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THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,
Editor

Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good.—EMERSON.



SOUL CULTURE
 ART OF LIVING
 PSYCHOMETRY
 INSPIRATION
 SPIRITUAL HEALING
 MENTAL SCIENCE
 SUGGESTION

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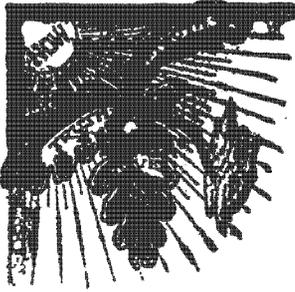
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

N O W

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 10

"The World is Love and Beauty"

"The world is love and beauty," once he cried,
As, standing in full youth elate and strong,
The glad earth and the gladder skies above
Seemed throbbing round him in eternal song;—
"The world is love and beauty, and I know
That I shall follow where their spirit calls!
Nor storms shall stay me, nor the desert's glow,
Nor barren seas, nor gloomy mountain walls."

"The world is love and beauty," still he cried,
As, buffeted amid a jeering throng,
With failing breath and faltering voice he
sang

The changing words of a familiar song:—
"The world is love and beauty, and I know
That I shall follow where their spirit calls!
Nor scorn shall hinder me, nor hatred's glow,
Nor outcast wandering, nor prison walls."

—H. A. Warren.

Disillusioned

I grew a boy amid the hills
Of a dear New England home.
And often now my being thrills,
A joy supreme my bosom fills,
When boyhood memories come.
And oft again as barefoot boy
I dream I fish and swim,
And nought but play my hours employ,
And every thought is that of joy—
When memory stirs within.

A man I roam that same old field,
I bathe in the same old streams.
But false the joy. I failed to feel—
A thief I was. I tried to steal
The life of vanished dreams!
I'd grown away from all of these,
Dead was that old-time joy!
That was the fruit of youthful trees,
It ripens not in manhood's breeze—
Alas! I'm not a boy.

I dreamed of friends of long ago,
Of friendships warm and true.
With old emotions my veins oft flow,—
I would their old expression know,—
I would old loves renew.
In thought I've lived with comrades dear,
In camp, on march, 'mid strife.
Fain would restore the same old fear
And bring the camp and bivouac here,
And live the soldier's life.

I've met those friends—those comrades
old,—

But Time has done his worst!
Though heart is warm the years are cold,
And hands that clasp are not o'er bold—
Memory's claim cannot be first.
We're not the same in face or dress—
We are not as Life the same.
A Love is there, but 'neath Life's stress
It's stratas hard upon us press—
Life's made of boys, its men.

And I'm alone amid old scenes—
A stranger in my native land!
I'm still the boy! and it beseems
Not I, but friends and fields are dreams—
I'm still at Love's command.
Life holds for me as much as then—
The bud before the rose.
I'd not repeat my life again,—
I'm Love and Truth and Trust as when
Soul first, as Henry flows.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.
New Boston, Conn.

Play versus Toil

Labor of some kind is a universal necessity. It is the soul's demand for expression. The etymology of the word gives its place in the universal language of spirit—Out-pressing. The pressing from the unconditioned into the conditioned; from the condition of no-thingness into things; from the absolute into the individual. And this expression necessitates change in those forms of Energy in which that particular expression of the ONE Energy is at that time manifesting. There must be a more and a less energy in every form of individual expression. No one form of energy can manifest save in contact with another form. The wind may be moving at the rate of many miles an hour but unless there is some other form of energy with which it comes in contact, it cannot manifest its presence. The vane and gauge

**Whene'er I meet my sailing peers,
"ALL'S WELL" I to their hail reply.**

—Edith M. Thomas

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tells its passage. This contact is a universal fact. This contact we may rightly term labor.

Labor, Labor, says the anvil,
Labor, labor, until death;
And the millwheel tells of labor!
"Labor! Endless labor," saith.

The pulse tells of labor; and the gray matter of the brain labors in thought and all the nervous system in motion.

The man who is least active, is giving the least expression to himself as life, as thought, as love, and therefore has less life than the active man. "He that would save his own life shall lose it!" And under the necessity of expression, or death, those who are not forced by necessity to labor for the means of sustenance will create avenues of expression; and social functions, clubs and gossip, fill in the lives of women of means, race courses, gambling dens, auto-spins, billiards, etc., fill up the time of those rich men who have no avocation, and this is followed by these conditions we term vice, but which are necessary to those who are addicted to them, as are the virtues of those who condemn. The sensualist, the spendthrift and sot are necessary forms of expression to the idle. "Express," says Nature, "in some way or die!" And the wise statesman, teacher and mother seek ways for those they would help. The soul says, "I will find a way or make one!" The unwise seek to protect the individual and society by repression, by not listening to this demand of the soul, and forgetting that all repressed conditions still exist, and are accumulating force, and will later like all damned forces find a way; and if not the best for us, the best it can find, when legitimate channels are closed.

I feel that one of the great factors that have turned the life forces into what we term vicious and criminal channels is the common idea that labor is disgraceful, or at best it is not to be sought. It is on part of the great masses something to be lived above. And all channels where men and women are called to earn a livelihood are, if possible, avoid-

ed, and others called amusements are sought, not because life is any less difficult there, but because whatever expression there may be of energy, and whatever weariness may follow, it is NOT from work. Thus it is obvious that it is not the labor that makes any avocation or vocation unattractive, but the thought under which the work is done. The weariness is in mind and not in the body.

Every person knows how irksome is some daily task that calls for but little energy, and how gladly it is laid down for some pastime that requires a deal of work. The boy will grumble over bringing in a hod of coal, he "is so tired" and will gladly run for a game of ball that taxes all his energies. I heard a young man complain once because his task at the desk was so tiresome and who would play the hardest football game, and bear bruises, that he received proudly, but he was a baby when any little condition of illness came upon him. Our daily lives are full of similar incidents.

Mental Conditions make all the difference between health and disease, and equally make all the difference between toil and play. Why should not the ax and the log; the flour and the oven; the counter and the customer; the student and the pupil; the doctor and the patient; the lawyer and his client; the banker and the cash; the dressmaker and the dress; bear the same relations to each other, that the player and the game; the dancer and the dance; the fisherman and the rod; the hunter and the gun; the child and the doll; the boy and the coal; the babe and the rattle, bear?

The same Mind is in each and the same purpose is fulfilled in each. There is expression, and only expression in each. Life has found a way to keep its connection with body through each form of expression. What is the difference? We will demand pay for the one, and will gladly pay for the other. LABOR in one case is sought and in the other is avoided. The difference is merely the thought held by the participants. Mark

**In the mud and scum of things,
There alway, alway something sings.**

—Emerson

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Twain's "Tom Sawyer" instinctively realized this when he sold to his mates the privilege of whitewashing the fence. Why should we not imitate in our person Tom's attitude? Play with our daily tasks?

I give you the secret of happiness. *Make all labor play! Never toil!* Personally, I took a strong oath ten years ago that I would no more toil. That I would make all I did play. As I enjoyed my mud pies once, I enjoy my garden now. Will you make everything you have to labor with dolls and bats, sleds and guns, you will find that health and happiness will follow. In his mental attitude you will keep your youth, and years become tally marks of victories you have won and the greater game of life. You will banish the words "work," "weary" and "struggle" and in their place, of every condition you will say:—"Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is my reward in the kingdom of happiness!"



A Fable

The hen remarked to the muley cow,
As she cackled her daily lay
(That is, the hen cackled); "It's funny how
I'm good for an egg a day.
I'm a fool to do it, for what do I get?
My food and lodging. My!
But the poodle gets that, he's the household
pet,
And he never laid a single egg yet—
Not even when eggs were high."

The muley cow remarked to the hen,
As she masticated her cud,
(That is, the cow did); "Well, what then?
You quit and your name is mud.
I'm good for six gallons of milk each day,
And I'm given my stable and grub;
But the parrot gets that much—anyway
All she can gobble—and what does she pay?
Not a dribble of milk, the dub!"

But the hired man remarked to the pair,
"You get all that's comin' to you;
The poodle does tricks, and the parrot kin
swear,
Which is better than you kin do.
You're necessary, but what's the use
Of bewailin' your daily part?
You're bourgeois; work's your only excuse;
You can't do nothin' but jes' produce.
What them fellers does is Art."

—Exchange.

Dr. A. W. Ferris, of New York, State Commissioner of Lunacy, says noises of big cities are an increasing cause of lunacy.—*New York Times*.

But how about the country stillness, Doctor? More farmers' wives in proportion to number of insane than any other class of people. If you will read your New Testament, you will find that the Great Healer said, "None so deaf as those that will not hear!" Would it not be far better to teach these sensitive people NOT to hear? Not to pay attention to the noises, but to choose what they shall hear and what they shall think? The noises of the city cannot be stopped. *What cannot be cured should be enjoyed.* I know from positive experience of my own and of friends and patients that one need not hear any sound they will not to hear. Any attempt to relieve conditions by stopping any noise will only make the patient more sensitive until at last there is no living in peace with him and finally he cannot himself live. The auto-suggestion—I HEAR EVERYTHING—should be changed into this:—I HEAR ONLY WHAT I WISH TO HEAR! I have cured many cases of insomnia and nervousness by a like Affirmation. I CAN CONTROL MY SENES! is the road to self-mastery. Read "How to Control Fate" for a more extended elucidation of this Principle. It is really too bad that doctors are increasing by such affirmations the troubles of the world. Be a teacher of Pleasant Suggestion: Imitate Jesus when he said, "ALL POWER (The Kingdom of God) is within you!"



THE MASTER MIND, Edited by Annie Rix Militz, is a new magazine started by the well known healer and teacher. She is well known among New Thought and Divine Science students as the founder (with her sister) of the Home of Truth. We are glad to welcome this new magazine and feel sure that it will find a place. Send for sample copy if you are interested, to The Master Mind Magazine Co., 1327 Georgia St., Los Angeles, Calif.

**Obstruction is but virtue's foil.
The stream impeded has a song.**

—Ingersoll

* AFFIRMATIONS *

Harmony

Agree with thine adversary quickly.—*Jesus*.

I am Mind and I am one with the Eternal Mind.

Eternal Mind is ever wise and all IT does is good.

No matter what IT brings it is for my good and I agree with all events that they are good.

Every day is a good day and I contend not with aught it brings.

Each person is a manifestation of the All-Good and I antagonize none of his manifestations.

Each experience grows out of my needs and I accept with gladness and by agreeing with it find harmony and peace.

Should pain come from any cause, I know it is my friend and by agreeing with it, I relax every nerve and Life flows with healing power and I am at peace. Should loss come to me I will agree that such loss is best and in this agreement find a peace of mind that will enable me to make good such loss. Should slander find me, I will by agreement with the Good that lies in the persecution find strength to overcome the condition in myself and in him who uttered it.

I have no antagonism, for whatever is, is from the One Source and is good and with the good within each person, place, thing or condition, I agree, and all is peace.

Harmony is Nature's one method of manifestation. All inharmony comes from my contentions. I make all discord by my unwillingness to agree with Nature. I now change my attitude and in all Nature's manifestations I enter with agreement and become myself, Harmony. "The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." I am a son of God and enter into the rythm of Nature, and with stars and sun-

beams, with rocks and streams I sing for joy.

Rythm everywhere. Nature's undulatory motion like mother's cradle lulls me into peace when I lay aside all my contentions and am in concord with her, I am Peace.

Undulatory, rythmic, melodious, are all the motions of Nature. In these God is music. I a Son of God now throw aside all conscious thought and enter into the Harmony of Nature, and all discord ceases, all fear passes, and all is one melodious life.

Life thou are beautiful, thou art melodious, thou art rythmic for I know thee only as Harmony. I feel thee only as Peace.

I am one with, and vibrate with, all Beauty and Goodness. I am at rest in the "Peace that passeth understanding!" The Peace born in the agreement of the Individual with the One-that-is. I lose myself in Him and find Him in me, as Joy, Harmony and Peace.



Vacation Musings

While enjoying my vacation among Massachusetts friends I took the opportunity to look up the genealogy of my mother's and father's families and was rejoiced to learn, positively, that which had been but tradition before, that my maternal great-grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution and was at Bunker Hill and at the surrender of Burgoyne; and that my father's father enlisted when 16 and served till the close of the Revolution, being at West Point during Arnold's treason.

I could not help wishing that both or either of these worthies had in some way left reminiscences for us. How we would prize a letter that told of the feelings of the West Point soldier at that trying season, or one that told his enthusiasm at Bennington and his anxiety at Bunker Hill. How little do we realize the effect of any act upon the future, nor how in coming years any experience of

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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today may be valued. Little thought "the embattled farmers" at Lexington the effect upon the world's civilization their military array in the name of Liberty would have. Will not the Thought of today be as effective upon the future? Little town meetings had fed the flames till it burst forth in the guns of Lexington, Bunker Hill and Concord, to be answered by fires from the Virginias and the Carolinas. Thought lay behind all that period. Thought lies behind the complete emancipation of Man from error, disease and unhappiness. Thought is Power and is Omnipotent. Once loosed it will conquer.

Let us fearlessly work as they did. In Truth's way the emancipation of the race will come. NOW and its readers are doing their share. And who knows but we are the Lexington of the Future Commonwealth. We will help its coming as best we can.

I was much interested in tracing the descendants of my grandfather, Brown, and believing what I learned is of general importance in the evolution of Truth, I briefly state it.

Elihu and Mercy Brown (aged respectively 28 and 26 years) were married in 1789. They had three daughters and two sons. My father being the youngest. This year, 1911, is the 122nd year since that marriage.

One daughter married and left no children. One died soon after marriage and the husband re-married and took the children and went west and I have lost record of them. Of the descendants of two sons and one daughter over one hundred are now living. They fill honorable places as citizens and all represent the old sturdy New England character. I could learn of but two among any of the descendants, living or dead, that had in any way been a disgrace to the stock from whence they come, and these fell by intemperance. Never one in jail or prison, a record of which my grandparents well may be proud. To have living during the life time of less than four generations over one hundred good and use-

ful citizens in direct descent, scattered over ten different states shows how the good New England stock has peopled the country from ocean to ocean. The race is not running out if this family is to be taken as a criterion.

Many stories of my grandfather did I pick up. One is worth a New Thought setting:

One day grandmother told her husband that some one was stealing pork from the barrel in the cellar. "Don't you say a word!" was his reply. But he lay low for the thief. Late one evening he heard a noise at the cellar window. Going out to the garden fence he came upon a neighbor with a basket. He took the basket and said: "Stand there and keep still!" Then he went to the window. Soon a man handed out a piece of pork. He put it in the basket quietly. Then another and another till the basket was full. Then another neighbor crept out. "Here," said grandfather, "take this back!" No more pork was stolen, and never was it told till it was too late to disgrace the men and their families.

A fine old elm stands on the Common of Uxbridge before the old house where all his children were born, planted by him the morn of his first child's birth, October 4, 1790. It is the glory of the common. The old house is now the property of the D. A. R. Chapter and will be kept hereafter as a memento of early times. It will be restored as nearly as possible to its original condition. Grandfather bought it, enlarged it and put up in it the first brick chimney in the town. It is said that the house was built many years earlier.

I made the acquaintance of many relatives and renewed it with others. Through intermarriage many prominent persons are connected with us. It is not a boast but a simple statement of a fact illustrating the blending of New England families. Through our mothers my half-sisters and myself are third cousins to President Taft. He and we had the same great-grandfather through different lines of descent. This beautiful blending of

**All outward wisdom yields to that within,
Whereto no creed nor canon holds the key.**

—Bayard Taylor

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families and the mutual *sense* of relationship that was once characteristic of New England, and no doubt of all the early Colonies, is passing away. The warm ties that bound the communities socially, and thus the state civically, made the nation strong and is wanting in the newer sections. This spirit more than any thing else, would reconcile me to a return to New England were it in the Book of Life that I should do so. There is something so beautiful in this family tie, that I often forget the other side; its limitation. It is strangers that develop us. Blessed is the young man that breaks away from the inter-meddling of relatives, and who can be free to follow his own devices without criticism. There is a balance for whatever we have we pay. My western life has cost me many fraternal experiences. But I am individualized because of it. I have no regrets that at close of Civil War I struck out for myself. Still I am glad that so many New England boys remain at home to keep up the stock and principles that made that section the brood-comb of the Great West. I feel it is a good thing to be a Yankee, made over in the west. And lucky for that Yankee if his bed is under the redwoods.

I attended a reunion of my old regiment at Norwich, Conn., and enjoyed as much as is possible the changed conditions. I had not seen these comrades since 1863 when I left them on a promotion. Few are left, this side, and every day some are promoted. I did not meet one that held New Thought Principles, so I wait for the Immortal Life to bring that Unity I would have loved to find there with them.

I passed a few days with friends at Lake Pleasant Camp, Mass. This was the first Spiritualist camp in the U. S. Used to draw its thousands. Now small its numbers. Fire burned most of the cottages a few years ago and it is not all rebuilt. The State has taken away all privileges of the lake for water supply elsewhere and this also has lessened its attractions, for no boating, bathing or fishing is al-

lowed. Now there are many camps that divide the people that attend such places, and more than this the trolley cars and automobiles are scattering them so that few really need to camp out during the summer. Until one shall investigate little does he realize how much locomotive opportunities change the currents of life. What will the flying machine do? Greater changes are predicted by it than came by the railroad when it was introduced. Meetings are held daily, conducted by the best lecturers and psychics in the field. My visit was made pleasant by meeting many old friends. I gave two evening talks in the cottage of my friends.

I have passed four weeks at his invitation at Dr. C. O. Sahler's Sanitarium at Kingston-on-the-Hudson. I rarely enjoy myself more than here. I talked several times a week, but had all the day a quiet room in which to rest, and a fine library in which to browse. A large number of patients with all human ills are successfully treated. It is as far as I know the only Metaphysical Sanitarium in the U. S. At Nevada, Mo., Prof. Weltmer treats but has a school but no sanitarium. A fine sanitarium is under way there. These two are based upon the principle of "Suggestive Therapeutics" supplemented with the psychic knowledge of their founders makes them beyond compare. They are just what I had in mind when I purchased the redwoods. At the right time all I have learned will be utilized in a Metaphysical Sanitarium "Under the Redwoods."

Dr. Sahler's success has wonderfully stimulated my determination to give the Pacific slope an equally good opportunity to call its citizens to health and happiness. From him, his assistants and employees I have received nothing but fraternal feeling. And his patients declared themselves benefitted by my instructions. And now (September 7th) I start on my homeward tour. Speaking in Springfield, Mass., September 10th, and thence to Detroit for September 17th, remaining there a few weeks. Then, if Chicago

The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows.

—Julia Ward Howe

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is ready, I go there. I cannot state dates in other cities. Will those who would like lectures or lessons write me either at Glenwood or at points indicated in this magazine. I have only the few months between September and spring that I can devote to this tour. Write so that I may arrange my route to stop at as many places as possible?

The season has been excessively hot and this has delayed all work in my line. I have been very fortunate in this rest and it is the first real rest I have taken in FREEDOM from necessity of earning my way for over thirty-five years. *Financial Freedom!* is my Affirmation, and IT IS. "Dollars want me" to enjoy them. And they will come so that I may have my rest "Under the Redwoods" next summer.



Not Hypnotism But Suggestion

I recently heard a prominent theosophical lecturer say: "Hypnotism is dangerous!" This idea is extant to a degree that it interferes with the progress of Self Development in the one line in which character is estimated, i. e. Self Control. The greatest blessings are regarded when they first appear as evils. "The demons of our sires become the gods whom we adore!" This discovery of *self-government*, misunderstood by Mesmer and by thousands today, is the *greatest of all discoveries* for it teaches the way to the Mastery of Self, and the Mastery of Fate. It places in the hands of every individual that will learn how to think, the control of Destiny.

Many are fearful of Hypnotism. Others declare that it has, or that it can be used for evil. Read my little pamphlet and see what authorities say. NEVER has there been produced a single case where it has been used for evil. Doctors often say: "It may be so used!" thus giving their opinions merely, not that they have any evidence that it can be. But even were there cases of its evil use these would not count in the balance

with its beneficial use. It is not the knowledge and intelligent use of the power now called "hypnotic" but which should be termed "Suggestive" that is to be feared, but the constant daily and UNCONSCIOUS use of it. It is the ignorance of the Power, and its ignorant use that is dangerous. For it is the *one* and *only* power by means of which Man works out his destiny. All his blessings and all his ills are brought upon himself by the use he makes of his thought. He is what he thinks. Hypnotism teaches him to select and use thoughts that bless him.

There is no power in operator over any subject. The subject must voluntarily unite his will with that of the operator, they act as one, because the subject has agreed to think what he is asked to think. How many of my readers have developed this power of self control? This power of voluntary concentration so that they can think what they choose to think? This is the only condition of Hypnotism! The subject has acquired the power to think a thought he has decided to think. And since we are that which we think and are it as long as we think it, here lies the way to Self-mastery and the cure of all human ills.

No matter what the cult of New Thought, Occultism, Christian Science or Theology, they are all dependent upon this one only Law for their success. And the feared and antagonized word "Hypnotism" is the scape-goat through which they defend a practice of the same, in principle that the Mesmerist and all present hypnotic operators obey. SUGGESTION is the only power one person has over another. Auto-suggestion the only power by which one directs his own conduct. These two, Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion (Affirmation), constitute the Science and Art of Hypnotism. And ultimately all forms of mental healing from Christian Science and the Emmanuel Movement down to the Solid one of "Suggestive Therapeutics," will be merged into one, where an understanding of Voluntary Concentration, now

**I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable Soul.**

—W. C. Henley

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known as Hypnotism, will be the recognized means. Meanwhile there is no more needed instruction than in the line of the fearless use of Hypnotism. Every child should through it, be taught to choose his thoughts and to concentrate upon them, and thus be self-hypnotised into happiness, health and prosperity.

It is ever to be remembered that no person can interfere, even by Suggestion, with the Conscience of an individual. No person will ever, at command of another, violate Conscience. For reasons he may do that which is to him wrong. But once the reason is laid aside, in hypnotic union of wills, then Conscience is the Supreme factor and it is impossible for any one to suggest any thing that will destroy its power to control action. Remember this: Conscience is the only decision of the sub-conscious. It thunders at all times "Do right!" When the reason which always decides *what* is right, is for the moment abandoned, then Conscience acts under previous auto-suggestions, and no request or command of operator can make the subject do what the conscience has been trained not to do. That persons have done under suggestion many things they refrain from doing under ordinary conditions, shows only that they are not living according to their standard of right but are living conventionally. Doing not what they feel is best, but what they think is best; and not what they desire, but what they do for reasons. Desire and conscience are subjective, and never are laid aside, save by the decision of the person himself.

Study my little book, which I wrote because I saw its need, and read especially pages 33, 34 and 48 to 59. I wrote this in 1902 and during these nine years have daily seen its need in every phase of life. I am sure that would teachers and professional persons study and adopt these teachings this little book would help on the millennium by thousands of years. A new edition was put out in 1906 and "NOW" Folk will gladly send it on receipt of 20c to any address. And if you

will also send a copy to a friend, "NOW" Folk will send it if you will enclose 15c additional and the friend's address.

NOW can do no other work for Truth than to teach "AS A MAN THINKS SO IS HE!" He lives in his thought of himself, of his neighbors, and his environment. When he thinks beauty, all is beauty. When he thinks Goodness, all is good. When he thinks Health, all is well. Whenever he thinks the opposite he is the opposite. The work of NOW and all teachers of Mental Science is to assist people to cultivate habits of right thinking.

Since the body is the pipe through which we tap all the succors and virtues of the material world, it is certain that a sound body must be the root of any excellence in manners and actions; a strong and supple frame which yields a stock of strength and spirits for the needs of the day, and generates the habit of relying on a supply of power for all extraordinary exertions. When nature goes to create a national man, she puts a symmetry between the physical and the intellectual powers. She moulds a large brain and joins it to a great trunk to supply it; as if a fine alembic were fed with liquor for its distillation from broad full vats in the vault of the laboratory. Certainly the origin of most of the perversities and absurdities that disgust us is primarily the want of health. Genius is health, and Beauty is health, and Virtue is health.—*Emerson's Essay on Aristocracy.*

There shall never be one lost good! What
was good shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence imply-
ing sound;
What was good shall be good, with evil so
much good more;
On earth the broken arcs; in heaven the per-
fect round.

—Robt. Browning.

If men only understood
That the heart that sins must sorrow,
That the hateful mind to-morrow
Reaps its barren harvest, weeping,
Starving, resting not, nor sleeping;
Tenderness would fill their being,
They would see with Pity's seeing,
If they only understood.

—From "Poems of Peace," by Jas. Allen.

Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

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The Problem of Inspiration

Law is universal. Prove that a thing occurred, and we know that it was done under law, and that knowledge will some time grasp the law and make natural what seems supernatural, and common what is now exceptional.

In this spirit we approach the question of inspiration. Is it a fact? If so, it is governed by law, and is not exceptional and miraculous, but natural and common.

Inspiration, in the common thought, is limited to sacred books; in our country, generally to the bible, though one sect has its own inspired bible, and to many Protestants the prayer-book and hymn-book are only less inspired than the old and new Testaments. But all claims made in Protestant lands for the inspiration of their sacred book, do not equal the claims made for the sacred books of the other religions of the world. If claims, number of believers and age of the books prove inspiration, then some of these books out-rank the bible. To the rational and scientific thinker, who can find in a comparison of these nothing exceptional to distinguish one from the other, there remains for him only the choice of accepting all as inspired, or of rejecting all.

But a study of mental philosophy, and of the psychic phenomena of different ages, reveals the fact that there are conditions of the mind, differing from the normal, under which the intellect is awakened, and thoughts otherwise impossible are given forth. Persons in these conditions have in the past been considered favored of the gods, and have borne, among other names, those of priest and prophet, being considered as under the especial control of a divine afflatus, a supernatural breath, a miraculous power, or the Holy Spirit. That these *conditions* are a fact, we know; but we are no more obliged to accept the ancient interpretation of them than we are to accept the ancient interpretation of the equally human manifestations of insan-

ity, which was that of possession of evil spirits, or, among one people at least, of favor of the gods. As we have outgrown ancient religious ideas everywhere else, so we have outgrown ancient religious ideas. The command to-day is, Accept the facts of history, and relegate them to the realm of the natural and therefore the knowable; and, if they are desirable human conditions, seek systematically to cultivate them. It is only just now that we have begun an investigation, scientifically, in the psychic realm. This also is the realm of law; and Emerson tells us, "The laws below are sisters to the laws above." Mrs. Browning adds:

"There's not a flower on earth

But has a flower upon the spiritual side."
From every age and from all peoples I could draw illustrations parallel with anything recorded in ancient scriptures. I prefer, however, to record a few from modern times, as they are the more easily authenticated. I do not know of any phenomena narrated in the bible that similar phenomena are not told to-day, resting upon better evidence. These cases must, to a rational mind, be all classed together, and all accepted or rejected, whether found in sacred or profane literature. And the Catholic church does class as sacred those which to-day occur within itself.

Prophets retired into solitude until they were "filled," and then proclaimed the Word. Orators continually do this. They have their "seasons of meditation." Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, in his life of Patrick Henry, tells us of that great statesman that he often retired "into that realm of reverie where the soul feeds on immortal fruits and communes with unseen associates, the body meanwhile being left to the semblance of idleness"; and Patrick Henry bears the same relation to our nation that the prophets did to the Hebrew. Tennyson tells us that he repeats his own name until he "passes into that region that is not self, but an obliteration of all personality," before he writes. "I think you will get the poem,"

**I am not fighting my fight:
I am singing my song.**

—Archie L. Black.

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writes Mrs. Lowell to Emerson, in regard to the poem her husband had been requested to write for the Concord celebration,—“James has been very moody of late.” And Lowell, filled with the inspiration of his theme, wrote in twenty-four hours his incomparable “Vision of Sir Launfal.” Did ever sacred author do more?

George Eliot, accused of putting into the mouth of Dinah, in “Adam Bede,” the sermons of her own relative, who was an early Methodist, replies: “I wrote them as they welled up from my heart, and with tears in my eyes.” Longfellow says of his “Reaper and the Flowers”: “I was softly excited, I know not why, and wrote it with peace in my heart and not without tears in my eyes. I have had an idea of the kind for a long time without finding an expression of it in words. This morning it seemed to crystallize at once, without any effort of my own. It would seem as if thoughts, like children, have their period of gestation, and are then born whether we will or not.” In his writing of “The Wreck of the Hesperus” we have a most excellent example of what may be called “verbal inspiration.” He had read the account of the wreck, and he says: “I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind line by line, but by stanzas.” Of the “Spanish Student” he says: “At present my soul is wrapped in poetry. The scales fell from my eyes suddenly, and I beheld before me a beautiful landscape, with figures, which I have transferred to paper almost without effort, and with a celerity of which I did not feel myself capable.” We are here reminded of the New Testament story of Peter’s vision, of his “being caught up into heaven” and “seeing things unlawful for man to utter.”

The experience of Longfellow is a common one among the poets. That beautiful poem so often found in our papers, entitled, “There is no Death,” and credited to Bulwer, was written by J. L. McCreary, then city-editor of the Dubuque,

Iowa, *Times*. In the presence of his wife he told me the circumstances of its composition. He had been sick, nearly to dying, with typhoid fever, and, while lingering in the balance, that poem forced itself into his mind. “I did not think of it, I did not plan it, but it came there and troubled me, and I got no peace till my wife sat by my bed and took it down as fast as I got strength to whisper it to her.” “How did you, a boy of eighteen, ever write it?” asked a lady friend of mine, as she met Bailey, the author of “Festus.” He replied: “I did not, it wrote itself.” Had it been written in Hebrew, three thousand years ago, it would have been as sacred as Isaiah. A similar reply was given by Thackeray, when asked why he married a couple in one of his novels: “I did not; they married themselves.” E. P. Roe, in a preface to one of his novels, says: “I can honestly assert that I have never manufactured a novel. . . . My stories have come with scarcely any volition on my part, and the characters control me.” The same is told of Scott, of Dickens, and of Mrs. Stowe’s “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

Edward Bellamy tells, in *The Nationalist* for May, 1889, how he came to write “Looking Backward.” “In undertaking to write the work I had at the outset no idea of attempting a serious contribution to the movement of social reform. The idea was of a mere literary fantasy, a fairy tale of social felicity.” For a year or two this idea had been vaguely floating in his mind. He had made, at last, his plot, his sketch, when he says: “No thanks to myself, I stumbled over the destined corner-stone of the new social order.” This led to an entire change of motive and a new casting of the story. Does it not seem as if that power, called in the church “The Holy Spirit,” had brooded over him till it had prepared him for the full inspiration?—and then he wote because he must? Heber Newton knows what parts of the bible are inspired because they inspire him. By this test, and from the numbers

Minute a man stops looking for trouble, happiness looks for him.

—Irving Bachelor

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it has inspired, "Looking Backward" was also "an inspiration from on high." Dr. Holmes was asked the history of "The Chambered Nautilus," and said: "It has none. It wrote itself, and so did the 'One Horse Shay.' That was one of those random conceptions that gallop through the brain, and that you catch by the bridle. I caught it and reined it. All my poems are written while I am in a sort of spasmodic mental condition that almost takes me out of my own self, and I write only when under such influence." Miss Lizzie Doten, a spiritualist medium who has written two volumes of beautiful poems, has a similar experience to that of Dr. Holmes, so that her case is not exceptional. Of one of her poems she says: "I was seized with an undefinable uneasiness. I wandered up and down the garden till, finally, an idea of what I was to do was clearly defined. Then with pencil and paper I hastened to a corner, and there wrote 'The Song of the North,' so rapidly that it was not legible, and I was obliged to copy it at once lest I lose the connection."

These cases are common literary experience, to be paralleled in the life of almost every author, and in that of every orator, musician, painter, sculptor, inventor and artisan.

There is one law under which they all come. From the simplest editorial to the grandest oration or poem, it is only a question of degree. The city-editor pens his local by an ordinary inspiration. Intensify that sufficiently, if the mental machinery is capable, and we have a poem, an essay or an oration. There is no more need of introducing any new factor, any miraculous power here, than there is on the railroad if we would go thirty miles an hour instead of ten. It means only a little more pressure on the lever.

And inspiration does not confine itself to literature. Since all manifestations of life are spiritual, we are "inspired" to do all of life's duties, in whatever field. The inventor is taken possession of as is the poet and orator. A clergyman, writ-

ing in one of our magazines of Edison, says, "he has his moody spells, his periods of trance, out of which he comes with new ideas and his difficulties solved." The business-man has his flashes of inspiration, that show him when to invest, when to collect a bill, and whom to trust. The farmer is inspired concerning his crops, the housewife about her work, and the mother to care for her child. "The Holy Spirit" is received by all and inspires all. It is only a question of *receptivity*. Sheridan, inspired, inspires his army. The inspired mother inspires her sons to lives of honor. To the scientific eye, effects in all these cases being alike, the cause must be one.

But how? What is the soul of man, and how is it inspired? We do not know; we can only speculate. It is only a few years since man began to apply law to physical phenomena, and how little he yet knows in that field only a student of science realizes. Mental science is only a name. The student who, in schools, has studied the textbooks upon it, knows less in explanation when he concludes than when he begins. He has gathered some data—and been misled by dogmatic theories. In the field of psychic phenomena we know still less. It has been considered too sacred to study; has been pre-empted by theology as its rightful field, and students warned off. And the church now opposes its investigations as it did those into the physical realms by astronomers and geologists. It foolishly fears that if a science demonstrates its naturalness, religion is destroyed. For reason of our present ignorance, we must be, as yet, very careful of fixed opinions here. We can be sure of our facts, but opinions based upon them should be held tentatively, and we should be ever ready to change them as added knowledge shall make it necessary. The redemption of the world lies in the direction of this knowledge. "How shall we become more thoroughly inspired?" is the practical question.

(Continued on page 140)

I, grateful, take the good I find;
The best of now and here.

—Whittier

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What think you of Mr. Brown's definition and explanation of Gravity in September NOW? We are sure that he has started a revolution in physics. In order to call attention to his theory and create a discussion will not our readers send for extra copies of that number and then mark the article and send it to Professors of Physiology and of Science in our schools? This will be of immense value to the developing sentiment of today.

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September 8, 1911.

Mr. Henry Harrison Brown,
My Dear Friend:—

I want to again thank you for your most valuable services at the Sanitarium. Your month's stay here with us means more than I can find words to express. You came at a most opportune time, as I have had so many duties and responsibilities at this very busy season, your coming and lectures filled in a great need for the Sanitarium. These lectures were not only enjoyable but intensely interesting and instructive. In the teaching of the new dispensation your philosophy is truth and your practical application of the same makes it clear even to the unlearned. We want you again—and I must not forget to say our intercourse during the weeks has brought a companionship and friendship that will always remain unbroken. God bless you in the great work and that your years may be many.

Most faithfully yours,
(Signed) C. O. SAHLER.

Sam E. Foulds is holding New Thought meetings in Santa Cruz. The meetings are well attended. The large Native Sons' Hall is used. All interested along these lines are invited. Sunday evenings at 8 P. M. sharp. Good music.

A note from Mr. Brown as we go to press informs us that the last two Sundays of September he lectures in New York and Brooklyn. During October he is in Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburg. Address him care of Metaphysical Club, 1328 Clifton St., Washington, D. C.

Dear Reader:—Are you aware that two more numbers of NOW completes the year? Are you preparing to renew? Our subscription list should double for the next year. Will you do your part for *your* magazine by sending with your renewal one subscription for a friend?

**I will not dream in vain despair
The steps of progress wait for me.**

—Whittier

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God's Man

Man is not dust, man is not dust, I say!
A lighting substance thro' his being runs,
A flame he knows not of illumines his clay—
The cosmic fire that feeds the swarming
suns.
As giant worlds sent spinning into space,
Hold in their center still the parted flame;
So man, within that undiscovered place—
His center—stores the light from which he
came.

Think of the radiant energy that lies
Hoarded in secret chambers of the earth;
Think of the marvels drawn from out the
skies—
Sight, beauty, power, of electric birth.
Then what of man, who is himself a world?
Into whose being conscious forces pour?
What of the glory kindling at the core?

Man is not flesh, man is not flesh, but fire!
His senses cheat him and his vision lies.
Swifter and keener than his soul's desires,
The flame that mothers him eludes his eyes.
Pulsing beneath all bodies, ere begun;
Flashing and thrilling close behind the
screen,
A sacred substance, blinding as the sun,
Yearns for man's recognition in the seen.

We walk blindfolded in a world of light—
We could touch hands with angels, if we
would;
Could, with a single utterance of might,
Commune with a celestial brotherhood.
So sheer the veil, one thrust of faith could
rend
The vast illusion of our erring sense;
The facts we fear, the shapes we comprehend,
Are but the flimsiest tissues of pretense.

The times are anguished, for man feels the
press
Of his divinity; through travail pains
The urge is goading him till he confess
The splendor that is crying through his
veins.
Uncover, man! Thy heaven self is gold!
Gladden the eyes of Him who made thee
good
In that first morning when the worlds were
told
And Primal world pronounced thine angel-
hood.

Dust! Why the future laughs at our dull
sight;
Laughs at the judgment linking man to
sod—
Damning him ever with decay and blight,
When at the center burns the blaze of God!
The force that flung the far suns into space
Pushes and throbs through an eternal plan;

The Mind that chains the singing stars in
place
Implores fulfillment in the mind of man.

O, God, give us the whirlwind vision! Let us
see
Clear-eyed, that flame creation we call earth,
And man, the shinning image, like to Thee.
Let the new age come swiftly to the birth,
When this—Thy world shall know itself di-
vine;
And mortals waking from their dream of
sense,
Shall ask no proof, no message and no sign—
Man's larger sight, the unanswerable evi-
dence!
—*Angela Morgan, in Collier's Weekly.*

It is not our brain that thinks any more than
our eyes that see.—*Flammarion.*

What though your stricken purses gape and
bleed?
Reck not the cost. Your cause is doubly dear,
With General Moral Cowardice to lead,
And Mrs. Grundy bringing up the rear.
—*Exchange.*

Nothing exists but thought. The universe is
composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures and
pains.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

We have no right to deny that thought can
exist in space and that it directs the move-
ment of vast bodies, as we direct those of
our arms or legs.—*Camille Flammarion.*

No one has a right to insist that there can be
no thought without brain.
—*Camille Flammarion.*

I felt that thoughts were the only tangible
things.—*Madame D'Esperance.*

Prof. Knox's Mental Science College, Bryn
Mawr (suburb of Seattle), Washington, held
its twelfth graduating exercises on the 21,
22 and 23 of August.

The religion of the future will be scientific,
will be founded on a knowledge of physical
facts. This religion of science will have one
great advantage of all that have gone before
it—UNITY.—*Flammarion.*

We are so delighted with little NOW and en-
joy its words of wisdom.
MRS. A. F. M., Vancouver, B. C.

The progress of the spirit piercing the obsta-
cle between itself and the Infinite was called
an illness; the hour of life was called Death.
—Balzac.

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

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(Continued from page 137)

Dr. F. H. Hedge has given us, perhaps, in this matter, as good a "direction" as it is possible to find. "The prime condition," he says, "is sincerity; entire surrender to the will of the spirit. The truth may come only to such as seek it with perfect simplicity, without preoccupation and without conceit."

Sincerity, singleness of purpose, concentration. This is all. It has been the method of all ages. It is the method of to-day. It never fails of inspiration. It is the method of Brahmin priest and Turkish fakir, of Catholic saint and Protestant revivalist and convert. It was the method of the Hebrew prophet, and is the method of the modern Theosophist. It is the method of the Spiritualist medium, the teacher of the Mind-cure, the Christian Scientist, and the Faith-curist. The truth in each is one; the law is one; the principle is one. The methods and the means of application vary as do the means of applying electricity. The fundamental condition is a receptive condition of spirit, and sincerity of mind. No one can ever reach a high degree of inspiration when he knows he is telling a lie, or acting falsely. He cannot put his soul where he is not sincere. But for us, if we will, there is an inspiration as glorious as ever mortal had. As our great modern inspirer, Emerson, has declared: "There is at this moment an utterance as broad and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or the trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not slavishly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent with its thousand cloven tongues, deign to repeat itself. If you can hear what the patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again."

A life that stands, as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.

—Whittier.

Mrs. Helen Loring Grenfell, who served three terms as State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Colorado, mentions this among the good results of equal suffrage. She says: "Instead of thinking less of their homes, women began to consider them more carefully and sought to bring into these close corporations something of the scientific spirit of the age. Chairs of domestic economy were established in the State Agricultural College and the State Normal School. The interest in the old fashioned womanly arts has increased instead of diminished."

Lady Stout, the wife of the Chief Justice of New Zealand, says that since women got the ballot a society with branches in every district has been organized "to train women and girls in intelligent motherhood and home-making." Lady Stout adds that this is "the outcome of the new feeling of responsibility in women, awakened by their rights of citizenship."

I salute the immortal. Great minds never die. Becoming invisible in one form, they become resplendent in another.

—Victor Hugo.

Lord Palmerston being asked by a newly appointed official what he was to do replied:—"You are to learn the gentle art of holding your tongue in several languages."

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