For “there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.”

Seeker.—I see your drift. You mean that my job, like everything else, will seem good or bad to me according to the measure of my intelligence regarding it—my mental attitude toward it?

Doctor.—That is the “but” of which I spoke.

You probably can, if you will, learn to like your well-paying situation, and will continue filling it, so that the necessity for being economical with your table will vanish.

Seeker.—Do you think I could learn to do that—learn to like a job that I hate so much?

Doctor.—I think it may be quite possible. You have the principle; apply it. With the aid of what you now know about the laws of thought you may see a marvellous alteration in the aspects of your work. If you cannot do this it will be because it would be better for you to leave it, taking up with work that you really like. So you see you have a choice of two ways, and are not confined to one.

Seeker.—You mean to say that I may learn to eat inexpensively and live simply in all ways and so be able to do wood work, or I may learn to like my present job and so be able to continue living as usual?

Doctor.—You have said it.

Seeker.—(Musingly.) Now, it's strange, but I can't make up my mind at once, though it would seem that even a fool should be able to do that. It would be so much better for me in all ways to eat less and do the work I like. But then, doctor, there is my family. I must think of my wife and boy.

Doctor.—Yes, you must, and I advise you to think about them as wisely as you possibly can.

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Remember that you are not to worry, for you have a new strength now and a power that is almighty in working for your benefit in all ways. Trust it! It won't fail you. And recollect that "they lose the world who buy it with much care."

CHAPTER XIII: HE EXAMINES FATIGUE

HIS face was grim, yet underneath shone a kind of light, such as often glows in the expression of religious devotees. That light told of some obstacle met and surmounted, and a sense of rectitude over it, and at first the doctor thought it might mean a determination arrived at concerning the seeker's daily work. He hoped it might be so, for these questions of work, play, and eating form that great triple-headed problem over which a countless multitude of good people, misled by the senses, by appearance, stumble and fall into lifelong misery. Had this pupil been able to see clearly in the midst of such darkness as envelops the subject for most men? Not yet he had scarcely taken his seat when he spoke casually of having to start away soon on another of those detested trips. The conquered obstacle must be of another kind, then. He would speak it good time. Therefore the doctor ceased conjecture of the matter and began his lesson.

Doctor: "Now we will first consider the subject of fatigue, a very important matter in this stage. It is not to be understood as little more

erroneously, that it rises to the proportions of a daily menace to those who incur it frequently, though escape from its dangers is easy for one who knows how. Here, as everywhere, intelligence is the true physician, and without it millions of men and women have brought, and are now bringing, great and wholly unnecessary trouble upon themselves.

Seeker.—I am one of them—at least I often suffer from fatigue, though I never supposed it was needless or that it was going to do me any great harm. I considered that it went with the work, with any work, and that there was no way of escaping it.

Doctor.—Did you ever suffer from fatigue that was brought on by doing wood-work?

Seeker.—Certainly not! That wasn't work, it was play.

Doctor.—So is every other kind of work—to those who enjoy it.

Seeker.—Ah, I see what you are driving at. It is distasteful work that fatigues.

Doctor.—To force yourself to do what you detest is a fatigue even before you begin the active work, and that accounts for a large part of the fatigue so commonly felt by many among us. Could you venture to give a reason why distasteful work is fatiguing while the same quantity of work that we love is restful?

Seeker.—No, it seems that it isn't the work that tires us, really; it is something else. What is it?

Doctor.—What tires us is the effort required of the body in thus following the conscious mind, which, in prospect of some sensual gain, forces it to what the superconscious knows it should not do. The conscious mind, and all its nervous system, tires easily, but the superconscious, with its nervous system, never tires and never rests, except for the pause between heartbeats. We love a certain kind of work because the superconscious approves it. We dislike other kinds because the superconscious disapproves. And the fatigue we feel in our muscles and tissues and all through our bodies is a result of the effort of the conscious to force its demands on the superconscious—it is the sign that we are working too long or at something better left undone. But when we employ ourselves at the loved task we do not tire easily, because the superconscious is doing most of the work for us. These are the conditions that lie at the root of fatigue and make it so dangerous. Is that plain?

Seeker.—It is so plain that I ought to have seen it myself without having to be told. It works just like everything else in the world, so far as I can see. To follow the superconscious is best in all ways, and to follow the conscious beyond a certain point means trouble, and sometimes lots of it.

Doctor.—That is literally true, and as you say,

it is true in every direction. Now let us consider the physiological aspects of the case. There is for all of us a limit for exercise, beyond which it is dangerous to go, and that limit is pointed out to us by the sensation of weariness or fatigue. This is the voice of our system calling out to us that it can endure no more. A fatigued worker is a producer of bad work, and it is found that while proper use benefits the muscles employed, extreme use injures them and is therefore hurtful to the entire body.

Dr. Maggiora proved this experimentally by aid of an instrument called an "ergograph," and also demonstrated what the remedy should be. He worked a group of muscles until they were exhausted, and then after resting them for two hours, employed them again, the results showing they had been completely restored; but with a second rest of only one hour he discovered that the muscles became exhausted in doing only one-quarter of the usual work. These and other experiments point out the cure for one who, for whatever reason, has worked too hard. That cure is rest, rest complete and prolonged.

Seeker.—My muscles are all right, strong as an ox. But my head gets tired, I feel weary, disgusted, and downhearted. That is the kind of fatigue I have, and I have it often.

Doctor.—The remedy is the same—rest!

Seeker.—But how can I rest? I can't. I've

got to keep on everlastingly at it or I can't sell goods. Then I would lose my job.

Doctor.—Still, you never tire when you are wood-working? But I need go no further into that. You know the principle and if you earnestly desire the truth, as distinguished from mere sensual luxury, and consequent shallowness, you will find the answer and it will give you ease and delight. Pleasure is of the senses, and is, therefore, superficial, transient, dissatisfying, and tantalizing. Delight is of the soul. It is the reality of which pleasure is the pitiful imitation, created by the conscious mind in its vain efforts to rival the superconscious.

Seeker.—I get glimpses of what you mean and I know you are right, but I am afraid I am not up to it yet myself. I have been thinking the other way too long. I seem to need these things of the senses—

Doctor.—Then take them, and enjoy them as much as you can. Real philosophy is no task-master, it is a promoter of delight. Do always those things and think always those thoughts which appeal to you as true, as just, as reasonable and good. Then, quite insensibly perhaps, your views will change, your environment will follow suit, and before you know it you will be a contented, wise, helpful, well poised man.

Seeker.—I know all that. What you have said about fatigue fits right in with all the rest of it.

As I understand you, it is as important for a man to know when to stop work and how long to rest as it is for him to know when to begin or how to do the work itself.

Doctor.—Yes, there are times for most of us when we feel obliged to work to the point of fatigue and beyond it, sometimes mentally, sometimes physically. The cure is the same in both instances—rest, until completely restored. If we neglect this precaution, poisons are engendered in the blood and the seeds of nervous prostration are planted, along with other and perhaps worse evils.

Disease germs find a ready entrance to the organism that has been weakened to exhaustion so that it offers but slight vital resistance. There is no doubt pneumonia, tuberculosis and typhoid fever come easily to fatigued bodies. Not only this, but improperly treated fatigue inhibits secretion of the digestive juices, leading to indigestion or to loss of appetite, and a consequent disease of the vital functions for want of food. Moreover, the man who does not cure himself of fatigue by taking proper rest, and who continues to work to the point of exhaustion, mental or physical, gives proof in this very fact that he is not a wise man, that he values outward above inward success, and therefore you will usually find him becoming irritable, sickly, faultfinding, with a biased judgment, seeing little things as great and perhaps great things as

little. In short, beware of fatigue as you would of the great plague. It has been the hidden bridge over which hosts of unsuspecting victims have hurried to their doom, thinking that thereby they were gaining time on the journey to fame, or power, or riches.

Seeker.—I can see that as long as I stick to my present job I am going on the dead run for fatigue and its results. Yet I can't stop.

Doctor.—I am very far from sure that you so heartily detest your job. Most of us get into a habit of decrying things we like, as we decry our best friends. It is a meanness innate in humanity, and signifies nothing to the purpose. Don't you say things to your wife, whom you dearly love, that you would be ashamed to say to any other woman?

Seeker.—(Surprised and confused.) How—how did you know?

Doctor.—Merely because I know human nature—in a degree. Those we love will bear with us, and we feel free to treat them as we please, well knowing that we would stand up for them before the whole world if called upon to defend them. Affection gives us a kind of proprietary interest in them that permits liberties that sometimes go far. It may be that you are regarding your job from an angle somewhat related to this. That job has given you a lot, I fancy, that you otherwise would have missed?

Seeker.—(Feelingly.) It certainly has! It has always given me a good living, and I couldn't have married without it. And it gives us both about everything we need. That's why I can't let it slide.

Doctor.—It ought, by doing all these things, to lead you to like it, and I think it may if you will consider mostly its beneficent aspects, dwelling as little as possible on the other side. The truth that nothing is in itself either good or evil should help you greatly here. Think it over. Perhaps it is your point of view that is to be changed, and not your job.

And above all things remember that when you have done your best, whatever that best may be, you have thereby cast yourself in the full stream of the mighty superconscious, which will lift a large part of the responsibility of swimming from your shoulders by hurrying you along on its bosom. Never leave that transcendent truth out of your reckoning. Trust the superconscious. It is our mighty champion in all good work. It will not permit the conscious to mislead you far, if you are loyal. That is all I can say today.

You probably can, if you will, learn to like your well-paying situation, and will continue filling it, so that the necessity for being economical with your table will vanish.

Seeker.—Do you think I could learn to do that—learn to like a job that I hate so much?

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Doctor.—Would you like to have nothing else than such play to do?

Seeker.—(Beaming.) Wouldn't I though!

Doctor.—Then why don't you leave this business you hate and go to work on wood exclusively?

Seeker.—Easy enough. I would starve to death. I couldn't make a living at it, or half a living.

Doctor.—You mean that you think you could not earn as much money as you do now?

Seeker.—I know I couldn't.

Doctor.—But you could earn some money in that way?

Seeker.—Of course. I get a little something out of it as it is. I can turn out as good a job as the wood workers do, and I give most of the things I make to my friends. But I have sold some, too, and got good prices.

Doctor.—Then, comparing the two occupations, you get pleasure and a little money out of the one and considerable money and much displeasure out of the other.

Seeker.—That is about the size of it.

Doctor.—Well, the other class of men I referred to a moment ago is the class that leaves the money-paying job for the pleasure-paying one.

Seeker.—How do they live? I ask you again.

Doctor.—They are the only true livers in the world. Their joy, their life, is in their work. And it is so strongly there that they care very little

indeed for the things that money will buy. But of course they must have some money, and that is always forthcoming. For loving their work as they do they cannot fail to become rare experts at it, and expert work brings good prices. These are the workers who have more money than they need, both because they receive extra good prices and because their needs are few. They spend little though they often earn a good deal, and in the meantime they enjoy life to its fullest and deepest. Work, real work, which is any work that we love, is the greatest joy humanity knows, for it means creation and it is in creation that we attain our nearest approach to Infinity.

Seeker.—(A little awe-struck.) But—but, doctor, you wouldn't advise me to leave my job, where I make three thousand a year, and go to wood working where I couldn't make one-quarter that?

Doctor.—No, I would not advise you to do that. You are not yet strong enough. Only the really great are capable of such action. Our scientists do it, our philosophers do it, often an artist or a writer does it, and sometimes a clergyman refuses a "larger call" out of love for an indigent "flock." But the average man will not learn how to create so much joy for himself for some centuries to come, though the time is on the way. Think what a different world it would be if every man and woman in it had some kind of work that was devotedly

loved, and the doing of which also brought in enough money to live well upon!

Seeker.—We wouldn't know each other. Why, work—work that we hate—is the biggest part of our trouble, isn't it? And it is money that keeps us sticking to it! But to work for love of the work, and then to starve—No, I can't see it!

Doctor.—What is your opinion of those who do it—who work the way I have indicated?

Seeker.—Does ever anybody really do it?

Doctor.—Why, the whole work of the world, the real work, the best work, the only work that counts, is done by devoted people who work in just that way! And it isn't only the scientists and philosophers and clergymen and artists who belong in these happy ranks. I know a locomotive engineer who loved his engine so much that he would not give it up when he was offered the newest and largest engine on the line, at advanced pay.

If you will get out among all kinds of people and will feel really friendly to them all, you will learn some amazing facts about the commonest of them, chief of which is that they closely resemble yourself when you have scraped off the surface accumulation of indifference created by your selfish conscious mind.

Seeker.—That may be so—and I think it is so—but we must have just so much money to live on, anyway. Why, I couldn't make enough at doing

wood work to pay for my groceries, to say nothing of other expenses.

Doctor.—Do you think so? Did you ever hear of Dr. Dio Lewis?

Seeker.—No. Who was he, and what did he do?

Doctor.—He was a practising physician in Massachusetts, who wrote a book on digestion in 1872. Prices are higher now than they were then, but he experimented upon himself and found he could live and thrive on a fraction more than fifty cents a week—equivalent now I should say, to about two dollars a week. On the diet paid for at that rate, he gained slightly in weight; and all through the week he kept up his work which he loved. During that week he wrote forty pages of a book he then had in hand.

Seeker.—Are you joking?

Doctor.—Indeed no. It is a well attested fact. You can find a full account of it in his book, "An Experiment in Cheap Living." He had exact knowledge of food values, and proved by his own example that good, palatable food, of kinds common everywhere and quite inexpensive, furnished his body with nicely balanced, nourishing sustenance, maintained his working power, and kept in admirable order his brain—the instrument through which he used his intellectual faculties and powers.

Consider: The chief object of food is, as I have

shown before, to energize the body, and we are so constructed that we may find that energy on very little food if we know how. Every good physician will tell you that we eat too much, as a rule, rather than too little. In a talk on exercise, however, I could not go into that. My object in telling you about Dr. Dio Lewis is to indicate to you how much easier you might find it to give up your misery-entailing job for the work you like than you had any idea of. You most certainly could make a living at wood-working if you should put your mind to it, and thus in a flash of the eye your problem of expense would be solved. But I do not advise this. You must be your own judge as to the manner in which the principle should be applied.

Seeker.—It staggers me. I always supposed that eating good things was necessary for civilized people.

Doctor.—So it is. But we may say for ourselves what these good things may be. And if you are doing the work you like to do you will find that the exercise necessary to do it will benefit you much more highly than the exercise derived from doing distasteful work.

Seeker.—I shall have to think that over. I can't seem to take it in earnest and realize that it can be done.

Doctor.—Think it over all you want to, and the deeper you think about it the better it will be for

you. Less eating, and more skill in choosing inexpensive foods, make up the joyful answer to many a poor man's worst problems. The idea of exercise is to employ the body in such manner as to give all its parts their necessary activity, regarding the different members as one whole, all of them working together harmoniously for health of both body and mind. It is unhealthy to overdo work or other exercise until you are exhausted in any part or in the whole. The ideal is to keep a proper proportion between work and rest, and nothing better contributes to this end than the doing of work which is enjoyed; for in that case the work itself amounts to a certain degree of rest. All physicians advise useful and pleasant work as one of the best of all tonics, even as they warn against futile employment on the one side and on the other against any work pursued to such a length that it becomes mere drudgery. Be very careful about this drudgery. It does more harm to the body than is dreamed of, and its effect on the mind is often even more baneful. Keep clear of everything that begins to take on the aspect of drudgery, unless you can learn the secret of contentment with your lot. We should realize that we are in a universal guild of toil, and "everything serves."

Drummond wrote, "It is not the monotony of life which destroys man, but its pointlessness; they can bear the weight; meaninglessness crushes

them." "But," as has been well said by my friend, Rev. Roy Edwin Bowers, "Looking up into heaven of God's perfect plan, the soul of the worker trudges blithely on with Pippa while she sings:

"All service ranks the same with God.
There is no last nor first."

If those who toil would honour their task by associating it with the whole, and if those who are in places of mystery and fulfilment would see in every drudge a necessary helper and an actual partner, a large share of our labor difficulties, both industrial and domestic, would be abolished.

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

You should remember always that the object of exercise is not to build up great muscles but to attain physical poise and symmetry of body and furnish activity of the organs and cells, as well as to further the elimination of waste products and body proteins.

In your present work you probably employ certain muscles more than others, and one of the aims of proper exercise is to give activity also to those parts which are not used in your regular work. Your handling of tools in your leisure hours will

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help you considerably in this direction. It is for yourself to say whether or not it helps enough.

Seeker.—I have learned a great deal, doctor, little things and great, I think. The little things will help, and I am very glad to know them, but the stagerer for me is the one that seems the greatest—in fact it seems mighty big to me. I mean what you said about a man's loving his work and his being able to do the work he loves merely by cutting out expensive food. That gives me a regular jolt. I see large possibilities in it if only it could be done. For of course if the way out of the food question is to cut down the needless expense, it must also be the way out of other matters, as house rent, fuel, clothing, in fact, all things that might be called luxuries. If the plainest food is the best, why isn't the plainest house the best, the plainest clothing the best, and all other things as well? If the highest outcome of culture is simplicity, as you have said it was, that must mean all round simplicity, not merely simplicity in food. But can all this be done?

Doctor.—Done? The best workers in the world have always done it. It is the mediocre who strive for show, for externals, for luxuries, for these are all they know of life, the only things that have meaning for them. They are the people, therefore, who should have them. The great have something

better. They have pure simplicity. A man doesn't need much to live under the best conditions. It is surprising what would come to each of us from ordering his life in a spirit of simplicity. In the matter of eating, look at Horace Fletcher, look at Thomas Edison, both of them eating nothing in comparison with the shopgirls who go to the bad because, as they say, they can't get enough to eat any other way! But let me tell you the secret of it all.

Seeker.—Is there a secret to it?

Doctor.—Of course there is. Everything is a secret that is worth while, and that is what education is for, what suggestion is for, to bring that secret to light. The secret of inexpensive and at the same time the best and most nutritious and enjoyable food is this: Become so much in love with your work that your food is quite a trifling matter to you as far as mere taste is concerned. All foods will seem very much the same to you then. You will lose your picayune fretfulness over it if it happens not to be just so, and all of it will seem good, the inexpensive and the expensive alike. You will be able then to choose wisely, and every mouthful you take will prove a blessing and never a dyspeptic or gouty pang. Eating is good and necessary. What we eat, providing it be well cooked and served and contain the necessary amount of calories, is no great matter except to

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little minds. But no man will believe this until he—well, until he does believe it. Then he will understand. But—

Seeker.—Is there a “but” to it as well as a secret?

Doctor.—Yes, and a very important one. It will obviate the necessity of your learning to eat wisely.

Seeker.—Is eating inexpensively the same as eating wisely.

Doctor.—How could it be otherwise? It not only conserves health and money but aids right thinking, which brightens life in all directions.

Seeker.—I see. I should like to know now what the “but” is about, just the same.

Doctor.—Listen, then! Haven’t we found that in all things we see not what really is there, but merely the measure of our own intelligence in that direction?

Seeker.—Yes, and I understand that perfectly.

Doctor.—Is not your job a thing?

Seeker.—It certainly is.

Doctor.—It can’t be bad in the abstract then, can it? For “there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.”

Seeker.—I see your drift. You mean that my job, like everything else, will seem good or bad to me according to the measure of my intelligence regarding it—my mental attitude toward it?

Doctor.—That is the “but” of which I spoke.

You probably can, if you will, learn to like your well-paying situation, and will continue filling it, so that the necessity for being economical with your table will vanish.

Seeker.—Do you think I could learn to do that—learn to like a job that I hate so much?

Doctor.—I think it may be quite possible. You have the principle; apply it. With the aid of what you now know about the laws of thought you may see a marvellous alteration in the aspects of your work. If you cannot do this it will be because it would be better for you to leave it, taking up with work that you really like. So you see you have a choice of two ways, and are not confined to one.

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Seeker.—I know all that. What you have said about fatigue fits right in with all the rest of it.

As I understand you, it is as important for a man to know when to stop work and how long to rest as it is for him to know when to begin or how to do the work itself.

Doctor.—Yes, there are times for most of us when we feel obliged to work to the point of fatigue and beyond it, sometimes mentally, sometimes physically. The cure is the same in both instances—rest, until completely restored. If we neglect this precaution, poisons are engendered in the blood and the seeds of nervous prostration are planted, along with other and perhaps worse evils.

Disease germs find a ready entrance to the organism that has been weakened to exhaustion so that it offers but slight vital resistance. There is no doubt pneumonia, tuberculosis and typhoid fever come easily to fatigued bodies. Not only this, but improperly treated fatigue inhibits secretion of the digestive juices, leading to indigestion or to loss of appetite, and a consequent disease of the vital functions for want of food. Moreover, the man who does not cure himself of fatigue by taking proper rest, and who continues to work to the point of exhaustion, mental or physical, gives proof in this very fact that he is not a wise man, that he values outward above inward success, and therefore you will usually find him becoming irritable, sickly, faultfinding, with a biased judgment, seeing little things as great and perhaps great things as

little. In short, beware of fatigue as you would of the great plague. It has been the hidden bridge over which hosts of unsuspecting victims have hurried to their doom, thinking that thereby they were gaining time on the journey to fame, or power, or riches.

Seeker.—I can see that as long as I stick to my present job I am going on the dead run for fatigue and its results. Yet I can't stop.

Doctor.—I am very far from sure that you so heartily detest your job. Most of us get into a habit of decrying things we like, as we decry our best friends. It is a meanness innate in humanity, and signifies nothing to the purpose. Don't you say things to your wife, whom you dearly love, that you would be ashamed to say to any other woman?

Seeker.—(Surprised and confused.) How—how did you know?

Doctor.—Merely because I know human nature—in a degree. Those we love will bear with us, and we feel free to treat them as we please, well knowing that we would stand up for them before the whole world if called upon to defend them. Affection gives us a kind of proprietary interest in them that permits liberties that sometimes go far. It may be that you are regarding your job from an angle somewhat related to this. That job has given you a lot, I fancy, that you otherwise would have missed?

Seeker.—(Feelingly.) It certainly has! It has always given me a good living, and I couldn't have married without it. And it gives us both about everything we need. That's why I can't let it slide.

Doctor.—It ought, by doing all these things, to lead you to like it, and I think it may if you will consider mostly its beneficent aspects, dwelling as little as possible on the other side. The truth that nothing is in itself either good or evil should help you greatly here. Think it over. Perhaps it is your point of view that is to be changed, and not your job.

And above all things remember that when you have done your best, whatever that best may be, you have thereby cast yourself in the full stream of the mighty superconscious, which will lift a large part of the responsibility of swimming from your shoulders by hurrying you along on its bosom. Never leave that transcendent truth out of your reckoning. Trust the superconscious. It is our mighty champion in all good work. It will not permit the conscious to mislead you far, if you are loyal. That is all I can say today.

CHAPTER XIII: HE RULES BEST

THE seeker did not appear at the doctor's office the next morning, but he sent a note in which he asked to be excused for a few days. There was no explanation of the change of program, just a plain statement that he would be unable to keep the engagement for the present. The doctor, knowing his man, smiled when he read the hasty scrawl. This absence had to do with the obstreperous neighbour, he was sure. Some new outrage, perhaps, on the aggressive one's part was demanding the seeker's exclusive attention. That he would correctly solve the problem the doctor felt no doubt, for he had seen many pupils like this one, men who at first received his statements of psychotherapy with stares of incredulity, because the entire system of thought was new to them and difficult to grasp, but who, with the first glimmering of conviction, became at once its ardent supporters, and earnest practisers of its self-proving principles. And this man was not only a convinced pupil; he was a practical, thorough, able man, who would conscientiously persist in whatever course his conviction might point out to him. This affair between the neighbours was of an importance so

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vast in principle, typifying as it did the whole great problem of our relations with our fellow man, which constitutes so large a part of our early experiences, that the new student did not comprehend it in more than a few of its aspects; but he evidently realized enough of it to put his best efforts to it, and the doctor felt no uneasiness as to the results. It was not every pupil who could read the heart of the matter, but this pupil would do so. He was not only very likable, he was courageous, he was intelligent, he was thoroughly good as a man. He could not fail. At this very moment, doubtless, he was hard at work on the problem, with success just ahead, and that explained his absence from the office. The doctor therefore dropped him from his thought for the time and turned to other matters.

It was four days before the seeker came. He greeted the doctor cordially, and there was in his eye a new expression of power, blended, it seemed to the doctor, with a little awe. That this meant some hard battle fought and won was obvious to the man who had seen the same look on the faces of men too often to be mistaken about its significance. But it was not his place to mention such a matter, and the pupil, following his accustomed habit, or policy, of reticence, also said nothing about it, his first words being:

“Well, doctor, here I am again! What is it to be today?”

Doctor.—Logically it should be “rest,” I think, for we have already considered exercise and fatigue. Doesn’t it seem so to you?

Seeker.—Yes, but I don’t think I am quite clear in my mind why we should have either exercise or rest. How would it be if we were not obliged to have either the one or the other?

Doctor.—Very easily answered. We should be like stones, not human beings.

Seeker.—It seems as if I should have known that myself. But still, being men as we are, and having such bodies as we possess, with the ability to exercise if we wish and to loaf if we wish, why need we be compelled to do the one or the other? I don’t see into that.

Doctor.—Here we are, just as we are, and our wisdom is to learn how to get the most and the best out of life in all ways, including the ways of our bodies. Rest for both body and mind—the conscious mind—is as essential as exercise. I have already referred more or less definitely to the brain and nerve structure, but I will go into that a little farther so that you may see what rest really is; and in the process you will learn how we are able to think.

Seeker.—That would be interesting, if anything can be.

Doctor.—Indeed it is. The transformation by which sensation becomes thought is still one of the

unsolved mysteries. How a sensation, entering the brain along the sensory nerves, can become a thought, represented by a cell in the brain, is incomprehensible to us as yet, but the reverse process is self-evident. For example, say that you wish to build a house. That wish makes its first physical appearance as a minute cell in your brain. As you dwell on the thought, turning over the plans in your mind, that cell changes its form, and other cells arrive to keep it company; and at last, when the idea of the house is perfected in your mind and the corresponding cells have arranged themselves on the surface of your cortex, you go for an architect and builder; he hires men, they all set to work with lumber and tools, and lo, in due season there is your house. The thought in your mind, which is imponderable, occupying no space at first, has become a massive and solid edifice on the street, visible to all the world.

This transformation we can explain. We can see that your thought has put to work all these hands to carry out its mandate, making the visible out of the invisible. But how the visible can become the invisible, how the sensation entering another man's brain at sight of your house, can become a thought in his brain, is another question. We have not answered that yet. The one solid and incontrovertible fact about it is that it is so. The other man seeing your house wishes for a house of

his own, like yours, perhaps, but still different, to suit his taste. Then the same process is repeated in his brain that has taken place in yours. And so it goes on. There is no pause, no haste, but a steady and never ceasing flux of nothing into something and something into nothing. And the overwhelming wonder of it all is that the nothing, the invisible, is the reality, and the something, the visible, is but the emblem.

Seeker.—(Gently.) Sometimes it strikes me that there are things about us so beautiful that they make me ache to think of them!

Doctor.—Indeed, you are very right. The whole world, with everything in it, is a marvel of beauty and delight for those who will see it, for those who will educate themselves to see it. We are coming to another one of them now in the subject of sleep. This is the most important phase of rest, you know, and we are under its sway for a third of all our lives, reckoning the usual daily allowance of about eight hours. You have no definite idea, I suppose, of what sleep really is?

Seeker.—Only that it is through sleep that we replace the energy we spend during the day.

Doctor.—That is the answer in a very general way; but it is not a loss of the energy that induces sleep, as we might suppose. According to the latest scientific opinion as given by Metchnikoff,

“sleep is due to poisoning by the products of organic activity.” He continues: “Some investigators think that an acid, produced during the activity of the organs, is stored up in quantities that cannot be tolerated. During sleep the organism gets rid of the excess of acid.” And he goes on: “Proyer tried to put the problem on a more exact basis by the theory that the activity of all the organs gives rise to substances which he called ‘pomogenes,’ and which he regarded as producing the sensation of fatigue. According to him, these substances accumulate during the working hours and are destroyed by oxidation during sleep.” Metchnikoff concludes, after an analysis of other scientists’ experiments and views:

“Although it is still impossible to specify exactly the nature of the substances which accumulate during the activity of organs, and which produce fatigue and sleep, it is becoming more and more probable that such substances exist, and that sleep is really an autotoxication of the organism. So far, such a theory has not been shaken by any argument.”

Seeker.—It seems to be the activity that produces the poisons and the poisons that produce the sleep.

Doctor.—Yes, that is probably the manner of it. But if we are not yet scientifically positive of this, there is one thing that we do know, namely, that

whether or not poisons are dissipated in sleep, energy is thus stored up. Here is Dr. Sadler on the subject:

“When the healthy nerve is rested, as in the morning after a good night’s sleep, the cell body, under the microscope, appears to be filled with large numbers of small, sandlike granules. These granules represent the energy accumulated during rest and sleep. As the nerve begins its day’s work, and as the day wears on, these granules gradually disappear, until at night, when the body is fatigued and the brain is sleepy, the nerve cells are found to be free, or almost free, from these granules. All the energy has been used up. It would seem that the nerve cells during rest and sleep actually accumulate energy, and these sandlike granules might be fittingly compared to powder, the explosion of which generates a wave of nerve or electrical energy, which flashes over its branches, carrying the message which the thinking of the cell originates; for each little cell-body must be regarded as a small brain. The larger brain of the skull and the great solar plexus of the abdomen are merely vast collections of untold millions of these tiny nerve cells or brain bodies. The collecting together of their long branches, and their arrangement in bundles or cables, creates the spinal cord, containing about a dozen separate bundles of

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nerves, part of which go up to the brain and part of which come down."

"It is apparent that man has two brains—two nervous systems. He has two sources from which come orders to regulate and control the body; and it is well that this is so, for such an arrangement makes it impossible for human beings rashly to commit suicide by stopping the heart or ceasing to breathe. You can stop breathing for a few seconds, but as soon as enough carbonic oxide gas collects in the blood, the respiratory centres are excited, imperative orders to breathe are sent to the lungs, and you can no longer hold your breath. You may give orders to the heart to stop beating but it will not obey. Seventy times a minute it receives the command of the sympathetic nerves located in its muscles, to beat; and in faithfulness it responds. Only within certain limits can you increase or decrease its beat, and then as a rule only by increasing or decreasing the necessity therefor. The further wisdom of this dual nervous system is shown by the fact that the mind and muscle of man wear out from the day's work, and sleep is absolutely necessary to muscular recuperation as well as for mental rest to enable the nerve cells to re-assemble their disappearing energy-granules. But while the man is asleep, the functions of heart and lungs, as well as the work of digestion and nutri-

tion, must of necessity go on without interruption, and this is made possible by the fact that these organs of life and nutrition are under control of the sympathetic nervous system, which never slumbers nor sleeps from the cradle to the grave.

“So a man may take his required rest and unconscious sleep, but all the while the ever watchful sentinels of the sympathetic nerve centres carry on the vital functions of the body without interruption—never the loss of a single heartbeat or the lapse of one respiratory cycle.”

(Laying aside the book.) There you have both the proof of the beneficence of the superconscious mind and the mechanism by which it works. Is there anything more wonderful in the whole great outer world?

Seeker.—That is a clear scientific description of the nature of sleep and its processes. But it leaves out something all of us have bothered about. I mean dreams. How about dreams?

Doctor.—Ah! There you touch upon something medical art and physiological science have refused to treat with authority—or at all, because neither of them has up to now admitted the dominance of mind and its use of the physical mechanism.

It is not so occult after all. In sleep, those parts of the brain actively employed by the conscious mind in our waking hours—by our objective senses, like exterior perception, reason, con-

gruity, judgment, and so on—are at rest, are being recharged like so many secondary batteries; while imagination, whose brain-tools are seldom used in daytime, is free to play with fragmentary memories, perhaps, and is influenced by dumb physical urges or sensations, unrestrained by these or by any sense of proportion or sequence, or time, or place, or person.

You see, the mind does not sleep. You can no more cease mentation than you can cease breathing; but your mentations are not concerned with the things of physical actuality, as they are during the waking hours. The results sometimes are fantastic, but seldom sequent, and most of them are negligible to memory.

Many people will tell you they never dream. Yet dream they do, every one of them, though few bring their dreams forward into the moment of awakening, because between the state of sleep and the waking state is a brief pause, during which the daytime ego resumes its place, pushing fancy into the back-ground. In those few seconds of transition the dream fades away. The awakened sleeper does not know he has dreamed.

That is, usually. Sometimes a dream will be so charged with beauty or with terror that it leaves upon the memory cells an impress, more or less deep, which cannot be brushed away. And sometimes there comes a dream so vivid that in retro-

spect it becomes confused with fact. From evidences occurring here and there we are justified in believing the ancients knew about these things—about the nature and the sources of dreams; but that knowledge has disappeared, like the knowledge that built Gizeh, on the bare sands of the Lybian desert, with an orientation almost exact and evidently calculated upon stellar measurements without (so far as we know) the aid of instruments. It may be we are groping back to it. We have groped at least far enough to have discovered that dreaming is implicit in physical sleep; but not yet far enough to have learned all the dream sources, nor any of the meanings dreams may have.

Seeker.—I say—doctor! You are talking sense into something that—

Doctor.—Isn't so? But it is. And I am talking only this much about it because dreams are manifestations of mind, and I want to impress upon you again the fact that mind has absolute dominion. The borders of that dominion lie far beyond our physical selves and our merely physical environment. In other ways and earlier lessons I have intimated this—that you see not that which is, but that which you think you see. In the broader view, it is true of all of us that

We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
 And our little life is rounded with a sleep.

That's all I need to say to you about the so-called phenomena of dreams.

Seeker.—Between what those writers say and what you have just told me, I am left silent.

Doctor.—Let us go back to Metchnikoff. You see, whether or not sleep is due to autotoxication from poisons which are generated by muscular or mental activity, we actually dissipate energy during the day, and accumulate it, grain by grain, during sleep. Therefore, sleep we must; yet it is only the conscious mind and its cerebro-nervous system that requires the rest. The sympathetic and all its retinue of vital functions go on and on and on, as long as we live, without rest and without tiring. This fact has led some writers to believe that we shall eventually find a way of perpetuating all our bodily functions, as the sympathetic functions are now perpetuated, and some have even outlined and published their theories. One of them, Harry Gaze, wrote a book in 1904 called "How to Live Forever"; but perhaps he was a little premature. Nevertheless, he struck a resonant note now and then. Take this one:

"The attitude essential to success in the perpetual renewal of life is one of constant expectancy of increased power, health, and beauty, and a desire for the higher unfoldment of life in every way. If one is a willing instrument for nature's advance-

ment, life is assured; otherwise one must give way to others better fitted to survive."

Seeker.—(Interested.) What does he mean by "a willing instrument"? It seems to me every man would be a willing instrument for making himself immortal if he only knew how.

Doctor.—He means in his language the same thing that I mean when I say we should educate the conscious to an equality with the superconscious, so that the latter may be able to carry on the beneficent functions unhampered by our ignorance. Here are his own words again:

"There can be no standstill in life. Evolution is a fact of the present as well as of the past. On all who are receptive to growth—"

Seeker.—(Interrupting.) There! There is the same thing—"receptive to growth." What does that mean?

Doctor.—Should you think it meant physical growth or spiritual growth?

Seeker.—Why, spiritual, I suppose, of course.

Doctor.—It would not mean that we should try to grow as large a body as possible, or that we should try to grow in riches or material power, or fame, or social distinction, you think?

Seeker.—Of course not. These are what everybody is after now, and that is what the trouble is with us all, according to philosophy, as I understand it.

Doctor.—You are right. Men are not really trying to live forever, or even to live long lives or worth-while lives. All their efforts seem to be bent on getting the superficials, the things of life as distinguished from the realities which the things stand for. Is it any wonder that they fail to get what they do not even seek?

Seeker.—I should say not! It is hard enough to get even anything that you go out for. But then, what *should* we seek? It is not enough for me to know that I should be more spiritual. What must I do to be that?

Doctor.—I have told you over and over. The spiritual man is he who learns to see the spirit, the soul, the reality behind all appearances. He sees beauty, for example, where another only sees a picture or a landscape or a desirable woman. By so doing he inevitably becomes a lover, not a hater; a giver, not a getter of things; a helper, not a dependent; a self-poised, strong, happy man, not a pettish, disappointed or unsuccessful man. In short, permit yourself to be ruled by the unselfish, superconscious instead of by the selfish and short-sighted conscious. He is the one who meets Mr. Gaze's condition of receptivity to growth. Our author proceeds to say that on such persons "Nature showers love, life, power, and beauty. Youth is nature's opportunity. In old age the windows of the soul are barred against the entrance of new

life." Then comes the pregnant sentence: "The 'aged' man imagines that he is a full-grown being, and hence nature has no permanent use for him."

Seeker.—But an old man *is* an old man. What difference does it make what he imagines about his age? He can't make himself any younger by thinking, can he?

Doctor.—It makes this difference, that it is his mind, his ignorant, conscious mind, his imagination, that makes him old. His organs and tissues do not make him so. Thousands of people, millions of people, are younger at seventy than the great majority of us are at fifty. Why? Because of tougher tissues? Not at all. Because of their mind power, their attitude toward life and the world. Look at President Emeritus Eliot. Look at Sarah Bernhardt. Look at many people whom everybody knows, who are strong and well at an age which the most of us weaklings have supposed to be "old." It is not enough to say that some persons are born with more vital energy than most others for a great many of those who have been thus born have worn themselves out and died at an early age; and in fact so many of those very energetic individuals do this that we might almost lay it down as a rule that the most energetic youths live shortest lives. They depend on their bodies, with their cerebrospinal systems that tire and wear out so easily. The wise man, whether he

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is energetic or slow, depends on his superconscious mind, which he opens to all elevating influences. It is he who lives the real life, whether it be short or long. And you may be sure that if you could know his mind, his inner life of thought, you would find that he never allowed mundane matters to interfere much with the amount of rest, including sleep, that he had learned to be necessary for his good health.

Seeker.—I can see that a selfish man would be more likely to lose sleep and rest over little things than a man of that kind would.

Doctor.—Yes. A man who sees into the heart of things doesn't lose much sleep over them. He knows that all he has to do is to put forth his best efforts: the results are then sure to be taken care of. He need lose no sleep over the outcome. You can realize how sane such a course would be?

Seeker.—But there are rules to be followed? There must be wrong ways of taking rest, as well as right, if there are wrong and right ways of doing everything—and I guess there are.

Doctor.—Yes. An unnecessarily long way, or an ineffectual way, is what is called a wrong one, and this we may avoid by learning a few simple rules.

On going to bed at night, after taking your breathing exercise, you should understand that

first of all, though sleep is your object in going to bed, it is not so absolutely essential that you must attempt to force it on your senses; for such a notion is the very thing that will prevent you sleeping if anything will. It will make you anxious, and anxiety is death to sleep. Just assume a natural, easy position in the bed and give yourself up to the soothing influence of the night. The superconscious will do the rest, in ordinary circumstances.

But if sleep should not come at once you must not feel anxious. A variety of reasons for sleeplessness may exist, but they mostly resolve themselves into one, that is, a tendency to think instead of casting all thought from the mind. In this case you can, after a little practice, learn to submit yourself to rest without thought, conscious that to think at such a time is useless and that to sleep is the best thing you can do. You may hasten the process by taking long, deep breaths. Muscular exercise during the afternoon will tend to induce healthful sleep at night.

Though the number of hours usually allowed for sleep ranges from seven to nine, as a rule you should go to bed when you are sleepy and rise when you are rested; and if the regularity of feeling coincides with regularity of hours, so much the better. But as a choice you should give the preference to the feeling. Usually this will result

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in regularity of hours also, a habit having been established.

Outdoor sleeping is preferable if the right conditions are obtainable. These are protection from rain, snow, and dew, as well as from strong winds and mosquitos. This is the treatment now being given to consumptives with such marked success. Warmth of the body should be kept up with amply sufficient bed-clothing, which, however, should be light and porous instead of thick and heavy.

You may use a pillow or not, as you choose, but do not choose a high one, as this tends to cramp the upper lungs and round the shoulders. Pleasant and easy reading before going to bed is conducive to restful sleep, but exciting literature is a sleep-killer.

A soft feather bed is unhealthful. Use a modern mattress.

When your eyes come open in the morning you may lie a moment, getting used to the change from sleep, and then you should get up. Do not lie there dozing. Dozing in bed in the morning will often be enough to set the tone for an entire day of weariness. You would better get up even if you do not feel fully rested. You will sleep the surer and the better for it during the coming night.

These comprise the details which seem necessary. What appears to you to be the most important thing about them?

Seeker.—From what you have said today, with what you have said all along, there can be only one answer, and that is, trust the superconscious.

Doctor.—Right! That is the surest and best sleep inviter. But how are you going to be able to do that? You can't trust the superconscious merely by saying that you will do so, or by holding visions of trust before your mind's eye, can you?

Seeker.—Why, no! It is the same here as everywhere, I suppose. You become able to trust the superconscious in one way only, and that is by doing your best in all things. Then you can't help trusting.

Doctor.—Good! You have taken an unshakable grip on the fact, I see; and that is the most epoch-making action in your life. Once we see clearly this idea, and begin to practise it, all necessary details come to us like iron filings to a magnet. To have the principle is to attract to you the means of carrying it out.

As we understand sleep very well, we may now consider another kind of rest, namely, play; for this also is a form of rest if properly indulged. If improperly indulged it becomes labor, poisonous exertion, drudgery, doing harm rather than good. It is as bad for the body or any of its members to be overstrained in play as in work, and in the excitement or rivalry of play the line between

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benefit and injury is very often overleaped. Let us talk a little about play.

Seeker.—There are so many different kinds of play! What does the word mean, anyway?

Doctor.—The basic definition is, “To engage in some exercise for the sake of amusement.” Here the word would seem to mean what it does not mean, for the definition of “amusement” is “that which amuses or pleurably engages the mind”; and it is generally supposed that exercise is for the body’s sake, while to amuse one’s self is supposed to mean a pleasurable engagement of the mind without reference to bodily exercise or benefit, or even benefit to the mind. The word and phrase stand for mere frivolity without gain of any kind, either mental or physical—just a time-killing operation. So “play” has come to mean many different things, from music to gambling, but we will consider it here in its beneficial aspects, as exercise for the mind and body, and in that light it may be defined as purposeful play. Whenever in any amusement you are interested chiefly in some advantage to be won, you have passed over from the amusement of play to the amusement of work.

Seeker.—But must we always be looking for benefits? Can’t we just let ourselves go once in awhile, to ease the strain, and not care about benefit of any kind?

Doctor.—(Smiling.) Certainly we can. And we could scarcely do a more beneficial act.

Seeker.—(Also smiling.) Oh, I see! If we are right in our intentions we can't escape benefit even if we try.

Doctor.—Correct! A man who understands, and who means well, cannot escape benefit of some kind out of everything he does. The world and all its parts are minions of the understanding man. He is their benevolent tyrant, and they bring him all good at his bidding. But the misunderstanding person is the world's slave. He commands nothing, and is ordered about and kicked and cuffed by everybody and everything he approaches.

Byron, who was a type of this kind of man because he was a sensualist, in his uninspired moments governed almost wholly by his conscious mind, scornfully rejecting all the promptings of his superconscious, was so mauled and buffeted by circumstances that he thought,

We must have sinned in some old, old world,
And this is hell.

On the other hand hear Moncton Milnes:

Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
Like noble boys at play.

Seeker.—(With bright eyes.) That is something like it! I see the difference. Heaven and earth! What a pity it is that every person in the world can't get hold of this thing! What a new world it would be!

Doctor.—We are all of us in good hands. God's in His heaven—don't worry! He knows what He is about. We are to do our best, that is all. The rest is already looked out for. Some things may appear mysterious or unjust to our selfish eyes, but there is no mystery, ultimately, of course. When we can't understand a thing we call it mysterious, though it may be as plain as day to somebody. And if we realize this we have little more to learn about play than to understand that all of it is good if indulged in moderation and at reasonable times. However, running, golf, tennis, all sports that will take us where there is good air and sunshine and force us to exert our bodies to the point of taking deep breaths, are beneficial. Indoors, light reading is permissible when the mind is weary, and even card playing and other frivolous amusements are sometimes good inasmuch as they exercise the mind and keep the brain active. The all-important requisite for wholesome relation is to maintain a certain playfulness of spirit which is quite independent of external aids. You can learn even to have fun with yourself letting your imagination play all kinds of pranks.

These forms of play all come under the head of recreation, and they are in fact just that—spelled re-creation. They refresh us and lighten the monotony for those among us who ever feel monotony. Change of work is not recreation enough for the intense worker of today. The mind and will must be emptied of all serious purpose, and relaxation should be sought in romp and frolic.

Seeker.—Why, is there anybody who never feels monotony?

Doctor.—O, yes, very many people indeed. To feel monotony is to admit unwisdom. A wise man may feel glorified with nothing to do but think, even though it may be pouring rain outside, with all the accessories of dreariness imaginable. We all of us ought to be able to attain this state. And if we are able to do so we shall never be compelled to do so, and we shall find joy everywhere and always, on every side. Our very work itself will be play, and monotony will be impossible.

Seeker.—(Drawing a long breath.) That is some end to look forward to!

Doctor.—Yes, and to most of us it seems far away and up in the clouds. But it isn't; it is right here all the time and may be had for the taking.

Seeker.—I see the answer. It is always the same. Trust the superconscious. Work for truth, not for things.

Doctor.—Yes. Don't permit the selfish conscious mind to fill you with fear. Have no fear with anything. Everything in the world is capable of being utilized as good. We have only to learn how to do it.

Seeker.—I know the principle, anyway. I thoroughly understand it, and I believe it from my soul. It proves itself. And I am going to practise it in every way I can.

Doctor.—That is enough for today then. We are nearly finished now. Tomorrow I shall direct your attention to a few simple matters that may aid you.

Seeker.—(Rising and touching the doctor's shoulder with his hand.) Doctor, your method is somewhat different from any I have ever seen before, and I think it gives me more trust than all else in the lessons.

Doctor.—How so?

Seeker.—Why, I am used to having everything held up to me in its most extravagant light, and when I get it I find that it isn't so much after all. But you, when you say you have some little matter to tell me, always have some great matter. Why, these talks are the most wonderful things that ever happened to me! The most I am afraid of is that it will make a know-it-all of me, for I feel as if I had mighty little more to learn in the

world. Yes, sir, that is the way I feel. I feel I know about all there is to know.

Doctor.—Why shouldn't you feel that way? You have the basic principle of all wisdom. If you apply it correctly in all directions you will be the wisest man the world ever knew.

Seeker.—(Feelingly.) If I can apply it in the direction of good living, health, and freedom from worry, that is all I ask.

Doctor.—In that remark you have already come remarkably near to showing yourself the wisest of men.

CHAPTER XIV: HE LEARNS HOW TO COMMAND POISON

ON the following morning the pupil arrived at the office in a very cheerful state. Indeed, "gay" would be the fitting word, though there was about him, too, a certain sense of poise, as if beneath the bubbling exterior there were solid reasons that it was not a mere passing mood. But the doctor's expectation that something would be said was disappointed. The man was silent.

But some move had been made, a momentous move, that was evident. Whatever it might be it seemed to be working well, to judge by the seeker's manner, though the result still hung in the balance, and that explained his silence. He would wait. Therefore, he cast all thought of it from his mind and began the lesson.

Doctor.—After breathing, food, exercise, and rest, the great essentials of both mental and physical health and poise, we may properly take up the subject of bathing, for that comes next in order of importance, especially if we include internal as well as external baths. The economy of our bodies is greatly benefited by internal bathing, that is, by our drinking water copiously. Very few among us

drink enough good water. We need it to keep clean inside as much as we do outside. One scarcely could take in too much. Two or three quarts a day should be used by every adult. It flushes the intestines as a hose flushes dirty streets, tending to relieve or prevent constipation and other kindred troubles. A glass or two of sweet water every morning before breakfast should be the rule for everybody; and plenty of it should precede each meal. Drinking it at meals is not harmful if properly done, and indeed the act promotes digestion as a rule. But this will not occur if the water is taken as a means of breaking up the food in the mouth and washing it down. That course is almost suicidal. If for reasons of thirst or for a dry throat you drink water while food is in the mouth, you should let the water pass the food, not mix with it. Never wash food down. Most of the injury ascribed to water drinking at meals arises from this practise.

All solid food should be chewed down. Dyspepsia has had its feet firmly planted on the washing-down habit ever since the history of medicine began. Both digestion and assimilation are given an unnatural trend by the mixing of food and water in the mouth. Before or after eating you may drink, and ought to drink, freely, and you may drink if you must during a meal, but never allow the water and food to mingle in the mouth. That

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dilutes the saliva, which is necessary (in full strength) for digestion. So much for internal bathing. You see the principle, I suppose, and would know how to carry it out.

Seeker.—It is perfectly plain and simple. I remember once seeing a gang of foreign laborers eating their dinner by the roadside, and they gobbled it down the same way dogs do, swallowing as large chunks as they could and washing every mouthful down with water, tea or coffee, and the foreman said that almost every man Jack of them had a “seek belly.” I suppose he meant dyspepsia.

Doctor.—I have seen the same thing in various degrees a thousand times. The average diner at hotels, and those who eat at railway stations in a hurry, consume three times as much as they need, and yet feel “empty” a short while afterwards on account of the fact you have mentioned—the use they make of some kind of liquid in washing down their food. A prolonged chewing of food is necessary to excite the flow of the digestive juices, and water is not at all a substitute for these. Drink, therefore, as much water as you conveniently can, but drink it properly, at the right times. Otherwise, it will injure and not benefit you.

Seeker.—I understand that part all right. How about outside bathing? In the first place, what is the real use of it?

Doctor.—It has several real uses. It keeps us

feeling clean and fit; it washes away the decaying perspiration products, thus preventing bad odours and removing soil for harmful bacteria; it opens the skin pores, giving the cells necessary air; it promotes healthy blood circulation all over the body; it induces a feeling of exhilaration, brightening the eyes, reddening the lips and cheeks. In fact, it makes you feel stronger and more spirited, and tends toward content and long life. Are these objects worth while?

Seeker.—I should say they were! I think I never understood what bathing was for, anyway, except to keep a man clean, like other folks. I only bathed once a week until I got a bathtub—and a wife. You know what that combination means. Now I bathe every morning. She makes me. But I skin out of it whenever I can—or rather, I did. I couldn't see the use of living in a bathtub!

Doctor.—You feel differently about it now?

Seeker.—Yes. I can see a real necessity for a morning bath, and I know from all that has been said that I could soon get in the habit of it so that it wouldn't seem so much of a grind. Besides, all decent people bathe every morning, and some of them every night, too. But that seems too often to me.

Doctor.—A bath, regarded in the proper light

and taken under proper conditions, is a pleasure, not an effort. Some hate it, but usually because they lack the easy facilities or because they do not appreciate the necessity. A change of mind, inspired by a knowledge of what it will do for them, will make the obstacles seem small. Most of them would consider it a great privilege to be permitted to bathe every morning if they were to get a hundred dollars a bath for it.

Seeker.—Yes, I guess so! It would be no trouble then. But what is the use of a bath at night if you have already taken one in the morning? It seems to me once a day is enough, isn't it?

Doctor.—What kind of a bath do you take in the morning?

Seeker.—What kind? Why, just a bath! I turn on the water and get in.

Doctor.—You should use tepid water in the morning. I've told you that before, but now I will tell you why. You need to be exhilarated then, to start you in good spirits on your day of work. After you have gone through your breathing exercises, you should get into a tub of tepid water, and get in all over. Wash your body vigorously, using very little soap. Then, when your blood is well started, let the tepid water gradually out and the cold gradually in until it feels not cold, but cool. Go over your body with a sponge, then step from

the tub and rub down briskly with a coarse towel. This will start the blood to leaping, and make you feel like a boy just out of school.

Of course you will see to it that your teeth, ears, nostrils, fingernails, and toenails are kept in good condition. You will also find a hot footbath excellent in case of fatigue after a long walk, and a cold spray alternating with a hot one is helpful in warding off colds.

These things do not by any means exhaust the subject of bathing, but the principles are all there and may easily be applied by anybody who wishes. And the inquiry has led us logically to colds. Suppose we consider them next.

Seeker.—I shall be glad to know the truth about colds at last. I hear all kinds of things about them. What is a cold, really?

Doctor.—The question cannot be put in that way, for colds are not all of one kind. Sometimes there is a local infection, with various classes of bacteria; and sometimes the infection is general, with merely local symptoms, as in grippe. Bacteria are always present in great or less numbers in the nasal secretions, and when for any reason the tone of the general resistance is lowered, the bacteria are given entrance and the "cold" ensues. We may say that a cold is the result of certain bacteria meeting insufficient bodily resistance.

Seeker.—I always thought a cold was brought on by exposure to drafts or cold air.

Doctor.—A cold may often come after exposure of this kind, but not to a properly prepared person, one who keeps himself in good condition by following the few simple principles I have shown you. In fact, a cold is the voice of unhealthy habits, crying aloud. You cannot have a cold if your body is healthy enough to offer proper resistance to the assaults of bacteria. No draft is powerful enough to bring it to you, no exposure too cold will affect you in this manner. All that cold air or draft can do is to chill the nerve-endings in the skin or the nerve centres controlling the skin circulation, which will give the bacteria a foothold. Any average person, however, may put his body and skin in such good condition that he can, with proper clothing, easily withstand any degree of draft or cold that is likely to be met with in our country.

All the matters that I have placed before you enter into the prevention of colds. Our habits of thought, the kind of air we breathe and how we breathe it, our food and our way of eating it, our exercise and rest, our sleep, our bathing and drinking habits, and all questions of personal hygiene figure in the total, either as cause or means. Prevention is miles ahead of cure here as in all cases.

Seeker.—There must be some special knowledge required here too, I suppose, as everywhere?

Doctor.—Of course. Usually so many rules for avoiding colds are given in the books devoted to health that the reader becomes weary, and ends by forgetting or disregarding them in whole or in great part. In fact, once we understand what a cold is, as I have explained it to you, we need very few rules to follow; and here they are:

Keep the nasal passages as free as possible from bacteria. A general condition of good health is the strongest aid in this direction. That important exhalation of breath before inhalation during your breathing exercise is helpful in this respect. Bathing, habitual exposure of your naked body to the air of your room while taking the breathing exercise; brisk rubbing down after the morning bath; gradually increased exposure to drafts and cold air, until you find pleasure and exhilaration in them where once you found discomfort—all these are beneficial and will tend to decrease your susceptibility to colds a great deal.

Proper clothing is a point about which there is much misconception which promotes instead of preventing colds. Light, loose clothing in winter is more comfortable and more hygienic than the heavy, impervious material generally regarded as desirable and even necessary to resist the onslaught of cold weather. The healthy body is protected by its condition better than it can be by heavy clothing in ordinary winter weather. The skin can-

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not breathe while wrapped closely in thick, impervious flannels and still thicker and more impervious outer garments, and it must breathe in order to be healthy and resist colds and other disorders. Of course one must regard the weather. We must wear sufficient clothing to keep us warm, adding or subtracting as the weather fluctuates, and tending alway to the lighter and more porous rather than to the heavier and closer woven. This will aid in strengthening our bodies and toughening the skin endings of our nerves, so that the cold-bacteria will be harmless even when present.

Too much occupation of overheated rooms predisposes to colds as well as to the other so-called "house diseases," for in such quarters there will be insufficient ventilation and consequently too little oxygen, so that the bodily resistance is dangerously lowered. Moreover, bacteria thrive in such rooms, and poisons are exhaled by the bodies and breath of the occupants, to be taken into the lungs in place of fresh air.

The more you can remain outdoors where the air is comparatively fresh all the time, the less likely you will be to take cold. Sailors are well known to be practically exempt from this affliction, and for a long time it was believed that the immunity was due to some beneficial quality of the sea air; but now it is known that it arises largely from the fact that these seamen, by remaining con-

stantly exposed to the wind, become hardened to it so that more than ordinarily heavy and chilly blasts would be required to lower their resisting powers sufficiently to afford the kind of soil in which bacteria become lively and thriving.

Overeating predisposes to colds, for it leads to nasal congestion, improper breathing, and to the inhalation of bacteria.

Cold feet should be avoided, for they tend to produce colds by impairing the circulation; and this leads to other diseases.

As for other invitations to a cold to come and occupy your system, they are numerous, ranging from the towel that you dry your face and hands on at an hotel, to the patting of a strange child's head or the kissing of a friend good-bye. But if we live as we should, taking such care of our bodies as I have indicated, we may laugh at them all.

The mind and the body—look out for them! There is little for us to do after these have been attended to. The world is full of dangers to the selfish, but as Emerson says, it is not the thing that imports, but the use to which we put it; and Buddha reaches the heart of the matter we are discussing when he says that he whose hand is whole may touch poison with impunity. So much for colds. Now let us consider the allied subject of carriage or posture.

Seeker.—How can carriage be allied to colds?

Doctor.—It is allied because a cold is a poison, and improper carriage, such as stooping, or slumping, in walking or standing, is a generator of poison, leading the blood to the abdomen to stagnate in the liver and the splanchnic cavity. From this condition often come neurasthenia, constipation, a sense of fatigue, headache, and several other poisoned conditions, including colds themselves.

Seeker.—What? Can a man get a cold by not standing or sitting erect?

Doctor.—Yes, and he often does. We learn by anatomy that we are fashioned for the maintenance of two postures chiefly—the erect, while standing or walking, and the recumbent, when at rest or sleeping. We sit at our peril. We are not made for a sitting posture, and a large proportion of our ills is due to our insistence on this habit. From it, especially when certain precautions are neglected, come constipation, spinal curvature, weak lungs, and various stomach troubles. The same state of affairs, though to a less extent, arises from a slouching carriage when walking or standing. As for the proper standing and walking positions, I have outlined these in the talk on breathing.

Now we will consider sitting, for I suppose we shall continue to sit at all costs, and there is a manner of doing it that will obviate much of its danger. Look again, for example, at the chair you are sitting in. You see that it is a common

enough chair. But the front legs are two inches longer than the rear ones, which gives the seat a slant up toward the front. This forces the sitter to sit close to the back at the bottom. Also the chairback is not straight, but is made to fit exactly into the curve of the human back, so that the spine receives support throughout its entire length. The effect is, as you see in your case, to round out the chest, where the ordinary chair tends to flatten it, making breathing forced and inadequate; and this invites various diseases. To relax the spinal muscles thus gives them a rest that they need; and to maintain the natural curve of the abdomen, so that the walls will not sink in, as they are likely to do in the ordinary chair is very great, possessed as we are with the idea of sitting. Even the strongest among us must have the proper chair if he has any hopes of living out a good life term. The weaker must have it or suffer.

Seeker.—But where are we to get these chairs?

Doctor.—Make them, if you can't find them ready-made. Don't you see how easily you could give almost any ordinary chair the shape of this one? It is simple enough. Take your common chair and saw off an inch or two from the rear legs, gauging the cut to suit your individual case. Arrange it so that the seat will slant up toward the front just enough to give you an erect position while you are in it. Then make a pad for the

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back of whatever material you happen to have handy. Have it of a size and shape to fit the hollow of your back, so that your spine will be supported all the way up and down. That is all. Don't you find it easier to sit erect in that chair than you have found it in any other?

Seeker.—Is isn't only that, but I seem to *have* to sit straight. It is easier than to slouch down.

Doctor.—That is the beauty of it. A certain degree of erectness is forced upon you. But you can increase it to a still better pose by trying, and after awhile the habit will be established. The object is always to keep the body as nearly in an erect posture as you can, in order to give all your internal organs freedom to function, and to permit an unhampered circulation of the blood, especially through the large vessels of the abdomen. This blood circulation we need, and if we sit or walk slouchily we impede it, and this means ill health. Is all that plain?

Seeker.—Yes. I can see that there must be many people who suffer from improper carriage and lay the blame to something else.

Doctor.—I myself know many persons, mostly of the gentler sex, who have had headaches most of the time, brought on by improper sitting postures, and who insist on taking drugs, some of them poisons, in the hope of a cure that can really be worked only by a reformation of their sitting habits.

The strange thing is that it seems utterly useless to explain the truth to them. They appear to enjoy both taking medicine and talking over their aches with their friends. They would be lost without some ailment to expound, some doctor to visit, some drug to inflict upon themselves. It is not such people whom we hope to put in the right way, but those who wish to know why as well as how, those who wish to know a faith founded on reason, so that they will understand it utterly and never can forget it. Such persons we regard as carriers of the true spiritual germlasm, whose goal, according to Shaw, is the Superman, and according to me, Oneness with the Superconscious; and to these we should gladly devote ourselves and what little knowledge and science and insight we possess. So much for posture. Do you think you thoroughly comprehend the principle and how to observe it?

Seeker.—Nothing could be plainer, as you put it. The thing is to practise it. I am afraid laziness will get in the way of it a good many times with me.

Doctor.—All the things that I have told you work together to replace laziness, which is disease, with energy, which is health, so that it will be a joy and not a disagreeable effort to exert yourself. Have no fear about that. Carrying one reform into effect will make it much easier to take up another, and so on, with cumulative force. The
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perfectly healthy man would dislike inaction as the unhealthy man dislikes action.

Now we will consider stimulants—a subject benevolently narrowed down by law to the exclusion of the most dangerous of them all—alcohol, the fiercest stimulant with the worst reaction, the surest and slowest of all habit-forming toxins. And here we strike upon a peculiar condition. The worst poison abroad in the world and the hardest to get at or deal with is in ourselves—our more violent emotions. These we have with us always—potentially. But I'll tell you of a few more material ones that still can be bought.

Seeker.—What! The emotions are poisons?

Doctor.—Oh, yes. But let us take the others first. They are less important and may be disposed of briefly.

Seeker.—I always supposed tea and coffee were stimulants, and that tobacco was a sedative.

Doctor.—Tea and coffee contain no nourishment, so they cannot be classed with the foods, and they do contain unhealthful narcotic substances, so they must be put with the poisons. In coffee the poison is caffeine; in tea the poison is theine, and added to that is a harmful astringent, tannic acid. These poisons lead to constipation, dyspepsia, and many nervous disorders. Cocoa also contains a narcotic theobromine, but this is less injurious than tannic acid, theine, and caffeine.

The objections to tea and coffee as every day beverages are summarized by Dr. Sadler as follows:

1. They encourage the taking of liquids at meal time, usually in inordinate quantities, thereby diluting and weakening the digestive juices of both mouth and stomach.

2. They are stimulants, or more truly, narcotics, in their real effects upon the nervous system, and are not foods, their only food value being due to the addition of sugar and cream.

3. They are medicines—drugs; caffein being one of the common headache remedies used by physicians. Therefore they should not be used habitually as beverages, but only upon the prescription of a competent physician.

4. They deteriorate the secretion of the digestive juices in the mouth and stomach, and thereby derange and delay digestion.

5. The tannic acid of tea possesses a harmful astringent action upon the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, preventing the digestion of proteins and tending toward constipation.

6. By artificially liquefying food in the mouth they interfere with proper mastication and taste, and thereby diminish the secretion of “appetite juice” in the stomach.

7. The “tea-drinker’s habit” is a nervous disorder resulting from the excessive use of tea, now recognized by medical authorities.

8. They are probably an important factor in many cases of neurasthenia and other nervous disorders, especially when used in large quantities.

9. In many cases they produce distressing headaches and other undesirable effects, and most of their devotees will experience a headache if they are forced to go without their accustomed pot of tea and coffee.

10. These habits constitute an enormous drain upon the physical health of the nation, and encourage the useless expenditure of a vast sum of money on the part of the American people, who consume about fourteen pounds of coffee per capita a year, to say nothing of tea and cocoa.

So much for the articles themselves. But there is worse to come in the matter of adulteration. Dr. Sadler says regarding this:

“Chocolate and cocoa are among the beverages most commonly adulterated, and for such purposes use has been made of flour, sugar, wheat, starch, animal foods, arrowroot starch, potato starch, and corn starch. There is also a slight danger of lead contamination from tinfoil, when tinfoil is directly in contact with chocolate.

“Tea has been found adulterated with gypsum, china clay, soapstone, sand, and ash and willow leaves; while coffee has been adulterated with such harmless substances as acorns and figs. We have also heard of clay coffee beans, while chicory is a

common adulterant of coffee and cannot be regarded as wholesome.

“Fruit juices are frequently or wholly artificial. Salicylic and benzoic acids are used as preservatives, and aniline dyes for coloring. Much of the soda and mineral water on the market is artificial.”

Of tobacco Dr. Sadler says: “Tobacco stands foremost among the common causes of increased blood pressure. It is well known that when a young man takes his first smoke he is pale in the face; the small blood vessels of the skin are strongly contracted; the blood is forced upon the internal organs. The blood pressure, if taken at such a time, is found to be enormously raised; and so throughout life, the effects of tobacco-using, due to the specific action of the nicotine and other poisons, is that of directly raising the blood pressure. A single cigar raises the blood pressure for over one hour. The use of tobacco, then, may be regarded as one of the prominent causes of increased blood pressure in the present generation, and of many of the serious dangers and consequences following, namely, deranged nervous system, hardened arteries, kidney trouble, heart failure, and apoplexy.”

Seeker.—All this is a strong indictment, especially of the drinks, to say nothing of the tobacco. Is everything good to eat and drink bad to eat and drink?

Doctor.—It would seem so to the gross person, I think. In fact, the simplest habits are the best, whether in food or drink or thought, or any other namable thing. The highest outcome of culture is simplicity, Lowell said. The taste for tea or coffee or champagne as against pure water or milk, is a vitiated one, and to permit it to rule us is a weakness that will surely cost us more or less. It is only the wise who can thoroughly appreciate this, and only they will literally carry out the truth of it. But no person is so weak or lowly that he cannot hold the truth up before his eyes for an ideal to be striven for, and that will help him wonderfully.

Perhaps one of the strongest lines of demarcation drawn by the superconscious between men is that which lies between those who have a motive in life, an object for which to work, something to hold them to a single course of advance, and those others who drift like a rudderless and anchorless ship with the wind and tide, now heading this way and now that, never arriving anywhere and having no port in view. Every person should have something to work for, something above the present condition, to which he may look up. He will elevate himself inevitably thereby, and if he has nothing of the kind he will find it hard even to hold his own. His tendency will be always to lag behind, to sink, to be feeble and sick and discouraged. And this brings us to the emotions.

Seeker.—Just what is an emotion?

Doctor.—The word comes from the same word which gives us “move” and “motion,” and, roughly speaking, it means any feeling that is strong enough to move us bodily, strong enough to force itself into expression in our features or elsewhere in our bodies. The emotion which we call fear shows in the eyes and face and in trembling of the knees. Joy also has its various “movements” or expressions in our bodies, as do anger, grief, pathos, or jealousy. Perhaps we should define emotion as an expression of any thought of the mind which is so strongly concentrated as to move the body. For it is the thought which causes the emotion, thought is the soul of it, and the visible emotion is the body.

Seeker.—I see that, but how can an emotion be a poison? And all the emotions are not poisons, are they?

Doctor.—Yes, when carried too far. Though there are many which can be called beneficent in general, even they must not be indulged too often or too far. And some emotions are nothing but harmful in one way or another. Our wisdom will consist in learning these boundaries so that we may get good out of them all.

Seeker.—But wouldn't that be a rather complicated matter?

Doctor.—Not at all, when it is approached in the proper manner. You can learn in a few minutes all that is necessary. And first we will consider the manner in which the scientist goes about his business of learning these things to tell us.

Take the case of Pawlow's experiment on dogs, for the purpose of studying the digestive functions. In one dog, he made, by careful surgical methods, a side pouch of a part of the stomach, opening to the surface of the dog's body, and so arranged that what went on there in full view was representative of what went on in the dog's stomach itself. In some of the dogs he also made an opening in the esophagus, so that when food was swallowed it did not go into the stomach but dropped out on the way. The dogs thus treated showed all the signs of the pleasure of eating, though no food passed into the intestines. This is called "sham feeding." By means of this process Pawlow found that the chewing and swallowing of such food as a dog liked was followed in about five minutes by a flow of natural gastric juice, which persisted as long as the dog chewed and swallowed that food. Not only this, but the juice continued to flow for some time after he had stopped eating; and this proved that the presence of food in the stomach is not a first essential for gastric secretion. Also, since the secretion flowed only when the dog had an appetite

and liked the food, it became evident that it was the animal's sensation of pleased anticipation that started the digestive flow.

Through these and other experiments it was shown that for a right starting of the necessary digestive juices it is necessary to eat food that is liked, and that if it is not liked the gastric juices flow but scantily if at all. Hornberg, for example, found that when a little boy whom he fed chewed agreeable food, the gastric juice always started, but when he chewed gutta-percha the juice did not appear. When good food was shown the boy but kept from him, he became angry and cried, and then no secretion appeared. And Bogen found that a child patient of his became so enraged when food was withheld, that even after he was calmed and given food the secretion did not come. In that case there was an emotion that must result in indigestion. In the case of the dogs, who were eager to get the food and were not angry when it was withheld, there would be no indigestion upon eating afterwards, for the juice flowed as freely as if they had been fed.

LeConte shows that in studying gastric secretion it is necessary to avoid all circumstances which are likely to provoke emotion. He found that in dogs a gastric flow may be suppressed by strange surroundings; and if so with dogs, why not with human beings? The suppression, he found, occurred

even when the dog had eaten freely and was then disturbed in some way as being tied to a table leg. One day a cat was brought into the presence of the dog, who became furious. The cat was then taken away and the dog soothed and given sham-feeding for five minutes. Though he was hungry and ate eagerly, there was little secretion.

Through these and many similar experiments it has been shown that strong emotions can alter the mechanism of secretion to such an extent that even the pleasant anticipation of food cannot start the gastric flow. Hence comes indigestion. You see how simple the experiments are, how ingenious, and how convincing?

Seeker.—Yes, I can understand how the results are reached, if that is what you mean.

Doctor.—That is what I wish to show. Very many other methods are employed, of course, in studying the various phenomena attending the rousing of emotions of various kinds, but it will suffice to say that these may be taken as typical of the skill and ingenuity employed, and the certainty of the results reached.

Now we may proceed to a consideration of some of those results. And first I will distinguish between the two classes of emotions, what we may call the good and the bad. We will call those good which work in harmony with the bodily functions, promoting health, sanity, and long life; and those

which work inharmoniously we will call bad.

In the first class we may include the emotions of satisfaction, confidence, courage, hopefulness, happiness, assurance, cheerfulness, joy, firmness, optimism. They represent a state of mind, a unity of being, a manner of meeting all the affairs of life, and they all of them spring from one source in the mind, which is, of course, in the ultimate sense, wisdom itself; but which is usually called "faith"—though I prefer "poise."

In the other class, whose root is ignorance, lack of wisdom (usually and correctly called fear), we may place dissatisfaction, anxiety, timidity, hopelessness, sorrow, hesitancy, gloom, grief, vacillation, pessimism.

The first class of emotions stands for an ideal to be striven for; the second for a state of mind to be avoided, if for no other reason than that it is found that the one state, with each of its expressions, works for our health and happiness, and the other, with each of its expressions, for ill health and unhappiness.

Seeker.—But have these things been studied as these dogs were studied?

Doctor.—Modern experimental psychology has done things more wonderful than any I have mentioned, but the processes are far too highly complicated for explanation here. They would not

interest you. I need only say that the results are as well established as any I have given, and most of them are self-evidently true. Doubtless every reader of average intelligence would see at once, as soon as it was pointed out, that the optimistic or poised attitude of mind would have a good effect, if any, upon the brain and nervous system. He would *feel* that it could not have a bad effect. He would not have to be shown the experiments through which the fact has been demonstrated. His superconscious mind knows the truth already, and it has only to be presented to be recognized. Everybody knows intuitively that sorrow, grief, dependency, hopelessness, never do any good, and most people will readily believe that each of these has an evil result on the body if the fact is called to their attention.

Seeker.—All I wanted to know was whether these things of the mind have been studied as completely as the things of the body, and if we may rely as fully upon the statements of results arrived at.

Doctor.—You may most certainly rely upon the statements made by reputable psychologists. And I shall present you with nothing else, you may be sure. Everything that I shall say has been proved, and I might prove it all to you but for the great amount of time that it would require.

Seeker.—All right, that's enough. I'm ready.

Doctor.—It has been found that to indulge any one of the lower order of emotions is to cloud the brain, destroy the judgment in a great or lesser degree, and lead to visions of disaster that have no existence. The nervous system also works in an abnormal manner, and the blood circulation may be impaired, whereupon follow various diseases. Naturally the higher emotions, when indulged in moderation, tend to reverse effects. The various sensations that we experience, our sights, sounds, tastes, feels, and smells, are modified, altered, or even reversed by the habit of mind that we habitually hold, whether poised or fearful, calm or passionate. And there is much more to the question than even this.

The so-called good emotions themselves may, like the senses, be indulged to such an extent that they become dangerous rather than helpful. A person may easily indulge his passion for music so immoderately as to become ill. The emotion of joy itself, which is commonly regarded as wholly beneficent, may be very far from that if felt too deeply, especially in the direction of greatly increased blood pressure. Usually, as far as health of the body is concerned, it is an increased blood pressure that the so-called good emotions work their harm. Do you know the meaning of blood pressure, high or low, and its importance to our mind and body?

Seeker.—No.

Doctor.—It has been shown by aid of proper instruments that the average healthy person has a blood pressure normally of a certain amount—one hundred and ten to one hundred and thirty millimeters of mercury—and that under this pressure the health-giving blood is able to reach in proper quantities all parts of the body and nourish every cell. If for any cause the blood pressure is raised much, the blood will circulate more freely through the brain, bringing a present feeling of exhilaration; and that is why we regard as good such an emotion as, say, joy. And undoubtedly it is good if not raised too high, or continued too long. If this is done, many evils may follow.

Certain mental and brain diseases are attributable to high blood pressure, as mania, nervousness, insomnia; and in the body it leads to such diseases as heart failure. People who habitually permit themselves to become unduly excited over whatever matters, whether over music, horse-racing, ball games, card playing, or the movies, are thereby inviting heart failure or Bright's disease or apoplexy, or arteriosclerosis, while they imagine, from the increased flow of blood to the brain, that they are sanely enjoying themselves! Moreover, the excitement of one five minute period is naturally followed by low blood pressure of longer duration (you know how low-spirited you feel after the ex-

citement of a ball game and you are going home in the rain), from which come melancholy, despondency, depression, and perhaps a resort to stimulants or narcotics, which is worse than all else.

Seeker.—It begins to look to me as if the emotions, like the foods and drinks, are all bad! How can we call any of them good if they all turn on us and treat us like that?

Doctor.—A study of the emotions, like the study of foods, and indeed like everything else that I have laid before you, emphasizes the wisdom of moderation in all things. A good, carried to excess, becomes an evil; and every emotion, whether of the upper or lower class, is an excess of thought, a too deep concentration on one object of regard to the exclusion of all others for the time. Every emotion, every feeling indulged strongly enough to “move” the body, must be an offspring of selfishness, of sensual desire, of the conscious mind as opposed to the superconscious.

The superconscious mind knows neither joy nor grief, neither pain nor pleasure, but is above these as beauty is above the beautiful picture. It simply is. It pursues its way steadily, unswervingly, neither elevated nor depressed by any matter whatever. It is not human, it is immeasurably above the human. It is the goal for which the human is striving all unconsciously; it is divine. It is the

ideal held unconsciously ever before our eyes which we strive to attain by the conscious mind, which imitates it. It is to this height that we should knowingly try to elevate our conscious mind, so that we may live as whole beings, not, as now, like shreds and patches of unholy passions; like torn, disheveled, distracted, sick, inane weaklings, with cabbages for heads, and faltering feet that turn ever toward the downward paths because they seem to self-distorted vision so much easier and more pleasurable to follow. Am I right in this, do you think? Or do you think I might speak more wisely?

Seeker.—(Earnestly.) Doctor, you have opened a whole new world to me. I never could be able to tell you how much these wonderful talks have done for me. My wife notices the change, even to my language, and she can't understand it. I never shall know how to thank you, for you have put me where, it seems to me, I shall be able from now on to have things pretty much my own way in the world, both in health and content.

Doctor.—It gives me pleasure to hear you say so. You will surely know better now how to command your life and all things in it than you did before coming here. I have had many good pupils, but none better than you have proved to be.

Seeker.—Oh, I am only an average man, doctor.

I won't forget that. I never had many advantages. In fact I never had any advantages at all until I came to you. The people I meet are all for gain, all for the outside. If they give anything it is only that they may receive more, and you are the very reverse of this, you and your whole philosophy.

Doctor.—It is nothing to my credit. I learned many years ago that all a man gives is like so much seed planted; that which falls on good ground comes back to him with great increase, and therefore to give and keep on giving will insure a good harvest, though a lot of it may go astray. Serving others is serving ourselves.

Seeker.—(Rising and taking his hand.) Ten days ago that would have seemed ridiculous to me. Now I know it is true.

THE END