

*From all Life's Grapes I press sweet  
wine.*

*Henry Harrison Brown*



# NOW

## A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

*Henry Harrison Brown, Editor*

Office, 105 STEINER STREET, San Francisco, California

Entered Jan. 6, 1903, at San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. VI

JUNE, 1906

No. 10

### "ONE DAY IS AS A THOUSAND YEARS!"

By the ocean when the evening  
Star was sinking in the west,  
Like a brilliant in rich setting,  
Lying on the far waves' crest;  
Or like sea-bird with wings folded,  
Rocking in its cradle-nest;

I was by the waves borne outward,  
Onward, with the ebbing tide;  
Star and I together sinking,  
Leaving earth's scenes, side by side,  
To rise beyond the darkening shadows,  
Into space nor deep nor wide.

I set to one low reach of things  
To rise to brighter day;  
I leave one grade of suns behind  
To bask in brighter ray.  
In the Uncondition all about  
I see creation play.

I left the world of sense behind,—  
The calyx of Life's flower,—  
And in the realm of Mind alone,  
I find immortal dower.  
There I learn, I'm one with Soul,  
And know myself, as Power.

Onward through the great abysses,  
"Twixt circling planets and their sun,—  
Onward still and ever onward  
And no star is—Where's only ONE:  
Wave after wave—Infinity—  
Gives me an endless morn.

Unfolding to a consciousness  
Of endless circling life;—  
Rising from wave of wave to Soul,—  
Each wave with Wisdom rise;  
And in the Vastness all about,  
Were Elements at strife.

There, I see the dear old faces;  
There, I meet with sages wise;  
There, hold converse with the poets;  
There I find the Love I prize.  
And Eternity enfolds me  
As I glance into her eyes.

Endless seemed our sweet communion;  
Limitless wisdom I imbibed;  
Measureless the joyous heart-throbs  
As I held her to my side.  
Life's potentialities  
By eternity were multiplied.

Peace enfolded! Music cradled!  
Wisdom shielded! Power enthroned!  
I lived ages in the presence  
Where all Life to Love is toned!  
And throughout Immensity  
I, a freeman, enchanted! roamed.

\* \* \*

Once there came a sudden Silence!—  
"O, God!" I cried, "Wilt thou not save?"—  
Next I heard Pacific's waters  
As sands of Golden Gate they lave.  
And the star that first did lure me,  
Was still cradled on the wave.

—HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

March 21, 1906.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a letter enclosing a \$5.00 contribution, writes: "I enclose a little mite, dear Mr. NOW. Your little magazine is great. What faith, and courage and cheerfulness! I am quoting you in the *American and Examiner*. Mr. Wilcox and I expect to sail to Europe on June 20th to be gone a year. Send your paper here as usual. I hope I may do more for you later."

## SAN FRANCISCO RESURRECTED.

God plowed one day with an earthquake,  
And drove his furrows deep.

—W. C. Gannett.

I write this, according to the ordinary reckoning, May 15, 1906; but I wish to record it thus:—

THE 29TH DAY OF THE FIRST MONTH  
OF THE ERA OF THE NEW AND GREAT-  
ER SAN FRANCISCO. AND I WISH TO  
DATE IT THUS:—

### SAN FRANCISCO,

#### The Psychic Capital of the World.

Surely no city in the historic period has been so tested, and so nobly, grandly, and divinely stood the test. From the world comes the approving verdict—"Well done!"

I will not attempt to describe the material conditions of the past three weeks. The secular press, by pen and photograph, has faintly outlined them. Enough for me to say, they cannot, with all the aid the reader's imagination can give, portray a tithe of the awful tribulations through which the people of San Francisco have passed.

I must, however, say this:—Nobler, braver, more humane people; wiser and juster administration, under like condition, is not found in the world's history. Complaints, rumors, stories, exaggerations, and misunderstandings are common; but, were all these true, they would count as much against the greater fact of the wisdom, bravery, generosity, patience, forbearance, and brotherhood of the great mass of San Francisco's citizens as a wart on the toe of a giant, would count against his strength. Consider the terrible conditions and then consider the safety, the protection and the relief, almost instantly afforded.

Amid all the marvels of this magnificent civilization, there stands paramount this fact:—San Francisco burned; 300,000 homeless and needy. Yet within two days they were all cared for, fed and protected; San Francisco the most quiet, peaceful and orderly city in the nation; no disturbance, no rioting, no murder. And all, because a firm hand was felt before the fire was out. For three days, we were like a besieged city; an implacable enemy eating its way into its vitals, till the city was destroyed. Only a fringe of wooden villages now surrounds the ruin of what was once the magnificent metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

Our city, like all great cities, had its lawless, undeveloped element, and that peace should so soon spread its wings over us, in the present municipal order and in the organized system of relief, I regard as the greatest triumph of mind over matter, of truth over error, of love over passion, in all human history.

And it came about so easily through the

disciplined hand of military power. What a transformation! Heretofore armies have been used to slay and plunder. Lo! an example for the world! The army of a nation used in the name of peace, to protect and save. The prophecy of the coming Commonwealth of Man.

Dynamite, manufactured for, and held in arsenal to kill, was used to save. Surely in view of this we must explain:—"Lo! what wonders God hath wrought!" Who can measure the effect upon coming generations of such a spectacle?

Then came the Red Cross army capturing the city in the name of Love. Heroes, second only to those who, for three days, battled with fire and with death from falling walls.

The whole nation, from President and Congress to the workman at his forge and plow, stopped business to send aid and relief; while foreign nations throbbed with sympathy. The forces of steam and electricity hurried up provisions and assistance. Picture this and then answer: Has the chink of the dollar drowned the cry for aid? Has the world grown hard and materialistic? Is Capital dead to human sympathy? Are the evils predicted by agitator and reformer likely to come upon us? Rather is it not true: Truth and goodness lie so near the surface in every human soul that it only requires an occasion to call them forth? With this picture of San Francisco, cuddled to rest in the arms of the world, before us, let hereafter all doubt, all discouragement, all fear, all pessimistic outcries be silenced. All is good! Man is divine!

Suppose like disaster had occurred one hundred years ago in New York City, how many would have died of starvation? What would have been the social and civil condition? Then news traveled on land by post-horse, and on sea by sailing vessel. What saved the 300,000 homeless and what fed those that may retain their homes, in San Francisco? What hurried over plain and mountain from every hamlet between the two oceans, money and supplies? What wrought this great change in conduct of citizen and stranger? What awakens this sympathy between nation and nation? What erected this magnificent city? What struggled to save, and what did save, so much? Answer: It was Thought and Thought alone. Man thought and steam and electricity were subdued and harnessed to his bidding. What caused him to think?—"Necessity is the mother of invention." Mind is all. Need called the mind of man into activity, and San Francisco is built. Through the same need, life was saved here! The same need will rebuild the city. Man because of this, will think more deeply and live more nobly.

Shall Mind stop here? Will man cease to obey that instinct of Self Protection, which through necessity has made human life to-

day more safe in the most populous city, than it was a hundred years ago in the smallest hamlet? Never! There are other forces to subjugate; other inventions to make and other protective measures to inaugurate.

What is this earthquake force? The Mind, that has chained lightning to lamp and machine, may yet turn this to service. The Mind, that has thus far conquered fire, may build buildings that defy it. Through "the martyrdom of a man" in past generations, to-day safety is secured. Through San Francisco's calamity, every city hereafter will build more securely, and thus, in the protection of future generations, her dead will have died for man, as surely as did they who died at Thermopylae and Bunker Hill. What though they are unknown! Because of them, every builder, every official, every inventor, every discoverer, every essayist, every singer and poet will do better work. They died as men in all ages have died that succeeding generations might gain.

"Though the individual withers, yet the world is more and more."

It is the way of the World-Soul's unfolding.

"A strange and relentless upheaval,  
That blesses the world through a curse.  
Still bringing the good out of evil  
The garland of peace on the hearse."

The example of brave firemen, humane soldiery, Red Cross heroes, unflagging relief committees, noble citizens, generous capital, and patient labor will write deep in the consciousness of the race, **The Human Soul is Divine.**

#### AFFIRMATIONS.

##### Joy of Living.

I am alive. For this I give thanks.  
Life is the raw material out of which all is made. Thankful am I that I live.  
But I am Conscious Life.

Because I am Conscious Life, I realize my Self and my joy.

As Life I possess infinite possibilities and am unfolding into consciousness of them.  
Life becomes Conscious Life only through expression.

I am thankful for whatever brings me into fuller expression for thus I come to know myself.

Whatever it is, I am more for every experience and am thankful for it.

The more hard, the more bitter, the more sorrowful the experience the richer am I in consciousness.

Treasures laid up in heaven beyond moth and rust are those which I gain through experience.

From me nothing can take these treasures. They are parts of my unfolding consciousness of self.

Nothing that is mine can be taken from me.

That which is mine is part of my life, and Life and I are one.

That which is external and temporal is not mine. It can be destroyed by fire, flood and decay. I am indestructible.

The earth may perish! I am forever. I am Life.

The sun may burn out but I am when sun is gone, for Life is eternal and I am Life.

The external universe may pass as an autumn leaf but my universe is eternal—it is Life and that Life I am.

I glory in Life and in that which makes me conscious of the Potentialities of the Life I am.

I learn through experience that as Life I am Power and Wisdom, and being these I learn to direct the manifestations of Life and thus affirm—I am Peace.

The Peace that passes understanding but is the Life of the Soul is mine.

In this is the joy of living. The joy of inward Peace.

#### THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

One thought I have, my ample creed,  
So deep it is and broad,  
And equal to my every need,—  
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,  
I feast at Life's full board;  
And rising in my inner skies  
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;  
I drop my dally load,  
And every care is pillowed there  
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,  
But take in trust my road;  
Life, death, and immortality  
Are in my thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,  
My pilgrim staff and rod,  
My rest by night, my strength by day,  
O blessed thought of God!

—F. L. HOSMER, in

"The Thought of God in Hymn and Poems."

We have on hand quite a quantity of back numbers of the magazine which we will continue to send to one address as heretofore, four copies for 10 cents. We will also send current numbers of NOW for three months to one address for 10 cents. Do your part in these ways, my dear reader, and NOW will pass through this crisis easily.

Our advertisers will have patience with us and we will make up present loss in later issues.

### CURED BY SUGGESTION.

These two reports come to me from the daily papers. Doubtless there are other instances. Will our readers report them that they may appear in later issues of the magazine.

#### Ex-Senator Cured by the Shock.

The story of the astonishing cure of former United States Senator A. P. Williams is being told by his friends in the Union League Club. The ex-Senator some time ago retired from business with a fat fortune and occupied handsome apartments at the Palace Hotel. But life was not all roses, for the doctor told him he was suffering from a severe case of heart disease, and he grew worse under treatment.

So serious was his condition that, before the earthquake he was forbidden to walk up even one flight of stairs, and his diet was carefully prescribed, only the simplest and least exciting edibles being given him.

On the day of the quake, when fire menaced the Palace Hotel, Senator Williams walked up and down seven flights of stairs seven times, rescued a large part of his belongings, and now eats everything up to corned beef and cabbage.—San Francisco Examiner.

#### Bedridden Invalid Surprised to Find That She Can Make Her Way Down Stairs.

Among the miracles worked by the recent earthquake shock was the restoration of the use of her paralyzed body to Mrs. Margaret Higgins, an aged woman who lives on Waller Street, near Steiner.

For years Mrs. Higgins was unable to move from her bed. When the shock came she surprised herself by getting out of bed and walking down stairs. Since that time she has suffered no return of paralysis.—San Francisco Daily News.

Joy is the only thing in the world more inevitable, more universal than sorrow. Our capacity for happiness still outranks our capacity for grief.—Bliss Carman.

Not far the Golden Age, but near;

Fate's fruit is on the nearest bough,—  
So sing the Songs of Now and Here,  
The brave, glad Songs of Here and Now.

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

The new edition of "Not Hypnotism. But Suggestion" was delivered at our office a short while before the fire. It is for sale at 25 cents a copy. I have added sixteen pages of very important matter. In the present misconception of the public in regard to hypnotism, no better service can one render his fellow men than to increase the reading of this book.

### PERSONAL PSYCHOLOGIC STUDY.

While scientists study objective phenomena, economists look at material conditions and theologians speculate on Supreme Cause, I have ever been most interested in studying Mental conditions in myself and others. Prof. Elmer Gates tells us that the scientist of the future instead of studying external phenomena will study his own mind. I realize that what I am all men are, and that to know others, I am first to know myself; therefore I have always welcomed unexpected experiences, because they brought me to realize that I possess power I had not before known. In passing through times of trial and danger, I have been more interested in the action of my own mind, than in any external occurrence. Believing that the personal experience of the last few weeks will add to the metaphysical data to the world, I will now give my own, and later will give such as I may garner from the experience of others. "How would I have acted?" has been my thought whenever I have heard or read the experiences of others. Of late years, I have affirmed: Whatever comes I will have a level head! This is my version of Andrew Jackson Davis' "Magic Staff—Under all condition keep an even mind!"

When at the age of twenty-two, I enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War, I feared that I would act the coward in times of danger, and I was surprised that I never did, and that while cool-headed in danger, the reaction of fear came when all danger was over. I have often wondered what I would do in times of severe earthquake, and while I affirmed that I would be fearless and self-possessed, I often asked myself what I would really do were I tested. We have had many little shakes and I interested myself in watching their movements and the action of my own mind, and realize now that none of them made me afraid.

The morning of April 18th, I was awakened suddenly by a shock more severe than usual and realized that the suddenness had caused some fear in me. I immediately affirmed "Peace," and grew quiet. As the shocks became more violent and I realized the possibility of danger, instinctively I said to myself, "God is Love and in his Love I safely dwell." I declared that no harm could come to anyone in the Home. This had the effect of making me perfectly self-possessed and I watched with interest the peculiar motion of the bed, which seemed to move in every possible direction at the same time. Afterwards I remembered that Mr. Chappell sat up in bed and, as if he was driving a span of spirited horses, was saying, "Steady now! Steady! Steady now! That's enough! Steady now." When the shock ceased he said, "Henry, I think we had better get up." I then noticed for the first time that the room was in disorder, bookcase and pictures strewn the floor. I had been protected by

a heavy upholstered chair that stood beside my bed. Dressing and descending to the next floor, we found the whole household gathered there calmly discussing the situation. Mr. Chappell said: "Now for fires," and at once proceeded to shut off the gas and electricity, and soon he and Mr. Hutchins began to warn the neighborhood against them. Some one asked Mr. Hutchins later if he affirmed anything. He replied, "The time for affirmation had passed. It had become a habit to me to think rightly and I acted as I thought." My greatest surprise during the whole time was, and still is, my indifference toward my own condition. While with sympathy my eyes would fill for others, I have not been able to feel one bit sorry for myself, nor could I feel any anxiety for myself even when I thought our Home would surely be consumed. To pass through these conditions and realize that you can keep common sense uppermost at all times, is worth all it cost. It demonstrated in my own life the fact that through affirmation one can make any desired condition a habit as strong as instinct.

#### A THEORY.

What caused the earthquake? Theories are plentiful. Though a metaphysician, perhaps I can help solve the question. Certain phenomena seem to show that previous theories are inadequate to explain the Cause.

In the New Almaden quicksilver mines near San Jose, Cal., workmen, fifteen hundred feet under ground, did not feel the shock, though buildings at the mouth of the mine were thrown down. This fact is also reported of other mines. Were it a disturbance through internal forces, they should have felt it. Persons who were on the street during the shock of April 18th, tell me that the motion went down the street like waves on the sea. In one of the streets of this city the street-car rails were bent, though the earth beneath them showed no crack. A gentleman in San Jose told me that the concrete sidewalk waved like waves of the sea and yet it was not broken.

I think the Principle of Unity and the Law of the Conservation and Correlation of Force will account for these phenomena. The earthquake was not caused by internal forces. Neither was it caused by stars, by sun spots, by electricity nor by any one part of the universe. It was the universe acting as a whole. It was Cosmic Force continuing its process of world building. As every portion of the human body is concerned in any physical disturbances within it, so the whole universe—the body of God—was concerned in this disturbance. The same Force that caused the world; that threw it into space; that has developed it thus far caused this earthquake, as it causes all terrestrial and celestial phenomena. Till scientists consider the universe as a whole, and reckon from

the Unity of Force, they will not solve this problem.

This earthquake was not the result of internal force any more than it is internal force that shapes the loaf in the baker's hand, or breaks the stone under the hammer. In each of these, as in the earth, there is responsive force to external action.

Cosmic Force is operating all the time. All the named forms of energy are but different manifestations of the one Cosmic Force. The Laws of that Force are uniform in each of its manifestations. Each form of energy can be changed into others. The cannon-ball tears its way through heavy steel plates, because a large portion of the energy called velocity is transformed to heat and softens the plate before the shot so that it easily passes through. Upon this principle we may account for the non-tremble of the earth in mine and for the wave motion of the surface. That form of Cosmic Force termed "Seismic" as it comes in contact with the earth's surface has the effect of making it semi-fluid, so that it moves under it like water under wind. But it does not seem to fuse iron and steel with like readiness, though the twisted and contorted forms in these metals would seem to show that they are to some degree softened by it. No doubt some of this Force was transformed to electricity, other portions must have been converted to radio-activity, as many observers report a peculiar light present, and others report new and strange colors. Was not every force in the universe known and unknown to man, present at this time?

What power human thought played at this time no one can say, but this is sure,—The earthquake would have occurred just the same had there not been a human being on this coast, or on this planet.

Earth is still in the making. Man is still coming. Man is an epitome of the universe. The universe moves toward perfection as a whole and man moves with it. When man is completely born out of the animal, the world will have passed beyond its earthquake state, and will have become subject unto him. Cosmic Force, Itself, will have become subject to human will.

We have the following books by Henry Harrison Brown, on hand:

#### FOR SALE.

Dollars Want Me.....10c  
 Man's Greatest Discovery.....25c  
 How to Control Fate Through Suggestion 25c  
 Nct Hypnotism But Suggestion.....25c  
 Self-Healing Through Suggestion.....25c  
 New Thought Primer.....25c  
 The Call of the Twentieth Century.....25c  
 Address, "N.C.W" Folk, 105 Steiner Street,  
 San Francisco, Cal.

## A PROPHECY.

The World's Psychic Capital? Yes. This great demonstration of the last few weeks has decided that it is so. San Francisco has received, not only the baptism of Cosmic Force and fire and has come out pure gold, but it has received a baptism of Love and Truth from all the world and has proved herself worthy of it.

Every person I met during that first trying week, seemed to have imbibed New Thought Principles. Had I needed evidence of the truth of NOW philosophy, I would have been compelled to submit to the evidence at hand. It is the instinctive, intuitive Principle of Self-Protection. "I am alive!" This was the dominant thought. Each one attended to the present hour. During those days when the homeless were coming every hour to the park where I was, I heard no one say, "What shall I do to-morrow?" Now was their only time. A sense of thankfulness for safety now, was so strong a suggestion, that thought of the future could not enter the mind.

This question arises: If the thought of NOW is sufficient in a great crisis, is it not sufficient at all times? If the homeless, the sick, the hungry ask only for supply now—"Give us our daily bread"—is not the Now-thought the only thought we need? Practically, I answer—Yes.

A Psychic Capital? Yes. And I believe that in this city there will yet rise a most beautiful temple devoted to that religion which rests upon neither the authority of the past nor hope or anticipation of the future, but which recognizing the divinity of the human soul shall assist to manifest all possible wisdom and joy here and now. In that temple man will worship his ideal of manhood and as the imperfect will adore his own perfection. This religion will have no forms, rites, creeds or ceremonies save those inspired by a spirit of brotherhood and which arise in the kindly intercourse of man with man. It will stand for a present heaven, a present immortality and the dominion of man over all things. This temple will be builded by contribution from emancipated souls all over the world and in it will meet that congress of nation that shall inaugurate the commonwealth of man. Since Thought is creative I now in Thought build it. "And out of thoughts interior sphere" it shall descend like John's vision from the heaven of mind to objective expression on earth. "Man thy kingdom come on earth" is no idle prayer. That kingdom is here now in the thought and lives of the members of the many cults of New Thought. It will be made visible to the Sense-Life of the masses at the right time.

## LOS ANGELES RELIEF.

Soon after communication was opened up with the outside world, I received an invitation from Miss Ella M. Reesberg of the Metaphysical Library, Los Angeles, inviting me to be present at a "May Festival" she was arranging for San Francisco relief. I replied, "My duty is here. The captain cannot leave his company in midst of engagement." She replied in a special delivery letter saying, "The relief is for the benefit of NOW Folk and your presence would largely increase the fund." I telegraphed I would be there and requested arrangements to be made for four days' lectures. The Festival did not meet our expectations as there were eight other Relief entertainments the same evening, and that city had reached a period of reaction from the intense overstrain in its relief work and in its anxiety for a sister city. I gave five addresses, received some gifts, and these with the sale of my books made quite a sum, with which I put out this issue of the magazine. I was deeply touched by the sympathy and encouragement of Los Angeles friends, and am greatly indebted to Miss Reesberg and her associates. The Metaphysical Library in Los Angeles is the best conducted library of its kind I have ever seen or of which I have heard. Nothing but the pleasantest of memories remain of my visit, and I have the promise of friends that whenever I shall return they will give me a large class in "Soul-culture."

"NOW" Folk were fortunate in that they were not obliged to call for more than three days upon "relief supplies." We had considerable food on hand and some money. We preferred to purchase as soon as we could, leaving our place in the "relief line" for the more needy, and using the hours we should have stood in that line in more profitable work. I placed in our window a sign reading: "Headquarters, New Thought Relief," and made our home and table welcome to all who would accept. Our cash on hand was soon exhausted but the first mail delivery after the fire brought delayed letters with money orders which in a few days were paid at the Postoffice and gave us relief. The first letters of sympathy and relief were from Chicago dated on the 19th. One enclosed a \$5.00 money order saying, "One dollar to renew my subscription and four to assist you if you need it." The other was from a subscriber who expressing anxiety for our safety. It said, "Enclosed is \$5.00 for your relief." These letters arrived just in time to help us to necessary supplies. These donors, with those who have in like manner remembered us since, are most gratefully remembered and we trust they may never realize in their own person now greatly they have cheered and assisted us.

Our greatest loss is in the destruction of our city business, which was considerable in newsstand trade of magazine and books, but still more in office sales, and in treatments and classes. All this is stopped until the city is rebuilt. Another great loss was in the cessation for two weeks of all our mail orders. We found ourselves with daily expenses, bills to pay and almost without income.

The little May NOW brought us into communication with our friends, and they have generously responded to our request for assistance. But we are not yet over our danger point. If each subscriber would take a \$5.00 certificate payable after six months in anything we have for sale, we would be lifted beyond all financial anxiety. If five hundred out of our fifteen or twenty thousand readers, would take \$10.00 each we would have relief. I know that there are willing hearts able to do this did they but realize our necessity. NOW and its work must continue. You who have watched us for six years have now your opportunity. We do not ask you charity. And please send no more "relief funds" to "NOW" Folk for any purpose. We do not require it. Our business with your help will care for us. And we do ask you to invest a little of your surplus in our work, taking it back later in our productions. Money invested in stock or in certificates to be later paid in production is now our need.

This issue of the magazine is the best we can do under present conditions. It is printed by Walter N. Brunt, 336 Main St., S. F., who printed this number at Petaluma. All the plate matter for our covers, mottoes and department heading, as well as much, for advertising were destroyed in the fire, and we have not been able yet to replace them. We hope the July number will be, like its predecessors before the fire. We shall certainly bring NOW up to our standard as soon as possible. Each reader can help us by increasing our subscription list and by sending names of liberal people for sample copies. If each subscriber will imitate Henry Wood, who sends us two dollars, saying, "Move my subscription up to 1908," it will help us very much, but we prefer that each subscriber would not only renew his own, but send if possible two or three in addition.

Wisdom first, the "Light that lighteth;"  
Love the pathway to the skies;  
Knowledge opens wide the portals;  
Understanding bids us rise.  
Power to be and must follow;  
Life eternal is the goal;  
Now Perfection is discovered,  
As the true state of each soul.

—FANNIE B. JAMES, in  
"Fulfillment."

May NOW has been warmly welcomed by our subscribers. As far as I have been able to learn, it was the first journal of any kind printed in, and sent out from, this city. April 18th, 19th and 20th the city was in flames. On the 22d Mr. Chappell discovered a little printing office with a foot press, and consulting with the printer learned that he was ready for a job as soon as he righted his office, which was considerably shaken up. Consulting me, we decided to get out a little NOW and that afternoon he made the contract. The next morning, I prepared the manuscript, and on the 25th received the printed matter in our office. It was mailed as soon as the Postoffice would receive second-class matter, but was returned to us that we might upon each copy write "Second-class matter" for otherwise, owing to the way it was folded, Postmasters receiving would not understand it. It thus goes down to history as the first regular publication issued in San Francisco after the fire, and we believe our subscribers will treasure such a memento. We have a few hundred copies left, which we will send for 10 cents each to whoever orders them. We will gladly donate to public libraries and historical societies a copy upon application.

The Automobile has vindicated its right to be. It saved many lives and thousands of dollars of property and untold suffering during the fire. Chaffeurs were busy night and day. The machine never tired. It went where horses could not—when horses could not—and as horses could not. It transported the injured, the helpless, the homeless to places of safety. It transported fire officials, civil and military officials, Red Cross and Relief Workers and as the telegraph and railroads made the nation one, the automobile made all parts of our city one. No one factor did more in the way of helpfulness than this. It has come to stay; to be a part of every civil and military organization; to be organized into brigades for all kinds of work; to take the place of the horse; to give us more sanitary streets and towns and to open pasture and hay lands for the raising of food. Every invention blesses mankind and we in turn bless the inventors of the automobile.

N. B.—Address hereafter all letters intended for Henry Harrison Brown personally, to the care of "NOW" Folk, Glenwood, Cal. They will thus receive attention several days earlier than if sent to this city, as I shall be there the greater part of my time attending to our Summer School.

On April 28th, ten days after the earthquake, the editor received a letter dated on the 18th at Nassau, Bahama Islands, saying that the news of the earthquake had reached there and inquiring of our safety. The world is not so large as we sometimes think it is.

### LOCAL FEDERATIONS.

The conditions of the last four weeks in this city have made it still more evident to me that we need not only a national New Thought Federation, but that each city should have its local Federation. I have urged this for five years in this city and failed of finding a response. Present conditions show the need of such unity of action. I have no way of finding out needy New Thought people and no way of rendering assistance to any save such as call at our Home. I told every New Thought person whom I met that our house was open and requested them to make it known, that as long as there was sleeping-room there was place for our friends and they should share our fare as long as we had it. Had there been previous unity of action, concentrated efforts would have given us place and power in general relief work.

Mrs. Cramer's college of Divine Science and Mr. Cramer's down town business were destroyed. Mrs. Cramer is stopping with a friend who reports that everything is being done to make her comfortable. The "Home of Truth" on Pine Street was burned and I learn its inmates are cared for at the Alameda Home. Mr. Warner, who for six years has conducted open air meetings in the city, was burned out and is stopping with a friend in the suburbs. Henry Victor Morgan who has been holding classes and lecturing on Sundays for the past two years, and at the same time conducting a carriage manufactory with his brother, had his business destroyed, but is cheerful and hopeful, declaring to me, "I am. And with Life what more do I need to make me happy?" Mrs. Robie's "Truth Center" on McAllister Street was uninjured and she is conducting meetings as usual. I have no information concerning the other teachers that were in the city prior to the earthquake save that Mrs. Duress is in Los Angeles taking up her work there. I will say to all New Thought people in San Francisco that we hold Sunday morning and Wednesday evening meetings at NOW Home and shall be pleased then and at any other time to welcome them.

Cooking on the street is still the rule in San Francisco. NOW Folk used their gas-stove in doors for the first time in twenty-eight days yesterday. The people make this cooking a sort of a picnic or a camping out. They are a jolly crowd. Neighbors assist each other. The distinctions of wealth and society are disregarded. All are kin in misfortune. So near the surface lies the human heart. That a city can so live is a prophecy that some time will come the reign of Love. The brotherhood of man is not so distant as it was.

This method of cooking and living is most

conductive to health. It causes a change of thought and in the new Suggestion old desires disappear. A lady said to me, "Before the fire my men folks were dainty and everything hurt them. Now they eat everything I cook and they don't know they have stomachs."

Mr. Brown's book "Concentration—The Road to Success," we hope will be in hands of printers soon. Printing business being interrupted in this city, we are obtaining estimates from Eastern firms. Meanwhile send in your orders. Cloth bound, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"How New Thought People Passed Through the Great Catastrophe" will be considered in a series of articles by the editor. See the first one of the series on page 266. The psychology of these conditions gives important data for the scientist of the future. I will collect from my own and other's experiences what I may of this data. Remember: the editor of NOW is the only New Thought author writing on the Psychology of San Francisco's earthquake and fire. Will our friends please report their mental experiences during those memorable days and thus help to make this series valuable?

"NOW" Home has been put in order and we will be glad to entertain such friends as may wish to sojourn in the city for a few days.

### Metaphysicians' Festival.

The third annual May festival under the auspices of the Metaphysical Library came off last evening at Blanchard Hall. These annual affairs mark a general reunion of all the different branches of metaphysicians in the city. The hall was about half filled and the guest of honor was Henry Harrison Brown, editor of "NOW," the official organ of the followers of the New Thought, published in San Francisco. The recent disaster did not injure the home of the publication, and its editor made one of the happy speeches of the evening.—Examiner, Los Angeles, Cal.

A friend is supplying us with NOW, "a journal of affirmation," Henry Harrison Brown, editor. Mr. Brown is the author of that helpful little pamphlet, "Dollars Want Me," which every business man and woman should have upon their desks. It is a desirable teaching for others to have also.—N. Y. Times.

"What an eccentric sort of a woman Mrs. Binksley is."

"I know it. She has never gone to a hospital to be operated on for anything."

NEW THOUGHT SUMMER SCHOOL AT GLENWOOD IS NOW IN SESSION AND WILL CONTINUE THROUGH OCTOBER.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO AND MAKE ALL REMITTANCES PAYABLE TO "NOW," 105 STEINER ST., SAN FRANCISCO.