

Mind The Builder Magazine

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*ATTEND ALL SESSIONS—BRING FRIENDS
WARDELL — THE BEAUTIFUL*

The same spirit of kindly interest in the welfare of aspiring people shown in this magazine characterizes every item of the program and department of the author and teacher.

EVERY FEATURE IN THE ENVIRONMENT IN
THE HOME OF DR. LINDSAY'S WORK, THE
WARDELL IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

DR. A. A. LINDSAY, HOTEL WARDELL, Address for all purposes,
To be seen by appointment.

The assemblage of titles under which I have written in Mind the Builder Monthly Magazine, January to and including July, 39, should convince one that unsurpassable aids to liberation from inharmories and guidance in ideal attainment are therein distinctly taught. Permit us to urge you to purchase at this special offer, the entire list and balance of year's subscription.

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A FEW INTIMATES FOR OCTOBER

I must continue in Detroit through October.

Wardell the beautiful, our Detroit home is the hotel more delightful than a casual visit in former dates could have enabled me to anticipate. The manager, Mr. MacKinnon, his assistant managers, the entire organization, the housekeeper and her assistant, the office force, always with the greeting with their smiles, the gracious doorman, Mr. Maxwell, who has written the hotel and also your writer, tributes too effusive for me to have printed—now that I have started I will have to stop abruptly, admitting, that to tell the commendable of the house and the personnel would take all the pages of this issue. I never hoped to realize the materialization of my ideal hotel home, yet I have that realization in the *Wardell* of Detroit.

"Your World of Tomorrow"

The title of my first lecture was analyzed sufficiently, yet it all resolves itself to the fact that everyone may know for one's self just what one's world will be tomorrow. Briefly, all tomorrows are what the images in the subconscious acquired self call for—images in the soul are definite architectural plans and are in the hands of the deific builder and natural law declares the results, the buildings will be faithful reproductions of what the images call for in every delineation.

If one does not like the building that is taking place, or if one knows he has placed images in his soul, whose buildings he will not welcome, let such a one note the formulas for taking the working value out of all such plans. All functioning pictures in the subconscious are parts in one's world of tomorrow.

October

1939

Mind The Builder ... Magazine ...

VOL. II, No. IX.

"MIND THE BUILDER MAGAZINE," An established monthly publication, written or edited by Dr. Arthur A. Lindsay, owner, location, Hotel Ansonia, New York City.

Annual subscription, \$1.00—single copy, 10 cents

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It should be noted that Mind the Builder Magazine is practically solid reading matter, not commercial advertisements, chiefly.

At one dollar a year a gift is comprehended in every issue—it cannot be produced and delivered for that sum.

Our literature inspires many questions and Dr. Lindsay is glad to give his personal attention to replies to all psychological interrogations—readers may address, for all purposes.

All Subscriptions begin with February, 1939 and end with January, 1940.

DR. A. A. LINDSAY, PUBLISHING
Hotel Ansonia, New York City

GAINING THE RIGHT DISPOSITION

The Most Important Writing Ever In Most Valued Mind the Builder

More precious than diamonds, and more beautiful; more valuable than *gold*, yea, than much fine gold, is the happy, constructive *disposition*. Treasure then a leading instruction that, when applied, will invariably be a cause whose effect will be the ideal disposition. If one is not happy it is because his disposition does not provide that possibility, let one blame his wife or husband or whomsoever he or she will—the fact still remains that he or she is prevented of happiness because of the miserable disposition. It is so normal a thing to have a happy disposition that the amateur photographer will seek the pose of the child with happy countenance, wherever he meets such a child—and prize-winning pictures nearly always are of those with such an expression. On occasion the impressive contrast is in the exhibit where the repulsive markings unhappy and even criminal cry out: “I am a destroyer of all happiness; wherever I appear I proclaim my hateful disposition.”

The Weakest of All Men

Seek with the intensest light that may make ablaze the darkest corners, you never will find an equally self-destroyer and destroyer of the peace and happiness of every life into which he casts his influence as that one with the fundamental disposition of *self pity*. I have known the man, allowed to live into mature years and to develop a big body (I did not say a healthy body; one cannot have health with such a diseased disposition) yet always with a whine and

upon some point enthroning himself above all other interests, and always with some announcement of something that would be prayer for the pity of others. Of course I can see such an individual in his early life—mama's poor, hurt baby—"let mama kiss it and then little hurt finger will be well".

Same child bumping his head and yelling in his anger, demanding attention and service, compelling a gift to make him stop his crying and he also demands that mama shall apologize for not providing better for her suffering child. As he enters school, no teacher is satisfactory because the teacher observes regulations that do not provide for mama's handsome son to receive especial favors and to save him from having to study when: "I have such an awful headache". Always uppermost is self and by some means forcing attention and other's pity. Growing up and taking up business no one deals fairly with him—everyone is doing something to make his life one of pain and disappointment—he must tell everyone that he is mistreated, really meaning that he pictures a way that law and humans will not let him have. *Whine after whine: "Pity me take care of poor suffering me"*. May big people or little people, you, or you take account here; you cannot beat the law: *Self Pity* will show you a failure at every stage and in every phase of your life—it curses you and all whose lives you become fastened upon to be as the barnacle that hardly can be scraped off—yet there is a *True Psychology* through which one may become free from *Self Pity*.

The predominating spontaneous attitudes, usually called disposition, taken by the individual, n

sure the happiness as well as the good that he or she experiences in the life. The dominant disposition classified as happy or unhappy, sweet or sour, kind or malevolent, unselfish or selfish, courageous or weak, benign or revengeful, honest or dishonest, true or false, frank or deceitful, is the result of one's disposal of the items of life as they confront him. Each phase of character is made up of little integral members or elements in about the same sense that the human body is comprised of myriads of cells. When the cells become a unit we cease to think of the cells but only of that which they constitute, but in order to understand that result, the analysis leading back to the constituent parts becomes necessary.

To change one's disposition would necessitate a change in his interpretation of the items of experience as he has occasion to deal with them or dispose of them.

One cannot interpret each contact in the daily life bitterly, resentfully, regrettingly or hatingly and then assume or manifest a beautiful disposition; one cannot be irritable with all the members of his own family and then spontaneously manifest a pleasurable disposition towards his friends—he would have to watch himself and put that on objectively, therefore, that is not his disposition. Again, I must say that disposition must be a spontaneous manifestation, not an assumed appearance. We must see that the trend of our inclination as we manifest our disposition is something acquired, something we have created by our previous attitudes which were taken under the direction or with the consent of the volition.

tained in the idea that if there is an abundance of hell now there will be a greater abundance of heaven hereafter. If in dealing with the child, his guardian will see to it that its entire experience, in which it is aspiring to make ends meet, shall be heavenly he will have accomplished more toward creating happy, courageous, all constructive qualities in the individual's disposition than could be established in years of cultivation at another period.

More dispositions have been put on a destructive trend through practice, during the early home life, of giving the child things it cried for and seldom giving it anything that it did not cry for, than through any other standard, perhaps. A girl growing up according to any such principle will not create a peaceful home, but after she is married she will fix her terms of receiving things at first having had a paroxysm of some sort. A man may see evidences of her standard being to win through having fits of some terrific sort but he thinks such love as he has to give her will, when she has attained so great a thing as real love of a true man, be so happy and peaceful, so gracious in her disposition and so sunshiny that she will have no more excuse, therefore no more inclination to be depressed, morose, bitter, jealous or any other of the thousand things that she has been aggravated to experience before she married him.

I am presenting a principle in the above, therefore it is as applicable to the woman making this prognostication as it is to the man; the woman carries it so far as to think that a man who has a disposition toward excesses in liquor and any other intemperance, will, when he has her great love and attention lose all of that trend.

Enough men and women have deceived themselves upon this matter. Perhaps some will take a psychologist's word for it: Marriage, ever with love holds nothing to change one's disposition, radically.

There may be changed relationship through which the excesses may not be manifested for a time or a situation interesting the thought and energies for a while and paroxysm of some terrific sort misses a date, but marriage and love hold not a remedy for an established disposition, to correct its undesirable qualities.

The woman may have her vision so occupied for a time that she sees only the beautiful in the one she loves—during that time he receives only praise but her dispositionn has always been to criticise and before long he will become her chief victim. He could be faultless—it is her disposition which must have its outlet; he need not supply any excuse yet in the absence of fault he will blame himself presently, then he becomes self-conscious and in trying to satisfy her by his perfections, makes real mistakes which he and others see as plainly as does his wife. She supplies the image and impulse and presently he has a disposition of self-condemnation which will ruin any man for usefulness. Love and marriage do not of themselves correct nor destroy disposition—an image and impulse go before any change and when *correction* is the change in prospect, *only aspiration accompanying an acknowledgment of a need of correction can work that change, for disposition is a phase of the character, an impression upon the acquired self; to modify the acquired self requires new image and impulse, a new suggestion to become applied.*

of the beautiful fields of the valley, companions of the big rocks of the hillsides, pets of the wild flower in the fence corners, and the great trees of the forest of the foothills he regarded as his grown-up brothers. A lover of nature, he found her forms worthy of adoration and one of her marvels, he even worshiped.

One evening just at sunset he sat on his mother's knee as they took their last long loving look up and down the wonderful valley before retiring. This valley, out upon which they could gaze from their porch, was supplied with pastures and cultivated fields, with forest and tiny streams on the foothills at their border. The farmers assembled in little villages with here and there one of their kind choosing to live in the midst of tillable lands or up in the edge of the timber.

Nature had shown every favor to the rich valley, and *man had caught the spirit of adornment and unfoldment*; he built his home, cultivated fields, filled his pastures with beautiful cattle and fine horses.

It is not remarkable that a great lover of the beautiful should be born amid such surroundings, nor that he should see a world beyond all of the outer exhibit, nor that he should seem to be serious when the manner of expression in the world of which Ernest was a member is in the sweetest serenity rather than violence or boisterous mirth. That Ernest knew of an inner joy as well as of the inner longings is indicated by his suggestion to his mother as they communed with each other and all about them at the twilight hour.

"I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very

kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly," said Ernest. "If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man some time or other with such a face."

The mother and child centered their loving gaze upon the mountain peak, the culmination of the majestic thought-forms in this wonderful Kingdom. This perfected the ideal setting for an ideal man. Now and then it would seem that nature had set out ages and ages in advance to create a man; as if she centered all of her plans in this one result. This was one of those occasions, and she even built a mountain to tower above all companions upon the side of which she placed a human face with features and countenance that impressed the little boy with its *masterly kindness*.

Ernest longed to hear the heavenly voice from the heavenly man he saw in the Great Stone Face. Cut in this granite was the forehead a hundred feet high in its arch, the long nose and vast lips which, if they had spoken, would have rolled with their thunderous accents from one end of the valley to the other. All of this to build a man? Yes, and even providing a pattern for the form and feature and countenance that certain qualities of soul become when expressed. The prophecy that one born in this valley should be a master, a Chief of Chiefs, a King of Kings, one to whom all tribute would be paid, was among the traditions given the Indians who had preceded the present inhabitants of the valley. This was not like many of the sayings that are noted for a time, then forgotten and again renewed; it was continuously

in their minds and no one seemed to doubt it, and before Ernest had been objectively informed, he anticipated the prophecy, for he is longing in his soul to hear one speak who is all that is suggested in the Great Stone Face. If the soul longs for anything, that, itself, is a prophecy, a guarantee that the *answer can come*. The objective is the only power that can defeat a prophecy of the soul. The prophecy had primarily a physical meaning to the masses: a promise of rulership and government that would increase a prosperity in which all could share and yet pay honor to their leader.

Ernest saw the spiritual symbol in the features of the Great Stone Face, and therefore the prophecy was significant to him in a teacher, a helper to humanity in individual attainment. He saw no cruelty, no tyrannical rulership—he saw liberty and expression through an interpreter's loving guidance. It is readily understood that Ernest would be pained with disappointment when material weakness instead of spiritual power came, calling itself the likeness to the Great Stone Face. We realize, too, that the masses with their expectancies fixed at physical splendor would be ready to crown any man King who could make the show of wealth and in their hallucinations see a resemblance that did not exist in fact. Ernest, growing into youth, ever communing with the object of his adoration sculptured in the mountainside, gazing lovingly upon the face on his left as he followed his furrow and plough and on his right at his return: the last thing upon which his eyes rested at night and the exalted object to which his eyes were lifted at dawn, was creating the fulfillment of prophecy as he interpreted it.

The populace never had ceased to hold its picture, and therefore constantly exercised a creative force in the direction of their expectancies. As it requires so much less time to create a physical result than it does to unfold a spiritual one, their answer came while no one knew that Ernest's answer was even on the way. It was announced that one, who was born in the valley, who had conquered the world of wealth would soon retire to the valley to exhibit his wealth and to take his ease.

Preparatory to this he commanded an architect to build him a palace worthy of such wealth. This wonderful building impressed the people so they must believe that no one except the great man of the prophecy could exhibit such possessions. The grand day of the rich man's arrival was a holiday, by universal consent, and as he approached the city in a carriage drawn by four white horses, the great silence of respect and expectancy characterized the entire population of men, women and children. "The little old man, with low forehead, small sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, very thin lips tightly pressed together," drove through the great assemblage of people, when a great spontaneous outcry burst forth: "The very image of the Great Stone Face; the old prophecy is true, we have the great man at last!"

Ernest turned away in sadness, but found comfort as the benign master his Innate Self seemed to say: "He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come." Ernest grew into manhood with the same fondness for gazing into the beloved face and interpreting the love and sympathy and wisdom, greatly enlarging those attributes in himself; a soul so simple, wondering

when the personification of this, more than man, should come to their valley.

One day a great festival was given in the valley in honor of a renowned warrior who was returning. The high tribute with glowing accounts of this *famous man's war record* which proved that he had never lost a battle, finally reminded some one of the Great Stone Face and the unfulfilled prophecy. Presently the outcry was made that this wonderful man was an identical representation of the Great Stone Face. Ernest wondered at the kind of a man that had come in the fulfillment, for he thought he would *have to be a man of peace*. "But," said he, "if Providence choose a man of sword with which to bless humanity it must be right." When the General arose to speak, Ernest could recognize in the war-worn, weather-beaten countenance the "iron will and energy, but not the *gentle wisdom, the deep, broad tender sympathy of the Great Stone Face*." The masses of the people were misled to think the man of fame was the man of prophecy. Ernest's heart told him the world must wait yet awhile. Years sped on, Ernest gradually coming more and more in contact with the people, helpfully, but continuing to labor for his own bread. He extended blessing to his fellow-men and he communed so much with the Great Stone Face that it had a daily and hourly message for him, so that he had a message for the people and naturally fell to teaching them. Neither Ernest nor his auditors suspected that he was more than an ordinary man, but he expressed wonderful thoughts.

When the people had forgotten their error concerning the returned warrior, another, who had left

their valley when a child, is heralded throughout the country as the great statesman.

Instead of the rich man's wealth or the warrior's sword he had but a tongue which was mightier than both together. His eloquence was convincing—wrong looked like right and right, wrong; he created a sort of illuminated fog with a mere breath. He was so generally accepted in resemblance to the Great Stone Face that he was called "Old Stony Phiz."

When he visited the valley even those who declared they never would be deceived again vehemently proclaimed the great statesman, the prophet, the Great Stone Face. Ernest turned away in sadness and disappointment. Turning to his old friend, that benign countenance seemed to reassure him and speak peace, while waiting.

The passing of many years brought the white hairs to Ernest's head and reverend wrinkles across his forehead. While Ernest was growing old, a new poet was becoming known. He was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life in cities. The mountains with which he lived in his childhood were often the inspiration of his poetry. This poet blessed the world with his gift, for whether it were mountain or stream or lake, the heaven or earth or man, the effect was high and beautiful in his verse. There was no virtue, no glory, no beauty in anything which he did not portray. The songs of this beloved poet found their way to Ernest, who read them until his soul was thrilled. He read and looked into the benign countenance of his majestic friend and said: "Is not this man worthy to resemble that?" The poet had heard of Ernest and he determined to return

to the valley to visit him.

The hours went by swiftly when these old men were seated in closest converse. The interchange of their sympathies made them most heartily companionable. "Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" said Ernest. "You have read these poems," said he. "You know me then,—for I wrote them." Ernest looked at the Great Stone Face, then at his guest, but his countenance fell; he shook his head and sighed. The poet asked him why he was sad. Ernest told him that when he read the poems he was sure only he, who would answer the prophecy, could write like that.

"You hoped," answered the poet faintly sighing, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face and you are disappointed as you were in the three illustrious men of wealth fame and power. You must record another failure of your hopes." But why are you not the fulfillment, are not those thoughts divine?" "You can hear in them far-off echo of heavenly songs, Ernest, but my life has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams but they were only dreams, because I have lived by my own choice among the poor and mean realities. I lack Faith in the grandeur, the beauty and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why then should thou hope to see in me, yonder image of the divine?"

At the hour of sunset as had long been the custom of Ernest, he met with the people to whom he gave a discourse. Nature had erected a pulpit upon a small elevation of ground to which Ernest ascended. As Ernest spoke, the poet realized that his was a *nobler strain of poetry than he, himself had ever*

written. His eyes glistened with tears, he gazed reverently at the venerable man and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that sweet, mild, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face. Its looks of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world. At the same instant, in sympathy with a thought he was about to utter, *the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet by an irresistible impulse threw his arms aloft, exclaiming: "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"*

All the people saw that for a fact the prophecy was fulfilled.

The Great Stone Face symbolizes the Innate Ideal in the human soul. The ideals are pictures innate in the soul's gallery. The purpose of life is to objectify, express these pictures. From our objective, finite choosing, we are constantly *trying to compel a correspondence between a false real and a true ideal*, with the disaster, a disappointed life. For instance, the gain of wealth as represented by and demonstrated in old "Gathergold" is pronounced by the masses of men to be the proper objectifying of an ideal purpose in human existence. The utter selfishness and uselessness and brevity of life of the retired merchant fairly depicts to us the utter futility of our efforts to make our ideal approve of wealth obtaining, as the purpose in our lives. There was no resemblance between old Gathergold and the Great Stone

Face. Many a life is just as completely at variance with true purpose, the Great Stone Face, as is the wealth-hoarder, in selecting Fame as the chief end. With fame the goal, one can easily pay the price and obtain fame as did the great general of the sword who never lost a battle. And the masses bowed down to him.

But a statesman—here is an emblem of power; one with power can do so much; surely to seek power is commendable? No, seeking power for power's sake has made tyrant—not one to lead, to serve, but one to drive, in every instance. With the silvery tongue, the orator-statesman benumbed human minds and made them easy victims to his command, and the populace re-echoed his words and pronounced him Master, King, Prophet; they said "this time we are not deceived, he is the image of the Great Stone Face. Ernest the true, life can discern and discriminate, and knows the false, that it is not the ideal; that personification of the noble, the sympathetic, the beneficent never comes with violence nor deceit. But there is that which comes so near the ideal, to all appearances, that we go the span and force a correspondence between a form and ideal and we often rest from all endeavor, deciding that we have so far transcended the ordinary that we will make this little substitution. We realize that we are in our facts and forms, a few shades off of the ideal, but it is so nearly perfect that we can pass it off on the world as true. The poet in his masterful feeling and description surpassed mankind in such measure that Ernest, who lived eighty years in constant communion with the ideal; who breathed nothing but the atmosphere of love; who radiated nothing but peace; saw nothing but beauty, could imagine nothing else; the marvelous poet, whose

words stood all of these tests, would in physical form and countenance, personify all of these things. Then when his body did not correspond, Ernest's heart must be broken by the sad fact described in the poet's own words: "*My thought and act have not corresponded with my words; I have chosen to live among poor realities.*"

Thoughts, not words objectify; thought is the force, *Soul is the Power That Builds forms*. There is a complete growing (not simply in deceiving appearance) into likeness, the real, of the ideal. It may not be something that the great mass of men care for or note, but being truth it needs not the glory at fellow-man's hands. The gradual shaping of Ernest's life and natural accompaniment, his body and countenance, consistent with his life, would cause no startling impression upon those who were constantly with him. The poet could respond to the beautiful and was a discerner of truth, but he did not choose to live up to it. "Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face," declared the poet.

We all have a life to live. Every one has some daily program right where he is—if one discharge that program with respect to the innate ideals, beautiful harmonies of health, glorious body, features, mind and character will follow as effect must follow cause. Concentrate on the thing itself, though you do so day and night and always, yet live not the life—the body will not take the form of the image, nor the mind, nor the character come up to the fulfillment of the ideal. Ernest lived to love and to serve. He reclaimed the image of God, the Great Stone Face, and he himself became the personification of all of the attri-

butes he interpreted in his Master. We all take on the image of our God. We tell, in all of our involuntary phases, just what are the attributes of our God. Your voluntary, conscious mind has a free will to design, desire and aspire; your Innate Self is the God that builds the fulfillment of the design; your soul in its innate phase has supreme, perfect knowledge of that which all of your designs should be—look therefore with your conscious mind towards your soul to prompt the designs. In this way, and in this way only, can one make real his innate ideal.

Practical psychology and suggestion have demonstrated that every habit or disease may be cured by the psychic powers in the afflicted one. Our scientific, basic principles and formulas of the new psychology that are intended to afford one the basis of reclaiming health and sanity and beauty in character have become distorted in many ways. Some have endeavored to compel false affirmation to produce truth in results; *have substituted affirmation for living the life*. Our Practical Psychology formulas contain the basis of attaining a point from which one should continue living, consistent with the changes produced by the formulas. There is nothing in psychology to produce immunity from results following cause. The suggestions possessed of the greatest potency are the things lived. No spasm of suggestion ever taken in the most favorable passivity can possess the potency of the code of things one lives.

If one practices soul-culture formulas that include descriptions of the highest aspirations presented to the soul in passivity and then lives the life consistent with the description of the ideals there is nothing

within range of human attainment beyond reach. One can omit all formal practice and attain growth, but no one can omit Living the Life if he would experience fulfillment.

The rich man, the man of fame, the statesman, and even the poet, each had his formula for obtaining control or power with which to impress the masses of ordinary mankind. They had no permanence and under test they all failed.

Ernest had a formula by which the objective part of him constantly communed with his spiritual part, under the guise of the Great Stone Face, and this guided him in Living the Life. Living the life is in the constant thought and the daily deed, all directed by the Vision whose nativity is in the phase, I shall bless Hawthorne all my life for having conceived of "The Great Stone Face" innate ideals if the individual.

Macracosmic Mind—Microcosmic Mind

One wishes me to write under the title with reference to telepathy.

Macrocosmic comes from the Greek word, *makros*, meaning long; large microcosmic from the Greek, *mikros*, meaning small—the former word might include any form of life from the elephant and maybe including man—and the second word might include the amoeba and the diatoms but whatever confusing words we place before the word, mind, the simple truth is in many of my magazines and books upon the subject, telepathy and it is repeatedly stated that telepathy is the only natural mode of communication

among any or all the forms of life. The human has devised an artificial language tolerated by nature, as the human must have terms in which technics can be expressed—but, while the telepathic or soul language is universal, there are many forms of the artificial and two persons must have acquired the same artificial if they are to understand, but the universal language provides, not only for and all races or individuals to understand each other, but may be used in unlimited degree among all the forms of expressions of life. Sum total of my writings on telepathy would make quite a book and if interest in knowing continues to grow I will write elaborately upon it for it is the most important force among all the forms of force in the world.



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