

The Radiant Centre

A JOURNAL OF SUCCESS

"WE STAND BEFORE THE SECRET OF THE WORLD, THERE WHERE BEING
PASSES INTO APPEARANCE AND UNITY INTO VARIETY."—Emerson.

JUNE, 1902

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

FRIENDS, after considerable delay I redeem my promise and present you with my picture. The photograph from which it was made is an excellent one, but the half-tone is not so good because the shadows are too heavy, giving a more sombre expression to the face than is natural.

If the thing comes out fairly well it will show you no lines of care or worry and a general appearance of well-being and good health. I do not pose as a beauty by any means, but I am desirous to show that I am expressing in a measure the principles for which I stand and which I put in daily practice in my life. If it did not seem too much like a patent medicine advertisement I should really like to place beside this picture one taken about ten years ago for it would greatly encourage those of you who as yet have not accomplished much in the way of improving your health. If you could see me as I was then, pale, emaciated, nervous, drooping and altogether dilapidated you would not believe the two pictures to represent the same individual. But they do, and that is the encouraging part of it. And I am not done. Ten years hence I expect to make a better showing. So will you if you are faithful and let nothing discourage you.

No one could have more to overcome than I. Prenatal influence made me one of the saddest of little children, and melancholy seemed to grow with me. So do not say you can not overcome heredity and prenatal influences, for you can.

You can overcome all things. Only begin and begin now. Begin now. Don't wait until you read and study a little more. Begin now.

The other day a poor fellow wrote me and his letter went to my heart it was so pitiful. I was writing on this belated issue of my paper at the moment, but I put it aside to write him a long and cheering letter. For years he had lain on his bed, utterly helpless and miserably poor, supposed to be bedridden for life and dragging out a miserable existence to its end.

I told him that while I granted all he told me of his sad condition, my eye penetrated beyond all that and I could see within him a PERFECT SELF without a shadow of deformity or disease; that this perfect self had its body, a design body, a pattern body, of which the diseased expression was but a counterfeit presentation. I then tried to explain that by dwelling on the thought of the perfect self within and the perfect design body, forces could be set in operation by which the outer body would shape itself in accordance with the design body. I told him I would join my thought to his and together we would break the chains that held him to his bed of pain.

Why did I not say to that man—You will have to study the Science of Healing and reach a certain high place intellectually before you can hope for relief. Why? Because I did not believe it.

And why did I not believe it? Because I know that in every human soul there is the sort of knowledge we call transcendental and that it is quite enough to begin upon. You can add to it and draw to it later but you do not need to wait for these accessions before beginning to work out your release from disease and death.

Jesus healed instantaneously, if we may credit history, and he did it by touching this place in the soul where transcendental knowledge lies dormant awaiting the electric spark of life to be given it by another soul. It is from this place that a man says—I believe that I can be healed though I know not how it is to be accomplished. Begin with this faith and add to it more and more knowledge of the law and you will go on from height to height, beyond anything which you can now see in imagination, for as you ascend, new heights, now hidden, will become visible.

And it is not necessary that you shall drop everything for the pursuit of this ideal. If you are a musician stick to your music or if an

artist stick to your art or a housemaid stick to your housework. It does not make so much difference what you do so that you do it well. We can see about us every day those who dignify manual labor of the commonest sort making it beautiful and ideal. In work of some sort is your opportunity for putting to the test your hold on the healing vibration. Work is so beautiful and so glorious when you bring the New Thought to bear upon it and no longer have a tired brain, a feeble body and tense nerves to contend with. Work is play when you understand how to go about it.

It may be the special calling of some people to retire from the world and live the life of meditation, but in my experience I have never seen good result from it. It is not natural and it violates the law of reciprocity. True individuality makes for reciprocity and true reciprocity makes for individuality. One can not grow where the other is not.

I once met a woman who had an idea that she was born to redeem the world and she made her excellent husband and two lovely daughters utterly wretched from early morning till late at night. It is safe to conclude that until her work of redemption began at home the world had small need of her. It has already too many such redeemers. Nearly all the good things, as well as Charity, begin at home, and find there an excellent field for practice. If I would redeem the world let me start with myself and my own.

Is Death a necessary fact? Is it an abiding fact? These are questions which a few of us are asking with intensity and persistence. Fools and cranks we may be, but, what of it? Who would not be a fool for Truth's sweet sake?

Well—Is Death a necessary fact, and if so, why so? From all accounts it would seem that ever since the world began everything and everybody has borne evidence to the necessity of the fact up to the time of the present mutiny.

For there is a mutiny. People are beginning to object to the old Reaper and his merciless scythe. They all want to go to Heaven just the same, wherever it may be, but they don't like the old accustomed way of getting there and they seek a better one.

Of course, if Death is a necessary fact, there is not the slightest use in dodging it, and for that matter, one may as well be cut down one day as another, the sooner the better, so as to save apprehension, but the worst of it is, the Reaper rarely comes when he is wanted, but with

the most exasperating indifference cuts his own swathe in his own time and his own fashion.

Several of us have just grown tired of this. When we called the Reaper and really wanted him, he wouldn't come, and now, when he wants us, we are bound we will not answer. He will look for us in vain or maybe catch a glimpse of our snowy garments swishing up the golden stairs. We are all going to Heaven, but we are going the clean way and not by the old road of disease and corruption.

I will tell you just how far and wherein Death is a necessity. It is the Siamese Twin of Disease and because Disease is here its Twin is here. When Disease goes its Twin will go also.

For some day we shall have no more Disease; and Death and Sorrow and Sighing shall flee away. Then will Heaven begin on Earth.

Death seems a necessary fact only for a time and it is therefore not an abiding fact.

We have no records that carry us very far into the past and where records stop tradition tells of an age of perfect humanity. Of all ideals that is to me the dearest and the truest. I love to dream of a time before Death entered the world and there are moments when I hear the sweep of godlike raiment over the graves of the past. It then seems but a moment since we were indeed gods and but a moment until we shall be again.

We are finding out the truth about Death, just as we have found it out about other things which seemed so formidable; things which have turned out to be mere baby rings for young gods to cut their teeth upon.

Of course the first step toward abolishing Death is to cease to fear it. So long as it stands up stark and grim as the King of Terrors it will rule the mind of man and claim his body.

No phantom of the night was ever more illusive and the way of conquest lies straight through the illusion.

Our mistake has been in looking at the outside of Death and in taking that for the reality. We have sat and cowered before a thing of mist, instead of rising and walking through it.

Once on the other side of the phantom and it is seen for what it is; a thing of naught.

The Spirit of Man is indestructible and Death is but the withdrawal of the Hand from the Glove.

What is there in that to fear?

Nothing.

Therefore Death is a Phantom.

Stop fearing it and you are well on the way toward the attainment of Immortality in the Flesh if that is what you desire.

If you prefer laying off the Glove and resuming it at will, you can do that too.

We have seen the entering wedge of the Law by which old conditions are riven and the new, revealed. Let us then with open eyes behold the new and forget the old.

Our conquest should be over Fear rather than Death, on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Do away with Fear and Death will do away with itself. When the Sun of Spirit rises, the mists are dispelled and Death is no more.

It is a little hard to rout Fear all at once. I grant that. I know it and who should know better than I who for ten years have been putting out and keeping out that invader of my peace. As I look back, the time does not seem long or the experience unpleasant, while the results are delightful.

The difficulty at the start is to realize, even faintly that POWER IS WITHIN. It would be a good idea to have that sentence in large letters in your bedroom, placed so that the eye could rest upon it on awaking in the morning and again the last thing at night.

POWER IS WITHIN.

Meditate upon it and tell me if you can why power is not within. If you can not prove that it is not within, then assume that it is and if you can not believe it at once begin to work upon the assumption and see what results you get.

You may have a lurking suspicion that you will detract from the glory of the Infinite if you place power within, but that is because you do not see yourself to be in the Infinite and the Infinite to be in you. When you see yourself and the Infinite as One, then you will know for a certainty that POWER IS WITHIN.

I have acted on that assumption until it has become a conviction just as men of science begin with a working hypothesis and end by making it a law.

If you will try to act as though power is within yourself you will be surprised to find that you at once feel stronger and fear has less hold upon you.

Earthquakes, volcanoes, cyclones, pestilence and hunger destroy the body now but they could not if the possessor of that body had stamped upon every atom of it the regnant power of the human spirit.

Take the simple experiment in hypnotism by which a fly-blister is made as harmless as a postage stamp, and the other by which the body can be turned into stone for the moment and bear any amount of weight without the least injury. What do these experiments teach? That by the power of thought flesh and blood can resist destructive agencies, and can resist them to any degree as wisdom increases.

It is no wonder that Solomon preferred wisdom to great riches. Who would not? Still it requires a measure of wisdom to prefer wisdom.

I have been criticised by some of my exchanges for giving so much space to an account of psychic experiments made by Dr. de Sarak, but I hold my ground firmly, claiming that such things are not hocus pocus or trickery. I believe them on the contrary to be much needed revelations of natural law, for how can we learn anything of higher and finer forces unless we see them in operation?

And by the way, those misunderstand me who think from what I said in the May issue of The Radiant Centre that I intended to denounce Dr. de Sarak as a fraud. I intended nothing of the sort, but having said so much in his praise in a previous issue, and hearing unfavorable reports I felt it but justice to my readers to give both sides, and did so. I am told that Dr. de Sarak expects soon to furnish proofs that these reports are false, in which event The Radiant Centre will be only too glad to publish those proofs. Personally I should be glad to see the man justified for I am certain of his great psychic power and trust it is used only for good.

The same power is in operation whether it builds the cellular tissue in plants or in human beings, and if I see wheat grown in a few moments by the power of concentrated will I am strengthened in my belief that human tissue can be made in a much shorter time than we now think necessary. I want to accelerate recuperation and regeneration so that we need not wait years to build our bodies anew. I want the time to come when if a man loses an eye it can be restored to him instantly and that is why I value any experiment with nature's finer forces which registers in material substance a truth of immense moment to the human race; a truth which I know in my inmost soul will yet be realized.

What a wonderful age this is with its dawning thought of the unfolding powers in man. Why, with this thought in mind people can just begin to live when they reach the age at which the last generation was ready to die.

We stand on the very threshold of Life peering into a great and marvellous Future.

After Sensation, What? Whence? Where?

He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. He giveth to all life and breath to all things. They should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him for He is not far from any one of us, for in Him we live and move and have our Being.—Paul (*Acts 17*).

Silent we stand when feeling most.—Byron.

THE only foundation for Science, Philosophy, and Metaphysics, is feeling. All reasoning arises in the one common phenomenon of sensation. Whence this feeling? Whence this common experience of all forms of life? It arises from the ONE in whom we live and move and have our BEING. Paul shows that he was very near the confines of modern science when he says: "If haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from any one of us."

Would we know anything, we must feel after it. Until found in feeling, we do not possess it. Accepted opinions are those some one has felt out and we take them without feeling. When they occasion feeling in us, we begin to know. From feeling all Truth comes and to feeling all Truth tends, and in feeling all Truth ends. All Feeling is Love in greater or less degree. Who would understand the Science of Mind and the Science of Mental Healing must master this sentence:—From, through and in feeling, Truth originates, works and ends.

Truth is recognition of sensation. Truth is Life transformed through sensation into consciousness. What Life is, Truth is. What Life is, Sensation is. Sensation is not merely a bodily condition. Let

us use terms in this science as we use heat and light and sound in ordinary physics, to signify both the motion from without and the effect within. A standard work on physics gives this definition of heat: "Heat is either a sensation or that which produces sensation."

My International Dictionary gives this peculiarly twisted definition of heat: "The sensation produced on bodies by the near approach of heat in excess of that in the body." Still I ask, what IS heat in the body? I have no better from any authority than this: "A mode of motion." And this is false for it is not heat until the vibration is changed to feeling. I do not feel heat; I AM HEAT. Why? Because I am feeling and heat is feeling. Heat is not something outside me. It is me. In dealing with heat, the scientist is dealing with feeling, and with those vibrations that cause me to recognize that I am that feeling which I call heat. This point is important and will help to an understanding of all Affirmations, and will reveal the significance of the work NOW is doing in being the only journal in the world that is devoted to Affirmation and the only one that shows its science and significance. The Soul is ALL. There is without the I AM nothing but that infinitude of Vibrations which combined make Universal Energy. I am all that which Vibration awakens into expression. When I say, "I feel heat, I see light, I hear music," I place heat, light and sound outside myself; but they are not outside—they are manifestations of my SELF. I am Heat, Light, Sound, and I am all that I can affirm of Infinity. I am INFINITE in every direction of feeling. Since thought is only feeling transformed, it follows that I am infinite in Thought. Feeling awakening in the soul before it is transformed into thought, we call Desire. I am already that which I desire. I have only to manifest that which I AM.

Thus are we led to say: Sensation is either an effect on the Soul or is that bodily condition which produces this effect. Never an effect without a cause and never a cause without an antecedent cause. Never in philosophy will ultimate cause be reached. I have shown "The Ultimate of Power" in "Man's Greatest Discovery." Where lies sensation? In the Soul; in the Real Man; in Mind. When the Soul is awakened by a touch from without, it responds by an outward motion—an e-motion. We are feeling. Feeling is Soul manifesting its Power of Recognition. When one feels, then and not till then, does Life in him manifest its latent possibilities. Expression is the out-motion from the Soul in response to the in-motion. This in-motion is the Vibration from the Universal, from the Absolute, from that which is Not-Me, upon the individual, the special, the Me. It is God all the way, but from Me to God and from God to Me is the motion from circumference to centre, and from centre in response to circumference. Only thus does the Soul, which is a centre, know its SELF. By the awakening of latent God forces in itself through this vibration in the Universal, does it come to know its Individuality. It senses (or feels) and says: "I am." By thus realizing SELF it becomes an independent ego—a centre of God in God. Out from the undifferentiated, out from the Absolute, the ONE thus centred is able to say I AM. God has evolved into individual expression. IN GOD! These two words mean much in this science. There is no separation. God is indivisible. Each "I" is an individual centre with all the Absolute for its cir-

cumference. Therefore all the Absolute is, I AM. The absolute finds individual expression in Me. I can not want.

To consciousness, the Absolute is only sensation. I feel IT. This feeling is only a response to the thrill that IT sends to me. I call that thrill in the Absolute, vibration. As IT affects me, I name the sensations, and because others have felt the same they know what I mean. They know me only as they know themselves—FEEL ME IN THEMSELVES. Thus is each man present in every other man. Thus can I say: I AM ALL MEN.

It is the Absolute that feels. All feeling is one. Can we truly say that in any particular direction one man feels more than another? No! All notes on the same pitch are one. So all feelings in different men, born of the same vibration, are one. In Hottentot or Californian, the burn of the fire or the fear of death is one.

It is in feeling alone that I can say: "My Father and I are one!" God is to the Human Consciousness only feeling. Whether conscious or subconscious, the SOUL is ONE with all that is, because it vibrates with all that is as a part of all that is. This Oneness is to the conscious man of secondary importance. He learns by realizing Unity that he is one with POWER. Learns that Power is differentiated in and through him into millions of manifestations. The Power which he subconsciously is, he is to awaken into conscious activity and to DIRECT it. Were Power conscious, it would say: "I and Man are one!" Then Man would be of importance to God, but to himself nothing.

But Power is not conscious of its own existence. IT is. What shall we name IT? Whatever Human Consciousness can conceive for the best is the name given IT. The old Hebrew said: "The Eternal." Eternal what? Eternal Possibility. It is ever potential, never actual. God is potential, things the actual. God is Power, Man is Expression.

Realizing this, it is clear that, in Unity, I am the important part. I am The One in God. I am the Centre through which God manifests. I, because I am self-conscious, direct my expression and thus, when I realize that I am power to be directed, I do direct the manifestations of God in me. I thus become Fate. Thus I am that which Emerson, in the line I have often quoted and have called the mightiest man ever wrote, calls Conscious Law:

"And Conscious Law is King of kings."

"God and I are One," and the important One in this Unity is the Human Soul, for it directs into conscious expression the Power in which it lives, moves and has individuality. It is this fact that makes mental healing and all other forms of mental expression possible. For Feeling being a manifestation of the Absolute, without individuality there can be no recognition of it by another Soul. It is, as are vibrations from the sun, a million of miles from earth. They have no expression; they simply are. When they touch a centre they are transformed into feeling. So vibrations in God have no expression until they touch the centre which I, the Ego, am. The recognition of this touch is Thought. I THINK! This is the fact below all other facts. I feel, is of secondary importance to me. I think, is of secondary importance to God. Thinking gives me individuality. I feel with all men. I think alone. No man thinks as I do. I put my stamp upon

certain vibrations of Power as they flow from me as from a centre outward, and wherever in Unity they are, there am I. I am omnipresent because I am a centre to which there is no circumference and my thought goes outward and where thought is, there am I.—Henry Harrison Brown.

Our Manners and Customs.

To be cultured in a true sense of the word—not the artificial airs and graces, for culture is very different to affectation—gives one a strong foundation of character, and is a direct road to success.

Our manners have a conscious or unconscious bearing on all our affairs. This is because self-culture, by changing our character, changes all conditions and surroundings.

Culture is the natural offspring of personal growth. Individuals and the race are growing in the direction of more refinement.

Modern civilization, while it presents many conditions of culture, has also given birth to conventions which are but the semblances of culture. Social functions and parties are often of this nature. At such "affairs," people put on their "good manners," and make themselves very uncomfortable, while pretending they are enjoying themselves.

Inordinate orgies of stuffing are indulged in, for which the morrow brings an attack of indigestion—the people's orchestra, the piano, is treated unmercifully by astrenuous "performer"—idiotic songs are sung by young men who can not sing. In between whiles, there is the chatter over subjects appallingly inconsequential. And so the evening's "entertainment" goes on. For these functions, people often economize a long time, since they are very expensive luxuries.

Here is where you find modern so-called "manners" at their height of activity. Next day, the same people have a different kind of etiquette.

In all stages of life we find this affectation and insincerity. And sincerity is the basis of good manners. When we are sincere we naturally act our best.

Insincerity is hypocrisy; this is what is stamped on every phase of society. People are hypocrites toward others and to themselves. The worst delusion is self-delusion—men and women are binding veils of illusion around themselves.

How much better to think for a while—to step aside from the incessant round of meaningless customs—and to live one's days according to the pattern of one's own ideals.

Each has his own ideal; this is a light pointing the way to action. The little trouble it takes to conquer a habit of following in the track of others, and to adopt a new and better habit of original action, is compensated for by a fuller and more perfect existence.

Simplicity, not ostentation, is the path to happiness. It is not by burdening ourselves with a number of duties or possessions that we find enjoyment. Peace of mind is the secret of happiness, and this is impossible where there are overwhelming cares and worries. Let each

person have things for use only, let the responsibilities be neither more nor less than what can be properly managed.

Where is the sense of filling our houses with articles which are useless? Of course, there are ornaments which from an artistic point of view, have use. Still, in every house, there are things that might well be discarded.

Again, where is the sense in spending our time with functions which give neither instruction nor any beneficial amusement?

There are social gatherings and meetings and friendly visits which exert a positive good in society. These are free from formalities; they allow a true expression of oneself.

To be able to express oneself, to act and live freely in private and public life, to have things around us for service—herein may be found actual culture.

Act honestly and sincerely, in your home, the street, the office, the workshop. Be your Self, wherever you are, and your manners will be truly fine.—Frederick Burry.

Forget.

“If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor’s faults. Forget all the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice would only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate every thing disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory’s sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.”—Anon.

Fame and fortune await the man who will invent an alarm clock that will not only wake us up, but make us feel like getting up.—Puck.

The scientific way to conquer an enemy is to transmute him into a friend.—Exchange.

Sandow the strong man says, the more you waste, the more you make. This is because Life is Expression. We grow by Exercise. The same principle applies to matters of Health or Business. Expend your forces, your time, your labor, your money—fearlessly, purposely. Scatter the seeds of Action, and behold a blossoming and fruitage of Results shall manifest themselves.—Burry.

Your Character is your one Eternal Possession.—Burry.

See That Your Lips Curve Up.

Good Spirits a Sure Means to Make a Girl Pretty.

ISABELLA MONCRIEFF has discovered that to be beautiful she must be always serene. That she must begin the day with a smile.

"I would as soon think of leaving my room in the morning before putting on my dress," she says, "as before putting a smile on my face."

She considers it positively rude to her family, as well as unkind, to appear at the breakfast table in what may be called facial dishabille. Almost every one considers her morning toilet complete when she has done with her tub and dumbbells, dressed her hair, and put on her clothes; yet no woman should ever venture beyond the threshold of her bedroom until she has coaxed a smooth and smiling reflection in her mirror.

Melancholy and beauty can not exist together, is Isabella's theory. "I never once permit myself to fall into a fit of the blues.

"For example," she cries, springing erect from the low, luxurious divan on which she is lounging: "let me show you a little what it is to be sad. Observe now my expression," and she lets the lines of her face relax, droops her lids and mouth and bends her head until she presents a picture of gentle dejection.

"Do you see I have but to let my muscles fall, drop the jaw a little, and, wearing a face like this, in a week lines will begin to appear, the cheeks to sag a bit, then my shoulders go forward, and in a month I am changed. A fortnight of megrims would ruin my looks forever.

"My supreme desire—to quote some one, perhaps it's Homer—we'll say it's Homer—is not to be learned, rich, famous or powerful, but to be radiant and beautiful, to radiate health and life, to be a pleasing picture for my friends to behold. If the mind is healthy, the body will be healthy, and things will work smoother, plans carry out, and everything one touches succeeds.

"How do I manage it, you ask, to keep the corners of my mouth turned up?

"Regardless of the mood that may possess me, when I get up in the morning, I first 'devitalize' my face; that is, cast out the unlovely expression in possession by encouraging a sensation of droop throughout the features, so that cheek, lips, chin and lids may sag heavily, while the mind is, as far as possible, a blank.

"After sozzling in this state of relaxation for a few minutes I summon up a pleasing mental picture and then allow a little smile rippling over the face from opening the eyes and parting lips gradually to bring the features into place and expression. If one is afflicted with obstinate facial dejection or melancholy, this operation should be repeated several times. I have known it to work wonders in most unpromising cases."

Just try turning up the corners of the mouth regardless of your mood, and see how it makes you feel. Then draw the corners of your mouth down, and you will declare that there is something in it, and is it not worth an effort to change frowns and sullenness and despondency for smiles and contentment and a happy heart?—New York Sun.

Special Notices.

The Librarian of Congress has asked for a file of The Radiant Centre for 1900 and upon my replying that I could not furnish it he has suggested that I publish a notice asking some subscriber to do so. If any subscriber can send me the entire file for 1900 in good condition I will give for it a copy of my new book, "Mental Healing Made Plain," a copy of "Easy Lessons in Realization" and "The Attainment of Happiness." Three books in exchange for the file of 1900. But do not send it until you have communicated with me, for it might happen that a dozen people would send me the file, instead of one, and that would be an embarrassment of riches.

Mental Healing Made Plain is going off very fast. The first edition of 1,000 is nearly exhausted, and as there is always more or less delay between editions, here in Washington, where people move slowly and to-morrow seems as good as to-day, some of our Northern friends who are right up to the minute, would better order the book now, while a few copies are left. The price of the book is one dollar.

The Success Centre is composed of many minds all centred on one thought. It is not a thought of greed, but of attaining that splendid, self centred attitude which Prentice Mulford so well named The Drawing Power of Mind. Some thoughts make you magnetic and draw your own to you. Other thoughts do not. They repel. Would you be attractive or repellent? Surely the former if you can. And you can by learning how to use your thought. There is also a great advantage in joining your thought to that of others, to wit, the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in New York City where miracles of healing were performed. You should join our Success Centre for your own good. There is no fee attached to membership except the dollar for admission and that fee is really to cover the letter of advice which goes to each member. Membership lasts one year from date of entry.

Mr. Charles Ballough of Sea Breeze, Florida, called upon me during his recent visit to Washington and presented me with a copy of each of his new books, "The Power That Heals and How To Use It" and "Sybilline Leaves." They are small books, but full of strong thought, well condensed. Price \$1 each. Mr. Ballough is a splendid specimen of health and good magnetism and his thought can not fail to benefit the world. Send orders for books to Mr. Charles Ballough, Sea Breeze, Florida.

The Kretol Chemical Company has merged into The National Disinfectant Company, with Mr. N. Hazard, senior partner of one of the oldest New York Drug Firms, as its President. Stockholders will please send in their Kretol Stock Certificates to be exchanged for Certificates in the new Company. Send same to R. W. Browne, National Disinfectant Co., 168 West 23d St., New York City.

Answers to Correspondents.

Question. Do you give advice in affairs of the heart? It seems to me that nothing could be more vital, and if you are to help those who suffer, will you tell me who suffer more than those who are involved in unfortunate love affairs?

Answer. O, yes, I try to give advice on the subject. From the balance of your letter I see that you wish to recall a recalcitrant lover and I doubt if my advice will please you, yet in all honesty I must tell you just what I think. I wish I could make you feel as I do, that the most perfect freedom should be accorded to the object of your love. If he wants to stray away from you let him stray. It is probably your binding thought that makes him want to get away, for the love of freedom is dear to every soul, especially to the soul of a man. If you will pull yourself together, brace up, attend to your work and stop sending out your thought after the runaway, he will come back of his own accord, and if not, why, he does not belong to you. You see I have implicit faith in people belonging to each other by something inherent in the nature of each, and where one has that faith there is no room for jealousy or thought of loss. Those who do not belong to us can not give us real happiness and they move away from us as unerringly as any material object does when drawn by the law of its life to another point in space. I wish you could see this to be true for it would save you much unhappiness and much crying after the moon. Grown up babies do that you know. Every Jack has his Jill and your Jack is waiting somewhere not so far away. At the right time he will appear. Let your thought be: "I stand amid the Eternal Ways and what is mine shall know my face."

Question. The Radiant Centre appears to lay all its stress on Love to the exclusion of the Intelligence. Does its editor mean us to understand that it is a waste of time to cultivate the intellect? The editor herself seems to possess an equal admixture whether she recognizes the need of much intelligence in other people or not.

Answer. I doubt if you have read *The Radiant Centre* very closely to have arrived at this conclusion, although I am conscious that I do make Love the ruling power. I feel with Drummond that it is "The Greatest Thing in the World." A large intelligence with small love will turn a man into a demon, therefore if there must be a preponderance of either, give me Love. I once heard a man lecture on Evolution and his effort was a brilliant one but as cold as ice. At its close his audience was nearly frozen and a friend with chattering teeth turned to me saying: What is the matter with that lecturer? My reason tells me that all he says is true and deeply thought out, but somehow it makes me lose all interest in life. I answered: The trouble with that man is that he hasn't much love in him. For purposes of science he would willingly see the entire human race vivisected. Love has run to seed in his makeup and a great rank growth of intellectual weeds sprung up in its place.

By Love I do not mean the sentimental affection which people have for each other, but that tender, wide, all-inclusive sympathy which enfolds the whole world in its embrace.

Get Out or Get In Line.

If the concern where you are employed is wrong, and the Old Man a curmudgeon, it may be well for you to go to the Old Man and confidentially, quietly and kindly tell him that he is a curmudgeon. Explain to him that his policy is absurd and preposterous. Then show him how to reform his ways, and you might offer to take charge of the concern and cleanse it of its secret faults.

Do this, or if for any reason you should prefer not, then take your choice of these: GET OUT OR GET IN LINE. You have got to do one or the other—now make your choice.

If you work for a man, in heaven's name, work for him!

If he pays you wages that supply you bread and butter, work for him—speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him part of the time, and then the rest of the time work against him. I would give him my undivided service or none.

If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

More than that, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track—and probably you will never know why. The letter only says, "Times are dull and we regret there is not enough work," et cetera.

Everywhere you find these out-of-a-job fellows. Talk with them and you will usually find that they are full of railing, bitterness and condemnation. That was the trouble—through a spirit of fault-finding they got themselves swung around so they blocked the channel and had to be dynamited. They were out of harmony with the concern, and no longer being a help they had to be removed. Every employer is constantly looking for people who can HELP him; naturally he is on the lookout among his employees for those who do not help, and everything and everybody that is a hindrance has to go. This is the law of trade—do not find fault with it; it is founded on Nature. The reward is only for the man that helps, and in order to help you must have sympathy.

You can not help the Old Man so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and mental attitude, that he is a curmudgeon and his system dead wrong. You are not necessarily menacing him by stirring up discontent and warming envy into strife, but you are doing this: You are getting yourself on a well-greased chute that will soon give you a quick ride down and out.

When you say to other employees that the Old Man is a curmud-

geon, you reveal the fact you are one; and when you tell that the policy of the institution is "rotten," you surely show that yours is.

Let us mind our own business, and work for self by working for the good of all.—Elbert Hubbard, in *The Cosmopolitan*.

Golden Rule for All Nations.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindoo.

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—Egyptian.

Do as you would be done by.—Persian.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself.—Buddhist.

What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others.—Chinese.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—Mohammedanism.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—Grecian.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it.—Jewish.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Christian.

—"The Philosopher."

Thought Builds the Body.

"The proportions of oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen in the body of an individual, at any one time, are not only an absolute indication of his bodily condition, but will indicate his spiritual condition also. That is to say, the character and development of the ego itself determine the composition of the body, and the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen will be blended in exact relative proportions with the good and evil in the man's nature. EVERY GOOD THOUGHT INCREASES THE PROPORTION OF OXYGEN, AS A DEEP BREATH DOES, AND LESSENS THAT OF NITROGEN, MAKING THE BODY FINER OR MORE BEAUTIFUL. Every evil thought or impulse increases the nitrogen and has the reverse effect on body and soul."

Impure thoughts corrode, tear, distort and leave their marks on the face and body. Spenser, in his "Faerie Queene," knew this.

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

—Paul Tyner.

Nathan M. Rothschild said: "My success has always turned upon one maxim, and that is, 'I can do what another can, and so I am a match for all the rest of 'em.'"

Manhood.

The finest type of manhood is never overwhelmed or entirely dismayed, no matter what comes. A man of this best type may see his property swept away from him, his hopes blasted, his ambitions thwarted and his plans demolished, but his spirit remains undaunted; his courage, his trust, and his self-confidence are undiminished. His success is beyond the reach of mere accident, of fire, of panic, or of temporary disaster; the foundation of his success is laid upon the eternal rock of truth, of justice, of probity, of right thinking, and of square dealing, and no floods or misfortunes or commercial devastations can reach him. They do not touch the real man, for his investments are in himself. It is only the more shallow minds, men without reserve of character, without other resources than money or property, that go down in financial failure. The man who has learned to live in himself, and not in his property; who does not put his trust in riches, but in principle, does not lose his greatest possession when he loses his money.

—Success.

Love the Great Panacea.

Evil can not live where Love prevails, any more than night can remain in the light of the rising sun. Anarchy will be epidemic in the world as long as hatred, vengeance and malice are epidemic. The only cure for it is an epidemic of Love so great that all the insanities, evils and follies shall be smelted in its fervent heat. Peace and good will preached from all the pulpits all over the world, and all reformers teaching it, will not become effective until it is lived. There must be an outward manifestation of it in all our dealings with each other. It must include enemies as well as friends. He who sends out only peace and good will has no enemies.—Lucy A. Mallony, in *Universal Republic*.

Freedom.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I care not who were visions back of me,
 No shadow of their sins on me is shed.
 My will is greater than heredity,
 I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice,
 May be reflections from a race that was,
 But this I know, and knowing it, rejoice,
 I am myself a part of the GREAT CAUSE.

I am a spirit! Spirit would suffice,
 If rightly used, to set a chained world free.
 Am I not stronger than a mortal vice,
 That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?

Modest.

A colored brother who is modest in his wishes has this to say of the hereafter:

“Don't want ter stan'
Whar Moses stood,
But des lay low
A-feelin' good!”

—Atlanta Constitution.

Hopin' for the Best.

When the world seems full o' trouble
From the shining east to west,
A fellow makes it lighter
Just by hopin' for the best.

It brings in sight the valleys
Where the weary ones can rest,
An' he hears the birds a-singin'
Just by hopin' for the best!

It's like a benediction
To a soul that seems unblest,
The privilege of hopin'—
Just hopin' for the best.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Schiller's "Mystery of Reminiscence."

“Who and what gave the wish to woo thee,
Still lip to lip to cleave for aye unto thee,
What made me long thy very breath to drink,
Thy soul in mine to sink?

Were once our beings blent and intertwining,
And for that glory still my heart is pining;
Knew we the light of some refulgent sun,
When once our souls were one?

Round us in waters of delight forever
Ravishingly flowed the heavenly nectar river;
We were the masters of the seal of things,
And where truth in her everliving, springs
Quivered our glancing wings.

* * * *

Weep for the godlike life we lost afar,
That thou and I its scattered fragments are,
And still the unconquered yearning we retain.
Sigh to renew the long and vanished reign
And grow divine again.”

“Those who are truly married on earth are in heaven
one angel.”—Swedenborg.

Dorothy's New Spring Hat.

Oh! how I admire the new spring hat
 That Dorothy shows to me!
 I don't know whether it's round or flat,
 Or trimmed as it ought to be;
 And I can not tell if it's a la mode,
 The angle she wears it at;
 But my heart-felt praises have been bestowed
 On Dorothy's new spring hat.

I only know that the ribbons and lace
 And flowers that nod and bend—
 Make a pretty frame for a pretty face,
 And there my opinions end.
 But after a season of grewsome things,
 I'd be as blind as a bat
 If I failed to see why my fancy clings
 To Dorothy's new spring hat.

Farewell to the corpse of the gay macaw,
 The stuffed birds of paradise,
 The prostrate pheasant with rigid claw,
 The owl with its glassy eyes;
 The blackbirds' bodies all stuck in a row,
 The oriole pinioned flat!—
 And welcome, thrice welcome the blossoms that blow
 On Dorothy's new spring hat!

—Ella Randall Pearce.

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